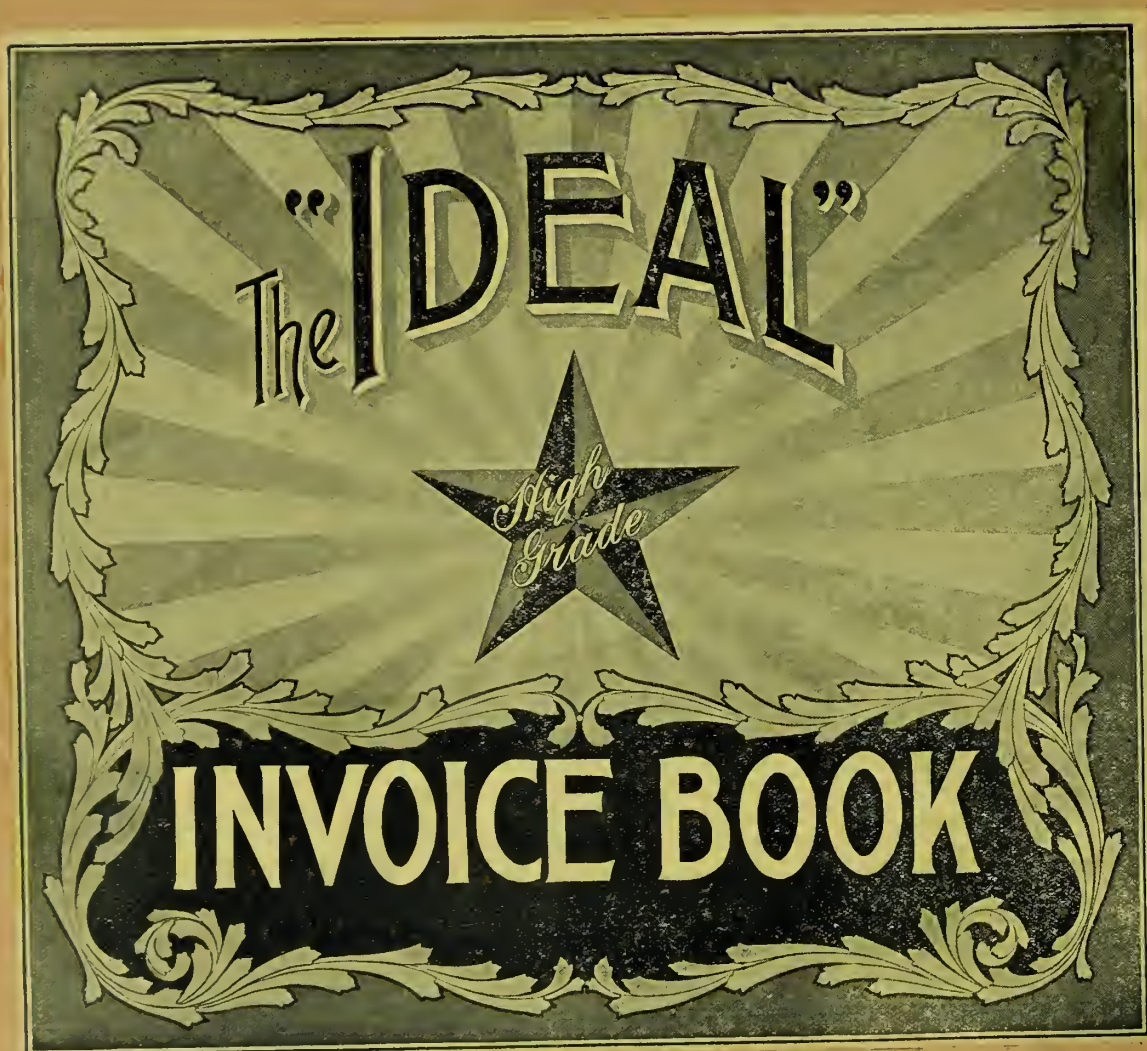


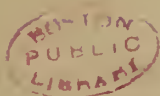


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Mr. W. L. Courtney, who would probably not be displeased if he were called a "veteran bibliophile," is a versatile man, as may be seen by reference to any "Who's Who" describing Englishmen. Writer of editorial articles, dramatist, dramatist critic, etc., he arranged and annotated chapters of the Old Testament and entitled the compilation "The Reader's Bible," which is not so well known in this country as it should be.

He wrote recently for the Daily Telegraph of London a witty article, "Edifying Shakespeare, An Impossible Interview." Perhaps he had been reading Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," or pondering Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's advocacy of spiritualism. One night a voice excited his curiosity: "Do you want to hear Shakespeare?" Of course, he answered "Yes."

Now, there have been many dialogues of the dead, from the time of Lucian down. There were imaginary conversations before Lancelotti noted them. Letters of appreciation, of a critical nature, have been addressed to dead worthies, written by others than Andrew Lang. But here is Mr. Courtney in 1939 asking questions directly of Shakespeare, not through a "trans-medium." Mr. Courtney was obliged to accept certain conditions laid down by the voice: not to ask "who wrote him"; not to refer to Dr. Gervinus—"Shakespeare cannot endure his heavy-handed commentaries; he is not very fond of dramatic criticism of any kind, but the lucubrations of Teutonic professors he cannot away with"; the Dark Lady should not be mentioned. "I suppose I need scarcely ask you not to bring in the name of Bacon."

Shakespeare at the time was not in good humor. He had been talking with Voltaire, telling him he resented being called "a drunken savage." Voltaire said he hoped never to read "Hamlet" again and Shakespeare was glad he had never even begun "Zaire."

At last Mr. Courtney felt "the rarer air and the strange, pervasive influence of an immortal." He heard a gentle voice: "Here is some one who wants to—what is it they call it now?—to 'interview' me. Thank heaven, we had no interviews in those days!"

The first question was whether Shakespeare resented being "cut." Shakespeare did not understand it. "I remember that they cut up poor Homer into any number of sections, or rather they tried to, and he much disliked the process. Mr. Courtney explained:

"When our theatrical managers put your plays on the stage, there are two schools of critics. One of them lays stress on 'the two hours' traffic of the stage,' and therefore justifies a good many excisions in order to bring the performance within reasonable bounds. The other—the school of purists—declares that it is an infamy to lay hands on your sacred text, and that we must have the play, the whole play and nothing but the play, from beginning to end."

"My 'sacred text' is good," answered the Shade. "Why, my good man, I did not know that there was an authentic text owing to the mess that Heminge and Condell and such like made with folios and quartos and prompt books and special revisions. I dare say that I altered a good bit with my own hand—very likely for the sake of that two hours' traffic to which you allude. I blotted, er, as you say, cut a good many speeches and lines. What do you say, Ben Jonson, eh?"

"I would you had blotted a thousand," returned Ben's gruff voice.

"Besides, there were the actors to be considered. One of them insisted on having a set speech about Queen Mab, and another a moralizing recitation about the Seven Ages of Man. These had to be put in somehow to satisfy these greedy souls. Burbage forced me to insert an idiotic phrase about being 'fat and scant of breath' just because he systematically over-ate himself—a grunt from Burbage—"and this rascal, Will Kemp, plagued my life by perpetually asking for witty lines, just because he represented comic relief. My sacred text, indeed! Nothing was sacred to these rogues, and I was ultimately forced to make my Hamlet give them some salutary counsel, and adjure them not to speak more than was set down for them."

"Hamlet" is a very long play—nearly 400 lines, I think.

"Is it?" the Shade spoke as if he no longer remembered such sublimity things, nor cared very much to be reminded of them. "Very likely," he went on after a pause. "I wrote a good many passages into it from time to time, as it was wanted for this or that purpose. Nearly every kind of thought or reflection could find its place in 'Hamlet,' and so it grew to an intolerable length, as you seem to suggest."

"Oh, no," I said hurriedly. "I only wanted to indicate the difficulty which confronts theatrical producers—the dilemma of either a complete version with the prospect of keeping the audience for about five hours, or else cutting the play, and so incurring the wrath of the fanatical text-worshippers. How many hours did the play take in your time?"

"I really cannot say," answered

Shakespeare, with something which sounded like a yawn. "You see, after acting the Ghost—a part I had to assume because no one else would take it—I was kept pretty busy checking the returns at the box-office, and so I really never discovered how long the play was lasting. There was a stage version, of course, a prompt book—I wonder what became of it? Perhaps Burbage swallowed it, which would account for his dimensions."

Mr. Courtney then asked Shakespeare why he was so careless about the fate of his plays. "You did not seem to mind what became of them, as though they belonged to some one else, and not to you?" The mighty Shade waited a moment or two before he spoke: "And did not my plays belong to some one else? When I had finished them as best I could I gave them to my contemporaries—to England—if you like, to the world. They were no longer mine. I had hatched the chickens, and then the time came for them to leave their hen-mother and fend for themselves. They had become part of the universe of things—no longer the plays of William Shakespeare, but a chapter in the history of art and letters, a bit of life itself. Artists are strange creatures," he continued reflectively. "Sometimes they are vain, and then they cackle loud enough when they happen to have laid an egg. At other times they are supremely careless about their productions, because in their heart of hearts they know that they are merely the mouthpiece of some supreme power, and can only produce when the inspiration blows through them. When you hear authors swearing that not one word must be altered in their precious works, you may be pretty sure that it is their silly vanity which speaks, and not their genius. Are artists, as a matter of fact, the best judges of their own work? Here is a friend of mine, whose acquaintance I have found agreeable, one William Makepeace Thackeray, who assures me that his best novel is 'Barry Lyndon.' And no one agrees with him! Why, I daresay I myself am sometimes inclined to defend my worst lines, even 'Bellona's bridegroom,' cased in proof. Confronted him with self-comparisons, which probably the whole critical world has fallen foul of. 'Troilus and Cressida' is a favorite of mine, I think, because in that play I had my revenge on those confounded classical scholars, with their absurd partiality for the Greeks—forgive me, Ben! You know I don't

mean you! But I daresay that I am quite wrong, and that 'Troilus and Cressida' is anything but a masterpiece. 'Securus judicat'—you know the old tag. However little Latin I may know, I at least know the truth of that!"

"But did you not at least intend," I persisted, "to bring out an author's edition of your plays?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no," said the Shade. "I left your mortal scene rather hurriedly, you may remember. There was a fatal supper."

With those words Shakespeare went away—to talk with Marlowe, Ford, Webster, or with Cervantes? Possibly with Voltaire to rehow the angry dispute.

Was Richard Burbage fat? or should "fat" in the famous line be "faint"? We know that Burbage was short, like Garrick and Edmund Kean. Marston called him the ideal Romeo, and would a fat Romeo have appealed to the Elizabethans? Ben Jonson thought him the best ever. A saving man, a householder and rich, for he died worth "better than £600 land"; also a portrait painter. It has been well said, alas, that when an actor is dead and buried, there is no preserving his art. "There is evidence enough to show that some of the most admired points in Garrick's acting would have shocked out present sensibilities." It is enough to know that in his day Burbage was the perfect actor, the first Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Richard III. He will be remembered also by the famous line, and by the epitaph noted in "Remains Concerning Britain," by the justly esteemed William Camden:

"On Master Burbidge, the tragedian:
"Exit Burbidge."

How "Movie Fans" May Bore the Less Impressionable

They were mother and daughter, evidently—14 and three times that, possibly—and they were upon a bus-top with all Fifth Avenue's panorama spread before them. "And then the villain," the daughter's eyes and ears no less than tongue were intent upon the telling, "took her by the throat and threw her upon the floor, but by that time the hero had broken down the door and burst into the room and through the window climbed her father and down the chimney scrambled one of the detectives. And the villain took the three of 'em and pitched them one after another out of the window, but they each caught on a window ledge down the side of the 22-story house—you could see 'em hanging there to their different ledges and being saved by steeplejacks and linemen and airplanes that happened to be going by just then in the nick of time, but I know they were all saved, for in the next scene, where the villain 'd set the house on fire—flames flaring all round the girl—those three

can't in a minute get through holes they'd backed in the burning ceiling, and the villain just took them one after another and stuffed them back through their holes in the ceiling and boarded the ceiling up—so they couldn't get through again, and all the time the flames raged around him, but he put them out finally by a nose-syringe he snatched up from the doctor's desk (her father was a physician, you know)—and in the next scene the villain'd jumped off an ocean steamer with the girl, but it happened to be near a hell-buoy, and on the bell-buoy were her three rescuers and one of 'em had a collapsible biplane in his pocket and he opened it out and, flying down close to the water, was just grabbing the girl as she was going down for the third time, but the villain felled him by hailing a submarine that was passing by under water, and it came to the surface and they hauled the drowning girl aboard and submerged. They were just starting to resuscitate her when the biplane dropped a depth bomb and the next installment won't be given until next week, when I'll be off at camp and there's not a movie, they say, within 10 miles!"

"Just one thing worse than seeing the movies," growled the grumpy passenger to be heard upon every bus-top, "and that's hearing them."—New York Evening Post.

Notes About Plays New and Old, Here and Across the Atlantic

"The Rising Sun," a translation by M. V. Salvage and Christopher St. John of Herman Heljermans's "De Opgang van Zon," was produced in London by the Pioneer Players on June 1. The stage society brought out the Dutchman's play, "The Good Hope," in 1903—there was a revival, "Links," in 1908. In 1917 the Pioneer Players produced his "Fired Girl." The Stage praised highly Meggie Albanesi, who took the part of Sonia Strong this month. "It was in the characters of Sonia and of her father Matthew Strong, that the real interest of the piece resided rather than in 'The Rising Sun,' the name of the pushing and octopus resembling new stores by which Strong's old established business was threatened. Heljermans gives us many details of the various ways by which the shrewd manager of the stores, Christian Jensen, managed the existence of the Strong firm—but the clou of the whole matter is the act of arson, resulting in the burning to death of an imbecile and epileptic girl, to which Sonia was instigated unconsciously by remarks made by her father and others. Sent into the shop to get glasses for some revelling with punch in a snow-storm, Sonia purposely lets a lighted lamp fall, though even the officials investigating the matter thought it was a mere accident; and it is her confession after days of agonizing remorse, brought to a head by the steady dripping of the hose water from the bedroom of the burned Marget Mertens above that her father regards as a 'sublime moment.' This exclamation and his subsequent informing of a policeman that Sonia had indeed set the house on fire may be elucidated by the girl's habit of calling her father 'Little Padre,' this presumably because he had been studying for the church when his father failed years before." One of the characters is a member of a Shakespeare society, so there are allusions to Ibsen, to a proposed performance of a tenth rate melodrama, a distinction between professionals and amateurs: "With professionals it's the acting that saves the play; with amateurs it's the play that saves the acting." Miss Albanesi and Leon Quartermaine (Matthew Strong) "shared the honors of a thrilling, if also painful afternoon."

The old play, "The Return from Parnassus" was performed by the Elizabethan Stage Society in London on June 3. The performance was on a raised Elizabethan stage, reached by a flight of purple-covered stairs, and with black banners at the back to indicate interiors. An abridged version of "The Comedy of Errors," played by school children preceded.

Thomas Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday" was revived in London on May 31 by members of the Graystone Place Dramatic Club.

A new English version by "Michael Orme (Mrs. J. T. Grein)" of Giovanni Verga's one-act drama, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced in London on June 2. In the preceding English version in which Mrs. Brown-Potter appeared as Santuzza at The Savoy, London, in 1904, the death of Turiddu was on the stage. In the new version the duel takes place "off," as in Mascagni's opera. Milton Rosmer took the part of Turiddu and Helen Stanton played Santuzza. Edgar Pepson's translation of "Les Precluses Ridiicules" was the other piece on the bill.

"The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored," by Horace Meyer Kallen, is published by Moffat, Yard & Co. The New Republic said of it: "The idea of Job as a drama is nothing new. It was current in the 18th century and in the 19th, and was held as an imitation of Greek tragedy by Theodore of Mopsuestia in the fifth century. Prof. Kallen insists on its imitation of Euripides; and by allotting the lines to characters and chorus and by an occasional rearrangement of the text, has given to

the poem the form of a Euripidean play. How that simplifies some of the commentator's problems! Leviathan and the hemoth are recognizable at once under Euripidean irony. At the end Prof. Kallen substitutes another reading, equally justifiable, its seems. 'I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes' becomes 'I recant my challenge and am comforted.' The end in this light needs no conclusion. It leads to the usual Greek tragic mind: the wonder and awe and resignation before the universal law and the revelation of human life. By this piece of work Prof. Kallen helps to win back the Book of Job from the orthodox vested rights and to redeem it for those unholly persons who are content in art with mere poetry, beauty and the stories of human living."

"The New Ghetto," a play by the late Dr. Herzl, the founder of the Zionist movement, translated into English by M. J. Landa, was produced at the Pavilion, Whitechapel, London, last Monday.

Earl Derr Biggers has written a play "Kathleen," based on a magazine story. The play will be produced early next fall by John Cort.

Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are the authors of "Up from Nowhere." It is announced with a flourish of trumpets that they have written "with a free hand, both doing what they pleased and leaving behind them their former stage conventions." The piece is described as "a definition of a new Americanism."

Can any one explain the popularity of "The Brat," which will be revived in Washington this week?

Avery Hopwood's new play "The Gold Diggers" was produced by Mr. Belasco at Atlantic City, June 2.

Louis Verneuil's comedy "Pour Avoir Adrienne" at the Michel Theatre, Paris, tells of a young man who, meeting Adrienne at a charity bazaar, endeavors through three acts to win her. When he is about to give it up in despair, she is eager to be his.

Another farce in Paris is "Quart de Souper." A dancer has been invited by an old banker to a private luncheon. Finding he cannot meet her, he sends a messenger with a 5000-franc note telling her to enjoy herself. She weeps in the restaurant, but is consoled by a handsome waiter, who eats with her. She gives him the note for a tip and bears him away to her apartment in the Park Monceau.

About Actors, Singers, with Sundry Remarks About the Stage

Fellie Lyne, the opera singer, the comet of a season, having recovered from a severe sickness, is singing popular songs in English concert halls.

A new play by Graham Moffat and his wife is announced for production in Glasgow. The play deals with life in that city.

Florence Easton, a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in the old days at the Savoy Theatre, London, died last month. She retired from the stage on her marriage to C. H. Farmer of Bristol.

Sir Frank Benson has unveiled a memorial tablet to Christopher Marlowe in the church of St. Nicholas at Deptford, where he was killed by one Archer, a serving-man, in a quarrel over bought kisses in 1593. This memorial is in a church. Yet in his day Marlowe was charged with being a blasphemer and an atheist.

Robert Loraine, playing Cyrano, is now his own manager. He was manager of the Criterion, London, in 1911, when he opened the theatre as Tanner in Shaw's "Man and Superman."

Autobiographical details of a theatrical star, recently published, are interesting in comparison with those of other stars published previously. In the latter stress is laid, as is usual in such autobiographies upon the artistic milestones of the career. The former counts the cornerstone of success to be when he is first able to save so much of his salary. All after efforts are labelled not by when and how he interpreted this or that part, but by the amount of money he was able to set aside and to invest from time to time. It is a significant and characteristic symptom of our time. Pegasus goes afoot, but the rider of the winged horse makes lots of money by reading and speaking the same rhymes over and over again at girls' schools. That star may never play Hamlet, but what does he care? He'll never die poor.—New York Evening Post.

There is nothing nice or artistic about these bedroom plays. They have neither the excuse of subtlety nor the softening charm of dialectic. They bring the glory of a great art to the level of Mile End Waste. Not the Mile End Waste of today, for the East Ender today would blush at what some West End audiences applaud. The good sense of the East Ender banished the penny gaff, with its gross fat women, and sent that type of show westward.—Sydney A. Moseley in London.

I am a performing animal myself, and therefore know how unhappy and uncomfortable performing animals must be, quite apart from any question of cruelty in their training. The discomfort of a theatre, even in the West

There have been a number of plays, as established in the land. The land is coming back again to the enjoyment of her own soul.

"The English have a natural bent for the theatre. They have always delighted in it. In some ways of theatrical art they have led the world; in some kinds they have excelled. When our theatre has seemed to be barren, the theatre of the world has been barren.

"In the years before the war (years which seem now incredible to the many) our theatres were not all that they might have been. They produced, as they have ever produced, much good work, but many causes, acting together, kept them, as a rule, from attempting the best possible work of the past, or the experimental work of the young men with new ideas. The intense, the terrible, the beautiful, and the new were kept out of the playbills.

"Nobody can be blamed for this, except ourselves. That was the way the world went before the war. Theatres supply what people will pay to see. Before the war people would not pay to see those four kinds of plays, the theatres, therefore, would not produce them. "This state of things, always galling to those who loved great plays, was cramping, tragical, and chilling to young men who wanted to try to write them. It made it exceedingly difficult for the young dramatist to learn his craft in this country. He could not see either the dramatic masterpieces of the past or the vital works of the foreign writers of his generation performed frequently, nor could he test his own experimental work upon the stage while the mood of creation was still hot upon him.

"It has been thought that a small repertory theatre might be established at Oxford to help in the good work of enlivening this state of things. Many of our best writers come, and will come in the future, from Oxford University. Those of them who care for the theatre might find in a repertory theatre within the city an incentive to writing plays and a means of learning the art.

"Oxford already has a theatre and an admirable University Dramatic Society. A repertory theatre, if established, would not compete with the work of either. It might produce during each university term, to audiences consisting, perhaps mainly of undergraduates, some four fine plays, English or foreign, new or old, and not less than two plays by members of the university who are learning the technique of the dramatist. A fourth, but shorter, season might perhaps be given in the long vacation for the benefit of men staying up and of visitors to the city and university. Such a theatre would be costly. It would also be priceless.

"Oxford is a city divine in her beauty and in her young men. They went out from her with a unity of sacrifice never seen before nor since in the wide world. They have come back to her from the presence of death and the depth of horror with all the glory of endurance and the exaltation of escape. For some years to come this university city will be the birthplace and the home of half the kindling thought of the new England and through that new land of the world. It is not for me to speak for the university, others will do that who have the right, but as one who cares intensely for the art of England (at all times so lovely, when the artists have been true to her whose soul they speak for), I write my hope that this theatre may come to be."

Henry Arthur Jones as a Follower of Jeremiah

Frankly reactionary in many of his views as we have long known our Henry Arthur to be ever since his early "Saints and Sinners" days, he has indeed "gone the whole hog" and absurd in the course of the "hot discursive thoughts thrown upon paper" between March, 1918, and January, 1919, the whole "Discourse," thus penned at intervals, being in the form of a letter (longer even than the sermon in "The Case of Rebellious Susan") addressed to the present head of the education department. Mr. Jones's general opinions regarding the evils of popular education may be as repugnant to one as his views on national and world politics, but we need not trouble ourselves about them here. No reference to his lengthy and tedious lucubrations on "Patriotism and Popular Education" would be required had not various remarks about theatrical matters been made in a treatise, a thousand copies of which (published by Chapman & Hall) he hopes to sell at 3s. 6d. net, with an advanced price to be charged for further copies, the modest author says.

In his preface, written as recently as Feb. 11, Henry Arthur Jones says: "In presence of the illimitable tragedy that has been acted on the world's stage during the last few years, the English theatre has shrunk to the size and office of a silly toy, nor at present have any other meaning, pretensions, or ambitions." Also, "A foolish, degraded form of national drama is a symptom of moral and intellectual debasement."

What he said about the gradual disappearance of Shakespeare from our stage, in the spring of 1918, would find less justification at the present moment; but his argument, so crude and illogical, was set forth in terms that the sorriest jester would have been

ashamed to utter. He is a world-beliar; "Shakespeare is banished from the English stage. As popular education has become universally operative, Shakespeare has gradually disappeared, and is now making an inglorious, unobserved (except by H. A. J.) and possibly final exit. Enter Popular Education. Exit Shakespeare from our theatres, unheeded and despised." What argument could possibly be more conclusive?

After this Mr. Jones has very severe things to say about some light entertainments, "slang, idleness, neo-tonfoolery," and so on, with some of which diatribes one may be able to feed a certain amount of sympathy in spoiled cases. We place on record also deplaving the author to settle it with Mr. Fisher) the following solemn protest: "Our present education acts, by the clauses that restrict the employment of children in theatres, really disallow the performance of at least five of Shakespeare's most popular and enjoyable plays—'Macbeth,' 'King John,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' 'The Tempest' is also practically prohibited." Less open to exception on the score of question-begging Jones-logic are his assertions that "merely as an instrument of 'general' education Shakespeare is the greatest, wisest, and by far the cheapest school-master you can appoint," and his appeal to Mr. Fisher himself, as the chief authority in education for the time, "to pay a round of visits to our most popular theatres."

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Some men love only to talk where they are masters. They like to go to schoolgirls, or to boys, or into the shops where the sauntering people gladly lend an ear to any one. On these terms they give information, and please themselves by sallies and chat which are admired by the idlers; and the talker is at his ease and jolly, for he can walk out without ceremony when he pleases. They go rarely to their equals, and then as for their own conference simply, making too much haste to introduce and impart their new whim or discovery; listen badly, or to not listen to the comment or to the thought by which the company strive to repay them; rather, as soon as their own speech is done, they take their hats.

Leonard Merrick

One would think from the press notices sent out by his publisher and the articles of reviewers that the novels of Mr. Leonard Merrick had before this been inaccessible; that any curious reader was obliged to search in second-hand book-shops. Mr. Merrick has at last been discovered; his novels and short stories are now publishing in two editions, one, more luxurious, for subscribers; one for the great public. Fellow novelists are patting him on the back and telling him what a fine fellow he is in their prefaces.

As a matter of fact, 14 volumes of Mr. Merrick's novels and short stories were published in the Tauchnitz edition from 1896 to 1911. Well printed, easy to hold, easily slipped into a pocket, they were, as far as price was concerned, within reach of the humblest. The novels in this edition were on sale in Boston as they came out. They found purchasers.

For some reason or other Mr. Merrick's early novel, the first, if we are not mistaken, was not in the Tauchnitz edition; yet "Violet Moses" was praised by the *Solemn Spectator* as a "brilliant and cynical study of middle-class Jewish life."

Little has been said about the novelist himself, even by his intrepid, or belated, discoverers. The story of his own adventures in the United States would be interesting, for he visited this country. Did he land in New York as an actor, as a writer, or merely as a traveler? There are a few hints at his short sojourn here in some of his stories, as in "When Love Flies o' the Window." One of his novels should now have a peculiar interest in this region: "The Quaint Companions," in which an English woman weds Lee, a Negro tenor; but the two are not the quaint companions. The story is of their son and a hump-backed girl.

Apple Butter

As the World Wags:

All this talk of prohibition gave me a prodigious thirst. I got a great hankering for some old-fashioned apple-butter, such as the Dutch and the Quakers make, out in western Pennsylvania and Ohio. Tart, smooth, with the fragrance and flavor of a thousand ripe apples.

I saw a fancy glass jar in the marketplace, labeled "Apple-butter"; I acquired it, and my mouth watered as I lugged it home. But ashes to gracious, what a disappointment. It was "Ersatz," imitation, bogus—it only to be spread on German war-bread. About three-fourths of it was boiled and mashed turnip-pulp; you could taste it plainly.

It had all the faults that real apple-butter ought not to have; its tartness was a weak sourness; it was coarsely grained and lumpy; and a watery serum settled and separated, in the dish, in any depression. Merely cold boiled and mashed turnips, flavored with a little cider.

How different from the noble compound, the real stuff, made from three-to-one boiled cider, sliced apples, spices, and wood-smoke, with patient and perpetual stirrings, for a whole fall afternoon, with the sort of wooden hoe that belonged with the big copper kettle, slung over an outdoor wood fire. Bushels of sliced apples, Rambos and Catheds for choice, ripe and luscious, with fleshy Fellenwalders a second choice. And keep stirring it!

Then rich, creamy white bread, spread generously with yellow Jersey butter, and then a layer of apple-butter. Perish the degenerate taste that tolerates "marmalade"—the thing or the name. Apple-butter is apple-butter, and naught else. And so is pear-butter, and peach-butter, and grape-butter, in western Pennsylvania—or used to be. Alas, that measly "Ersatz" dope came from Pittsburgh! I suppose the turnips were mashed by machinery, the mess cooked in a steam vat, and shipped to market in tank cars, like crude oil, or black molasses. The next step in degradation of a noble product will probably be to substitute boiled squash for the boiled turnip, as an "extender."

Are there not enough devotees of real food left to maintain a demand for this noble product of American orchards and copper kettles? Is real apple-butter to become a lost art? I ask it as one conscious of dereliction, in long yielding to degenerate flavorings of city bills of fare, to the neglect of genuine foods. Is all to be "Ersatz" and tasteless, or foreign and garlicky? Is life henceforth to be propped by turnip-pulp? As I sadly ask it, I get all the time hungrier for a helping of real apple-butter. This modern synthetic, free-verse stuff fills no want, chinks no crevice of appetite. It is "Ersatz," in the first degree. Raus mit it!

Brookline.
In our little village apple-butter was known as Shaker apple sauce. Good, spread on buttered bread, it was wonderful when serving as layers between doughnut stuff in that glorious concoction known in Vermont as a Turnbridge tart. No, there is no apple-butter, no Shaker apple sauce worthy the name to be found in the Boston market. We doubt if it is now eaten in our little village. Ichabod! the glory is departed.—ED.

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In a hundred years the science of today will be nothing more than a mass of superstitions in which a few exact notions will be distinguished only with difficulty. The chemistry of M. Berthelot is the alchemy of the future, as the alchemy of Roger Bacon, the monk, is the chemistry of the past.

The Recipe

Mrs. George P. Molivar of Beverly asks: "What were the roots in the root beer which you glowingly described a few days ago?"

Madam, we do not know, we never knew. The secret of the toll bridge keeper was as dark as the Eleusinian mysteries. H. G. Arnold of New Rochelle named the proper roots, that is, the roots he or she preferred, in a letter to the New York Sun last March: Dandelion, burdock, yellow dock, saffron, also black birch bark, wintergreen leaves and hops. There was mention of molasses and two yeast cakes. "There should be about 10 gallons of it." Too much for one to drink at a sitting; too little for a comfortable, satisfying bath. "And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters!" say rather, of root beer.

The Two Grotesques

M. Massine, dancer and inventor of ballets, was asked in London "Why does your phantasy always lead you to a vision of the grotesque?" "Because what we see around us is grotesque," he replied. When asked to cite an example of the grotesque in the modern world, he replied: "Its two most prominent personalities: the Kaiser and Charlie Chaplin."

Rizpah Again

As the World Wags:

It's great, this expansion of the scope and powers of poetry. It used to be that the poets were restricted to writing about such matters as pretty girls, April skies, flowers, stars, children and all sorts of Christmas-y things; but here is a poem in a well known Boston magazine, by Boston's greatest poetess, 45 verses of it, about something entirely different. It tells of a mother whose son was hanged in chains. You know they did not always execute criminals in the present neat electric fashion, plunking the remains promptly and sanitariously into chloride of zinc pickle for the boys to carve up in the medical school; they just hung them, and left them there, as an item of interest to other malefactors and to the crows. Of course, the punishment was a severe shock to the victim's nerves, and he eventually went to pieces, as it were. And this mother stuck around the foot of the

gibbet and gathered up the pieces from week to week; now a heel bone, now an ear, now an ulna or a lumbar vertebra, on up to the shoulder blades and sparr ribs. The skull (which the poetess playfully compares to an ostrich egg) was the last piece to trickle through the chains; the mother seized it and shouted "Kno!" Her puzzle game being now complete she bundled up the pieces of Elbert and planted them in the cemetery. The spade work was too much for her, or something, and she croaked herself, and they buried her also, part way down the page. I hardly know why there was room for two more graves—I mean verses.

Cheriest thing I've heard of since the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre or the ravings of John McCullough! Nothing to compare with it in current literature, except the tale of the wounded Belgian soldiers whom the Germans walled up alive in the underground passage of the Lille forts. Can't somebody do that into poetry? "Fetch aft the rum, Darby!" Let's have a try at it.

Brookline.
W. C. T.
"W. C. T." would probably object, in spite of Swinburne's flaming eulogy, to Tennyson's "Rizpah," which has the same subject. Miss Lillah McCarthy, the statuesque actress, who was seen here in Granville Barker's company—was she too statuesque for a wife? At any rate, the two are now divorced—talking with a London reporter about Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Judith" had a good word to say for the Bible. "To me it is quite amazing why people don't read their Bible more, if only for its descriptive and picturesque qualities." The story of Rizpah is a short one. The daughter of Aiah, she was concubine to King Saul. Her two sons by him, Armoni and Mephibosheth, with five other men were handed over by David to the Gibeonites, who hanged them on the mountain near Gibeon at the beginning of barley harvest. "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." Finally the bones were buried by David's command. The Gibeonites had disobeyed the command of the Lord through Moses, who ordered that the body of a hanged man should not remain all night on the gibbet, but should be buried that day. Perhaps the Gibeonites, being only proselytes of habitation, were not bound by this command. This Rizpah must have been an attractive woman, for after the death of Saul, Abner, the general of Saul's army, took her and gave the reproaching Ishbosheth, a son of Saul, a bitter answer. There was a striking picture of Rizpah in a Paris salon of the middle eighties. We have forgotten the name of the painter. "W. C. T." has written an amusing letter—his contributions are always welcome; but we cannot echo his judgment. We prefer this poem of the strangely gifted author to verses about "the roses that blowes" and other verses of a "lovely" or a genteel character. [ED.]

Bertha von Hillern

As the World Wags:

Miss Maria J. C. Becket of Boston, an artist, was an intimate friend of Miss Bertha von Hillern when the latter was pursuing her vocation of artist in Boston. If Miss Becket is still living, probably she could tell whether Miss von Hillern is still living and if so, where she is living. SPECTATOR.

"Fall of Babylon" at the Colonial Hugs and Exciting Spectacle

LOIS KYRA WINS FAVOR IN DANCES

At the Colonial Theatre last night as the second offering in the D. W. Griffith repertory season of film spectacles, "The Fall of Babylon" was presented. The house was filled and the spectators showed evident appreciation of the production. Hearty applause was given to an incidental song and to interpolated flesh and blood dances by Lois Kyra and her company.

"The Fall of Babylon" is an extension and elaboration of the Babylonian incident that formed a part of "Intolerance." The chief characters are seen again, Belshazzar, his favorite Attarea, the High Priest of Bel, the mountain girl; Cyrus, the Rhapsode, The Mighty Man of Valor and the rest. The jealousy of the priests of Bel for the new worship of Ishtar is depicted, and there is a rapid succession of scenes showing Cyrus's attack on the city and his repulse, the treason of the High Priest of Bel in offering to open the city's gates to Cyrus, the feast of Belshazzar, the mountain

her flight back to warn Shazzar and the rest of the night capital.

Battering rams and catapults are seen in furious action. Rolling towers approach the walls for attack and are tossed over by the defenders. Hand-to-hand fighting is pictured all over the place and a new engine of destruction is introduced which is a veritable Babylonian "tank" that spouts burning oil and would have looked most natural in Flanders fields. The spectacle is certainly huge, exciting and varied.

One of Kyra's solo dances made a distinct impression. It was serpentine realism in the extreme and with her snake-like arms above her head writhing as serpents' heads she made a picture quite calculated to disturb the dreams of any among the spectators who had been overindulging in the wake of John Barleycorn.

The chief actors in the spectacle, most of whom were seen in "Intolerance," were: High Priest of Bel, Tully Marshall; Mountain Girl, Constance Palmadige; Rhapsode, Elmer Clifton; Prince Belshazzar, Alfred Paget; Attaren, Seena Owen; Cyrus, George Siegmann; The Mighty Man of Valour, Elmo Lincoln; Babylonian Judge, George Pawcett.

JAZZ CREATOR AT B. F. KEITH'S

Frisco, "creator of the jazz dance," with Lorette McDermott, dancer, and his own jazz band, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good-sized audience that was deeply interested.

It is interesting to note as a matter of record that less than two years ago the headliner at this theatre was a subordinate attraction in the cabaret at Rector's, New York. Frisco's act is unique in that it is first of all original, and this is saying much in an act of much length and variety. Besides his skill as a dancer, the principal might best be described as "nifty" and he shows a certain elegance in hat and cigar manipulation that establishes him as a juggler of much merit.

His agility is the outstanding feature of his performance; there are several attempts at the creation of types and much of his work is of the burlesque variety. His most pleasing number was his characteristic solo, in which he employed the cigar and hat to advantage. Miss McDermott is a dainty and pretty miss, high-spirited and eager for the dance. She had the added advantage of fetching costumes.

Other acts on the bill were the Rigolotto Brothers, assisted by the Swenson Sisters, in an act of remarkable variety; Bert Fitzgibbon, in a monologue; Moran and Mack, blackface comedians with a good line of chatter; Mme. Chilson-Ohrman, coloratura soprano, in a program of classical selections; Homer Dickinson and Gracie Deagon, in a comedy act; Alfred Farrell and company, manipulators of rags; and the Musical Johnstons, instrumentalists.

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National Poets

A French magazine recently sent letters to over a hundred or more men of arts and letters, asking who, in their opinion, should be named as the poet of the nation. M. Paul Fort was named by a large plurality of those answering the question, yet the name of Fort is not familiar to many Americans interested in French literature. There was a dispute in Paris over the question whether a poet could be regarded as national while he was alive; whether the poet of a nation should not have been dead for many years. Some named Beranger as the great and true poet of the French people; yet it is the fashion among the French critics of the day to scoff at Beranger, to call him a song-writer, not a poet; but was not Burns, the writer of songs, a poet by reason of his songs? The defenders of Beranger said he touched the hearts of the people, that he represented the national spirit; that it is not necessary for a national poet to be "great" as Academicians and purists define greatness; or as Artemus Ward would have put it, a national poet need not be a "boss poet." The modest M. Fort named seven poets, from Villon to Verlaine that he considered truly national.

The election of a national poet is a pleasing parlor sport, an improvement perhaps on the old-fashioned game of Authors, in which one player said "Give me Dr. Holland" and another asked for "Miss Gilbert's Career." It leads to the question, who is the national poet of England, Germany, the United States, and so on. One Frenchman voted for Rouget de Lisle, who wrote the "Marseillaise." If he had been chosen, we should be represented by Francis Scott Key or the Rev. Mr. Smith. Who is England's national poet? Shakespeare? Wordsworth, Landor and Swinburne would probably have named Milton; but not the Milton of "Paradise Lost"—the Milton of the sonnets, the Milton defending liberty.

Milton? Thou shouldst be living at this hour
England hath need of thee.

Who is Germany's national poet? Goethe, Schiller, Upland, Heine who fought in bitter verse the Hohenzollerns, or the poet of the Nibelungenlied? Would Russia name Pushkin or Lermontoff? Would Italy choose D'Annunzio? Walt Whitman aimed to be the poet of American democracy, but the American people as a whole have not accepted him as its bard. His most enthusiastic admirers are in the aristocracy of letters.

It is a pleasing, harmless amusement, one that may have an educational value; at least it familiarizes many with names of poets. It may even lead some to read the verses of these poets.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattle made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Only in Dreams

We are informed that there is now in Boston a "ballet of living dancers." Would that by the waving of a magician's wand we could see a ballet of dead dancers: The Empress Theodora, Vestris, Mlle. Salle, Mlle. Guimard, Fanny Elssler, Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, not forgetting "the peerless" Morlacchi!

Dress and Conduct

It is said that old cinema films are used to make "stiffenings" for the toe-caps of boots and shoes. The statement led a Londoner to voice his perturbation in his favorite newspaper: "Suppose a piece of a Charlie Chaplin forms a part of my boot, can I be sure that it will not suddenly break out into the Charlie Chaplin shuffle in the Strand? And if I am suddenly moved to trip up a policeman, can I successfully plead in court that the cheery influence of the little bit of film led me astray?"

This recalls a story written some years ago by Mr. F. E. Chase in which a man purchased at a second-hand shop a frock coat once worn by a preacher and a pair of trousers that had belonged to a dead-game sport. When he wore the coat with another pair of trousers, he was an example to the young and fit to be a chairman of philanthropic committees; he was even mentioned as an overseer of Harvard. When he wore the trousers with another coat, his conduct was reprehensible, shocking. He was led willy-nilly into drinkeries, into all vile resorts. When he donned coat and trousers together there was a fearful struggle, only equalled by that of the justly celebrated Hercules when, a youth, he was solicited by Pleasure and Virtue in the guise of two appropriately garbed women.

Wifely Devotion

Dr. Wilkins, convicted of the murder of his wife, unjustly convicted as he swears, speaking of her unfailing generosity, said: "We never had a steak that she did not insist I should have the tenderloin." Some may exclaim: "Could wifely devotion go farther? Greater love hath no woman"; but others may answer: "As for myself, I prefer the sirloin."

We read in the London Daily Telegraph some months ago an article on food-economy by an Italian living in London. This article is now before us with others in an envelope addressed

to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. At the end of this Italian says: "From the East to London many salutary lessons may be learnt. Long before the war separate parts of fowls were sold in the district known as 'the Lane.' Wise people bought the legs, which are more economical than the supposedly preforable wings. Homer himself spoke of 'luscious thigh-bones wrapped in fat,' and in his country, where women are not honored as they should be, they are given the wings as inferior portions, the selfish men reserving to themselves the well-covered limbs."

Mr. Johnson has always maintained that the drumstick is the choicest part of a chicken or a turkey, but we have observed him laboring with a neck. We have seen women, and even strong men, in pensions of Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, eating a mess of chickens' feet with the greatest relish and knifing up the thick, greasy, yellowish sauce to their mouths; but they were Germans. We doubt if any German wife would offer the tenderloin to her husband when she secretly longed for it; she would not have the opportunity; he would grab it as the prerogative of the male. We have seen American husbands who at table carved for their guests as well as the wife with a careful eye to their own choice and gustatory pleasure.

By the way, we are sorry to find the Italian writer in London using the word "tasty."

Temperance Drinks

The Balkan News advertised fruit drinks for hot weather. The list of flavors included lemon, orange, strawberry, onion "and other fruits." Has any one in Boston ever quaffed—crushed, to employ an old English term—a cup of onionade? In Homer's day an onion was recommended with wine, but that age was one of heroes.

The Question Box

As the World Wags:

Speaking of mascots, does anybody know the present whereabouts of the cute little effulgent thingumajig that brought so much luck to the Germans for four years? I believe they called it "Gottmituns." W. E. K. Boston.

As the World Wags:

Whangdoodles and treesqueaks have had their day in this column. Now I should like to ask if any one of its readers recalls an insect called the "Cock ma squaggen"? I am not sure of the spelling. When I was young this creature flew about us on summer days, exciting a mild feeling of fear, but how the Cock ma squaggen was expected to inspire us, I do not remember. In his down-hanging appendages, he reminded us of the harmless Daddy-long-legs. As far as I know, only one living person remembers this uncouth name, and she pronounces it a little differently. HELEN W. ROSS. Ipswich.

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THEN.

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose,
Within the tun;
Pluck'd from beneath the clif
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long nights shorter—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

NOW.

O water for me, O water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.
Water cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
And maketh the faint one strong again.

In the Tub

As the World Wags:

I was delighted the other day when someone broached the subject of bathing in the column. The etiquette and literature of bathing have always interested me deeply, and I have for several years awaited eagerly the appearance of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's elephant folio, hoping to find therein much hitherto undiscovered material which might be incorporated into the footnotes of my forthcoming pamphlet: "From Baden-Baden to Hot Springs." I should, of course, give fitting credit to the great philosopher, recognizing that the glamor of his name, even in the foot-notes, is quite enough to throw my text into the shade.

But what could be a more enthralling subject for discussion than bathing? What pictures are called up by the very word "tub." Old Archimedes stepping on the soap in his eagerness to announce the discovery of specific gravity to the King of Syracuse; villainous Marat interrupted in the course of his letter-writing by the rude dagger of Charlotte Corday; the winsome heroine of Maupassant's "Notre Coeur" leaping from the steaming bath into the arms of her nocturnal lover. Who shall say that the meanest foot-tub, redolent of

hot and wet shoe leather is not composed with an atmosphere of romance?

Your true New Englander will not be tempted to enter a shower bath. No new fangled device will give him the joy of the good old-fashioned Saturday night soak. He will fill the antiquated zinc or the spotless porcelain piping hot and recline at his ease. He would no more forego this joy than he would forego the beans that preface it. Neither will he look with favor on the habit of daily bathing. He considers it unhealthy.

Who shall say what may most fitly be read in the tub? It is a difficult question to solve. I have known callow sophomores to retire to the tiley fastnesses with anything from the Evening Transcript to La Vie Parisienne. I myself do not recommend either, and find nothing better than Bennie Franklin's "Tub Night" Post.

Then there is the problem of smoking. I am acquainted with one good citizen, who affects a corncomb packed with Burley, and another who is in the habit of puffing a fat Habana while wielding the scrubbing brush. Detestable customs, I contend! It is as unmannerly to pull on a pipe in the bath as at dinner or at the Pops. A gentle, spicy Egyptian cigarette is certainly in good taste and will be selected by the connoisseur.

If space but allowed it one might mention the delights of open-air bathing—"skinnies" in the oil swimmin' hole, or in full regalia at Banff or Palm Beach. Veteran bathers will recall the mirrored stars in the pellucid depths of Maggiore where the echoes of the boatman's song stir half-forgotten memories, and the glint of the sun on the muddy Mississippi, where one uses a whisk broom in place of a towel.

And one might speak of that all-night godsend, the Turkish bath—fit aftermath of an evening of excessive conviviation. Must the Turkish bath now go the way of Chicken à la King and Lobster Newberg? Heaven forbid!

RICHARD AUBREY LEWIS.

Wollaston.

Words, Words

As the World Wags:

I have noted your horror of certain words. Here's a curious one I don't like, but it's harmless, describes the action absolutely, and I can't tell why it offends me. On concert night aboard English ships the programs are printed, and two young ladies are chosen from the passenger list to canvass in advance of the performance, collecting contributions and presenting programs for souvenirs. On the program, in addition to the regular concert schedule, chairman's name, etc., one always notes:

"SUPPLIANTS."

Miss C. Brixton Mudge.
Miss Alice Butterworth.
It's that word, "Suppliants" that I can't bear. Tell me why, as I presume this comes within the scope of a psychologist, since there can be no possible objection to the word, as employed.

Also a word that creates almost physical repugnance is "Necrology," used to head the death list in club reports.

I almost believe you don't like it either, although probably my antipathy to "Suppliants" is indefensible. What do you think of those words, used as indicated? LANSING R. ROBINSON. Boston.

Perhaps "suppliant" offends Mr. Robinson because the word means a humble petitioner, and, chivalrous soul, he does not like to see or even think of young women, fair or ill-favored, in that position.

Old Horne Tooke in his "Divisions of Purley," which Mr. Golightly purchased thinking it to be a book of outdoor sports and parlor-games, classes "suppliant" with "coward" which he ingeniously defines as "one who has cower'd before an enemy." We have an unpleasant association with the word "suppliant" for it takes us back to Saturday "speaking" in the schools of our little village and our breaking-down in "Marco Bozarris" soon after we had spouted the lines about the Turk dreaming of the hour when Greece, a suppliant bent, should tremble, etc. But "suppliant" in its place is a good word, one to be defended with a sword. What is the matter with "necrology"? Do you prefer "death-roll"? We do not like, at our age, "necrobiosis," meaning decay in tissues of the body, nor does "necropolis" or "cemetery" replace "graveyard" or "God's acre," even if the latter is in imitation of the German.—ED.

The Chesapeake's Flag

Apropos of the Germans' sneaking, contemptible burning of the French battleflags in Berlin. The flag of the Chesapeake that fought the Shannon is exhibit No. 1229 in the United Service Museum, Whitehall. The flag was bought at auction about 10 years ago for 850 guineas by Lord Astor. He presented it to the museum. The Chesapeake's signal book is with it. Some Englishman suggested that it would be

Golf Emotions

We watched him as he started out from the golf clubhouse; we met him

I will cast out Wisdom and reject Learning,
My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void.
Always repenting of wrongs done
Will never bring my heart to rest,
I cast my hook in a single stream;
But my joy is as though I possessed a Kingdom.
I loose my hair and go singing;
To the four frontiers men join in my refrain.
This is the purport of my song:
"My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void."

I think many business men performing volunteer service at Washington during the war were much impressed and annoyed by the failure, or unwillingness, of many officials to accept individually any responsibility. The common practice was to "pass the buck."

It has been remarked of late that the educational value of the kinema was the only aspect that preoccupied the early scientific investigators. At the Paris exhibition of 1906 a film was shown several times daily in the Monaco section, showing a celebrated French surgeon performing a delicate operation. The pictures were so vivid that women were warned to leave the theatre if they were not sure of their nerves. Prof. Marcy," says the Daily Telegraph of London in a recent article, "whose investigations did so much to make cinematography an industrial possibility, was at that time experimenting with it to discover how variously shaped bodies behaved under the influence of air currents. The airplane was yet unborn." One of Marcy's assistants, M. Lucien Bull, with the same end in view, invented an apparatus in 1902 with which he succeeded in photographing such rapid movements as those made by the wings of a flying beetle, for instance, at the almost inconceivable rate of 2000 separate photographs in a second! This is a feat which has never even been approached since."

Think of the number of moving pictures in this country, the vast multitude of spectators, the enormous sums spent on productions, the huge armies of employees, the brains at work designing, inventing, imagining. A short time ago it was estimated that there were 17,500 motion picture theatres in the United States. Was the number not under-estimated?

A Parisian correspondent says there are 60 houses for moving pictures in Paris. Although France did much to promote the kinema, and gave the word "cinema" to the world, she has, it is said, only about 1500 of these theatres all told; but in France there are many important towns where there is no electrical current available for production. In Great Britain there are probably 3000 moving picture theatres. It would be interesting to know the number of theatres in other countries of Europe, in Asia, Africa and South America.

Mr. Alger Anderson, in the Daily Telegraph of London (June 5) treated in an interesting manner the rivalry between American and British producers of film plays. His article deserves to be reprinted:

It is difficult to eradicate from the mind of the British film producer the conviction that America systematically outsmoothers the plays made in this country, for no more worthy motive than a selfish determination to make her own market a close preserve. Recent events have served to intensify this conviction.

who was attached to the ministry of information during the war, went to New York, taking with him a selection of typical British films. These he has formally submitted to the judgment of the New York critics, who have, as politely as possible, damned them with faint praise. Could there be any more flagrant proof that America means, at all costs, to close and bar the door against us? Has not Mr. William Brady just assured us that his compatriots were hungry for 'new atmosphere' in films and were ready to give a specially warm welcome to those pictured amid British surroundings? Now, when we take them at their word, see how they treat us! So, in effect, exclaims the British producer.

British producer.

"Those who argue in this way are so obviously sincere that their inability to appreciate why so few of our films find favor on the other side of the Atlantic becomes doubly pathetic. Try as they may they can discern no valid ground why the average British film should not be as successful as the average American film. In this country, they tell themselves, not without reason, we have authors as talented, actors as clever—even the Americans admit our superiority in this respect—photographers as skilled, and apparatus as perfect as are to be found anywhere in the world. One factor only is forgotten, but that factor is today the most important of all—the story, or, rather, the choice of the story. It is this which constantly preoccupies the American producer. If his film is to turn out what is known as a 'winner,' it is vital that its theme and treatment be such as will interest as many as possible of the cosmopolitan elements that compose the American population. For vast numbers English is an unknown tongue, so that the legitimate theatre does not interest them. The 'movie' is thus practically their sole relaxation, and the more universal the appeal of a picture is the wider does it cast its net. There is thus nothing mysterious in the fact that a film which becomes really popular in America usually repeats its success the world over."

"The British producer has not this ever-present incentive to widen his mental outlook. He thinks almost exclu-

men. When he finds that what has passed hither here, or has even attained considerable popularity, falls perfectly flat if put before people of other nations, in which different conditions and different motives for conduct prevail, he is generally astonished and hurt. Even now a great many of our producers are sorely puzzled to account for the success in America of that very clever British picture, 'The Better 'Ole.' They pick every reason but the true one, which is that in 'The Better 'Ole' there is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It is essentially an English picture, and yet at the same time it makes that universal appeal to the heart and brain which is the touchstone of every classic work of art. 'The Kidnapper in the Ruins' had this attribute, so has 'Quinneys,' so had 'The Manxman,' so have a few other British pictures, so, need it be added, have the works of Shakespeare, Defoe, Swift, Scott, Dickens, and all the other dazzling luminaries of the past. Why did the idea not occur to any film producer in this country that in his 'Limehouse Nights' Mr. Thomas Burko had created types that would live? Why was it left to an American producer, David Ward Griffith, to see first that, in the story of 'The Chick and the Child' there was material for an admirable picture play? The creator of 'Intolerance' and 'Hearts of the World' was so struck by the inherent beauties of this story that he has made it one of the most elaborate film productions even he has ever attempted. Under the title of 'Broken Blossoms' this Griffith screen version of Thomas Burke's story was shown in New York on May 13, and was hailed by the entire press as one of the greatest triumphs the screen has yet achieved."

"There is a whole pleiad of 'stars' who enjoy salaries which completely dwarf that of any steel or railway magnate, and who yet complain that they are being 'exploited' by the companies who distribute the pictures 'stars' secure in."

Will the stars, as some think, yield pride of place to the author until recently regarded more as a necessary evil than anything else? Is the cinema audience growing more and more critical, its demand for a good play more insistent? Will it at last be tired of slap-stick farce, preposterous "thrillers"?

"It is no uncertain experience nowadays for an English author—one not by any means in the first flight, moreover—to get a cable from America offering two, three, anything up to five or six hundred pounds, for the 'film rights' of some story of his for which five years ago he would probably have accepted a mere fraction of the sum named." Leading English companies have made important purchases of English novels. Nor are fastidious authors as Anatole France, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, loath by any means to see their conceptions transcribed on the screen. That Sir Hall Caine would be willing, yes, eager, was to be expected, but Barrie, Wells, Locke are as willing as Barkis.

Mr. Wells's "The First Men in the Moon" has already been shown in London. The subject seemed difficult if not impossible. The Times of June 2 had this to say about the result: "Until the Grand Lunar appeared upon the scene the producer had certainly made good. Following Mr. Wells's story very closely, he had successfully introduced the inventor and the villain, who makes the trip to the moon with him. He had built the wonderful sphere of a substance which would be impervious to gravitation, and the travellers had landed on the moon according to program. But it was when the audience were introduced to the dwellers in the moon that one began to think the task was too much for the producer.

"We confess we had wondered what could be made of the Grand Lunar, who, to quote Mr. Wells, 'was seated in what was relatively a blaze of incandescent blue. This and the darkness about him gave him an effect of floating in a blue-black void. He seemed a small self-luminous cloud at first, brooding on his sombre throne; his brain case must have measured many yards in diameter. A number of blue search-lights radiated from behind the throne on which he sat, and immediately encircling him was a halo.' The film producer who could get that effect on the screen would be worth his weight in gold! The mighty brain-case was certainly depicted, but otherwise the Grand Lunar was rather of the Pepper's ghost variety, and there was little of the dignity which we imagine Mr. Wells intended to convey.

"In one or two respects the film does not entirely follow the book. In the latter, for instance, the visitors to the moon succeeded in actually talking with the inhabitants, but in the film version conversation was apparently only possible by the use of mathematical signs. And, on the screen, the end of the story leaves the spectator with the firm impression that after a time the professor will be able to return to the earth and narrate his adventures. Doubtless this is a concession to those

who demand a happy ending, for in the book the communication between the earth and the moon ceased abruptly and the narrator of the story saw in a dream the dishevelled professor 'struggling in the grip of these insect Selenites, struggling ever more desperately and hopelessly, as they press upon him, being crecd backward step by step unto the dark, into the silence that has no end.' Possibly for the peace of mind of the audience the film version is the more comforting.

"On one thing certainly the Gaumont Company are to be congratulated. They have shown that with sufficient patience and imagination the possibilities of the cinematograph are boundless. They have got so near to the fantasy which Mr. Wells conceived that one hopes they will take some of his other looks in hand. In his various works of imagination there should be a perfect goldmine for the film producer."

Mr. Temple Thurston, on the other hand, wrote a story, "The Nature of the Beast," for the film and then included in it a volume of his short stories, reversing the usual course. The story is not a gay one. A Belgian girl yields herself to a German commander to save her father. She finally escapes to England and weds an Englishman, but does not tell him about the terrible incident. After the war the German goes to England, where in the guise of a friendly Belgian he endeavors to enlist the sympathy of the husband in a plan to allow Germany to set up an aerial post. The husband, thinking some of the stories told of the Germans during the war

were highly colored, is ready to help the German, when the wife tells him what happened to her, to prove that one story at least was true. The German meets his just reward. Husband and wife try to forget.

The first English film actress to produce her own pictures is Mrs. Mary Mark Allen. In "Forgive Us Our Tresses" she introduces an air raid on London. "One thing the producers have yet to master. In trying to avoid the express speed of certain American pictures they have gone to the other extreme and now and again the action positively dawdles along. The result is a feeling of politeness which at times is out of place. A little more liveliness when, for instance, a desperate poacher is attacking his wealthy landlord, would lighten things up a little."

Londoners object to the Fox film, "When Men Desire," because the heroine is christened Marie Loehr. They represent the liberty taken with the name of a favorite London actress-manager. "The story itself is too far-fetched to bear close examination. When one saw the American hero, safely across the frontier in diplomatic quarters in Switzerland, rushing to rescue his beloved on the wrong side of the frontier by borrowing an aeroplane from the nearest aerodrome (still apparently in a neutral country, though there were armies in American uniform), one began to wonder whether visions were about. But the producer must revel in aeroplane for a few minutes earlier the heroine is rescued from the clutches of the

had been saved from the clutches of a villain by the timely arrival of an allied squadron bent on bombing Strasbourg. It is a long while since we have seen a lady escape from so many ugly situations in so short a time as Miss Theda Bara does in 'When Men Desire.'

One night when the House of Commons was counted out because only 15 members could be collected there were more than 100 members seeing the film, "Adventures Among the Cannibals."

"Adventures Among the Danes," "Sir Hall Caine's first film story," "Darby and Joan," is complete. The story is concerned with the Isle of Man and is not an adaptation of any one of his novels. Plays about to be adapted in London for the screen are "The Chinese Puzzle," "General Post," "The Impossible Woman," in which Miss Constance Collier will make her first appearance in a British picture.

There is a very stringent censorship of films in Japan. By a law which

of films in Japan. By a law which came into force in July, 1917, a system of censorship was established by which pictures approved for exhibition were divided into two classes, those which may and those which may not be exhibited to children under 15 years of age. From August, 1917, to January, 1918, the police board of Tokio inspected 1935 subjects, totalling 4,291,000 feet of film, but of this mass of material only 641 subjects, totalling 785,000 feet, were approved for general exhibition. Later, however, there was some improvement, and in the next 10 months 708 subjects were approved and 801 condemned. The censors apparently object to anything in the way of kissing, for orders were issued to delete 2350 scenes where kissing took place, while 253 more scenes of embraces were also stopped. Murders were prohibited entirely, and among the pictures which were barred was one called "The Zepelin's Last Raid". One has to be very careful also with the titles of the films, for 2144 were objected to. But on the other side of the picture it should be added that since the censorship was established the average number of children attending the pictures every month increased threefold.—*London Times*.

When Mr. George Clutsam, the distinguished critic, set himself to collect cinema music (and incidentally to

write it especially for the cinema. He was the pioneer in a work that in all human probability will do much to revolutionize one branch of music. I believe that Mr. Clutsam has actually composed a cinema opera, which is just as new as the writing of music directly for the mechanical organ that cannot be played by two hands upon the ordinary organ. That the Clutsam idea has caught on, and is already leading to admirable results is proved by the fact that recently Messrs. Metzler received an order for "several thousands of copies of the three pianoforte books of original cinema music written by Mr. Clutsam and for 6000 copies of the string and wind parts of this music." And whence do you think these orders came? From Scandinavia. I see no reason why this should not open up an entirely new field for composers.—London Daily Telegraph.

Lenno. Robinson's curlous play

about Parnell, "The Lost Leader," produced at Dublin in February of last year, met with marked success at the Court Theatre, London, June 10. The Times finding the play an interesting bit of work, also found it a sincere, though, it is to be feared, an ineffectual piece of propagandism. No doubt the spiritualization of politics is a good lesson to learn, but the whole world needs to learn it, and not merely Ireland. And was Parnell a likely teacher of just that lesson? To some one in the play who raises this question he replies that he must not be judged by his past; a quarter of a century's experience has opened his eyes. But the truth is, these conjectures about the behavior of the dead restored to life are always idle. What would Marcus Aurelius advise about the league of nations? What would Shakespeare write if he collaborated with Sir Arthur Pinero? It is a harmless parlor game. "The story of Lucius Lenthian, an old man raised by hypnotic power from his bent snuff, and thought by some to be Parnell, was told in the Herald at length when the play was produced at Dublin. Mr. Robinson visited Boston with Mr. W. B. Yeats and the Irish Players.

B. Yes and the Irish Players. Genier has revived "La Rabouilleuse" in Paris, the play based on Balzac's "Menage de Garcon," the play that became, changed in tone and ending, "The Honor of the Family" for Mr. Otis Skinner to disport himself in gallantly. Note the ending of the original: "He (Genier) is admirable in the final scene, when, stabbed and dying, the Colonel staggers into his uncle's house to prevent his signing the will that would hand everything over to Flore, and we have an unforgettable picture, in the dimly lighted room, of the old man and the frightened woman cowering before the gaunt, swaying figure that clutches at a chair and throws grotesque shadows on the wall, until the whole figure topples over, chair and all, with a crash to the floor."

The London Times said of Chekhov's "Sea-Gull," played at the Haymarket early last month: "These Russians of Chekhov's do strike one as a remarkably odd lot. They are like grown-up children, entirely without self-control, flaring up into sudden 'tempers,' and as abruptly cooling down again, all talking at once and no one listening. They are all morbidly introspective, after the pattern of Marie Bashkirtseff, sometimes with her naivety, at others with a Montaignesque quality of introspection for introspection's sake. Thus perpetually self-contemplative, they suffer from atrophy of the will. . . . Their life, generally, is futile, frustrated, wasted. If you have the sense of tears, you have even more the sense of sighs and yawns

in human things. Boredom naturally abounds in a life which is 'ex hypothesi' boredom — though Chekhov knows as well as Jane Austen how to present a bore without boring.

system which I were which "be ex-ears ofJanuary, suspected00 feet material000 feet,hibition.me im-months and 801cently obkissing,ete 2350ere, whileere alsoited enes which

boring." A satirical comedy, a study of snobs, chief of whom at first is a temporary officer, entitled "A Temporary Gentleman", by H. F. Maltby, was produced at the Oxford Theatre, London, June 10. The Times called the comedy "very entertaining." The Daily Telegraph said that Mr. Maltby laid the colors on too thick. The characters are described as "insufferable young people," and there was the suspicion that Mr. Maltby did not quite appreciate how odious they were. "Let us say that he laid the colors on too thick. There was such a lot about the dreadful ignominy of opening your own street door and carrying your own goods and chattels, and knowing your quite vulgar neighbors. Dr. Johnson objected to the man whose talk was of bullocks. There is a certain tedium in people whose talk is of gentility."

"Napoleonette," produced in Paris, is said to be the first novel of Gyp that has been dramatized. The correspondent of *The Stage* wrote: "I fail to see that it merited this special distinction. Perhaps it all depends on whether you like Gyp's style; very light; very frivolous; very slangy; the style of a witty old lady saying rather dreadful things and looking at you out of the corner of her eye to see how you will take it. The public's way of taking it is to murmur 'oh-h' and hold out its hand for more."

The adventures of Napoleon's boy-godson at the court of Louis XVIII are rather tame, and one regrets the brilliant passages of old Damas." "St. George and the Dragons," by Eden Phillpotts (the Kingsway Theatre, London, June 12), did not please the Daily Telegraph. "Does it seem very dreadful in 1919 that one peer's daughter should want to marry a yeoman farmer, and the other a cleric without a benefice? Our flesh does not much creep now. We rub our eyes and remember that this sort of thing has made a lot of stories in the good old times. But it was a little surprising to find Mr. Eden Phillpotts on the side of the coronets. Convention and common sense are here his watchwords, and the coronets come off with the honors, and the kind hearts make fools of themselves. You see, the yeoman farmer played the concertina, and the young parson had a good degree but rude manners. So the daughters of the house of Sampford were not for them. Therefore a facetious bishop had to show them, with such guile as only the bishops of the stage can use, that it would never do. We did not find his lordship's humor as amusing as he did. We were not much interested in anybody, for nobody engaged our sympathies, and the artificiality of the whole affair was always vivid. There are some good lines, there are some effective scenes, but the best of them lack freshness, and the general effect is tedious, and the end was long, and very long, in coming."

Mr. George Jean Nathan's Bitterness About the Last Season in New York

Mr. George Jean Nathan has written bitterly for the July number of the Century about the theatrical season of 1918-19 in New York:

"The theatrical season recently concluded proved—the statistics are readily accessible—the most amazingly prosperous financial season in the history of the theatre of the world. Plays that in other years would have been dire failures have run many weeks to paying houses, and plays that in other years would have been only moderately successful have enjoyed a roaring trade. Though this has not been true on so large a scale throughout the rest of the country as in New York, it is true that many cities have similarly experienced their greatest theatrical season, that other cities hitherto regarded as dubious theatre towns have changed overnight into theatrical gold mines, and that still other cities whose general theatrical prosperity has not been so great have yet made box office records in the instance of certain weeks. Thus Washington and Detroit, never heretofore regarded as so-called 'good' theatre towns, became in this last season two of the most profitable cities in the country. Thus St. Louis paid out in a single week the price of \$31,000 to see a single attraction."

"What specifically has the last season in the American professional theatre revealed? It has revealed, out of a literal deluge of new plays an extreme maximum of 12 that might be conceivably pictured as capable of engaging the attention of a man or woman of the average breeding, manners, habits, tastes, education and intelligence. The American theatre took advantage of its rare opportunity only to dump upon its stages more piffle, pot-boilers and eighth-rate masterpieces than it had ever in a single season dumped before."

"In its year of greatest hope it has sent abroad to the stricken theatres of its allies not a single first-rate American play, not a single example of theatrical art. When it might have exported a play by some American who has tried sincerely to write for the stage rather than for its stalls, it has exported instead only its cheapest melodramas and most imitative farces. In a year when it was literally without competition it elected to condemn itself as a mere shop, reflecting and apothecizing its most sordid and contemptible side. It took not a single step to raise itself in the estimation of the world. Not a single step? Yes, one. It was left to the American Ziegfeld alone, whose taste and talent have given to the world its most beautifully adorned and soundly artistic music-show stage, to grasp the opportunity of the American year to dictate to Europe an American standard of beauty in the lighter form of theatrical entertainment that it had never known before."

Afternoon Tea at A. Daly's Theatre Described by Mr. W. S. Howard

To the Editor of the Herald:

It is 20 years since Augustin Daly made his final exit from this life's drama! Life merrily rolls on the same as ever, but what a difference in theatrical life! The styles of the fickle stage change as frequently as the cut of a woman's gown. Daly's Theatre stands today as in the past (or it did a few moons back unless it has been knocked down or fallen inward from sheer decay) as veritable a rat-hole and fire-trap as it was when enlivened by the productions of his magic art.

Those popular plays, from *Under the Gas Light* to his German adaptation, *Crack with the rest of crude antiquity*. We behold their performances at the present moment in amazement that we ever tolerated their incongruity. In the past, yet they packed his little theatre with the most enlightened audiences of the times. What was the great charm that made us blind to their many defects? Was it the genius of the master reflected in the actions made of his players? Surely they were not bundle. Sitting cross-legged upon the stage, beneath the cool shade of an oak as archaic as the plays or playhouse that remain! As an ensemble we can-tree canvas wing, he opened the mysterious not judge them; but individually we could dinner-pail dazzled our vision. Joyfully have a few remaining actors that he lifted the cover and extracted a huge chicken sandwich. Then dividing the prove to us, this school of Daly was the pall, he commenced to blow expectantly no kindergarten. upon the imaginary hot coffee, which he sonality is not readily forgotten by comically imbued."

Augustin Daly was a man whose personality is not readily forgotten by those who knew him. In fact, his peculiarities—like all men of talent—impressed his image upon the minds of the people associated with him, and when he is recalled to life he is remembered, not so much for the work he accomplished, as for the manner he went about it.

In the history of the stage the few managers that live are chronicled in their character, more than preserved through the plays they produced. We read of old Rich—"harlequin Rich." Rich who produced the early English pantomimes. He that brought forth the poet Gay's "Beggars' Opera"—that made Gay rich and Rich gay. But we forget the names of those harlequinades and only remember Gay's contribution as the first comic opera on the English stage. Yet we recall Rich as an eccentric old gentleman, who drank strong tea and stroked a large black cat. Then Tate Wilkinson appears before us, shuffling about his apartment, as he polishes his shoe-buckles—buckles that belonged to the famous Garrick. His wig cocked over one ear and his hat stuck sideways on the other, whistling a lullaby, as the timid, stage-struck Mathews beards the lion in his den.

"Hello!" croaks the busy manager. "I never saw anybody so thin to be alive. One hiss would blow you off the stage!" "But perhaps I'll escape that hiss!" ventures the "elder Charles."

"What!" roars the eccentric Tate. "When Garrick was hissed and I've been hissed myself? You're not very modest Master-Maypole!"

Mr. Daly arises before the imagination—tall and slender, nervous, quick in action. Garbed in dark clothes, with the proverbial Daly derby—flat-a-top, sugarloafed, almost Puritanical. His grizzled, wavy hair, close-cropped mustache and twinkling, blue-gray eyes, fringed with those long Irish lashes—eyes that looked at everything but you and eyes you caught surveying yours when you looked elsewhere.

We see him hurrying in and out of the auditorium; dashing behind the scenes; diving down into the bowels of those rat holes—those subterranean passages that undermined the crumbling edifice known the nation over as Daly's Theatre. Nobody knew exactly where Mr. Daly was at any particular time, but everybody realized he was there somewhere; in fact, everywhere at the same moment; nay, during rehearsals we did suspect that he was very much of the time before us, out there; over those dark footlights; buried in that cavernous gloom absorbing our worth—or worthlessness—and suddenly taking our breath away, by vaulting over the orchestra rail and appearing upon the stage to show us how to regain our breath and deliver our lines.

Rehearsals were long and tedious at Daly's; and lunches were a visionary thing of fond imagination! Lucky the actor who could slip out of that Chinese puzzle of a playhouse, to snatch a sandwich and find his way back to the stage, ere Daly missed him. Yet there was afternoon tea at Daly's. Yea, and Richard, that dark and faithful shadow of his master, superintended the ceremonies. Richard was Mr. Daly's bodyguard; dressed in his master's old, flat clothes, square-toed shoes and flat-topped derby. We would often stumble across this apparition in the gloom of the playhouse and tingle with gooseflesh that we had run afoul of "the governor."

Richard ("Dick") was the lone and solitary servitor of those afternoon teas; and Mr. Daly was the sole and silent participant. Generally around 2 o'clock, if the "governor" forgot that we had empty stomachs, Richard seldom failed to remember that his master was mortal. The apparition would silently appear at the back of the theatre, bearing a small tray. Then there would be heard the silvery tap of a spoon on the side of a china cup, and we would all realize that afternoon tea at Daly's was in progress. Nay, let us not write this in any discourtesy to the memory of Mr. Daly. He was so engrossed in the work before him that I believe it was Richard's own act of tenderness towards his forgetful master. Anyhow, there wouldn't have been enough tea to go around, and time was most precious. But Mr. Daly was to be reminded of his thoughtlessness in a most unexpected manner.

One morning—I will not mention the name of the famous star who played this prank on his famous manager, but he is a comedian known the country over; we will call him Mr. ————) one morning he appeared at rehearsal with

a large bundle tied up in a newspaper and string. He placed it fondly by the "witchboard" and started in to rehearse. Twelve o'clock arrived and 1 o'clock. One o'clock struck, and still rehearsal. Two o'clock sounded, and nothing but the rattle of the little silver spoon out front varied the atmosphere.

Mr. ——— finished a scene and then made a sudden dash for the newspaper of the master reflected in the actions made of his players? Surely they were not bundle. Sitting cross-legged upon the stage, beneath the cool shade of an oak as archaic as the plays or playhouse that remain! As an ensemble we can-tree canvas wing, he opened the mysterious not judge them; but individually we could dinner-pail dazzled our vision. Joyfully have a few remaining actors that he lifted the cover and extracted a huge chicken sandwich. Then dividing the prove to us, this school of Daly was the pall, he commenced to blow expectantly no kindergarten. upon the imaginary hot coffee, which he sonality is not readily forgotten by comically imbued."

There was hilarity displayed on the features of every member of that hungry company. The silvery tinkle of the distant spoon instantly ceased. Mr. Daly dashed impetuously down to the orchestra rail.

"What are you doing up there, Mr. ———?" he nervously inquired.

"Taking my afternoon tea," coolly responded the comedian, with his mouth full of chicken sandwich.

"The rehearsal is dismissed!" bawled Mr. Daly, and we all made a hasty retreat for liberty. Suffice to state that after that we had a high regard for the talents of Mr. ———; but, strange to relate, Mr. Daly changed in his opinion of the merits of this truly versatile and philanthropic comedian. Afternoon tea at Daly's was after this suspended for a spell. WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.

Buzzard's Bay.

Dinh Gilly, Other Musicians; Also Music in London

Mr. Dinh Gilly is singing again in London, after an enforced absence of five years. He is thinner than ever he wished to be, and there are a few gray streaks in his black hair. When the war broke out he was having a holiday in Bohemia. Being a French soldier, he was interned at Hindjikuhradec. With nothing to do and having money which he had concealed, he contrived to procure fairly good food, but he would not sing for the authorities unless they allowed him to put the "Marseillaise" on his program. Offered a handsome fee to sing at Prague he refused. In 1915 he was interned at Raab in southern Austria, where food was scanty and poor, no fuel in winter. There he met a British prisoner who taught him English and acquainted him with English authors. He does not think that British singers have studied their language as carefully as the actors; he wonders why there is not a national theatre for opera in English. "If opera is to be a national plant and not an exotic, it must be grown in native soil. As for performing operas by British composers in foreign tongues, it is ludicrous. How do you expect to found national opera by such means?" In April, 1913, Gilly was invalided to Switzerland. He translated for the British consulate at Geneva. His fees were welcome for he had spent his money at Raab in bribes. Disguised as an advocate he had gone at Vienna several times to hear Wagnerian operas, and at Vienna he heard Adler, the Socialist, address the people just before the peace between the Ukraine and Austria. Adler spoke in German and was so badly received that he exclaimed piteously, "Must I speak in Russian to be understood?"

"I want to see a pianola in every school in Wales," said Dr. Walford Davies in an interview recorded by the Music Student. I don't suppose the learned doctor would raise any objection to the same in every school in the British Isles. His point is that "it is an absolute necessity if people are to learn to appreciate and love music that they should be able to hear the same piece again and again." I agree so cordially with this that I quote it in the hope that more attention of the authorities will be drawn to what really is a national necessity and that public opinion will be expressed to the matter. A pianola and some sort of "talking machine," a vocalion, for example, should be included in the essential paraphernalia of all schools, be they national or other. Only by some such means can music be, as it were, seen, even as pictures are seen; I mean studied. Another maxim from the same interview is this, that "it is not the professional musicians who make a musical nation," a maxim so frequently overlooked that it may be well some time to discuss it.—London Daily Telegraph.

Alfred Cortot was enthusiastically praised for his piano recital in London May 31—"one of those rare events, which are hard to describe and harder still to forget." In his performance of Liszt's B minor Sonata he showed an "almost limitless range of expressive capacity."

To Chopin's 24 Preludes "he had prefixed explanatory labels indicating the feelings they inspired in him—a useful device when applied by such a thorough musician, but one not to be rashly imitated by players of less insight and ex-

pression." Suk's *Phantasy* for violin and orchestra was performed at a Czechoslovak concert in London June 2. "A *Phantasy*" gave up other ideas with us, we may describe it as a something between a *Pantasia* and a *Thapsody*, though with more definite form."

Of the choirs that took part in the Czechoslovak concerts in London, the Times said: "A very distinct difference of style and of expressive intention is noticeable between the Prague choir and the Moravian one. The former, exulting in the supreme control of tone, makes the most vivid use of tone color by rapid and wonderful changes in its quality and its quantity. The effect is brilliant and kaleidoscopic. The Moravians appeal to us as more emotional. They tend to be less impressive but more expressive. Their ideal seems to have more in common with our own."

The Times made these remarks apropos of Arthur Somervell's clarinet quintet produced in London, first saying that he spoke so precisely to his point and in such familiar language that "we enjoyed every note, and merely look forward to repeating the experience."

"Probably some part of Somervell's success is due to the fact that he is not one of those composers who must be always at it. He only makes a very occasional appearance with a new work, and so takes little risk of repeating himself. It was a surprise a few years ago when, after the storm and stress of the Richard Strauss mania, Somervell calmly produced a symphony (conducted by Nikisch, by the way) which seemed technically to belong to the time of Sterndale Bennett. He has done much the same with the clarinet quintet today. The impatient modern musician would brush it aside as 'old as the hills,' and forget that hills have a way of enduring even if you build all over them. One is inclined to ask whether the style of a piece of music really matters very much so long as it is natural to the composer and he really means the thing he uses it to express. There are other interests, other capacities for newness in music besides those which induce speculation by novel combinations of tones, rhythms and melodic lines."

"When Somervell wrote his cycle of songs from Tennyson's 'Maud,' the influence of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' was obvious. What was not obvious but was equally true was that there was a quality in his melody which is as distinct from Schumann as Tennyson is from Heine. Schumann could no more have written those songs than Heine could have written 'Birds in the high hall garden.' There is the same quality in the melody which rings so happily through the clarinet quintet; something fresh and clean like 'the breezes of May, blowing over an English field.' Is this the national voice which so constantly seems to elude those composers who seek it most earnestly? One can recognize it here because the music is so homely; it may be present in music of less simple fashion."

"But it also seems probable that the stuffy cosmopolitanism of the London concert room is the least suitable atmosphere for the development of any national voice in modern music. So many of our composers seem to be thinking of the concert room so much in writing what they call chamber music that they lose the possibility of speaking with a distinctive voice at all. That seemed to be the defect of the otherwise fine quintet by Arthur Hinton which Miss Goodson and the London String Quartet played lately. It was clearly the outcome of a strongly felt personal emotion, but the effort to address an audience in public had overloaded it, especially in the latter part, with rhetorical details. The excess of concert performances may be a real danger to the progress of chamber music. At any rate, the composer must keep his head above them if he is to be his own natural self, and the amateur who plays his music or gets it played in private is his true public."

The Stage (London) on Maschfeld's Plea for a Repertory Theatre

"I hope encouragement will be given to John Maschfeld's idea, explained in the Times, that the city of Oxford should have a small repertory theatre for the production each term of 'some four or five plays, English or foreign, new or old,' and two or more of the plays to be by members of the university. It is pretty generally acknowledged that the future of the theatre—if it is to retain its present prominence in the affairs of life, is in the repertory idea. It is also acknowledged that the present cost of mounting a play is far beyond the generous ideas of even wealthy patrons of the drama for, after all, a new production is always in the nature of an experiment, and the most experienced manager is liable to make a mistake, and very often does. In no other business in the world is there so much of experiment as in play production, and for that reason alone a manager deserves all the success he can get out of a play that catches on."

"Of course, the trouble in discussing this matter is that one manager will go

the next door doesn't take the same interest in the play as the one who enters simply to see the next door. The next door doesn't take the same interest in the play as the one who enters simply to see the next door. The next door doesn't take the same interest in the play as the one who enters simply to see the next door.

What I do object to is seeing these performances labelled as "theatre" or "art" productions with a director in command. This is a thing likely to send all the way out of my soul, and I hope to drop it in future and announce the productions modestly. The public will label them much more correctly if more tersely.

A repertory such as Mr. Masfield suggests could be carried out with very little cost in regard to outlay on production. One interior and one exterior scene could be made to suit most plays, and if a play makes good and is deemed worthy of production in the regular theatre it can be staged on a commercial basis, knowing that the chances of success are in its favor.

As the players in the university would in a few less be students, there would be no encroaching on the positions of the actors of the day, although these same students may well be the actors of the future, which would be for the good of the theatre in time to come.

After all, it's only the old idea mentioned so often in these columns, now put in another frame—producing new plays in stock companies, with a view to testing them out before risking the heavy expenses of a West end production. I hope some good will come of it.

He is but a juggler of the better sort; for the one's box and dice, and the other's box and balls, are not very unlike; and the slight of hand in managing these is the mastery of ratiocination; and he that he fastens upon is sure to be bitten, and sometimes swells till he breaks. He takes infinite pains to render himself able in his calling, and with perpetual practice of his hand and tools arrives at great perfection, if the Haugman does not spoil his palming with an untimely hot iron. He trusts his false dice to themselves, but never ventures a true one without a slur or topping.

Rattling Dice

Going into the Porphyry Club at the hour once—not so long ago—dedicated to improving conversation cheered—let us not say stimulated—by cocktails, we surprised the elder Gollightly and old Auger excited over a game of pachisi, while Messrs. Quintus Ferguson and Percy Beauregard were throwing dice into a backgammon board. The eyes of the four were glittering. It seems that these Porphyrians could not suddenly leave off the habit of throwing dice for the drinks. They find a melancholy pleasure in the rattle. It is true that they no longer throw poker-dice; but the shaking and the rattle are the same. Poor creatures of habit!

Pachisi! We had forgotten the existence of this sport for the young and the decrepit. We learned at the Porphyry that there are rigid rules for it. Gollightly handed us the printed directions, and, with a sickly smile, said: "We are not playing for the drinks."

This saddened us; not Gollightly's superfluous remark, but the printed matter. First of all, the name of the game was spelled "parcheesi," a vile corruption of "pachisi," or "parchisi," the former spelling preferred. That justly celebrated work, the Dictionary (Concise Oxford or Student's Standard) confirmed our opinion. "Hindu, pachisi, Sanscrit paricha vincati, twenty-five." One dictionary says it is a four-handed Indian game with cowries for dice; the other, that it is a game of East Indian origin resembling backgammon. The New York "Publishers" of the game say in their comprehensive ignorance that the term "pachisi" something won or gained "in play." If they should say this in India, the "heavenly Hindu" would kick them into the gutter, to borrow a line from a American heard in our student days but not yet seen by us in print.

Looking on, we became engrossed. The dice brought back pleasant memories. Gollightly showed rare judgment in deciding when to break a blockade. We held our breath, a child's pure breath, untainted by alcohol, when Gollightly and Auger had their last men on the home path, and winning was simply a matter of luck in throwing. Going to the other table, we were glad to find that Ferguson and Beauregard were playing English, not Russian, backgam-

monitions, the better to counter their enemies withall, and having wind and tide, set from Portsmouth, 1563, and bending her journey toward Seville, a cliche in Spanish, intending there to traffic with them."

Now for a seafight with Turkish galleys: "Then stood up one Grove, the master, being a comely man, with his sword and target, holding them up in defiance against his enemies. So likewise stood up the Owner, the Masters mate, Boateswain, Purser and every man well appointed. Now likewise sounded up the drums, trumpets and flutes, which would have encouraged any man, had he never so little heart or courage in him. . . . But chiefly the boatswain shewed himself valiant above the rest; for he fared amongst the Turkes like a wood Lion; for there was none of them that either could or durst stand in his face, till at the last there came a shot from the Turkes, which brake his whistle asunder, and smote him on the brest, so that he fell downe, bidding them farewell, and to be of good comfort, encouraging them likewise to winne praise by death, rather than to live captives in misery and shame."

Now see how Mr. Fox overcame the keeper at Alexandria. "John Fox, standing behind the corner of the house, stepped forth unto him: who perceiving it to be John Fox, saide, O Fox, what have I deserved of thee, that thou shouldst seeke my death? Thou villainaine (quoth Fox) hast bene a blood-sucker of many a Christians blood, and now thou shalt know what thou hast deserved at my handes: Wherewith he lift up his bright shining sword of tenno yeeres rust, and stroke him so maine a blowe, as therewithall his head cleave a sunder, so that he fell starke dead to the ground."

By the way, who were the first to throw dice? The sailors on the ship that was sailing from Joppa to Tarsish cast lots when the tempest made them think that some one of them had brought it upon them. "And the lot fell upon Jonah." A most learned divine, pondering this statement, came to the conclusion that there was no "lot vase" on board the ship.

"Probably something like the throwing of dice is meant in this passage."

A Haunted Clock

The more commercial, the more material the age, the more should one find delight in ghost stories. Here is one told in London. The narrator vouches for its truth. A man had a valuable old clock, which had served as faithfully as the grandfather's clock in the once popular ballad of the heart and home. It had chimed sonorously and accurately. One day it stopped striking, but not on account of any death in the family. The owner took the clock to an expert for diagnosis of the trouble. The expert said—so goes the story: "Are you trying to pull my leg? This clock can't strike; it is not fitted with the necessary machinery, and never has been."

This story should be written in an interleaved copy of Mr. Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old Clocks." Why does a clock sometimes stop of its own accord and then without human interference begin to tick again after a day or two, a week, or even a month? Does it say to itself: "I'll rest for a spell"? After all what does it matter whether the clock goes or stops? Many a man dies prematurely from trying to work by it and keep up with it.

His conversation was sparkling, interesting and fluent, yet it was observed he never gave an opinion on any subject, and never told an anecdote. Indeed, he would sometimes remark, when a man fell into his anecdotal trap, it was a sign for him to retire from the world. . . . He was not an intellectual Croesus, but his pockets were full of sixpences.

Tales of Good Fighting

The descriptions of battles and devastation in the war that is not yet definitely over have been vivid. Certain correspondents have been justly praised. After all, are we so much better than our fathers in this matter?

There is no better boy's book for teaching fortitude and inciting the lust for adventure than "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," by Richard Hakluyt. This book for some time has been accessible to all, within the reach of the humblest. The narrations are often noteworthy examples of sturdy English. Mr. John Masfield in his preface speaks of the "Principal Navigations" as the English epic. Froude had anticipated him in this characterization and had dwelt more lovingly on the manner in which these stories were told by sailors, merchants, or mere curious travellers.

Let us read, opening a volume of Hakluyt at random, a stirring passage about good fighting. We quote from "The Worthy Enterprise of John Foxe, an Englishman, in delivering 268 Christians out of the captivity of the Turkes at Alexandria, the 3 of Januarie 1577." Note the straightforwardness of the opening:

"Among our merchants here in England, it is a common voyage to trafficke into Spaine: Where unto a ship, being called The three halfe Moones, manned with 23 men, and well fensed with

munitions, the better to counter their enemies withall, and having wind and tide, set from Portsmouth, 1563, and bending her journey toward Seville, a cliche in Spanish, intending there to traffic with them."

Now for a seafight with Turkish galleys: "Then stood up one Grove, the master, being a comely man, with his sword and target, holding them up in defiance against his enemies. So likewise stood up the Owner, the Masters mate, Boateswain, Purser and every man well appointed. Now likewise sounded up the drums, trumpets and flutes, which would have encouraged any man, had he never so little heart or courage in him. . . . But chiefly the boatswain shewed himself valiant above the rest; for he fared amongst the Turkes like a wood Lion; for there was none of them that either could or durst stand in his face, till at the last there came a shot from the Turkes, which brake his whistle asunder, and smote him on the brest, so that he fell downe, bidding them farewell, and to be of good comfort, encouraging them likewise to winne praise by death, rather than to live captives in misery and shame."

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Foolish Virgins

As the World Wags:

I hate to read a scandal into Holy Writ, but it is quite clear that the Foolish Virgins there celebrated, in spite of the fact that their later marriage is nowhere chronicled, must have had a numerous progeny. Many of these were on June 30th besieging the doors of the dealers in wet goods securing belated oil to light them up in the dark days to come. It was plain hysteria. The most improbable looking ladies were passionately buying the stuff at groceries and wine shops, obviously because it is to be forbidden rather than because they have any immediate personal use for it. I should not be greatly surprised if prominent blue-ribbon leaders got the step and were discovered later with irrelevant and regretted pints upon their hips.

Boston.

ABEL SEAMAN.

Rizpah Pictured

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Rizpah, the picture referred to in this column was painted by Georges Becker in 1873, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1875, and at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. The title of it was "Rizpah protecting the bodies of her sons from birds of prey." Although not exactly macabre, the picture was a bit gruesome and drew large crowds. It was a picture of considerable acreage, and this may have been the attraction after all.

Boston.

L. S.

Bertha Again

As the World Wags:

I remember being told by Fred Engelhardt of the Turf, Field and Farm, a well known New York weekly (It was in 1875, I think), that he was her manager. This, I believe was on her first appearance in Boston as a continuous long distance walker. She then appeared to be about 20, weighed about 120, was pretty and drew crowds to see her at Horticultural Hall for a few weeks. She came again to Boston, toured the larger cities, and was a live topic for the newspaper men for a spell. In appearance she was not unlike Miss Annette Kellermann, the swimmer.

Boston.

W. B. W.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Carl Hunt presents "Florodora," a musical comedy in three acts; book by Owen Hall; lyrics by E. Boyd Jones and Paul Rubens; music by Leslie Stuart. Chief characters:

Cyrus W. Gilfain George Sydenham
Capt. Arthur Donegal Ernest H. Band
Frank Abercoed Irving Beebe
Leonardo George Gorman
William Walter Betts
Anthony Tweedlepunch John Norton
Dolores Dorothy Maynard
Valleada Reed Brown
Florodorean Dancing Girls:
Menta Frances Romana
Inez Christie Malcolm
Jose Blanche Fleming
Juanita Gladys Clifton
Violanta Daisy Lambert
Callista Betty Drummond
Angela Gilfain Laura Hamilton
Lady Holyrood Flavia Arcaro
"Florodora" again! What pleasing

memories of a golden past the announcement of its revival aroused! Its tuneful lays, its memorable performances, the many noted graduates of its famous

saxet, their sparkling appearances in romantic marriages, the divorce courts, in high fortune and in misfortune—all combined to inspire more numerous and more varied reveries than would any other of the acclaimed successes of bygone days.

The audience that welcomed the piece last night was plainly in a reminiscent mood, eager for the delightful music of the fine old comedy and curious to see how the production would compare with former ones. This was to be expected, and it made the experiment of Mr. Hunt in reproducing so ambitious and famous a piece a bold one.

Candor compels the statement that the result was disappointing. There were excellent spots in the performance, due to exceptionally good work of Miss Maynard as Dolores, Mr. Norton as Tweedle Punch, Miss Hamilton as Angela, and Mr. Beebe as Abercoed, but the production as a whole lacked spirit, cohesion and team play. There was evident need of more rehearsal and there were sad moments when no one seemed sure what was to happen next. These defects will be remedied by actual performance of the piece.

Miss Maynard and Mr. Beebe, by their lifelike portrayals and their fine singing,

did much to carry the performance along and were rewarded with liberal applause. "The Shade of the Palm," "Somebody" and "The Silver Star of Love" made distinct hits. Miss Maynard and Mr. Norton, in their performance at Abercoed Castle, injected high spice and real life into the play for a time. The six Florodora girls were comely, and in the double sextet of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," were recalled repeatedly.

Miss Arcaro as Lady Holyrood helped valiantly to vivify the piece, and her singing of "Tact" and "When I Leave Town" was heartily applauded.

The scenery and costumes were all that could be desired.

Guido Ciccolini, Tenor, Has Interesting and Varied Program

JASON AND HAIG IN CLEVER SKETCH

Guido Ciccolini, tenor of the Chicago Opera Company and other companies, in a repertory of songs, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

This is not Ciccolini's first appearance in Boston. As a member of the Boston Opera Company in the fall of 1914 he sang the role of Mario in Puccini's "Tosca." Last night he offered a varied program. He sang the prison aria from "Tosca," Massenet's "Elegie," "Until," "Dear Old Pal of Mine" and "Mother Machree," the last three in English. Ciccolini is a rich lyric tenor, who sings with the ardor of youth. In his songs in English he could give many American born singers points in enunciation. Carlo Edwards conducted.

One of the neatest acts seen on this stage in a long while was that of Jason and Haig in "The Book of Vaudeville." The sketch, interesting of itself, has the advantage of two clever interpreters, showing a many sided talent. Treating the routine vaudeville in burlesque fashion they excelled in comedy, in the dancé and caricature.

One of the big hits was the act of Herbert Ashley with his new partner, George Skipper. Mr. Skipper is a tenor who sings with much feeling and understanding. Mr. Ashley, one of the best parodists in vaudeville, excels as a Hebrew.

Other acts were the Four Sensational Boises, aerial performers; Bonita and Lew Hearn, in chatter and song; Grace De Mar, monologist; Ernest Evans and company, in a singing, dancing and instrumental act; Frank Mullane, in songs and tales; and the Eddy duo, wire performers.

EDNESDAY, JULY 9,

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

He who must needs have company, must needs have sometimes had company. Be able to be alone. Lose not the advantage of solitude, and the society of thyself; nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresence. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the Earth; may speculate the Universe, and enjoy the whole World in the hermitage of himself. Thus the old ascetic Christians found a Paradise in a Desert, and with little converse on Earth held a conversation in Heaven; thus they astronomized in caves, and, though they beheld not the stars, had the glory of Heaven before them.

Mr. Johnson at Home

Maturing at the risk of life, with distinctly the younger on the Cape, as we heard of Clamport, we thought we would call on Mr. Herkimer Johnson, inquiring the way to his cottage, we learned that this justly celebrated sociologist was known to the villagers as "Old Doc Johnson," or "The Professor." Only one person, a victim evidently of Jamaica ginger or Vanilla extract, had the presumption to call him "Herk."

We found Mr. Johnson seated on a veranda with his eyes fixed on a bird-bath, which his sister, Miss Vashti, had procured and placed. The folly of naming children before they grow up was never more clearly illustrated. The Vashti of Holy Writ was surely a gorgeous woman. Else Ahasuerus, the king, though his heart was merry with wine, would not have wished to show her undraped to seven princes of Persia and Media, the wise men, and the people. Miss Vashti Johnson, a most estimable woman and a devoted sister, is not oriental, not a radiant or voluptuous vision. She has a fine development of bone and physically is of only anatomical interest.

Mr. Johnson, having greeted us uneasily, fearing perhaps that we expected an invitation to dinner, began to speak about the bird bath, which he described as an avian toilet room. "I have been greatly interested in birds," he said, "since I read an article by an ingenious Frenchman maintaining that birds came into being after man and have a more acute mind; that they have a higher organization. Just before you came a big bird was bathing, drinking, fluttering about, doing all sorts of things. He behaved piggishly, for two dear little birds wished to follow him, but he drove them away. They waited near by. He splashed the more, as in pure malice. At last, discouraged, they flew away. This reminded me of the line in a summer boarding house, standing in the corridor or with chamber doors ajar, angry at the one monopolizing the bathroom."

Mr. Johnson changed the subject. We began to talk about the peace conference and its various problems. An allusion to the possible fate of William Hohenzollern as an exile on an island led Mr. Johnson to say that a neighbor in Clamport boasted of an elm tree brought from St. Helena by Old Capt. Baxter. "How he brought it to Clamport, I don't know. Did he transplant it; did he bring a slip? If the tree were an oak, I could understand it. Seth Nickerson, who told me this, also told me last night that the sun was to stand still some time this year. Perhaps I looked incredulous, for he stared at me and said defiantly, 'It stood still for Joshua when he was fighting the Persians.' 'Persians?' I mildly asked. 'Yes, the Persians. I know it was them fellers.' By the way, Golightly, I see you wear a belt. How do you keep your drawers up, this hot weather?"

This question has been asked by several. When a man wears suspenders the answer is easy: tapes sewn on the drawers. William Maginn in one of the "Maxims of O'Doherty" prided himself on this "invention." Mr. Johnson continued: "Vashti tells me I might try safety pins." We were surprised that Miss Vashti, the New England maiden, would acknowledge even to her brother, the existence of the garment, but illustrated advertisements in the magazines and in rotogravure sections of newspapers have possibly lowered her moral tone in this respect.

Although Miss Vashti did not invite us to dinner—she murmured something about the carts not having been round—she pressed some dandelion wine—or was it elderberry wine?—upon us. The act was gracious, and even Golightly, accustomed to hot and rebellious flours, did not have the heart to refuse her. He drank as if the stuff were a priceless Chateau Yquem or Johannisberger. He even asked for a second glass, but Golightly is always courteous to women. Miss Vashti may be after all what the French call a "fausse maigre." Mr. Johnson did not drink. The moment the wine was brought, his face was gloomy. And so we left him, looking at the bird-bath with the marsh and the sea beyond.

Vashti! What a name for a New England spinster! But how many women named Helen have "the face that launched a thousand ships"? There are brunettes named Pearl. What became of the superb Vashti, after Ahasuerus put her away? We are told that Esther, after six months spent with oil of myrrh and six months with sweet odours, succeeded her, but the commentators are dumb concerning the fate of Vashti, a woman well worth knowing. She is prominent in a play that was produced in Paris shortly before the war, a magnificent creature.

Via Media

(The Middle Class Union claims to possess ideals.)

Both the autocrats and masses
Have ideals for their kind,
But the raided middle classes
Are proverbially blind;

Yet I claim them as the brand which
Gives all other grades their spice;
Wanting this, the social sandwich
Were not nourishing nor nice.

Thus I read the social sandwich
You may turn the sandwich over,
But the meat is in the middle,
Just precisely as before.
—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

Another Social Event

The shouting and the groaning are over. Mr. Willard, having added a handsome sum to his bank account, goes back to the pastoral life in Kansas. Mr. Dempsey, crowned with the laurel, is now a hero in the great gallery of the films. The student of sociology is more interested in a problem of the eternal feminine. It was observed at Toledo that many women of high and low degree were not willing to sit in seats reserved for them, but insisted on being near the males so that they might be instructed in the fine points of pugilism. Was this large attendance, was this eagerness to learn, due to the increased privilege recently given the sex? July 9, 1919

Women have before this witnessed prize fights. Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons, loyal wife, saw her husband victor and in the course of the memorable conflict, gave advice to him that will live forever in the annals of the ring. Mrs. Johnson gloried in her husband stripped for the fray. Mrs. Willard, rejoicing in her husband's defeat, because he now will stay at home, gave no advice; from henceforth she will lord it in her house. Mr. Willard, in spite of his bulk and bank account, will never be Caesar in her eyes. These three women had, at least, a personal interest in the sport. But what is to be said of the many at Toledo?

Women have always been interested in gladiatorial exhibitions. It is not necessary to go back to the Vestal Virgins with their thumbs turned up or down. The jousts and tournaments were attended by Store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize. The Spanish women are only the more excited when the bulls gore picador or matador. When there was a bull fight in Paris, fair Parisian dames in griled boxes applauded wildly. In our own country the rougher the football game, the more enthusiastic the girls wearing the respective colors.

It may be that in the prize fights of the future the society editors will local and foreign newspapers will be busied in naming the women of the "smart set" present and in describing more or less accurately their costumes. Nor will the presence of women necessarily soften the character of the sport.

We have received the following extraordinary "prose poem." There is no title. The initials "D. H." are signed.

I.

It is beating with rain, and the woe of the night breaks into gasps of pain. I am alone by my window, alone quite in the desolation of the night and the driving slashing misery of storm and flare and heat. Yet I am exultant, like a candle flame that burns straight up unflaring, for I know myself in my work. In my work I have found assertion and expression.

II.

It is soft and warm and vibrant with the pulsing poignant ecstasy of living and warm summer night. Yet I am alone in my grief. The warm wind shivering in delight among the trees by my window is beating dull great gashes in my heart. Who am I? I have not expressed my self.

III.

I am forever like the flame of a candle that is borne hurriedly down a draughty hall. I flare back sputtering and wreathing futile smoke. Always something bears me on. Always I streak back exhausting myself by my eagerness in going forward. There are candles that burn steadily, upright, unflaring. They last longer and give better light. I burn too quickly. I would rather be so.

IV.

I have thought too much to be wholly an artist. I have felt too much to be anything else.

V.

I go to the market and pay great raw lumps of suffering, and they sell me little fine shreds of ecstasy and delight. But the price is not too dear for me to pay.

Anecdote

Mrs. Clement Scott, who recently published "Some Recollections of Clement Scott," her husband, the dramatic critic, tells many stories about actors, actresses, journalists and other dwellers in Bohemia and its suburbs. She sighs for the old days. "In the eighties and the nineties," she remarks, "men and women wrote with nibs dripping unmistakable black ink, not with pap-ladies, moistened with milk."

There are some good stories in the book. One is of Mrs. Labouchere visiting the Scotts soon after electric lighting was installed in the house. "Don't you ever have any difficulty with it?" asked Mrs. Labouchere. "Never; it is so clean and bright and burns so steadily." "But I am told it isn't reliable and has a habit of going out suddenly." "Never," said Mrs. Scott, and as she spoke all the lights went out. "I'll stick to gas," murmured Mrs. Labouchere; "Labby has such a mischievous mind, and it travels more quickly in the dark."

There is a story of Ellen Terry's forgetfulness. In one of her performances she had to take up a picture frame and put it down without saying a word. She did this, and, suddenly recognizing the likeness, exclaimed, so that the whole audience could hear: "Good gracious! Why, it's Mr. McKintley!"

Has not this story of Beerbohm Tree been told before? Putting down money at a railway ticket office, he said: "Give me some tickets, please." The clerk asked: "What station do you want?" "What stations have you got?" answered the absent-minded actor.

For Local Strappers

When Mr. Yerkes, who modernized street transportation in London, was asked there how many passengers could be seated in the new underground cars, he replied: Seat Sitters don't matter. It's the people who hang on the straps that bring in the profits." According to this, the Boston Elevated company should be doing a lucrative business and looking forward to a speedy lowering of fare.

German Croesuses

Mr. Rudolph Martin, a statistician held in high repute in Germany, estimated in 1913, when the "war tax" was imposed by the Reichstag, that under this tax four Germans would pay 40,000,000 marks. (The mark was then equivalent to about 25 cents.) The four were William Hohenzollern, then known as the German Emperor, whose wealth was thought to be 330,000,000 marks; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 350,000,000; Mrs. Krupp, 320,000,000; the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, 270,000,000. Others put Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis next to the Emperor in fortune. Was this prince murdered by Bavarian Spartacists, as reported? The republic of Brunswick confiscated the fortune of the ex-duke, estimated at about \$10,000,000.

The voices of correspondents clamoring for recognition can no longer be disregarded. Let us listen to them this July morning.

"Then Uprose," Etc.

As the World Wags:

In your column appearing July 4 was a letter headed "Siamese Irony," signed by Busba Bazoo.

Being a representative of Siam, I wish to take exception to the spirit of the entire article, as I feel sure that it could not have been written by any fellow-countryman of mine. It is entirely contrary to the spirit of Siam and its people.

Not only is the spirit of the letter erroneous, but the facts stated are entirely misrepresented. We never had an Emperor by the name of Sjis Bjord Djamen III, and the motto of Siam never has been and never will be, "Don't lie when you don't have to."

Cambridge. REAL SIAMESE.
Our correspondent evidently did not appreciate the spirit of the article to which he objects. Mr. Busba Bazoo should have added, after the manner of Artemus Ward: "N. B.—This is wrote sarkastieul."—Ed.

Proper Pride

As the World Wags:

These are days of self-repression. Our greatest heroes detest the publicity which they receive from the newspapers. They greet the reporter with frigidity, and a few have been quoted as disdaining responsibility for the "Go to Hell" reply to the French general who ordered American troops to retire at Chateau Thierry.

While this modesty is commendable, it is depressing. What a relief to read of a man who is convinced that the world would be poorer without him! In the esteemed Glasgow Herald of May 31, there is an account of a legal

lounge popularly known as the "Cotton Raymond" case. One of the witnesses was a young Scottish shop assistant named Pennycook.

Mr. Pennycook took himself seriously, though the reporter states that the court "laughed roared with laughter" while he was in the witness-box. The climax of this merriment was reached when Mr. Justice Darling read from Pennycook's diary, an entry, "birthday of a great man," and asked the witness to whom the entry referred. With a profound bow, the shop assistant indicated himself.

Pennycook is the right stuff.
MICHAEL FITZGERALD,
Orleans, Cape Cod

Bath-Tub Tales

As the World Wags:

I have just read in this column Mr. Richard Aubrey Lewis's contrivance. "In the Tub." Apropos of this, I had an octogenarian uncle suddenly troubled with some cutaneous ailment. The doctor told him to prepare a warm tub bath, adding a certain chemical, then lie in the solution up to his neck for twenty minutes, repeating the treatment daily. I asked my uncle if he timed the treatment by his watch. He replied no; but he had some cigars which it took him just about twenty minutes each to smoke. He therefore lit a cigar, immersed, leisurely blew out his rings of smoke (taking care that no unwelcome swash quenched the glowing Havana) and when smoked down to the butt he knew the twenty minutes was up!

Boston. E. P. GUILD.

As the World Wags:

The bath-tub experience, as recounted by your correspondents interest me. I wish they would make this experiment:

Fill the tub—preferably an old-fashioned long one—as full as possible, and, after withdrawing the plug, lie at full length in the tub, remaining absolutely motionless. As the level of the water sinks you become sensible of an almost oppressive weight, as if the 15-pound atmospheric pressure were manifesting itself in the downward direction only. At the first motion you make this sensation ceases. A scientific friend suggests "ciliary pull" as the explanation, but that doesn't seem on all fours to me.

Speaking of bathing, do you remember Harry Bloodgood's talk with the dignified gentlemen of the centre? Harry was getting the latter all warmed up with references to their boyhood days and sports. And did he remember how they sat by the brook-side and dabbled their feet in the cooling stream. Oh yes, yes, indeed, he did, he did. Then with a suspicious and reproachful glance: "Have you ever had your feet in the water since then?"

"A tenor solo by Cholly Leman. The Tiger Lily Plucked from My Mother-in-Law's Grave."

Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele
Und alles rollt vorbei,
Die Welt und das Geld und die Nigger
Ministeria
Und Glaube und Liebe und Treu.
Boston. AVERY OLDUN.

The Divine Anarchist

He had been waiting fretfully for his turn to hold forth, this orator of the people, and now his moment had come.

On a wagon, surrounded by a crowd he stood silhouetted against the red flag, which struck a brave note in that mass of brown and gray and pallid upturned faces.

"Comrades!" he shouted, his face and body writhing in a frenzy of emphatic assertion. "You have it in your power to paralyze the country. Revolution is in the air. See to it that—" A roll of drums crashed out from an adjacent street. "Posterity will call you—" A flare of trumpets. "Comrades!" he yelled the louder. The music swelled into the thrilling lament of the Dead March in "Saul." "Men and women!" he screamed; but his audience had melted away.

The evils of capitalism, the tyranny of government and the claims of posterity all bowed their diminished heads at the passing of a simple, obscure soldier, whose soul had gone to join its comrades of the Road of Lost Footsteps. J. J. M., in the London Daily Chronicle.

"What Would I Do?"

The New York World recently

published a symposium to which seventeen more or less prominent men contributed. The question put to them was this: "What would I do if I were young?" It is a pleasure to note that all the answers were in serious but not melancholy vein, and there was no attempt at humor under a forced draught.

The poet Horace pointed out in genial mood how no one was contented with his own calling: the sea-

faring man owned the lot of the agriculturist; the agriculturist would gladly exchange his life; and so on through the catalogues of trades and professions. Perhaps for this reason Mr. Ole Hansen, if he were twenty-one, would "try to secure a foothold in the newspaper world," or as Artemus Ward's friend, the country editor, put it, to be identified with the Archimedian lever that moves the world—job printing invariably in advance. Henry Ford said nothing about newspapers, not even the Chicago Tribune; he believes in being a mechanic early in life. The celebrated Dr. Blake would not study surgery; mechanical engineering would tempt him. Mr. Mellen would find happiness in farming; profit in banking; not a word about rising from gatetender or brakeman to the position of railway president. Mr. Lane, newspaper correspondent, editor, secretary of the interior, would be a chemical engineer. John Sharp Williams, lawyer and cotton planter, would be a farmer. Reed Smoot, banker, senator and Latter-Day Saint, did not mention politics, finance or religion; electrical engineering for him. Naturally Chauncey M. Depew talked of railroads, but he did not mention the lucrative profession of a railway lobbyist. Ex-Gov. Foss is for the production and exploitation of rubber. Two men at least would choose again their own calling: Glenn H. Curtiss, aviation; E. A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, education. Even Mr. Fruenuff, banker, would be a farmer.

The Horatian analysis seems to hold good. There was a time when every healthy boy, after the period in which he wished to be a pirate, looked forward eagerly to the life of a stage-driver or running a sawmill. As a matter of fact, he clerked it in a store, went into a bank, studied one of the learned professions, or stayed on the farm. Whatever he did, at forty he wished that he had done something else; at sixty he thought that if he had, he would have been perhaps more prosperous; he knew he would have been happier.

July 12 19

The great airship that landed at Miele had among its passengers a cat serving as mascot. A cat went from Newfoundland in an airship, also as a mascot. Do cats fill this honorable and responsible position on coasting and deep-sea vessels? Does color enter into the supposed protection? Can a Manx cat insure safety? Is a Cape Cod cat to be preferred on account of its extra toes?

Mr. John Masefield in his introduction to Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations" gives a minute description of Elizabethan ships but he says nothing about mascots, nothing about a cat enlisted for company or as a foe to rats; but in the story of Mr. John Locke's journey to Jerusalem there is evidence of the affection in which this animal was held by some seafaring men. Mr. Locke was sailing on the *Fila Cavena* from Venice. The ship was riding about 50 miles from Jaffa. A fresh side-wind sprung up and they sailed along the coast. "It chanced by fortune that the shipper Cal left into the Sea, which being downe, kept her selfe very valiantly above water, notwithstanding the great waves, still swimming, the which the master knowing, he caused the Skiffe with halfe a dozen men to goe towards her and fetch her againe, when she was almost halfe a mile from the shippe, and all this while the shippe lay on staies. I hardly believe they would have made such haste and meane if one of the company had bene in the like peril. They made the more haste because it was the patrons cat. This I have written only to note the estimation that cats are in, among the Italians, for generally they esteeme their catteres, as in England, we esteeme a good Spaniell."

One of the crew of the dirigible wore as a mascot one of his wife's silk stockings around his neck. This was complimentary to his wife, and it showed that he had been generous towards her. Would a cotton or a women stocking have preserved him from aerial dangers? In our little village when a child was suffering from a sore throat a woolen stocking was tied about his throat, after neck, feet and hands had been rubbed with goose

fat. Sometimes the stocking was soaked in carphorated water. The days were not always happy then. There were few silk stockings in the village. There was, indeed, little need of them. It was not the fashion for young maidens and mature women to wear short skirts, and by the more "centee" a leg was called a limb, something to be hidden, even in a fall or any accident. We have a faint recollection that at dances silk stockings were occasionally worn by a few frivolous girls, but the dances were quadrilles, Virginia reels and the schottische. The waltz was considered indecent, and old Mr. Thompson, the dancing master, did not teach it. Not until a professor with slushed hair, a waxed mustache and a dissipated look came up the river from Springfield did young men and maidens take lessons in waltzing. This was about the time that stately elms were cut down in the village to make way for a tur sidewalk. After all, it was a romantic fancy of the aeronaut, this use of a silk stocking for a scarf, but the whole adventure was romantic.

The Verb "Fadge"

As the World Wags:

Is there anything wrong with the verb "fadge"? Is it not a good word? The other day I made use of it in a phrase somewhat like this: "The notions of Mme. Butterfly and her daughter on the subject of dress didn't fadge." An old graduate of the M. I. T. first took me to task for using the word. He said that he had never heard of it and that it wasn't in the dictionary. I insisted that, dictionary or no dictionary, it was the right word in the right place. My critic called to his support two learned editors, one a graduate of Dartmouth, the other of Bowdoin, besides a writer and illustrator of advertising matter. Not one of them had ever heard or seen the word "fadge." I myself put the question to an Episcopal parson, and he had never known there was such a word. By that time I must say I was flabbergasted (by the way, is there such a word as flabbergasted?). But I hid me to the Oxford Dictionary, and there, to my relief, I found a whole column of definitions of the word, and citations of its use, from the days of Milton down. I don't find it in Cruden's Concordance nor in the index to Bartlett, but I would have said that the expression "Things don't fadge," meaning that they don't fit or harmonize or are at sixes and sevens, had been a common one in my life long.

W. E. K.

Boston.

Why did you not quote to the "old graduate" and the two "learned editors" from a speech of Viola in "Twelfth Night":

How easy is it for the proper false, In women's waken hearts to set their forms: Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly: And I poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. In the Temple Shakespeare Mr. Israel Gollancz defines "fadge" as "prosper"; but the verb usually means "to suit, to agree." "They don't fadge well together," i. e., they can't agree, their tempers do not harmonize. The noun "fadge" in Yorkshire dialect means "a hurden," or a bundle, as of sticks; in Northamptonshire dialect, a loosely or half-filled pack-sheet or sack; in Lincolnshire dialect, an irregular pace. The verb "fadge" to fit, suit, also succeed, is in the "Student's Standard Dictionary." "Flabbergasted" is a good, sound dictionary word, nearly 150 years old.—Ed.

"Blotto"

How did the word "blotto" originate? A London correspondent first heard it from the lips of a British general on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, where, unlike the certain man in the Evangel, they did not fall among thieves. A London book reviewer used the word recently: "Andy is periodically 'blotto,' but in the intervals of sobriety he is a model of devotion." There is an ineluctable interest at present in the terminology of alcoholic ecstasy.

An Old Saw

"He knows on which side his bread is buttered." Mothers tell their children to eat bread and butter with the buttered side topmost. An English physician says that the mother is wrong and the child is right. When the buttered bread is eaten upside down the butter touches the tongue, which then gets the full taste of the butter. And so children do it naturally, as with bread and jam. "Eat bread and margarine as you like to hide the flavor, but when it comes to bread and real butter I confess that, as a doctor and something of a gourmet, I eat it like a child, buttered side down."

Old-Fashioned Standards

The classic dancers had given their exhibition and in their usual way—with bare legs and feet. Most of the onlookers, accustomed to such entertainment, were enthralled. Adjectives rent the air on all sides. "What do you suppose she thought about it?" asked one of another and indicating a prim, austere old woman who looked as though this might have been the first classic dance she had seen, but that she would not be in a

hurry to see another very soon again. "Not at all," was the austere woman's answer when some cauld soul inquired whether she was greatly shocked; "I was only wishing that a little soap and water, not to say a scrubbing brush, could have been used first. Those bare legs didn't look quite clean to me."—New York Evening-Post.

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Mr. H. C. Bailey contributed recently to the London Daily Telegraph an article, "Stage Heroes: History in Plays," suggested by the performance in London of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon" and "Abraham Lincoln." Rostand and Drinkwater are the authors of true historical plays; "plays, that is, which sincerely endeavor to present the manner of life, the spirit, the ideals, and ambitions of some phase or period of the past." Their heroes are real persons; the course of events is followed. Here the resemblance ends. The real Cyrano, the real Duc de Reichstadt would never fill a theatre. They gave Rostand pegs on which to hang romantic rhetoric. "Of themselves they are to us only shadows—a fantastic shadow, a pathetic shadow, indeed—but without life or force. Everybody feels the commanding power of Lincoln."

Mr. Bailey finds the success of Mr. Drinkwater the more remarkable because it is more unusual. Aeschylus introduces Xerxes in the "Persae"; Xerxes, "one of the most dangerous of the Kaisers whom Europe has had to beat down" tells how he failed. This play stands alone in Greek drama. When real persons were put on their stage, they were burlesqued, as by Aristophanes. There are real people in the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare dramatized great men.

Shakespeare the Historian

Here Mr. Bailey notes Shakespeare's aversion to great men. It is true that there is a row of English kings in his historical plays, but the greatest that ruled before his time—William I., Henry I., Henry II., Edward I.—some might add Henry VII.—these were not chosen by him. He preferred John, Richard II., Henry VI. "But the reason you may say is that the great Royal statesmen had no tragic or dramatic element in their careers compatible to (sic) the disasters of John and Richard and the hapless Henry of Windsor. There was surely dramatic incident in the relations of William the Conqueror with Harold, tragedy in Henry I.'s loss of his only son, in the domestic strife between Henry II. and his children, romance enough in the familiar tale of Edward I. and the Queen who sucked the poison from his wound. Any one of these subjects might have made a better plot than Richard II.'s. Why did Shakespeare choose to leave the great Kings out and make his plays from failures? It might be accident in one case and another, but an accident which happens at every opportunity is not plausible."

Suppose one says this is unfair. Shakespeare has put Henry IV. and Henry V. on the stage. Mr. Bailey admits that Henry IV. "that grimy Ulysses," was an able King; that he interested Shakespeare. "But it can hardly be argued that he did any big work in the world or that Shakespeare thought he did. Shakespeare presents him, probably with sufficient truth, as a cunning, successful politician who, in the end of the day, had his doubts whether success was worth winning this is not a great King, a Conqueror, or an Edward I." Henry V. has magnificent things to say; he cuts a splendid figure, "but I have never been sure that Shakespeare thought his Henry V. a great man. He certainly did think that Agincourt was a famous victory, but he was quite well aware that it was won in a dubious cause. Except when Henry V. was fighting against odds, I doubt whether Shakespeare's heart was with him; it lingered, perhaps, with Falstaff." Furthermore, as Mr. Bailey maintains, the real Henry V. did not live to be great. "He was a first-class fighting man who flung himself away in a foolish attempt at unstatesmanlike, unjust conquest and left his country an inheritance of disaster."

There are Hubert de Burgh and Volney. Once Shakespeare brought on the stage one of the greatest—Julius Caesar. "But it is quite clear that Caesar did not interest him. Nothing could be less like the real Caius Julius than the pompous person who was 'as constant as the Northern star,' a mere conventional Elizabethan tyrant. No wonder that Polonius is cast for the part."

Novelists and Real Persons

Mr. Bailey then speaks of historical novelists avoiding real persons for their chief characters. Scott has Mary of Scots, but she is not the heroine; Dumas has his Henri IV., but he is not the hero. "They play their parts, historically or otherwise, in a story which is not theirs. We may be far more interested in Mary than in Roland Graeme, in Henri than in de la Mole, but there is no attempt to give us their history as Shakespeare gives us King John's or Richard II.'s." Scott's Cromwell is a minor character. The interest when Dumas's Charles I. dies on the scaffold is in the Musketeers. "Yet it is true that we know more of the actual men and of their times from Scott and Dumas than from many faithful historians."

The method of the historical novel is copied often enough in our popular historical plays. Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, any sufficiently familiar figure, is brought on to play deus ex machina in a bustling melodramatic story which will provide opportunity for pageantry. Sometimes an actor may find his chance for a striking piece of impersonation. We delighted in Irving's Louis XI. and Charles I. without being persuaded that the playwrights had allowed him to act anything more than the outside of those sufficiently diverse kings. And in general the appeal of our modern historical plays is pictorial. They are not made for serious study of real people. They are, as slang rightly has it, "costume plays."

Hardy and Drinkwater

Mr. Bailey ends as follows: "In Mr. Hardy's great drama of 'The Dynasts,' which partially, though not without success, was put upon the stage a few years since, we have a whole gallery of portraits painted certainly without fear or favor, though critics not Englishmen might say that the author took good care the rascal Napoleon did not get the best of it. Vivid and striking many of the pictures are. It was not in the author's scheme to present individualities, and yet he gave us one of the most brilliant collections of character studies from history which we have, vignettes, no doubt, hurried sketches, but vigorously hit off and with the essential truth in them. Something not unlike his method Mr. Drinkwater used on a very different scale for his Abraham Lincoln, the selection of striking, decisive incidents, the quotation of characteristic phrases, in fine, the presentation of a character by a series of flash-light photographs. It is obviously not the only means by which an historical character could be put upon the stage. There are others—take one of Mr. Drinkwater's incidental characters, Gen. Grant—the mere fact of whose career would supply a dramatic story. Lincoln himself, we might almost say, has no story. The play is his statesmanship. Grant, a smaller man by as much as you please, had a life in which there is much striking change of fortune. It is probable that the method of Mr. Drinkwater could only be successful upon the stage with a hero in whose career the public was at the time keenly interested. For that matter, any play on an historic personage must choose one who has glamor of some sort. You can imagine a play on Garibaldi, but hardly on Cavour. But there is no reason why we should not have plays about the past in which there is thought as deep and feeling as sincere as in the most modern experiments."

A Viscount's Descendants

Should the success of a dramatic representation be measured by the number of

Shakespearean performances? Some would have us believe that the answer is "Yes."

Is it not true that the taste of thousands at present was voiced by the viscount that figured prominently in the theatrical man Mr. Pipp's chatter at the dinner given to Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit?

"But the Viscount's the boy! He came into our place one night to take Her home; rather sited, but not much; and said, 'Where's Pip? I want to see Pip. Produce Pip!' 'What's the row, my lord?' 'Shakespeare's an infernal humbug, Pip! What's the good of Shakespeare, Pip. I never read him. What the devil is it all about, Pip? There's a lot of feet in Shakespeare's plays, are there, Pip. I'll tell you what it is. What the and all the rest of 'em, whatever their names are, might as well have no legs at all, for anything the audiences know about it, Pip. Why, in that respect they're all Miss Biffins to the audience. Pip. I'll tell you what it is. What the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, Pip. If I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the drama, Pip? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg pieces, Pip, and I'll stand by you, my buck.' 'And I am proud to say,' added Pip, 'that he did stand by me handsomely.'

"The Cinderella Man" in London, With Some Other Stage Notes

The London critics found "The Cinderella Man," brought out at the Queen's Theatre, June 12, too sweet for anything. The Times described it as "a perfect fairy tale that is distinguished by brilliant, in cruel, excursions, into the psycho-physiology of authorship," and suggested as a sub-title, "The Librettist Unmasked." The reviewer began: "He was a poor poet, in a New York attic, and she was a rich girl next door, and one day, when he was cut, she tripped in through the attic window with a basketful of nice cakes and things and then hid behind the curtains, and, when he came in, he saw her because her feet were showing, and they became good comrades, and she darned his socks and fell in love with him; but he never noticed it because he was busy composing and opera-libretto. And his way of composing was to knit his brows and run his eye up and down the MS. and say, 'Capitall!' when she suggested an idea, and write a happy ending when he felt happy, and change it to an unhappy one

And, as the play is so full of the nice things, the thought that the play is "pathetically good"—"almost everybody was a perfect liar, or at his dreadful worst a dear old growler"—admitted that the fun, like that of a children's party, was honest and homely. "The sentiment flowed without stint, but it was so sincere and hearty that you had to like it. And they contrived to talk, whatever they were up to, as real people do talk. It is a virtue we have noticed before in American plays. Even if they have no pretence to style or literary value, the characters in them talk like human beings, and not like books or newspapers. We have dramatists who have never discovered that there is a difference." Owen Nares played Anthony. Renee Kelly, Marjorie.

A sander once deposed that actors never read anything but press notices of themselves. How false that is shown in the current number of the Book Monthly. Something of a census has been taken and the result is interesting in many ways. Among the poets most favored are Shakespeare, Browning, Longfellow, Milton, Tennyson, Whitman, Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, and of the moderns, Kipling, Masfield, Galsworthy and Yeats. In fiction the stage player chooses like this: Hardy, Borrow, Hewlett, Locke, Fernald, Algernon Blackwood and Zane Grey. Dickens, of course, has his following and so has Capt. Marryat, the Brontës and Jane Austen. While in serious books those mostly chosen seem to be Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Gibbon and—the Bible.—London Daily Chronicle.

Pinero's farce, "In Chancery," is made into a musical play, "Who's Hooper?" The music is by Howard Talbot and Ivor Novello. "In Chancery" was produced at Edinburgh in the fall of 1884. "From the change of title one assumes that the principal character is no longer named Montague Joliffe, who owing to a railway accident, completely lost his memory, a circumstance fruitful of many strange adventures and dire consequences."

A Londoner found out that the playing of Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz off stage in the performance of "L'Algon," by Marie Loehr and her company is an anachronism.

Statistics about the money raised by London theatres and actors for war charities are published. George Robey raised well over £100,000. The Coliseum alone collected £70,000, opened its doors to 31,000 troops; its artists entertained 230,000 soldiers in hospitals. Altogether the 17 Stoll theatres added £300,000 to charitable funds and entertained 400,000 troops in the theatres and 500,000 in hospitals. One matinee at the Hippodrome brought in £7375. Here are reports from some of the theatres under the control of Sir Walter de Frece:

"Manchester, £10,500 raised for various charities, 20 special matinees given, 3000 wounded attending each. Newcastle, £7000 collected; 30,000 troops entertained in the theatres and 13,000 in the hospitals. Brighton, £9000 collected; Liverpool, £6000; Portsmouth, £3500 collected and 10 special matinees arranged. Over 100 shows were given at Haslar Hospital before an audience totalling 30,000, and a similar number of shows were given at the royal naval barracks before, in all 400,000 men. Sir Walter is confident that up to the time of the armistice his artists must have entertained approximately 2,000,000 troops."

A New English Grand Opera About a Sacred Spring and a Blind Man

The plot of Reginald Somerville's opera, "Antoine," produced by the Carl Rosa company at the King's, Hammer-smith, on June 5, is not a common one, although in one respect it recalls a play by no less a person than M. Clemenceau which was made into an opera. Mr. Somerville's prologue is sung behind the scenes. The story, as sung, is acted by characters on the stage. Drought and pestilence were in Brittany. A hermit prays, having vowed that he would not eat or sleep until rain should fall. He dies, but from the rock that was his couch a spring gushes, a fountain whose virtue is to heal the sickness of all those that come to it believing. In the first act Antoine is seen, a fisherman blind for four years through an accident at sea. Poor and miserable, he refused to go to mass and has been exiled from the church. His wife, Therese, young and beautiful, is fascinated by Paul, once her playmate, now a poet-singer and the owner of a cabaret in Paris. Antoine's mother warns her. There are angry words. Therese curses the day she married Antoine. He hears her, and exclaims: "My eyes, indeed, are sightless; would that my ears were deaf." In the second act, after a light scene in which subordinate characters figure, Antoine, at first reluctant, is persuaded to bathe his eyes in the water. His sight is restored. The priest imposes a penance on him, for he had blasphemed; he should proclaim his penitence in church after mass on the next day, and until then the recovery of his sight should be a solemn secret. In the third act Antoine sees Therese in Paul's arms. The two are about to elope. He, leaving the church, feigns

business, but is really taking him. come to her senses. Paul goes to Paris alone. Husband and wife are reconciled. Antoine is absolved from his vow. General rejoicing, with "a doxology to God and the Saint." The Daily Telegraph said that the story, though not always told adroitly, is not a bad one. "It is bad craftsmanship, though a desecrating sin of many an opera librettist, to set a character telling (in song) of things with which the audience is already conversant." How about Wagner? As for the music, there is "some attempt at characterization," but a too persistent fondness for climax-making. The whole nature of the review leads one to think that Mr. Somerville, known by his earlier and lighter work, was "let down rather easy." In M. Clemenceau's play, "The Veil of Happiness"—it has been performed in New York—a Chinese mandarin, recovering his sight, is so thoroughly disillusioned by what he sees and finds out, treachery of friends, hypocrisy and swindling, the infidelity of his wife, that he blinds himself, preferring to go back to darkness and consequent ignorance. Then there is Synge's bitter play, "The Well of the Saints."

"Rossini's 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' is an opera which must be given in Italian or not at all. That is no argument against having opera in English, because we could do very well without 'the Barber.' At the same time, given by Italians, to whom talking and singing in recitative secco is such second nature that they pass from speech to song and back again without making their hearers aware of the change, 'Il

Barbiere' can pass a Saturday night very pleasantly." Note the patronizing attitude of this critic towards an immortal work! "Miss Ayres Borghini-Zerni was altogether at home in the part of Rosina and was as flippant a little flirt as ever induced men to make fools of themselves. A rather hard edge to her elaborate carollings seemed to suit her idea of the part, though it set limits to our pleasure in her singing." Figaro, Sammarco; Dr. Bartolo, Malatesta; the Count, Thomas Burke; Don Basilio, Cotrueli.

The Daily Telegraph showed better judgment: "If ever there was an opera which called more for the virtues of Sir Thomas Beecham's company than for the qualities of a company gathered together from the four corners of the earth, surely that opera is the immortal 'Barber of Seville.' Of course, Rosina is a star, so is Figaro, so is Bartolo, and so is Basilio, whether the opera be 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' or the 'Barber of Seville.' But if the full and fine flavor of the delicious thing is to be brought in perfection over the footlights, the fact must be forgotten that there are so many stars scintillating in this particular firmament, forgotten by the stars themselves, that is, and it is precisely this spirit of forgetfulness one finds in excelsis in the Beecham company's performances, where in we have as a rule a perfection of ensemble that is impossible of attainment where four hearts beat as four, as it were, and not as one!" It seems that Mr. Sammarco's voice "is not yet entirely recovered." Miss Borghini-Zerni sang the waltz from "Mireille" in the lesson scene.

A correspondent writes that Verdi's operas were extremely popular in Munich during the war, "Falstaff" especially. Puccini was not heard, but after the armistice a Puccini-Leoncavallo-Mascagni concert was announced. There has been a revival of the old romantic operas, as "Euryanthe" and "Hans Helwig" with great success.

Mr. W. W. Aiken, writing to the London Daily Telegraph about opera in English, says that for artistic reasons "we are bound to give points to the language in which it is written; but there may be also strong reasons in favor of translation. It is not the difficulty of translation that I wish to write about, but the point of view of the singer. Singing is too often regarded as only a branch of music, whereas it is an art by itself based upon the natural development of the human voice, and as intimately associated with words as it is with music. If a singer thinks at all, it is through the words that he reaches the music. This is especially the case in opera, when all the action of the drama is based upon the text. I need not dwell upon this, as it is so obvious, but it explains the futility of singing on the stage without the force of words required by the drama. For his own sake the singer must thoroughly understand the language he sings, and for the sake of others should be able to pronounce it perfectly. If an opera has a language of its own, the singer should adapt himself to it if he can and there is no reason why he should not be able to do so if he studies enough. I only wish that English singers would study the pronunciation of their own language as deeply and minutely as foreign singers do theirs; but, anyhow, it is true that the more good singers there are who can sing English well, the better it will be for English opera. It will stimulate authors and musicians of ability to write for us an English operatic literature, consisting of operas which have English as their proper language, which alone can build for us an English operatic stage. On translations alone it cannot be done, and this perhaps accounts for the opinion that still lingers

amongst us that English is not good for singing, for our translations seldom give the language a chance."

In the same issue of the Daily Telegraph an article on Russian influence on Italian opera was published. The writer spoke of Paisiello, Cimarosa and Galuppi being invited to Petrograd; how Cimarosa became a great favorite with Prince Potemkin. "It was probably during these visits that Cimarosa became so well acquainted with Russian folk music. All Russian noblemen of this period kept at their country houses choruses (generally composed of the girls of the surrounding villages), whose duty it was to sing while the lord was having his meals. Moreover, Potemkin would, for the purpose of showing the Italian master native Russian talent, probably order his peasant slaves up to the house to sing the old folk songs that were handed down from father to son through the generations and also the newer ones that the peasants thought out and composed for themselves, generally in connection with their daily tasks. Cimarosa evidently thought more highly of Russian folk music than his patrons, for we find him, on his return to Italy, introducing many Russian national themes into his music, and an opera, which he wrote in 1791, ends with a ball at which Russian guests dance a Russian dance to the melody of the famous 'Kamarsinskaya'. In like fashion Paisiello introduced into an opera the well known Russian nightingale song."

Notes About Musical Compositions; Also Singers and Players

The London Times said of Miss Ethel Barns's songs sung on June 16: "All showed the fault common among composers who normally think in terms of instruments, that of making the words suggest the mood only of the melody instead of allowing them also to dictate the form." This was said of her compositions for violin and piano: "In the longer forms there generally comes a time in Miss Barns's work when one wishes she would be less conscientious in expounding her ideas."

Goossens's Sketches, played by the London String Quartet, are described by the Times as "those thumbnail sketches that pander to the unmusical people who cannot be bothered with attending to the plan of the thing, clever and immaterial." Apropos of Elgar's piano quintet: "Elgar's strength and weakness is to be cosmopolitan. We hear Beethoven's device of building a theme out of a rhythmical figure, Brahms's Hungarian dances, the choral out of Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, and Mendelssohn's eternal sequences. On the other hand, we have a truly characteristic second movement with a rambling but perfectly coherent melody as in the great violin concertos, and every now and then those melting, pleading harmonies that we first knew in Gerontius, and whose first cousins we recognize in the best Russian music. And here, at any rate, there are no pictures, no newspaper articles no cheapening of knowledge; it is all sound music with a broad outlook and a firm foundation."

Hamilton Harty's violin concerto in D was played by Katie Goldsmith in London on June 14. It "gives ample scope for ingenious fiddling." Mr. Harty, who conducted, has made "a valuable addition to the violinist's repertory, in a work full of frank tunes, which all may enjoy, yet sufficiently developed to be attractive to performers with technic to be displayed to an admiring audience."

Plunket Greene is still singing. The London Times said on June 17 that whatever he may do or leave undone he never fails to make his audience feel what he is singing about; still we must enter a gentle protest against the habit of ending with an inaudible cadence, which was so prevalent that we had to imagine the ending of six out of the nine songs with which otherwise he delighted us."

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, has turned up in London. The Daily Telegraph said that he is "evidently one of those who hold that there are no friends like old friends, for at the recital, his first in England for several years, he played a program in which there was no element of freshness whatever."

The Salvation Army held a musical festival at the Albert Hall in London on June 14. About 200 of the 25,000 bandmen took part in the performance of instrumental music. Gen. Booth, who embarked that day on his Scandinavian tour, wrote a letter and Mrs. Booth spoke. The two referred to the great part taken by music in the world-wide work of the Salvation Army. They recalled the saying "ascribed to a dignitary of the Church of England, speaking in the early days of the Salvation Army, that 'these people will sing their way round the world.' They declared that that prophecy had been fulfilled."

The London Times said of Mr. Cortot's recital (June 14): "He began with a Concerto da Camera of Vivaldi, enriching it with apt fauxbourdon and, in the last movement, with double and triple octaves, and generally placing it well into the 20th century. It seemed to be one of the few that Bach did not arrange; on the other hand, one heard in the Siciliano where Handel got his

Sansone and Harapha duet from Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise followed as complete a contrast as could be—a perfectly sane and most musical piece of playing. Grandeur still than this was Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, an extraordinarily broad conception, in which everything was kept in proportion from the first page to the last, with muscles like whipcord and fingertips like velvet. It was an astonishing feat to memorize the first book of Debussy's Preludes, and quite as astonishing to play them with such wit and alertness. One knew that this was what they ought to sound like, but had never yet heard them so sound. They are an amazing set of pictures, certainly, and it is useless to name favorites where everyone has his own. It was curious to hear the real muffle of 'The steps in the snow' and to see the old 'Cathedral' that everyone has battered into the commonplace restored by a skilful hand to its other-worldliness; the contrast of the 'West Wind' and 'The Flaxen-haired Girl' was finely done, and 'Puck's Dance' and 'Minstrels' were two neatly opposed bits of incisiveness. Schumann's 'Carnaval' was an ingenious epilogue to have chosen—as much as to say, 'Now we'll be serious, if we can; Frenchmen are not so frivolous as you think.'"

See how faithful the London public is to old favorites! We quote from the Daily Telegraph of June 16: "Really, there is little to be said now of the Melba concert which took place in the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon. Since when a thing is perfect of its kind all that remains to be said of its repetition is that it was, or was not, the equal of its predecessor. Surely this was the case now."

Maj. Mackenzie Rogan, now retiring from his position of bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, has done service in the British army for 53 years. "His great-grandfather fought under Marlborough, his father joined the service in Waterloo year and he himself enlisted as a musician in 1866. For 20 years, after leaving his first regiment, the Devons, he was bandmaster of the Queen's, whence he went to the Coldstream Guards for 21 years more. Maj. Rogan is a much traveled musician. He fought in Burma, he knows America and South Africa, and during the recent war he visited various fronts on many occasions with his band, and incidentally played in Rome and Paris and Cologne."

John Coates, tenor, announced an all-British program for his recital in London on June 23. "It is really rather an amazing affair, this, for it covers the whole ground, and in a sense it shows not so much chronologically as musically and temperamentally whence that which is called the English 'idom' is derived; and, further, it demonstrates a fact that the best of our song-literature is based upon the work of the poets who count. Far be it from me to terrify any who are likely to attend the concert by pointing this out, but the fact remains that John Coates's poets include Shakespeare, Suckling, Tom Duffell, Camplon, Blake, Burns, Yeats, Masfield, and the composers include Elgar, Parry, Mackenzie, Quilter, Byrd, Purcell, Morley, Arne Bax, Ireland, and so on. This little idea of laying stress upon the poetry to be sung, it seems to me, stamps the singer as something out of the ordinary, and marks him for an artist."

British Lovers of the Theatre Move for a Higher Standard

The first meeting of the British Drama League was held in London last month. This league is not a society for the production of plays. Its objects are propagandist and advisory. It aims to establish relations with municipalities, universities, schools, colleges, village centres, trade unions, co-operative societies, etc., with a view to inducing them to encourage the drama among all classes. The officers represent literature, art, the drama, and there are practical business men. This statement was issued by the league three months ago:

"With the coming of peace all those interested in the drama are naturally asking what may be the prospects of the English theatre in the years after the war. Other arts have not been affected so unfavorably by war conditions as might, perhaps, have been imagined. But this can scarcely be said of the art of the theatre, which, so far from maintaining itself under war conditions, has suffered a notable decline. And yet the humane and social value of the drama has never been more clearly recognized than it is today. In every case where the attraction of good drama has been rightly displayed (as in the performances of plays by Shakespeare which have been given to soldier audiences at home and at the front), a wonderfully warm appreciation has been forthcoming. Similar results have attended the efforts of lecturers in munition works and industrial centres, and those who have been personally concerned, with those efforts are unanimous in believing that a real future lies before the drama, both as a means of democratic expression and as a factor in the renewal of social life on civilized lines."

On the purely artistic side it is submitted that English drama has nothing to offer and everything to gain from decentralization and from the provision of means whereby theatre groups or individuals now working in isolation might be kept in touch with one another and also with the newest developments of theatrical art in this country, in America and on the continent. It is clear that if opportunities for dramatic expression can be furnished wherever the impulse to such expression may arise, new and vitally creative movements may be brought to light, to the benefit of those immediately concerned and to the enrichment of the art of the theatre as a whole.

At the first meeting on June 3 remarks were made by several. Mr. John Drinkwater, dramatist, spoke in substance as follows: "The future of the drama depended quite as much upon the provincial repertory theatre as on any form of theatrical activity. The repertory system implied a standard below which they should never work and that meant that if they set their standard high enough for some years they would only get small audiences. For

some time, therefore, the play had to be changed frequently so that in England the repertory movement had come to mean a theatre which continually changed its program. But that was not the root idea of a repertory theatre. A theatre might run a play for a month or two, but still maintain its repertory ideal as a place which never produced a play that was not worth reviving at any time. At the Moscow Art Theatre, the greatest repertory theatre in the world, a play which had once found a place in the repertory was sure of continued repetition at not very long intervals. The only objection to a long run was that an actor might not keep fresh, but that was not an insuperable difficulty. For 10 years the drama had been preached up and down the country and the people were ready for fine drama if it were given to them. It was not the smallest use forming a league if it only went on talking for another 10 years. In a town with 1,000,000 inhabitants a repertory theatre could be started with £5000 a year guaranteed for five years."

The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard urged that religion and the drama go hand in hand. We quote from the London Times. "It was a monstrous thing that the Christian church did not possess its own theatre in London, where it could amplify the message which it gave from the pulpit. One reason why the church did not count as it ought to do was that its leaders had not the courage to realize that such ventures were essential for the welfare of Christianity today. He had tried to raise £20,000 to establish his own theatre in Central London but it seemed quite impossible. People in the West end did not seem to realize that the poorer classes appreciated good drama. In France the soldier never wanted the stuff which was being given to the Mayfair public. He did not want the bedroom scene, which insulted his intelligence. The ordinary man saw quite enough of the sordidness of life, and he did not want it prolonged into his evening entertainment."

Miss Lena Ashwell said that actors viewed the present position of their great art with a good deal of unhappiness and bitterness. "There could be nothing more detrimental to the whole some life of the nation than the rottenness, lowness, 'sugstiveness,' and futility of some of the entertainments she had been compelled to sit through. If the nation allowed its workers to consume the mental stuff we were having now we should not long remain the greatest Empire."

A Symposium in Which Modern British Musical Conditions Are Discussed

Dan Godfrey, the celebrated conductor of the Bouremouth (Eng.) concerts, has written a letter to the London Daily Telegraph about the question of programs and publishers. It will be noticed that he thinks modern German music should not be performed.

"British musicians welcomed Mr. W. H. Reed's opportune appeal for British orchestral players; his claim as to their efficiency has been acknowledged by the greatest conductors all over the world. There has been much discussion in the press lately on the subject of German and British music, which has been interesting, but I venture to say has not dealt with the practical side. May I therefore be permitted (in view of my long and varied experience in British music) to make a few remarks.

"With regard to the German classics, no conductor could give a long series of

symphony concerts with any degree of financial success without calling upon the masterpieces of the great German composers, Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, etc., not forgetting the lovely Unfinished Symphony of Schubert (of course, modern German music should be absolutely taboo). There is in London and other big centres a certain number of patriotic enthusiasts who rally round concerts of British music, as they should;

but generally speaking, the musical amateur is attracted in the first place by works which he knows and wants to hear, and I claim that this very circumstance can be used to the advantage of British music, by introducing good native works frequently in the programs. I do not agree that British music is anathema to the average listener, but, generally speaking, he or she is not attracted to concerts by the announcement of new British music; consequently, the judicious mixing of well known classics and novelties would be to the benefit of our composers; but certain difficulties must be overcome, and they are several.

"As an example: I would gladly perform each season the Elgar Symphonies and Lelieus's Tone Poems, but the performing rights, except for concerts in the great centres, are so considerable as to make it impracticable. I therefore appeal to the publishers that the scores and parts should be purchasable at a reasonable price, to include performing rights (or, perhaps, with a nominal fee for each performance). Surely there are sufficient orchestras who would subscribe for these and similar important works, and so ensure an adequate return to both composer and publisher? One of the chief difficulties in the performance of many British works is the fact that they are in manuscript, and often none too well copied, thus necessitating longer time for rehearsal than is available. Further, in the case of hired parts, the conductor is not able to make his individual marks in the score, consequently the work has to be done all over again before a second performance. The Carnegie Trust is giving valuable assistance by publishing such important works as the 'London' Symphony (Vaughan Williams), the 'Hebridean' Symphony (Granville Bantock), etc., which will render these works accessible; also the Ernest Palmer Fund at the Royal College of Music is giving the young composer the opportunity of trying and hearing his works; so, if the publishers will only co-operate, an important step will be made in the advancement of British music.

"The war and its horrors will undoubtedly encourage our composers to be more individual and natural in their style, and to break away from the influence of modern German music, which, in my opinion, has spoilt the efforts of so many promising writers. British light music has enormously improved recently, and is always welcome to audiences, therefore why cannot similar progress be made in the higher art of composition?"

Archibald Dunn believes that the "present-day British professional musician should realize that he is getting from the public precisely the amount of appreciation he deserves; that with British composers music has ceased to be an art, an appeal to the emotions; it is merely an exhibition of technical skill. It does not seem to occur to these gentlemen that it requires something more than study and knowledge to make an artist—nature has a word to say in the matter. And so for the time being we suffer from a plethora of players and composers who are, in plain English, nothing more than musical mechanics."

Now listen to Isidore de Lara, who gave his 170th concert for British music on June 11. "We are surrounded by a number of people in this country who are always insisting upon our imitating the men of genius of other countries. They would not have been men of genius if they had come here to imitate us. The time has now come for all British musicians to speak out as Mr. Reed speaks out. There is a great opening for British music and British musicians; but they must have protection. . . . We are surrounded by a lot of cultured clowns, who follow blindly the dictates of fashion. We have had the Wagner craze, the Brahms craze, then the enthusiasm for Strauss, Debussy, Stravinsky, etc., but they think it fine to snub the British musician. Their minds, stupefied by prejudice, cannot see that in this country there is a great spirit, which has not hitherto been crystallized in music, and that will one day find its expression in sound, and when that comes to pass, I am certain we shall have the finest music in the world. We must look into our own souls and there find our source of inspiration. People connected with music in this country are not active enough about their own music. They do not see that justice must be done to their own composers. Look at the London county council. What do they do for music? These concert halls are all controlled by the London county council. I have asked time and time again for the London county council to insist upon one British piece being given in every program. Nothing has been done. We cannot get anything out of the government. The only remedy to this is for the musicians to gather together. We must have a mass meeting of all the musicians of this country, and make the government act."

Elgar's New Chamber Works;

Music of Yesterday and Today

An immediate effect of listening to Sir Edward Elgar's Opp. 82, 83 and 84 in succession is to give one a new sympathy with the modern revolt against beauty of line and color. A stab of crude ugliness would be a relief from that overwhelming sense of beauty, which pervades every melody and harmony and inclines luxuriously on the instrumental

tone like well-acted woman on cushions of down. When Elgar was young he used occasionally to rebel against his own sense of beauty. He could take a holiday in the enjoyment of a vulgar tune or a trite rhythm. He has outgrown that now. In taking up chamber music the strongest impulse of his character, the search for a type of beauty at once ideal and sensuous, has completely taken possession of him.

If the result is overwhelming to the listener, the composer is, of course, entitled to say with truth that he never asked us to listen to his violin sonata, his string quartet and his quintet for piano and strings in succession; that he has written three wholly independent works, each of which expresses himself as he thinks and feels in music now; and that if we find too much of the same personality in all three together we may listen to one or other of them surrounded with other people's music. We hope to do so, and expect a doubly keen enjoyment of the quintet, for example, when it appears, as it is to do on June 14, in one of the London String Quartet's Saturday concerts, even if, as is possible, it should be less ideally interpreted than it was last Wednesday.

For it is not really ugliness, and still less vulgarity, that one craves for as an antidote to the Elgar type of beauty. It is the contrast of a more virile mind, something less purely visionary and more touched by hardness. The want is one which Elgar himself seems to feel subconsciously in his own music. We are at least inclined to read the first movement of the quartet as an effort to escape from his own environment. After the reflective opening, when he has loved the sweetness of the strings playing in chords long enough, he suddenly bestirs himself. He seems to say, "We can't go on dreaming all day; let's get up and do something—anything"; and he does. Starting with one of those busy tunes which seem to go round and round in a circle, he works up a tremendously strenuous development which it must be a delight to have a part in. It is splendid writing for the strings. There is something of the nervously energetic Elgar of the "Sinclair" variation in "Enigma," a number which always seemed so much more like the composer than like the late organist of Hereford to whom it was dedicated. One does not feel, however, that he succeeds in getting outside himself. A composer who can express himself and impress himself on his audience as forcibly as Elgar can do much. But he seems to want to do more.

The most lovable part of the whole quartet is the slow movement. Each work, by the way, contains only three movements, and the elimination of anything directly corresponding to the scherzo type partly accounts for the sense of oppression which comes from the three works taken together. What a relief the scherzo was in Elgar's first symphony, and it was almost his last kick over the traces of his own seriousness. The slow movement of the quartet is very comfortable; the atmosphere reminds one of certain passages connected with the West Country in his symphonic poem "Falstaff." There he pictured something of the richness and peace of the English country, which creeps in again indefinitely here. We recall these things from no desire to suggest that Elgar repeats himself, which in fact he scarcely does in any technical way. Indeed, the fertility of his musical invention in the new chamber works is amazing. But as one listened various phases of his former work seemed to be hovering in the air and to bring back to memory, often delightfully and quite spontaneously, moments spent in the same musical company. Was there not something of "Nimrod" in the sustained loftiness of the slow movement of the quintet, and who could quite forget the violin concerto in the finale of the same work, where the music dropped into a reverie over a theme which had been prominent in the first movement?

Elgar's music is always autobiographical; but the life is not completed; it is the present which one looks for most eagerly in his latest work, and not the past. What has he to say now, and have the years stamped their meaning on him in any profound way? It was the failure to find this through the greater part of the new works which made one impatient before the end of Wednesday's performance, yet mercifully it is not altogether absent. The first movement of the piano quintet has a breadth of view, one might almost say a manliness of expression, which has never appeared so clearly in anything he has written before. It was perhaps prefigured in the finale of the second symphony, but not maintained. So much of Elgar's symphonic writing has hinted at great possibilities and almost wilfully obliterated their impression. He has clung to a wayward elusiveness in the violin sonata, the first of this group. But in the quintet, after a few questioning phrases, he puts all this behind him and launches boldly on a high enterprise from which he never seems to turn aside until the movement is completed. It was this movement, rather than the two which followed it, which seemed to raise the quintet to a higher plane than either of the preceding works; and more than all else convinced us that Elgar is still a force among the many currents of the musical tide.

The London Times.

Mrs. Jay at Rest

Mrs. William Jay of New York excited attention during the war by her violent opposition to the performance of German opera, German plays, German music. She founded a committee and a league; she was interested in a monthly and polemical magazine of a purposely restricted circulation, a magazine for the 400 and their intimate friends. She worked valiantly and incessantly against insidiously artistic propaganda. Applauded by honest and zealous Americans, derided by those sneakingly pro-German, she opened the eyes of the good-natured indifferent, encouraged the introduction of music by composers of other countries, broadened, in fact, the musical horizon; for New York had been thoroughly Germanized, so that concert-goers of that city had been persuaded that the Germans were the only truly musical people and musical wisdom would die with them.

The war is practically over. The magazine in which Mrs. Jay was so deeply interested is no more. She has issued a proclamation, as a victor on the battlefield. She announces that she will make no further protests against performances of German music and plays. Beethoven and Wagner may now rest easy in their coffins; Lessing, Sudermann, Hauptmann and the other dramatists may again compose themselves for sleep. "I know," says Mrs. Jay, "that henceforth materialism will weigh too heavily against a pro-German attitude." This statement is vaguely reassuring and leads one to infer that Mrs. Jay is of a sanguine disposition. She at the same time prays that the former friends of German Kultur will "uphold the principles of freedom, honesty and justice, which they now see triumphant and everlasting." This might be construed as indicative of lurking doubt in her mind. May her prayer be answered. In Boston the attitude of the great

majority, sympathizing with Mrs. Jay, had this result: the public learned that the art of orchestral conducting is not a divine right of Germans; that the treasure house of music is not wholly filled with compositions made in Germany. The concerts of last season led by Mr. Rabaud were a liberal education in more ways than one. Mr. Monteux, a man of catholic taste, is a worthy successor to Mr. Rabaud. The Wagnerites will have their little holiday; so undoubtedly will the Brahmsites; but the tradition that German music is the only music worth hearing and can be heard only when interpreted by a German is now lost forever.

Mr. House: Do you know the book of the day: "What One Should Read"?

Mr. Street: Of course I do. It has already cost me more than \$100 for books that I did not know, but evidently should read.

Mr. House: My dear sir, I read only the books that it is not necessary to read. Believe me, they are the only ones that are entertaining.

Mistaken Piety

It was a great mistake to publish in book form articles written by Mark Twain for the Galaxy Magazine. We read them as they came out once a month, and we remember how the admirers of Mark Twain were disappointed at the time. The editor had sentenced the humorist to hard labor. No doubt Twain put off writing each month till the very last day and then wrote hurriedly and desperately, churning his brain. But what an excellent magazine the Galaxy was! What a pity it was discontinued! Its policy was liberal; its tone was free from cant and priggishness.

No; these articles of Mark Twain should not have been reprinted, even though the eager for editions of "complete works" clamored for them. It was a mistake to reprint the essays and sketches that Artemus Ward contributed to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, before he went to New York and wrote for Vanity Fair; but Carleton, the publisher, collected them and bound them up in 1867, with the delightful contributions of Artemus to Punch. "Artemus Ward in London; and Other Papers" is the title of the volume, the third and last of the series.

Was it a mistake to reprint recently in New York certain essays by Walter Pater that are not to be found in the standard edition of his works? If Pater had thought them worth while, would

he not have revised them himself and put them in book form? There are few, if any, writers that can stand the test of a "complete edition." On the other hand, there are few judicious editors of "selections." Not long ago an editor of the best short stories by authors now living did not include one story by Leonard Merrick.

In and Out of the Tub

As the World Wags

So many of your correspondents seem to be for morning bathing in summer that I wish to ask for information on the finer philosophy of the tub.

Is the use of the bath mat a symptom of (A) advancing age, or (B) effeminacy? I have been informed that to stand in the tub while one towels not only hardens the soles and reduces the ankles, but is the classic test of real love of the bath.

Should bathing precede or succeed shaving? I shave first, but merely to make sure that I shall not exhibit lather in my ears for the rest of the day; an unfortunate experience some years ago caused me to reverse what appeared to me the logical sequence. And, even so, those who do not believe in immersing the head would find my reason quite irrelevant.

What is the proper stance and what the proper approach? Should one step in, sit down and then, sliding forward and elevating the legs, baptize the torso, as Dr. Magrath might phrase it? Or should one, striking a balance on the rim of the tub, face upward, fall down quickly, striking the water with the shoulders and neck? This second method is somewhat likely to spot the ceiling and to flood the floor, but, in winter especially, I have found it by all means the best method of minimizing the initial shock of contact.

How should drying be accomplished? Should the towel be applied crosswise, upward or downward? Dr. G. V. Tuohy, who, as a wrestling expert, has grappled with such problems, has informed me that it is better for the ganglia to rub them against the grain, and I have deferred to his opinion, but there is doubt in my mind, nevertheless.

And may I say a word on bath room melody? The recent discussions have been, in a way, futile, as your correspondents have not thought the thing through to the fundamentals. When do men sing in the bath room? (A) Before the bath; or (B) after the bath—never in the bath. Why do they sing? (1) To stimulate their courage for the ordeal; (2) to announce to the household or the person at the door that there is not much longer to wait; (3) to express exultation at their ability to inaugurate the day with a sacrificial act—really, something in the nature of a heathen rite.

Finally, why do wives bathe at night rather than in the morning? And are they addicted to bath room chords? Mr. James Huneker, many kinds of an expert, might well say his say for us.

B. BERKELEY BARCLAY.
Marblehead Neck.

July 14th

Mr. Remy de Gourmont in 1904 spent the 14th of July in the country. He did not beat a drum or set off fireworks in honor of the day; he wrote sourly about it. "This holiday in the country is thus celebrated; one does not receive one's newspaper; one cannot mail a letter or send a telegram. Those who instituted it with these rigorous conditions no doubt believed that the taking of the Bastille should be sufficient to occupy the minds of meditative citizens during this memorable holiday. A religious sentiment guided them, for there is a religion of the revolution. . . . One does not institute a festival by a decree. One can legalize spontaneous festivals. . . . The number of men whose politics are moved by fine feeling is as small as the number governed by religious sentiment. Nearly everyone's life consists in facts, great and small, of his daily life, interest, vanity and so on. A man is interested only in that which he feels physically. The rest is a representation, often a very fleeting one. That is why I should have preferred on July 14 to receive my newspaper, and that the Bastille had not been taken 115 years ago."

Is Salmon a Vegetable?

"Salmon and potato pie" is announced on a popular menu among the vegetable dishes.

And this happens at a time when it is being proposed to split the board of agriculture and fisheries into two separate departments.—London Daily Chronicle.

July 15 1919

Literature should never be the primary occupation of a life. If you are a heer, dr a banker, or a large-acre country gentleman, why, by all means be a poet likewise; if you are Dean of Sarum, or Fellow of Magdalen, translate Aristophanes or Catullus. But if, being poor you feel yourself a great genius, capable of idyls more musical than Tennyson's, and of articles more brilliant than those in the Saturday Review, apprentice yourself to a grocer or a tailor. This is sound advice, and therefore will not be followed.

Mr. Johnson's Letter

As the World Wags

I was greatly put out by your description of my life at Clamport. Your remarks about my sister, Miss Vashti, were in bad taste, to say the least. She is not thin and bony; she is a fine figure of a woman. The female Johnsons have long been celebrated for their classic beauty and their easy manners. Young Mr. Gollightly was more appreciative, but he is a man of the world, and you are nothing but a newspaper man. As you say, he gladly accepted a second glass of dandelion wine, while you sniffed at the beverage. Nor did Mr. Gollightly drink only out of courtesy, not to hurt Miss Vashti's feelings. Last Friday I read in a newspaper that since July 1 in the Windsor (Canada) police court there have been 10 convictions for drunkenness, and eight of the roisterers said their intoxication was due to drinking wine made from dandelions. An analysis showed that this wine is stronger than ralsin whiskey or the real thing. I have noticed that Miss Vashti's face has often been flushed late. I shall insure a huge dandelion crop for next season on my few acres.

About that elm tree that Capt. Baxter brought from St. Helena, I am informed by an old villager that the captain brought it as a little tree, not as a slip, from the island. I was pleased when this villager spoke of "poison ivory." Some of the good old English words are still preserved on the Cape, but I have not yet heard "ivin" for "ivy."

Walking with a seafaring man the other day, he told me he thought it was going to rain. There was no premonition in the sky. I asked him why he thought so. He answered: "I've been looking at the shadows." Then he said something about the comparative blackness of them and something about sharpness or lack of sharpness in outline. His reasoning was not clear, but there was no rain that day or on the next day.

Seeing a man cutting lettuce at table with his knife, and then calling for sugar and vinegar, took me back to boyhood days. This was the prevailing custom in my little village. The lettuce was eaten with the first course, which was meat or fish with vegetables—vegetables all on the table—except on festival days, when there was a soup. There was no thought then of lettuce as a salad, as a separate course. I remember Mr. Arlo Bates once told me that his father was the first man in his Maine town to eat oil on his lettuce. I think he said that his father was the first to tear the lettuce with his fingers, which is the proper way, for a knife spoils it. (A baked potato should never be cut.) I believe that in the old days of France, lettuce after it was dressed and other salads were eaten with the fingers, even by noblemen—and the ladies described by Brantome as "tres honnestes dames," high-born ladies who were certainly honest in not concealing their light behavior or mincing their speech. As for myself, I do not like lettuce. The eating of it is a dreary waste of time, weary work, as Nebuchadnezzar found out. What about this mighty monarch? Was he only the first practical vegetarian? Was Bodin right in thinking that the King was really changed into a bull and lost the shape, sentiments and soul of a man? Others believed that he kept his soul, as Apuleius kept his when he was changed into an ass; as certain Italians mentioned by St. Augustine, having eaten cheese given to them by magicians, were changed into beasts of burden, but after a time recovered their own shape. Or did Nebuchadnezzar's soul enter an ox? Or did he have a vitiated imagination, and were his subjects hypnotized into believing they saw him as an ox, eating grass; or did he fall into a black melancholy and imagine himself an ox, as sometimes victims of lycanthropy think they are a wolf, a dog, a cat, and then they howl and bite and eat raw meat and run about the fields and forests; as some think they have glass legs, or have even more grotesque illusions?

No, I do not care for lettuce and only as a sociologist am I interested in the various dressings which include sugar and lemon. Who wrote these lines? Was it Leigh Hunt?

James likes his lettuce undressed. I've asked the reason? 'Tis confest That is the way he likes them best.

Miss Vashti sends her "kind regards" to young Gollightly. You should have seen her blush when she gave me the message. Perhaps, though, it was due to dandelion wine.

I think I'll open a bottle of it, to try it. HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Clamport.

Person

The Royal Astronomical Society recently determined to admit women as Fellows, but the council found that this could not be done under the charter, for those eligible for election were

described in the by-laws as "persons," and the legal opinion was that a "person" was strictly of the masculine sex. So the charter was altered.

But in English literature and in English drama a woman is often represented as furious because she is called a "person." In English dictionaries a "person" is an "individual human being." The statement is made that the word is often used contemptuously. Why should a "legal opinion" apply the word only to the male?

FASHION PLATE IN KEITH'S BILL

Creole Fashion Plate, "a delineator of song and fashion," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

This act is chiefly interesting for the pretty voice of the performer and as a means of displaying an extravagant wardrobe. To discuss fully the details of the act would be to spoil the pleasure of future audiences.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Frank Davis and Delle Darnell in their comedy sketch, "Birdseed." The act has the advantage of getting away from the conventional vaudeville act in the main idea, and there are the delightful flippancies of Mr. Davis, a breezy comedian, and the physical charm and dainty style of Miss Darnell.

Fallon and Brown, just returned from France, where they entertained the 27th division, have an act that proved the big laugh puller of the bill. Fallon, a comedian of the "nut" variety, is pleasing both in his spontaneity and his line of chatter, and Brown stiffens the act by his pleasing style in song.

Other acts on the bill were Bessye Clifford, in monologue; Nat Nazarro and the United States Atlantic Fleet Jazz Band, in a riotous instrumental and dancing act; Sherman and Uttry, in a musical sketch; Paul Decker and company returned in their amusing farce of last season; Ed Morton, one of the best features of the bill, in a unique song act; and Kartelli, in the best wire act of the season.

July 16 1919

A film play, "Alias Mike Moran," was recently exhibited in London. The Times found it particularly interesting for the way in which the English language was murdered in the sub-titles. The writer said:

"English audiences are beginning to get very tired of the continued use of American slang, much of which is unintelligible to them. It would be a great boon and blessing if the phrasing could be drastically overhauled before the films from the United States are shown here. We could guess what the ex-convict hero meant when he complained that the army had rejected him because he had been 'in stir,' but this was easy compared with such phrases as 'Papa the young sport and his skirt; a dead easy pick up' and 'Nix, nix, Buddy, this guy's a friend of mine.' One has a good deal to put up with nowadays, but surely this kind of thing is a needless infliction."

Now, "Nix" has long been in English slang: "Nix, my dolly pals, fake away" is a classic line. Does the reviewer maintain that "skirt" and "guy" and even "pipe" are unintelligible to an Englishman? What does he say to the slang of "pipe one's eye," meaning to weep? Is it not more far-fetched than our use of "pipe" in slang?

The day we read this lament we also read this article in the London Daily Chronicle:

RIPPING!

We all know the one-adjecitive girl; she was sitting near me in the park the other evening, when a tall boy came up and raised his hat.

"Hullo!" he said, dropping into the chair next to her. "Haven't seen you for ages. How are you?"

"Oh, ripping!" she exclaimed, and then the conversation proceeded to its bitter end.

"I was 'demobbed' last week."

"How ripping?"

"Yes; got a better job and a bigger screw."

"That's ripping!"

"Grand weather, isn't it?"

"Perfectly ripping!"

"Hope it keeps fine tomorrow. I'm having a day off."

"How ripping!"

"To attend my aunt's funeral."

"How ripping!"

A Salad Dressing

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has written disparagingly of lettuce and various dressings. Salad oil in England, we are told, is paraffin; but an ingenious person has discovered a substitute for the conventional dressing: "a cold, floury potato, mashed small and duly mixed with vinegar, mustard, salt, sugar and a little milk—cream also, if you are a

millionaire—make a dressing that might satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. Try it." No, thank you.

Heads and Hats

We spoke recently about a young gentleman whose head ran up to a peak. This was said in a light and frivolous mood; but a deep thinker, Prof. Arthur Frith, says that the human face is altering in outline. "Huge, bony prominences over the brows are associated with a form of prodigious mastication common to primitive man, who ate roots and tough fibres, but they are slowly vanishing from the features of generations nurtured on softer food." The young-man ape lacks these terrible brows. The earliest known human type resembles the adolescent anthropoid; the bony prominences are excessive as compared with the modern, yet delicate in comparison with those of the adult gorilla or chimpanzee.

Manufacturers of hats in England—our hatter, not the one that Alice knew, but an eminently sane hatter, tells us that the best straw hats sold in Boston are made in England—these manufacturers say that men's heads are growing larger and they attribute it to the war. The standard sizes in England were 6½, 6¾, 6⅞. They are now 6½ to 7¼. A pathologist argues that the incessant gunfire on the front increased the size of heads, and asserts that men suffering from shell shock after they left the hospital could not wear the cap they wore before the shock. A manufacturer gives another reason: A soldier, trying on a khaki cap in the shop, chooses one that comes down well over his head. It fits firmer, but by constant use it becomes larger and covers more of his head than any hat previously worn. Leaving the army, he tries on a hat of the size he usually wore, but having acquired the habit of a fuller covering, he finds the old size does not fit comfortably, so he has a 7 or a 7¼ instead of a 6¾.

Then comes another professor, Alfred Hubert, who advises employers to select their help by the shape of the head. The square one is methodical, unimaginative; the egg-shaped is brainy; the round head, "very vital"; the round head is "invariably the best organizer and the most vigorous hustler."

An American, Theophilus Fitz, probably another professor, has a theory of "voice diagnosis" which should be invaluable to singers and opera and concert managers. A head should be measured accurately; then the size and shape of the head cavity should be calculated. "The calculation will disclose any latent possibilities in the candidate and fix the voice as soprano, contralto, tenor or bass, as the case may be or may not be, and determine the range and resonance." This has called forth the remark that if the head is very large the singer is a tenor.

The London Journals say that the plug hat, stovepipe, silk, is coming into fashion again with a rush. There was a time when it was the only hat in England, worn by princes and ploughmen, cricketers, boating men, sportsmen, all holiday-makers, horsewomen. In "the well known print of the Heenan-Sayers prize fight in 1860 every one wears a topper of the chimney-pot pattern, except the members of 'the fancy' acting as ringkeepers, who wear caps." This is true of the well known print, but in the picture drawn by Thomas Nast, who saw the fight, the picture published in the New York Illustrated News, while the topper predominates, there are many sports with soft hats, caps and a sort of derby. There is a print of cricketers representing Surrey and Hampshire in 1778 in which the players wear a kind of jockey cap; but we believe the topper made its appearance in England about 1830, a heavy hat of long-napped English silk on a felt body. The present style was introduced from France about 20 years later. Miss Forester, one of Queen Anne's maids-of-honor, wore at the Ascot races, instituted by Anne, a cocked hat. She was "dressed like a man, wearing a long white riding-coat, a full-flapped waistcoat and powdered periwig." The pruders objected to her costume. What would they have said of costumes seen this year at Long-champs, with skirts a little below the knee and a slit in the side? This Miss Forester married a dignitary of the Church of England. He at least was not shocked by her taste in dress; he probably had a merry eye.

Heaven—via Aberdeen

A chaplain lately returned from a base hospital tells of a dying Scottish soldier whom he was called up to see in the night.

The soldier assured the padre that he had arranged all his earthly affairs, thanked him for his ghostly ministrations, and ended by saying there was one question he would like to ask, and that the padre promised he would do his best to answer.

"Well, sir, ye've made me sure that I shall go to heaven, but wud it no be possible for me to pass through Aberdeen on ma way?"—London Daily Chronicle.

sian new paper published in all seriousness a table of airplanic distances: Lyons, 6 hours 30 minutes from Paris; Toulouse, 9 hours 35 minutes. All this to Remy de Gourmont was only "words in the air."

He always delighted in paradox; he often argued most logically from paradoxical statements, and thus he was sometimes as amusing as W. S. Gilbert. It was his life "to make the article"; and he wrote uncommonly well. But many strange things have happened since 1908; Gourmont did not live to see the end of the war, the war that sobered and saddened him. It is a pity that he did not live to see the air full of moving things; the Atlantic crossed. He might now in praise of the acrobat rival Maeterlinck's eulogy of the automobile. He would surely realize that learned and brilliant as he was, he was denied the gift of prophetic vision.

A correspondent of the Parisian newspaper *Excelsior* talked with Richard Strauss in Berlin. The report of the conversation was the subject of an editorial article in *Le Temps*. For this editorial we are indebted to Mr. William E. Walter, now in Paris, formerly the publicity agent of Symphony Hall and an experienced journalist. The article in *Le Temps* is signed P. S.

This article should be peculiarly interesting to Bostonians, for Mr. Montoux, as conductor of the Russian Ballet, refused during the war to conduct performances of "Till Eulenspiegel." He said last spring in Boston that, now the war is over, he saw no reason why music by Wagner should not be played at the Symphony concerts, which he will lead next season. His attitude toward Strauss was not made known.

The Paris correspondent naturally asked Strauss's opinion about the consequences of the war as far as music is concerned. It is only fair to Strauss to say that he did not sign the infamous manifesto of the "Intellectuals," which was signed by Messrs. Weingartner, Humperdinck and certain other musicians. Mr. Weingartner is now apologetic; he didn't know what he was saying. Why did not Strauss sign? He gave no reason to the correspondent. Was it because he did not wish to close the opera houses and concert halls of France and England against him? Was he, while in his heart sympathizing with Germany, mindful of the royalties for performances that he would lose? *Le Temps* regrets that he did not give a worthy reason and express his disapproval of pan-Germanism.

Strauss said, however, that he regarded the war as an inevitable calamity. "It broke out because we were too industrious, because we had become too strong, because we occupied too great a position. That is my personal opinion. Perhaps I deceive myself, but I am sincere in holding it. I am sure at all events that Germany did not wish this conflagration, the Emperor no more than the people. It was Russia, perhaps, that was the most threatening, but the whole entente was leagued against us. We waged a defensive war."

To this *Le Temps* replies: "This is enormous, as Flaubert would say. The worst of it is, that this is not a personal opinion of Richard Strauss, whatever he may say. It is the honest or feigned opinion of the majority of Germans. This nation has a thick head, and it is very difficult to ever come to an understanding with those that do not admit evidence against them. Had Strauss begun by saying: 'We are conquered; it would be better for us to keep still,' that would have been better than to have spoken as he did; but it would not be enough to admit that they were conquered and at the same time pose as victims. Why is it that the Germans do not understand that this obstinacy in denying the most evident facts is now their most irritating characteristic, the one that arouses the deepest indignation of all civilized nations and inspires distrust? There is not only no conciliation, there is not even any possible intercourse with those who refuse to recognize that two and two make four, that the sun shines at high noon."

"Coming to questions of art, in which he is more competent, Strauss declares that 'art should remain above political questions.' One is readily of this opinion in principle. Did not Napoleon say, 'I do not make war on the arts'? Nevertheless, it is not necessary that one country should pull up too much coverlet to the injury of other countries. Strauss recalls the fact that the French repertoire, except the works of living composers, has remained on the programs in Germany during the war. Has not the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann been played in France? It is true that Wagner's music has not been played, but it is not probable that this ostracism will be everlasting. 'We have always shown ourselves very courteous toward French art,' says Strauss; 'France has not the right to say as much with respect to ours.' There are distinctions to be made. It is true that

some of our nationalities have sometimes displayed at the expense of German music their inability to understand any music but the hostility of Germany toward French music less noble and more subtle, has perhaps been more general and more disconcerting.

"Those across the Rhine that affect a liking for our music, to begin with Strauss, appreciate only our opera comique and operetta; they affect to refuse us habitually any aptitude for a higher and more serious art. M. Piorre Lalo has shown this, and he is in agreement with M. Romain Rolland, who is not at all 'suspect' in the matter. This contempt is found even in declarations that seem laudatory. 'France,' says Strauss, 'has no need of our Kultur.' Understand by this that their Kultur is too strong for us, frivolous Frenchmen. 'See the influence of Wagner; it has been fatal to French music; here I am wholly of Debussy's opinion.' In other words, how can these nice little French musicians understand this colossus? Strauss finally declares that he has faith in the future of Goethe's and Kant's country. But one does not see how the lessons of Kant and Goethe have been of much benefit to him or to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen."

The question again arises, Will Mr. Montoux busy himself with performances of Richard Strauss's tone-poems? Many of us certainly will not be in the mood for hearing music by Bruch, Humperdinck, Weingartner and other outspoken foes of the allies, even if their music were of a higher order than it is. Why should American money be paid for some years to German composers and German publishers for rights of performance? There is no good reason for not hearing the music of Wagner in concerts, now the war is over, pace certain senators of the United States—over for the present—if many are yearning to hear this music, much of which now sounds curiously conventional, if not old-fashioned; but the time has not yet come for an American audience to find pleasure in Wagner's operas sung in German, nor is one ready to hear that language in concert halls, even though the music be by Schubert or Schumann. Americans are at bottom a good-natured people. There is such a thing as being too good-natured, fatally good-natured.

"Edmund Kean," "The New Ghetto"; Notes About Other Plays

An episodic four-act play on the life of Edmund Kean by Arthur Shirley was produced at Manchester (Eng.), on June 24. There is the extravagant, absurd if you will, but most effective "Kean" of Dumas the elder, which was last played in Boston by Novelli and his company in Italian. In the English adaptation, Charles Coghlan gave a remarkable performance. In Mr. Shirley's piece there is a string of events ending in Kean's success at Drury Lane. In the first act the strolling actor, the barnstormer, his wife and children are shown; provincial tragedian in third-rate theatres, walling from town to town, carrying his sick child in his arms, his wife following him. In the second act the death of his oldest son Howard occurs, and the father drowns his grief in strong drink. In the third act Drury, master of Harrow and a director of Drury Lane recommends the strolling actor. The theatre is then in financial straits. Kean is engaged at \$3 a week. Appearing at Drury Lane in January, 1814, as Shylock, he makes a sensation. The last act shows him hopeful of success, his appearance at Drury Lane, the rejoicings in the green room

and finally his return to his lodgings, where he tells his wife: "I have made the greatest hit since Garrick. You shall ride in your carriage, and little Charlie shall go to Eton." Mr. Shirley has interpolated Shakespearean quotations in his play so as to give Mr. Saintsbury, who took the part of Kean, opportunity for "the display of elocutionary power." William Farren, who acted in this play, is the grandson of the actor who was Kean's contemporary nearly 100 years ago.

"THE NEW GHETTO"

"The New Ghetto," a play in four acts by Dr. Herzl, translated into English by M. J. Landa of the London Daily News, was performed for the first time in English at the Pavilion, Mile End, on June 23. The stage describes it as less remarkable as drama proper than as a thoughtful and carefully-reasoned piece of propaganda. It made a sensation in Vienna some 20 years ago when the anti-Semitic movement was at its height. This movement forms one of the subjects treated by the dead leader of Zionism; another subject is the condition of the Austrian coal miners in 1893. A Jewish comic "raisonneur," Emmanuel Wasserstein, serves as a foil to the self-sacrificing, honorable young lawyer, Jacob Samuel. "At the opening Wasserstein is shown as very much down on his luck, having lost his money on the stock exchange, though, when asked 'Have you given up gambling?' he replies quizzically, 'I, a Jew? God forbid.' Later on, he becomes agent or tout to Reinberg, the husband of Jacob's sister-in-law Charlotte, and an unscrupulous company-promoter; and by the end he has developed into a stockbroker millionaire, largely by the buying of shares in a coal mine, the flotation of which brings ruin upon Reinberg and upon Baron, Schram, the

owner of this mine, and shamefully neglected mine. Dr. Herzl is much to say, in argumentative rather than in essentially dramatic form, about the conditions amid which the miners had to work, conditions aggravated by a strike and by an explosion and the flooding of the mine; but Schram will not see, when confronted somewhat impudently by Jacob, that it was his own neglect and his folly in mortgaging with a bank the shares that had been allotted him that had brought about his downfall. Some years before the Baron and Jacob had had a quarrel in a cafe about a paper picked up by the latter, who had apologized owing to the illness of his father; but 'the damned Jew,' as Schram calls him, hits his assailant in the face this time, and a duel ensues, in which the upright lawyer and defendant of industrial workers is mortally wounded. His dying words are 'I want to be free, to be out of the Ghetto,' and these have reference to a story or parable, told by a compromising rabbi, about a youth named Moses, who, aroused by a cry for help, had gone outside the gate of the Ghetto, only to be entrapped and murdered. Another phase of anti-Semitism is shown in Jacob's old friend and 'Christian comrade,' Franz Wurzlacher, giving him up temporarily on entering upon a political career, though Franz is loyal enough to act as Jacob's second in the fatal duel. There was "an impressionable and excitable mainly Hebraic audience." A reviewer wrote solemnly that Mr. Landa is to be praised for "the stress laid upon Wasserstein's final discovery that money cannot buy everything, certainly not 'honor, respect and troops of friends, as distinguished from mercenary acquaintances.'"

SUNDRY NOTES

The Punch and Judy players at the Comedy Theatre gave five short plays in one evening on June 18, after the manner of the Grand Guignol, "The Mask" by H. M. Harwood and F. Tenyson Jesse, played four years ago, was the chief shocker. The title refers to the black covering worn by a Cornish miner, who had had the middle part of his face blown away by an explosion. He thus lost the favor of his wife, Vashti. Returning unexpectedly, he is left for dead, after a struggle with Vashti's lover, Willie Strick; but he recovers and throws Strick down the shaft of a mine. He puts on Strick's cap and white muffler and makes Vashti think he is her lover Strick, until, "to the accompaniment of piercing shrieks from the faithless wife, he takes off the mask in the bridal chamber."

"His Little Widows" was brought out at Wyndham's Theatre, London, June 16. The Daily Telegraph began: "If it had only been for that beautiful word 'gink,' which occurred at intervals, one would have guessed the origin of the musical play. But there were other tokens as well. Some of the tunes were

found in the pattern of the tunes, but few in twists and turns of humor characteristic of most farces—musical and otherwise—made in America." A writer in the Stage hinted at plagiarism on the part of Rida Johnson Young and Mr. Duncan.

"Watching 'His Little Widows' the other night, I was struck with its very familiar tone in regard to story. Then I recalled a musical comedy called 'His Loving Legacy,' toured some years ago by Fred W. Sidney. Except that the dead uncle in that case left his embarrassed heir a Turkish harem, with its pretty eastern coloring, instead of a Mormon household; it is practically the same story. It does seem strange that London managers should ransack America and triumphantly return with some, old, long-whiskered farce—as a novelty."

A company was sent out last month from London by the Arts League of Service to tour villages in Sussex. The plays were "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory; "The Price of Coal," by Harold Brighouse, and "The Rest Cure" by Gertrude Jennings. There were also folk songs and dances: "Any fear that the plays might be above the heads of the audience was quickly dispelled and it is believed that when all accounts have been met the tour will have been self-supporting. In some of the villages a dramatic company had not been seen for years; though in one case business was somewhat heavily affected by the fact that a touring company had played in the village in the previous week, and the inhabitants did not seem anxious to repeat the experiment. In only one case was there a rival attraction in the form of a cinematograph entertainment, and here the company's experience was that it was more difficult to retain the attention of the audience. Many of the village halls in which the entertainments were given were being used for the first time since the early days of the war. As a result of the visit of the players, committees were formed in some districts to further the movement, while in one case it is hoped to establish an open-air theatre in the rectory grounds. Applications have now been received from villages in various parts of the country for a visit from a company and it is hoped to obtain a motor-lorry, which will make the work of transport considerably easier." The Daily Chronicle said: "Today's scheme for theatres on motor-lorries to tour our country districts is a return to the methods of the drama's infancy in England. The old mystery plays of the 16th century were

performed on platforms on wheels, and the theatre was wheeled from point to point. One can judge the possibilities of the modern lorry from the elaborateness of these old theatres, which had a lower room for dressing and an upper for the performance. And in addition, if necessary, they could use the whole village street. Horsemen rode up to the stage, and in one stage instruction Herod is directed to 'rage in the ragond and in the strete also.'"

George Paston's comedy, "Clothes and the Woman," was performed for the first time publicly in London at a matinee on June 30. The matinee was in aid of the Serbian Red Cross Society in Great Britain. This was the first charitable matinee in London to come under the recently framed scheme of the Astors' Association by which a percentage of the profits goes to theatrical charities. The A. A. asked for 5 per cent. of the gross receipts; in this instance 10 per cent. of the profits is promised. "Clothes and the Woman" has been announced for some time by Henry Jewett of the Copley Repertory Theatre as in rehearsal.

Harold Brighouse has written a new farce in three acts, "Bantam, V. C." This time there is not a hint of Lancashire life or character. "The hero is a certain Martin Kittering, whose 'conspicuous bravery' has obtained for him the V. C., but who, while prepared to tackle a company of hostile Germans single-handed, cowers before a glance from a pretty woman. What could be more disconcerting to such a timorous young fellow than that his uncle should bequeath to him a big West end store run practically by a staff of girls? Here, then, you have the employer of an important establishment overcome by the thought of confronting his employees intent on offering him their congratulations upon the honor conferred by the King. With his men friends, Martin, however, is a very different kind of person. To hear him talk, you might fancy he was a perfect Don Juan. But talking in such circumstances does not always carry full conviction with it, and occasionally a doubting acquaintance is apt to demand proof of a more substantial nature. So it falls out with Martin Kittering, who, to maintain his assumed

reputation, is forced to build up an elaborate house of cards which a breath may bring to the ground at any moment."

Excitement in England Over the American Film Invasion

The English are seriously disturbed, for "the long expected menace has begun to take on form and substance." William Fox was the first to arrive. Next appeared the prospectus of a new concern, Picture Playhouse, Ltd., with a capital of £1,000,000 and the intention of building a chain of Picture Playhouses throughout Great Britain. The Daily Telegraph of June 26 had this to say about it: "The announcement has caused much excitement in British film-land. The new enterprise is regarded by many as amounting to unfair competition, it being alleged that Picture Playhouses is affiliated with the great American film manufacturing concern, Famous Players-Lasky, whose films British exhibitors have been showing for years. At their annual conference this week in Glasgow the accredited representatives of British exhibitors passed a resolution calling upon all exhibitors to boycott. Famous Players-Lasky films until this firm has satisfied the Exhibitors' Council that it is in 'no way tied up or allied with any large new company formed for the purpose of promoting companies to build cinematograph theatres in this country.' What ever be the outcome of the dispute, it is quite certain that those engaged in the industry in this country will have to bestir themselves if they want to keep abreast of developments. With a few exceptions, it cannot be denied that British films have been and continue to be inferior to American-made films. One wonders in vain why some are made at all. Money, thought and energy are expended on making picture versions of subjects which appear unutterably trivial in these days of soul-stirring events. Some of the American films are equally trivial, of course, but then they are usually much superior in other respects. Haddon Chambers's play, 'An Impossible Woman,' has been completed and will be shown privately within the next three weeks. Miss Constance Collier, who has appeared in quite a number of American films, takes the principal part. She says that, though she prefers the legitimate stage, her experience on the screen has been of great assistance to her. 'It teaches one,' she says, 'to lose one's brains in expressing emotion quickly. It makes the player much less mechanical in thought and action, and more spontaneous.'"

A film-renting firm got the idea of inviting a quarter of a hundred peers, half a hundred M. P.'s, almost a score of members of this and past governments, and no end of somebodies or nobodies of the usual deadhead class, to see the new picture they had just bought for exhibition. It may be a good film or a bad one—I have not seen it—but what sort of judges would the

The "Castle of Dreams," a picture which would be a great new hold for the artist in film production. The characters in the most part are played by the French actors. Thus in its story, "The Castle of Dreams," a young man, a disolute aristocrat, is shown in a horse pond by Fred Astaire, a gentleman farmer. And what a story! Yet it is depicted by one of the most beautiful. It is the story of a girl who, "knowing little of the ways of the world," spurns the love of the honest gentleman farmer and prefers the attentions of the disolute son of the aristocracy. Just in time she learns the error of her way; the elopement is stopped.

England, however, enjoys the "really a marvellous" American film, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," but finds that Mrs. Wiggs does not stand out quite so prominently as she did in the novel or the play. Master Films, Ltd., a British concern, is at work on a film based on "Westward Ho!"

The announcement that Terry's Cinema Theatre is about to produce a film every evening containing glimpses of the outstanding features of the day's news will be particularly interesting to those who believe that in time the film newspaper will be a regular feature of our daily life. Whether the proposal is financially possible in respect of a single theatre remains to be seen, for the expenses of securing trained operators, dispatching them to all parts of the country, and developing the films at top speed is bound to be very heavy, and the receipts from their exhibition would be comparatively small unless they could be shown at picture theatres up and down the country. There is little doubt that in one course the existing weekly news film will become a daily affair, but it will only be possible if the picture can be shown at scores of theatres simultaneously. The question of quick development and distribution is a very difficult one, but the airplane will soon come to the rescue both in bringing the negatives to London and in distributing the films to the exhibitors. Even this year it may be possible for pictures of the St. Leger to be developed in London and shown throughout the home counties on the evening of the race. There is vast scope for enterprise in the "news" film, and the movement at Terry's Theatre is at least an encouraging sign.—London Times, June 23.

A series of "educational" films has been shown to a trade audience in London under the title of "The Marvels of the Universe." "It is difficult to imagine anything better than that showing the principle incidents in the life of a star." There is even warmer praise for Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." A film eagerly anticipated was Charlie Chaplin in "Sunnyside."

Prohibition is said to be the best friend the movies ever had. Instead of being driven to drink, the desperate (there being no more drink) will now be driven to "pictures." So the motion picture scouts predict, and confidently. The movies may realize their responsibility; but more likely not. Not yet have the movies succeeded in fulfilling a "mission." Their few attempts at "getting a message over" have been so futile—so pathetic—that we have longed for the good old custard-pie comedy instead. It at least had vigor and vitality. "The pictures," name bestowed by the folk upon the movies, interprets them more justly than any other. Forgotten are Futurists, Sistine Madonna, Mona Lisa and all the rest; even "Breaking Home Ties" and "Bringing Home the Bride" are ignored. For the folk all that appeals to the eye is housed in movie palaces and is summed up in the simple and sufficient title, "the pictures."—New York Evening Post.

Notes of a Personal Nature About Singers, Players and the Stage

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, pianists, of Boston, the former having served in the Young Men's Christian Association, the latter in the American army, are giving concerts of music for two pianos in towns of France. There was a brilliant audience on June 14 at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, when the program was as follows: Chopin, Piece in B minor, Debussy, "In White and Black"; Saint-Saens, Variations on a

theme of Beethoven, and Scherzo, op. 65. Aubert, Berceuse; Chabrier, Espana. Fugate praised the virtuosity of the players, also, which was more important, the unity of thought, and quality of "style, charm and taste." M. Lvon, the head of the firm Pleyel & Co., is making for these pianists a special "piano double" with a keyboard

at both ends. The director of Opera, Jacques Rouffe, invited them to play at his house for French musicians.

Robert Lorraine, having moved "Cyrano de Bergerac" to the Duke of York's in London, hopes to acquire another West End theatre. He wishes to produce "Henry V.," "Richard III.," "Man and Superman" and "Anna and the Man" in the near future.

Mme. Destinn, now Destinnova, said to a reporter in London, that on her return from New York to Bohemia in 1916 she was denounced as a spy. "No human being was ever more rigorously searched. Not only was every stitch of clothing closely examined, but women officers inspected my skin to see that no secret messages had been conveyed on my body by means of invisible ink, which could be made legible with chemicals. To make certain the officials took possession of and destroyed my liquid dentifrice and all other toilet preparations. This humorous episode took place on the Dutch-German frontier. I told them that if they wanted to discover any information I had they must open my head and examine my brain." The reporter added:

"In point of fact, Destinnova rendered signal services to her country, in a manner that it is perhaps not altogether wise to repeat. From 1916 until the signing of the armistice she was a kind of free prisoner. On no account was she allowed to visit Vienna and further passports were refused. She sang at many concerts in Bohemia and Moravia, mostly in aid of patriotic funds. Her delight at the fall of Austria is indescribable. 'After 300 years of bondage,' said the diva, 'can you appreciate our feelings? You who have never been and never will be under the heel of the oppressor. I was known as Destinn before the war, but I have added the ova, which is a Czech feminine terminal. Why! I have even been accused of being German! Think of it! It has been freely reported that I was a friend of the ex-Kaiser; whereas I know he hated me because of my strong nationalist tendencies. Before the war I had a successful operatic career in Berlin, but that was due to the public, and not to the Kaiser, who envied everyone's popularity—even that of a singer. Furthermore, he was not in favor of generous fees to artists.' Mme. Destinnova considered that melody was not to the taste of modern Bohemian composers. With ancient Bohemians like Smetana it was different; Smetana was the Bohemian Mozart, but not so great. 'My taste in music is decidedly Italian. I love the warm melodies of Italy. Where, for example, can you find such a wealth of full-blooded tune as in 'Aida'? It is a great work, but I remember the days when it was not popular in London. They have disappeared with the war.' She cannot sing in English, for she finds the language exceedingly difficult to learn.

In the police courts the other day a young man named Theodore Fraser Dugdale was bound over in two sureties of £150 for robbing hotels, in association with some notorious thieves. This youth of 21 is described as an Admirable Crichton of good family, with a classical education, is a perfect pianist, and a brilliant musical comedy artist. One never hears of these brilliant youths of 20 unless it is through a police court exposure, and I should much like to know where he displayed his wonderful gifts. It wouldn't be a bad idea for the standing counsel of the Actors' Association to hold a watching brief in these disgraceful cases, so that the same publicity may be given to a denial of their alleged theatrical positions as their false statements receive.—The Stage.

Miss Constance Collier will appear in the Ideal Films exclusively during a period of 12 months. She will be filmed in at least three plays. This does not mean that she is abandoning the spoken drama, for she hopes to play in "Peter Ibbetson" in London this fall. Imre Kiralfy left £136,650.

I have been surprised at the number of plays in which bed room scenes are used. In Japan love enters into our historical dramas, but we have a censor who would not permit such scenes in modern plays. . . . To me it is strange that the actors and actresses should appear as themselves before the end of the play. The call spoils the illusion. So does the long wait between the acts, except when the orchestra, as with us, plays music in harmony with the play. —Kunikida Isaka, manager of the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, in The Daily Mail.

Puccini was in London on June 23. He saw his "Bohème" and congratulated Dame Melba as Mimì.

Cyril Maude, who is always threatening to leave the stage—"We go, we go!" "Yes, but you don't go"—has "professionally" accepted the offer to play, first in the English provinces and then in London, in a farce, "Lord Richard in the Pantry," by Messrs. Blow and Hoare. He told a London reporter that among the great friends of England in America are Gen. Wood, Mrs. Villie Lowe and Mrs. Longworth.

The London Times said of Mr. Milscha-Leon, who gave a recital on June 26: "His voice may not be a very exceptional one, but what is rather unusual among tenors is that he makes the most of it by using it rather sparingly."

Do you think he (or possibly she) was a musical critic who wrote this delight-

ful verse which I heard solemnly and most seriously sung in a recent concert?

The further we two are apart
The nearer am I, dear, to thee.
The silent music of thy heart
Can thrill me with its melody

Perhaps this explains why the critics usually occupy the back rows in a concert room, and why they are so thrilled when they hear of the postponement of a recital! Who can tell?—London Daily Telegraph.

Old and New Compositions by Various Composers: Sundry Notes.

The anniversary of the Pied Piper's visit to Hamelin in Brunswick on June 26, 1284, was not celebrated in this country at least. Were there performances in any German city of Nessler's sing-song opera with the Piper as the hero? Adolph Neuendorff wrote an opera on the same subject, which was performed in New York. A circumstantial account of Hunold Singuf's visit with the destruction of rats and leading the children away is in Berton's "Extraordinary Adventures and Discoveries," published in 1683. It ends by saying that the inhabitants of the town date their bills, bonds and other instruments of the law to this day from "The year of the going out of the children."

Two orchestral pieces by students of the Royal Academy of Music were performed in London on June 20: Eva Pain's Fantastic Waltz, "Cinderella at the Ball," in which is "considerable art in the working of the dance rhythm to the climax where it is arrested by the chiming of the cracked midnight bell," and Paul Kelly's long and serious symphonic poem, "The Seekers." The Times said: "He conducted the work himself in a way which showed that he knew what he wanted from the orchestra, though he would not always get it; the whole thing shows so much cleverness that even if he has to be told that he is at the stage of his own first allegro called 'The struggle—the seeker's defeat,' he can apply his own moral and seek the second struggle. While he is in this stage, no doubt his teacher could help

him by showing him how to cut out some superfluousities."

The English text of "La Fille de Madame Angot" for the performance by the Drury Lane light opera company, July 2, is written by Dion Clayton Calverley. He is the seventh to try his hand at it. His predecessors were H. J. Byron (Philharmonic, Oct. 4, 1873), H. B. Farnie (Gaiety, Nov. 10, 1873), Carry Nelson (Manchester, Eng., 1873), H. F. I. du Tereux (Liverpool, 1874), Frank Desprez (Royalty, 1875). In this new version the lyrics were revised by George Marsden. The Daily Telegraph said: "If to the regions beyond the Styx news from this world can travel, Charles Lecocq should be today a particularly proud man. For at last the ambition of his life has been realized with the production of 'La Fille de Madame Angot' at the Opera Comique, Paris. While alive Lecocq enjoyed a far-reaching and abundant popularity, yet not always of the kind he coveted most. The whirligig of time, however, has brought him an ample revenge. In Albert Carre he has found at the Opera Comique a manager determined to give his work a worthy setting, and in Mlle. Edmee Favart and Mercante, together with MM. Tirmont, Allard and Pujol interpreters able and eager to do all possible justice to it, vocally and histrionically. Grant also that tidings of the near revival of his tuneful operetta at Drury Lane have reached him, and you can imagine how full to overflowing his cup of happiness must be."

A kindly correspondent has sent me a notice from a Spanish newspaper of a recent recital in Spain given by a pianist named Samper, in which it is said that "the major interest was derived from the introduction of a new composer for the pianoforte, the Englishman Cyril Scott." Six pieces of the "Lotus Land" and "Danse Negre" period were played by this pupil of Granados, and the critic summed up an important notice by saying: "Cyril Scott, to judge by the performance of these six pieces, is a Debussy without abuse of tonal freedom or technical exaggeration, and in our belief more sincere; at least there is no doubt that his ideas and methods are more in harmony with the general taste of the public. . . . We hope to have more opportunities of becoming acquainted with the works of this eminent figure of the British school, that British school so badly known and consequently so badly judged in this country."—London Daily Telegraph.

Here is a sour review from the London Times of June 23: "Two singers, a fiddler and a pianist met to give us some music. Such a proceeding might be of interest if the program had any point; but it had none. It might have been centred in some period, or composer, or style, or sentiment, or occasion, and then each part would have helped the other and made a whole; as it was, the songs and pieces were, as far as one could see, just the random choice of their performers, and the thing was a congeries instead of a concert. For nothing dispenses a program from the necessity of meaning something when one person makes it, and four or any other chance number of people, by introducing heterogeneity, only increase this necessity. . . . It is time that Ireland's 'Twelve Oxen' enjoyed the rest which

his 'Sea Fever' has earned, excellent songs as they both are. Mr. Sammons did not add anything to our knowledge of Schubert's two Sonatinas (which Miss Saxe sounded as if she were reading at sight); he is more himself in a full-throated rhapsody than in a song of innocence." One critic found in the last movement of the Sonatina in D "the germs of that immortal classic, 'Two Lovely Black Eyes.'"

Alexander Dolci made his first appearance in London as Cavaradosi in "Tosca" on June 21. The Times said "he was an acquisition of strength in a company fairly strong in tenors. He has the big upper register necessary to make the vocal climax triumph over the heaviest orchestral bombardment, and was nowhere happier than when holding his cry of 'Vittoria' about 2½ seconds longer than any one expected, he proved not only the extent of his lung power, but his control of it." The Daily Telegraph was warmer in praise: "He played Cavaradosi so naturally that he almost galvanized into life the hopelessly invertebrate picture of the Attavanti which disfigures each successive performance of Puccini's most lurid opera, which thing is an allegory, and may be taken to mean that Mr. Dolci was as much a man as a tenor, and that his

interpretation was as human as it was heroic. He has a supremely impressive tenor voice, which—in spite of some inequalities—makes him perhaps the most impressive of the new tenors the season has so far produced. In his heroic moments, and notably in the torture scene, he compassed big effects without effort; but his heroism was qualified by a gentleness which enabled him to suggest a more than ordinarily convincing tenderness in some of his dialogues with his love, Tosca."

"Exuberant as Mr. Mark Hambourg often is, even his fiery temperament yields to the softening influence of Chopin's sentiment, and a Chopin program revealed him in a chastened and unusually gracious mood."

In between classical master works we had at the 103d "Pop" of the London string quartet on Saturday afternoon (June 21) a work by a living native composer that was, for sheer mastery of means, the equal of any, a work as richly deserving the epithet "classical" as any of them, though one hesitates to say so from fear of frightening folk who might otherwise be tempted to hear the work at some subsequent performance. The composer is Dr. Walford Davies, and his work is his "Peter Pan" Suite for string quartet. "When Childer plays," Dr. Walford Davies can play with the best of them. Of course, his Suite is not intended to be played by childer, but it will be listened to by them, of whatsoever age, as often as it is played, and more especially when played as by the accomplished London string quartet. For some reason not easy to divine, the slightly sentimental movement known as "The Serpentine" (which one hastens to say is none the worse for its touch of sentiment) and the Lullaby made the strongest impression to outward view; but the delicious Scherzo, which tells the tale of Peter's travels among the fairies, is quite fascinating, and the whole is a work of rarest charm.—London Daily Telegraph.

"Recently some writer referred to the silhouette of a singer as being singularly apt for the particular role she was playing. The term can rarely be as well used as of Mme. Miriam Licette. . . . Mme. Licette is Marguerite while she is on the stage, in voice, gesture and general appearance; her silhouette is complete and perfect, and her performance is informed by a splendid sincerity."

The old Chinese poet Po Chih-i thus pictured a musical scene:

The singers have hushed the notes of clear song;
The red sleeves of the dancers are motionless.
Hugging his lute, the old harper of Chao Rocks and sways as he touches the five chords.
The loud notes swell and scatter abroad;
"Sa, sa," like the wind blowing the rain,
The soft notes dying almost to nothing;
"Ch'ieh, ch'ieh," like the voice of ghosts talking.

Now as glad as the maple's lucky song;
Again bitter as the gibbon's ominous cry.

Vaughan Williams's Sea Symphony Derived from Walt Whitman

Dr. R. Vaughan Williams was given the degree of doctor of music honoris causa by Oxford on June 19. When his greatest choral work "A Sea Symphony," a motet by William Child of 250 years ago, and Parry's "Best Pair of Sirens" were performed, the Times said of Vaughan Williams: "London, we venture to say, does not know 'Sea Symphony' any more than it knows other essential elements in the musical life of the country. Dr. Allen has insured it the opportunity by giving three performances in London at various times, and other conductors may have given it in whole or in part. Yet many musicians and amateurs will perhaps wonder why Oxford should elect to give its highest musical honor to a man who has not been a prolific composer, has held no big administrative position, has, in fact, taken his doctorate at the sister university, has only lately passed out of that group of composers which the newspaper describe as 'young,' and done so without seizing the popular imagination in any marked way. The

last part of the play. The play was a definite success and shown himself in a series of powerful works a man to whom the popular imagination will have to look up. The 'Sea Symphony' is a written for the Leeds festival of 1910, shows his genius rising to meet that big sea of view which he found in Walt Whitman's 'Sea-shore Memorials,' from which the text comes. Granted that even nine years ago he was still suf-

ficiently young to make some uncertain experiments and to include some reflections of other men's musical speech, yet such things are trifles in comparison with the tremendous impulse which carries the work through its four movements. Later works, notably the London Symphony (another thing which London has heard but does not know) have come to convince us that Vaughan Williams is a composer, 'bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,' that he has not only seen his own vision, but found his own means of expressing it.

"In one respect the little motet of William Child's 'Act' and the great symphony of Thursday could be compared. When Child wrote 'O bone Jesu' Pelham Humfrey had just returned from France bringing that flood of the new music of the continent which bade fair to overwhelm all the musical tradition of England. Child stood fast to his own standard, yet certain chord progressions in his vocal writing show him to be not oblivious of what was going on. On a far bigger scale the same thing is apparent in the 'Sea Symphony.' Today our foreign instructors tell us that our art is dead because imitative of the past, and modestly suggest that we should revivify it by following their models. Some of our composers, believing them, are trying the experiment; others are shutting eyes and ears and pretending that they have nothing to learn; a few, and Vaughan Williams is conspicuous amongst them, are learning to refuse the evil and to choose the good in the formation of a personal style. It was such a learning which produced Henry Purcell, a boy 10 years old at the time of the Sheldonian's first Act. Is it possible that this 250th anniversary has shown us our modern Purcell, or even something more, in the corresponding development of our time? With the majestic ring of 'Blest Pair of Sirens' still in our ears we cannot forget that Parry has been called by that name, and earned it with such justice that only this week at a meeting of musicians a speaker confessed that he had been studying the works of Purcell and Parry side by side to see which set the English language best. We know the eclipse which our music suffered after the death of Purcell. Parry died last year. Listening to the 'Sea Symphony,' we knew that the lesson of his great choral art was not lost on the generation which succeeds him."

Touring of Actors in English Provinces Chiefly Due to the Public

Miss Sybil Thorndike, at a meeting of the Actors' Church Union in London at which the Bishop of Willesden presided, spoke in support of the hostel scheme by which parents going on tour would not be anxious about their children left behind. Touring is now harder than it was before the war. "There was the slow and overcrowded journey; rooms were desperately expensive and hard to obtain, and the conditions were quite impossible for children. It was the public who were responsible for the actors' touring. The touring company was a comparatively modern institution, but it had already outlived any artistic charms it might have had, and it was pretty generally recognized that better and a more original work could be done now by a really good stock company. Nevertheless, the touring company continued, partly because it was much less trouble for the management. There were managers who had toured one play only for about 20 years (laughter), chiefly because it was much more profitable. This was where the public came in, and so long as the public continued to desire touring companies touring would continue. She could assure them that it was not the actresses who desired touring. There was an immense amount of humbug talked about bohemianism and the joys of a roving life, but the modern tour was about as far removed from bohemianism as anything could be. Apart from the actual work of the theatre, it was just weary drudgery. They had learned from the coal miners that if a certain section of the people were compelled to work in unnatural conditions, it was a duty to make these conditions as near normality as possible; and that opportunity the Actors' Church Union was giving to the public today, the opportunity of making the life of the touring actor and actress more possible and more normal by providing real homes where, at a reasonable cost to themselves, they could safely and happily leave their children when they were on tour.

"Another aspect of the question was that it was a definite handicap to the actress to have children. It seemed extraordinary how the mother actress succeeded in getting to the top at all. It was almost universally true that the actress had to choose between real motherhood and her career. It was a vitally necessary thing to keep an element in their art the work of the

woman who had in her the passion of motherhood strongly developed, and those hostels would help to remove some of the handicaps.

"The Rev. F. A. Cardew gave an interesting account of the 'Theatrical Girls' Home in Paris. The work, he said, continued to increase. The speaker described how, when the shells were falling, he would go to the top of the house where he was to see that the home was all right. He received two subscriptions which meant much to him. One was from a girl who had spent six months in the hostel, and who handed him 100 francs, remarking that she had been saving 2d out of every franc for the home, because she knew the need of it, and was grateful for what she had received. The other subscription was from a little servant girl, who said, 'I ain't got no money, but I should like to give you this little brooch.' The brooch was not worth much, but he had kept it as a token and given the equivalent in money.

"Mr. Cardew said that Paris was very important, for the reason that it was, and would be again, a great district centre for the dancers all-over the world. Girls came over to Paris, and they needed wise advice. Often when their contracts expired, instead of returning home, they like to remain in Paris. They came into contact with foreign agents who farmed troupes and sent them out to Buenos Ayres, America or Russia."

Clippings from English Newspapers About Plays and the Theatre

"Take, for example, Restoration Comedy; on which, since Lamb wasted some jocosity upon it, so much has been solemnly written, while all the while the truth (patent to any one who reads Reginald Dancourt, Le Sage or Marivaux, having any sense of artistry in him) is that Wycherley, Etherege, Vanbrugh have no right at all to suffer, even by comparison, being three 'rotters,' who simply did not know how to handle a pen. On such a trio, who needs waste a doubt whether they were indecent or not?"—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in the Observer.

"I want to see the theatre used to preach righteousness, but not necessarily Christian dogma. The best dramas, operas and comedies should be given to the people at a theatre controlled by a Christian community. Such plays as John Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln,' or Gilbert and Sullivan's musical comedies, are the sort of thing I have in mind. It is quite true that high-class plays are presented by some managers, but there are not enough of them, and there is plenty of room for the church to add to the number."—The Rev. R. L. Sheppard in the Chronicle.

July 21 1919

The Herald has received from the A. M. Davis Company a little illustrated pamphlet, "How to Be Happy Though Dry," written by Brainless Bates, with pictures by Billious Brown. The text, in prose and verse, will make a strong appeal to thousands. We are particularly impressed by the directions for behavior at a soda fountain.

"If you see an old friend behind the counter don't refer to his past life. He may refer to yours.

"Keep your foot on the floor. The brass rail is outside the window.

"If your friend buys you a walnut sundae, reciprocate. After that he will probably insist on buying another. Then some more of your friends may come in. Don't be a quitter. Some drug stores are open all night.

"One does not blow the foam off the top of an ice cream soda. It should be quietly inhaled.

"Do not touch glasses with the lady next to you. She may have all the friends she wants."

"If the proprietor remarks that it looks like rain tell him that it tastes worse than that. That will be a new one on the drug trade."

Flanders' Poppies

A correspondent of the Herald wrote last week that there is a reference somewhere in Macaulay's "History of England" to poppies springing up on a battlefield in Flanders. He was in doubt whether the battle was waged by Marlborough or by William III. The battle was that of Landen, or Neerwinden, fought on July 19, 1693. When the French defeated the English Macaulay wrote as follows: "During many months the ground was strewn with skulls and bones of men and horses and with fragments of hats and shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer the soil, fertilized by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveler, who, on the road from Saint Tron to Tirlemont, saw that vast sheet of rich scarlet spreading from Landen to Neerwinden, could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished, that the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover the slain."

From the Charnel-House

As the World Wags:
Well, Darby brought the rum; but he brought too much. We had been talking of that recent sweet hit of modern

poetry. Dried Hyena-Food. We thought that if grotesque, gruesome hideosity was to be the key of modern poetry, we could "grue" as well as anybody, if properly inspired. But there is a genial streak in rum. We had much talk, a few verses, but no poetry. After we had all sobered up (partly) we decided merely to turn over the raw material to real poets; to submit some theme which appeared to be ghastly enough to make a "modern" poet want to fondle it and ornament it and patheticize it. F. W. Bain is mainly to blame for the following Hindoo story. It is not poetry, merely verses—mere raw material for some real poet.

A Hindoo once learned an ancient charm
With dark-hued magic life,
For setting aside Old Scotland's decree
And restoring the dead to life.

'Twas a rigmorole of evil words,
Which none but the brave might use;
Who faltered, or checked, or paused in fear
Was certain the charm to lose.

He found a Chandala, dead in a field,
Whom the beggar had started to death;
With him he would test his magic charm,
To see if it gave him breath.

Now, a Chandala's lowest and least and last,
In India's social scale;
In all the procession of rank and caste,
He walks at the very tail.

A Pariah's dog is the better man;
He feeds while the Chandala waits;
The scraps the dogs leave are his bill of fare,
As he hovers beyond the gates.

Even in life this Chandala stank
With a whiff of stunted whole
And dead for a month, under India's sun—
—Ecce, but the beggar was stale!

And crows had picked and rats had gnawed
And half of a leg was gone,
And tattered rags of rotten flesh
Were all that his ribs had on.

As he lay and sweltered and turned dark green,
He made so unlovely a corpse
That a starved hyena would wrinkle his nose
And call for the Worcestershire sauce.

Over this, the Hindoo began his charm;
The Chandala stirred and flung a stare;
The festering wreck was alive again,
Though sadly out of repair!

Aghast at the sight, the Hindoo paused—
Forgot—and the charm fell flat;
And there he was, with the work half done;
—Nou whaddaya thinkoth at it!"

The half-made thing sprang up and begged
In gurgling, graveyard tones:
"You gimme my leg, and some more fresh meat
To cover my staring bones.

"I didn't ask you to start this job;
Now finish it up," said he;
"Make me complete, or by all the gods
You'll never be shut o' me!"

The Hindoo gazed in mortal fear,
Then whirled on his heel and fled,
But close at his side the hideous Thing
With tireless hopping sped.

And back to the town and through its streets
The ghastly pair kept pace,
Through startled crowds that fell apart
In dread at the horrid race.

Close as his shadow the Thing pursued;
No door could he slam so quick
But the one-legged Chandala slipped right
Through, as neat as a conjuror's trick.

He fled to his home—but the Thing was there—
And back to the street aforesaid,
With the Chandala hopping and begging beside
And scattering shreds of flesh.

They faced toward the river, where burning
With funeral pyres blazed high—
("Ee-yow! Ee-yah! Whoo-oo-ee!
Whoo-irp! Chxck, chxck! 'Giddap!')

Just here the rum began to reassert
Itself and Pegasus balked entirely. But
enough has been reeled off to give real
poets the theme; they can trim it and
end it to suit themselves. My own
notion would be to head the pair into the
burning-ghat as soon as possible; but,
then, I am no poet, thank heaven. (Did
I hear an echo just then?)

If the gruesome is to be the key, the
fashion, then let's work it full stroke
and get done with it and get to some-
thing else. There's a whole world of
subjects between the placid "swan on
still St. Mary's lake" and slaughter
house lyrics or "Chunks from the Char-
nel." Neither extreme is to my liking.
Not all the saving and sanitary salt of
the Atlantic can sweeten the latter for
serious consumption. W. C. T.
Brookline.

Anecdote for the Day

As the World Wags:
Here is a paragraph taken from "The Rhine," by T. Cogan, M. D. (London, 1794), in regard to Cologne, which might serve as an "extract for the day" in your column:

"In the year 1607 this city gave birth to Anna Maria Schurman, a lady who was very remarkable for the early appearance and comprehensiveness of her mental powers. It is said that at 3 years of age she was able to read books in her native language with discrimination. When advanced about her sixth year she composed several pieces, both in prose and verse, upon various subjects, which are deemed worthy of a place in the cabinets of the curious. It is also affirmed that in the space of three hours she learned the art of embroidery, which, with no great degree of practice, she carried to a great degree of perfection. She could speak the French, English, Italian and Latin languages with considerable fluency, and was familiar with the Greek and Hebrew. In the midst of her career of literary glory she became a fanatic, was a strenuous disciple of the mystic Labadie, renounced human learning, and sunk into a melancholy recluse. As everything that she did appears to have been in extremes, it is supposed that she hastened her death by eating an immoderate quantity of spiders." Boston. F. R. FRAPPE.

What Is Ignorance?

17

What is ignorance? A dozen years ago a Paris journalist and historian, M. Henry Houssaye, went about putting questions to French soldiers. He learned from one that Jeanne d'Arc was a great man who made wars; from another that Bayard was a famous sailor and that the French revolution was caused by the death of Louis XIV. Others gave answers that astonished M. Houssaye and nearly all those that read his article: Napoleon, having civilized nations, died a prisoner at Clermont-Ferrand; Alsace-Lorraine was a large town in France; Jena was a general; Austerlitz, an ambassador; a colony was a place to which bad men and foundlings are sent; Algeria, a region where there are Negroes; Victor Hugo discovered vaccination. There was a difference of opinion about Gambetta; he was a literary man, an inventor; he made the Coup d'Etat; he was a celebrated general.

There were some that did not guffaw, reading these answers, and did not call the answers stupid. They did not confound stupidity with ignorance. "These fine young fellows who think that Gambetta was a great general are perhaps very intelligent." An intelligent man may well be ignorant concerning things that are to him useless. The most ignorant man may know many things of which the wisest are ignorant. Essential knowledge so-called is essential only to certain social classes. A French soldier, when the time of service is over, goes back to his farm. It is necessary that he should know all about farming; to know whether Jeanne d'Arc was man or woman, a great soldier or a noble dame, would not aid him in running his farm. So argued a Parisian essayist, and not merely as a poseur or for the sake of paradox. He reminded his readers that there is such a thing as blissful ignorance. "More than half of the men in France have never heard Bismarck's name mentioned. That consoles me for having heard too much about him."

Henry Ford did not hesitate to say in court the other day that he considered history "bunk." He only said in colloquial terms what has been said in polished phrases by many, from mocking Voltaire to the gentle ironist, M. Anatole France.

Stage Profanity

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, chief British film censor, by no means a prudish or priggish person, has declared that "film swearing" must cease. As the great majority of film plays shown in Great Britain are American, the order will affect them most. It appears that there has been too frequent use recently of "cuss words." Even when Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was in process of making in England, the actor that took the part of Talkative, being told to talk freely, grew angry for some reason, and his language was so "painful and free" that it shocked inmates of a deaf mute institution who read his lips.

Who has not noticed the great increase in profanity in spoken dramas on the American stage during the last dozen years? When the Boston Museum was at the height of its popularity, when "glorious old English comedies" and "roaring farces" were on the bill, the staid audiences felt a pleasurable thrill when an actor, under the stress of emotion or in a comic burst, said "Damn." This was tolerated; there was discreet and genteel laughter for various reasons. The actor that happened to make the exclamation was known to all as an eminently respectable man; the whole company was a family affair; the comedy was of an old period when manners were coarse, or the villain in the melo-

must show his cloven hoof in various ways. "Damn," a vigorous exclamation, coarse if you will, at the Museum was accepted, especially by those who enjoyed vicarious vice.

There are vaudeville theatres today in which "damn" is forbidden on the stage, but in the more pretentious theatres, theatres devoted to "the drama," what does one not hear? The curtain rises. A girl stenographer with elaborate coiffure and short skirt is chewing gum. She answers a telephone call in an impudent manner and then takes the name of the Deity. The audience, made up of supposedly refined men and women, shake with laughter and are in good humor for the rest of the evening. When a comedian, apropos of nothing, says "damn" or "hell," again there is giggling, there is laughter. Why risibility should thus be excited is a problem that has escaped the notice of Bergson, Sully, Stanley Hall, Lipps, Spencer and other curious inquirers into the causes of laughter. Wit, it has been said, is based on the element of surprise, to which the Danbury News man replied long ago: "That's what makes a man laugh so when he sits down on a bent pin." But there is no verbal surprise in stage profanity, for by this time it should be taken for granted.

The horizon has been broadened since the flourishing of the Boston Museum. It was not then customary

for young women of decent parentage and home training to smoke cigarettes, drink cocktails or indulge in the language that now excites foolish laughter in the theatre. The more wonder, then, that laughter thus aroused persists, for these ejaculations must surely be familiar to the great majority of the women, young and old, seated in the playhouse.

M. Elisee Reclus, who hardly traveled at all, edited an excellent universal geography. His predecessor, Malte-Brun, was extremely sedentary. . . . The best description of a journey is that made by an author who did not travel. . . . Men that are constantly traveling have nothing to say but banalities. "Tell me about Singapore," I said to a returned traveler who had sojourned in that prodigious city. "It's not bad," he answered. "There are a good many houses built in the European fashion." Where I was seeking the image of a yellow cosmopolis, he had found Levallois Perret. Travelers are like this. For them the Simplon Tunnel is a path.

Mr. Johnson's Islands

As the World Wags

Unless the United States Supreme Court declares the Prohibition amendment to be unconstitutional, some of us will seek a dwelling place in a country where personal liberty is respected. Mr. Gollightly talks vaguely of Cuba or Bermuda. Corfu is said to be an earthly paradise, but there is too much resin in the Greek wine that I have tasted. Nearly all my friends talk of an island, but young Purcell is dreaming of English towns where there are cathedrals and strong ale. The presence of a cathedral is not absolutely necessary. They say there is an uncommonly good inn at Boston. One could sit there comfortably, look now and then at the famous church tower, drink from pewter, and pity the Bostonians of New England.

Islands have certain advantages. One is not so inevitably distracted as on the mainland. Years ago I spent a happy month on the island of Heligoland. It was in 1883, if I am not mistaken, that the American consul at Dresden—he knew only a few words in German—suggested Heligoland for a vacation. He spoke of beautiful sunsets and lobsters. "The best lobsters come from Heligoland, and they must be cheap here." Fallacious reasoning! There were lobsters galore, but they were sadder than they were at Hamburg. There was only one cow on the island so we put sheep's milk in the coffee. This milk was sweet, almost sickening. Heligoland was then a British possession, the natives among themselves spoke a language that was not

written. It was a mixture of English, Platt-Deutsch and perhaps another speech. The official language was English. There was one street on the plain high above the lower town, this street was called Potato avenue. The natives were a peaceable lot, good natured, honest. House doors were not locked. The women were robust and friendly. Strangers did not need introductions at the dance hall, where a rude little orchestra played, but these women were of irreproachable conduct. The pastor, who frequented the restaurant kept by a Dane, told us that some years before one girl was proved to be a light skirt. She was put into a row boat without oars. Was this merely a legend? The pastor, who drank huge quantities of beer, beer of an inferior quality, usually at our expense, asked many questions about the poet Longfellow. One day, talking with the Governor of the island, a thick set, red-faced Englishman who had previously been Governor of Newfoundland—he was a good fellow—we saw German warships in the distance. He turned to a sailor nearby and said: "What would we do to them if trouble came?" The sailor answered: "Blow 'em to hell." That was in 1883.

I remember well a month spent on the island of Jersey, where three or four of us saw beautiful cows, Lily Langtry's father, a romantic castle or two, trippers from Southampton, Granville or St. Malo touring the island, savage rocks and angry surf, the greenest of fields, thatched cottages and the riotous night life of a garrison town. One ate and drank better and cheaper than in Hell-goland. A wonderful Jersey cake was a specialty. There was no duty then on spirits or tobacco. There is one out, they say: The dampness in winter, dampness and rheumatism. The kings of Persia had four palaces, one for each season. If I were a captain of industry, I would build a castle near the Jersey coast for summer use. What if there are no taxes on the Scilly islands? They—the islands—do not tempt me. Did not the people of Jersey recently refuse to suffer an income tax? From Jersey you can go to Guernsey, commune with the spirit of Victor Hugo, see the wild island Sark, and, greatly daring, find out whether the devilish that put an end to Sieur Clubin left descendants.

Jamaica appeals to me more than Bermuda—"rum, rum, Jamaica rum"—but Billy Aphorip—I miss him every day—told me the climate was not favorable to the human frame or the consumption of the justly celebrated liquor. There are South Sea Islands. I doubt if Herman Melville would recommend Types today, if he were alive. Many things have happened since he left his ship in 1842, when the vessel entered the harbor of Nukuheva. The Fayaway of 1913 no doubt wears a unilonsuit and high-heeled boots and the Marquesan dancing girls would hardly commend themselves as candidates for a Winter Garden show.

Ceylon sounds well, better than Borneo, for there are enough wild men in Boston and Washington. I fear that I must be contented with the mainland, and stay this side of the Atlantic. The club at Shanghai has the longest bar in the world; the library was destroyed to lengthen it; but the journey there is beyond my present, probably my future, means. Why is it that Gollightly, Ferguson, Beauregard, and other Porphyrians, even old Auger, are talking of islands?

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
Some unsuspected isle in far off seas!
HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clampont.

"Oh, My Dear" opened an engagement at the Wilbur Theatre last night that promises to be successful here as it has been in New York. These are the principal characters:

Jack Warren.....Mr. Quentin Todd
Hazel.....Miss Rena Manning
Dr. Todhunter Rockett.....Mr. John A. Butler
William Burbank.....Mr. Hal Forde
Pazshott.....Mr. Joseph Allen
Bruce Allenby.....Mr. Douglas Stevenson
Hilda Foster.....Miss Lorraine Manville
Georgia.....Miss Evelyn MacVey
Rabe.....Miss Florence McGuire
Pickles.....Miss Jennifer Sinclair
Mrs. Rockett.....Miss Florence Johns
Jennie Wren.....Miss Juliette Day
Joe Plummer.....Mr. Francis X. Conlan

The scene is laid at the Rockett Institute, a retreat for the cure of inebriates and those suffering from delusions. The story relates to changed identity, which produces more trouble than it was intended to avoid.

The stage settings are remarkably fine and the costumes brilliant; the dancing—and there is plenty of it—is unusually good, but the chief interest is in the musical numbers. Such bits as "Now and Then," "City of Dreams," "Phoebe Snow," "Isn't It Wonderful?" "If You Only Know the Way," and "Oh, My Dear," called for repeated encores.

The large audience was enthusiastic and applauded liberally the rousing comedy, the music and the dances. The opening night was a complete success, as it fully deserved.

The play comes direct from the Princess Theatre. The book and lyrics are by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, and the music by Louis Hirsch, while the affair is staged by Robert Milson and Edward Royce.

NOW AT KEITH'S

Cansinos, Spanish Dancers, and Miss Nordstrom

Eduardo and Elisa Cansino, Spanish dancers, and Marie Nordstrom, monologist, are co-headliners on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

The Cansinos were seen at this theatre earlier in the season in Bessie Clayton's dancing act. Their act then stood out to the disadvantage of the principal performer. Last evening they again repeated their success. Much of their performance was after the Spanish school.

Miss Nordstrom departs from the conventional style of monologue. Added to her physical charm is the personality and the art of the well schooled comedienne.

Other acts were the Ishikawa Brothers, Japanese equilibrist; "Indoor Sports," a burlesque of passionate love; the Dixie Duo, Sissie and Blake, in songs and planologue; George Austin Moore, in songs and stories; Joseph E. Bernard and company; Jennie Middleton, fiddler, and De Lano and Pike, acrobats.

The legislator is an unconscious tyrant who thinks he has done his duty when he has satisfied his prejudices.

See-Saw

Dr. Harry Campbell, physician to the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases in London, has discovered that babies after they are nine or ten months old are much better without milk. Cow's milk has destroyed thousands of children. The cow should not be regarded in England, America, or even India as a sacred animal. Dr. Campbell also attacks sugar. "Before man learnt to till the soil his supply of pure sugar was limited to wild honey," not necessarily with locusts. An English specialist has asserted that cane sugar is a powerful cardiac tonic and that its use in cases of heart disease has been attended by extraordinary results. Not long ago a physician declared that the craving for candy was natural and should be encouraged. Sugar is a healthful stimulant, he said; it nourishes, it warms. It related of the late J. P. Morgan that a bowl of lump sugar stood on his desk, and when he had a peculiarly difficult financial problem he helped himself freely. (There are many dietetic anecdotes of prominent men: thus Bishop Potter suffering from sleeplessness found relief by eating peanuts. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime.")

What contradictory diets for victims of diabetes and Bright's disease have been prescribed during the last 30 years! What contradictory diets for dyspepsia, gout, hardening of the arteries! Many of us are old enough to remember the torturing of youth when water was forbidden in fever cases. What have the fat women and the lean women not tried! Le Sage ridiculed Dr. Sangrado for his prescription of water, warm and cold. For years those wishing to reduce flesh were told not to drink water at meals. Today we are urged to drink at least a glass. Red meat is alternately recommended and prohibited for certain diseases. Whatever one eats, a voice is heard crying: "There is death in the pot." Whatever one fears to eat, a voice is heard: "Eat freely; it will do you good." What is a poor wretch to do?

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients. Celsus counselled the alternate use of contrary things. "Be alternately temperate and unrestrained in eating, but more frequently temperate." Mingle night-watches and prolonged sleep; ordinarily, sleep a great deal. Rest, also work till you are tired, but let rest dominate weariness."

Or the Biscayan proverb may be followed: "Nourish yourself on the flesh of today, the bread of yesterday, the wine of last year, the cheerful hope of tomorrow and kick out the physicians and all their regimens." Alas, where is the wine of last year? For too many of us it is in the cellar of a friend—we have no cellar. But a saying of Solomon, which the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, copied out, comes into the mind: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee."

Query

A writer in the British Medical Journal advocates the use of extract of taraxacum (dandelion juice) in cases of obstruction—even in malignant cases. Then may not dandelion wine be described as a sanitary intoxicant, searching out all the centres of life?

Precocious Ahaz

How one thing leads to another in the pursuit of knowledge! Curious about the exact time when Hezekiah ordered

an anthology of Solomon's worldly saws—and other dila-dilomom in this respect was the Ben Franklin of his time—we consulted Father Calmet's "Great Dictionary of the Holy Bible" published in a somewhat expurgated form, yet in four large volumes, in Charlestown (1812). While we failed to obtain the needed information, the first paragraph amply repaid us:

"Hezekiah, King of Judah, son of Ahaz and Abi, born A. M. 3251; Ahaz, his father, being then barely 11 years of age, which occasions some difficulty for Scripture asserting that Ahaz was but 20 years old when he began to reign and that he reigned but 16 years, it follows that he lived but 35 years. Yet Scripture says that Hezekiah was 25 years old when he began to reign. We must conclude therefore that Ahaz had him when he was only 11 years old. Which is very extraordinary, but not impossible. Vide Fragment, No. 2." It should not be forgotten that Ahaz was celebrated for his impieties.

We hurriedly, nervously consulted "Fragment No. 2" in the third volume. O bitter disappointment! The heading is as follows: "Thoughts on the Sun-Dial of Ahaz. With a Plate." The statement that the form of the oldest sun-dial known was invented in Babylon did not console us.

Calmet and Vampires

Good old Dom Calmet! His chapters on vampires in his treatise, "The Phantom World," as translated by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F. R. S., F. S. A., should be read by all film play managers, authors and actresses. There is a wealth of information about the "vamps" of Hungary, Moravia and Poland; of the Vroncolacas of Greece and of the excommunicated who are said not to be subject to decomposition after death.

Dom Calmet makes one remark in his preface that should be pondered by all dramatic critics: "We ought to be very reserved in pronouncing on these vampires, which have made so much noise in the world for a certain time and still divide opinions at this day."

No, Not Braces

An American was once asked for a definition of "responsibility," and he said: "If you have four buttons to your braces and two break off, then, stranger, a mighty responsibility rests on the other two."—London Daily Chronicle.

No, fair sir, the American would said "suspenders," not "braces."

The destiny of these machines (airplanes) now seems to be really determined: they can be used, under certain conditions, as informers for armies. If they serve only for that, they will be of no service at all, for all the armies will soon be provided with them: the reciprocal slaughter will be made a little quicker, but one will also be able to steal away more easily, and that is all—*Mercure de France* (Paris), September, 1910.

Brunettes Preferred

We read in a "Situations Vacant" advertisement published in a London newspaper: "Medium or dark hair preferred." The situation is not for a "vampire," not for a mannequin, not for a housekeeper in the home of an elderly widower of refined tastes. A general housework girl is wanted by a woman who offers a comfortable home, easy work, satisfactory wages. She makes no demand or inquiry except as to the color of the hair. Well, Watson, what do you say? Do not reply foolishly that the mistress eats only dark soups. Is she herself a blonde who can bear no sister near the throne? Does she seek a foil? or will a brunette be more in keeping than a blonde with the color scheme of the rooms? Are brunettes thought to be more efficient in the kitchen? It has been said that a first class cook does not keep her kitchen scrupulously clean; that she has a quick temper and is often given to strong drink, but we have heard and read nothing about the capabilities inevitably associated with medium or black hair.

Bathroom Melody

As the World Wags:

Mr. B. B. Barclay, with all his efforts on July 14 to think "the thing through to the fundamentals," has not succeeded from losing sight of the dual functions of the bathroom. Indeed, the whole matter would have been in the line of the late Capt. J. C. Bourke. In primitive belief (still occasionally manifest in neurotics and existing in the "unconscious" of us all), such places as bathrooms are haunted by demons; so the rabbis used to ask their attendant angels to wait outside, as not powerful enough to compete within. (Thompson's "Semitic Magic," p. 200.) One of them used to have noise made outside so as to scare the devils within. (Sellmann's "Der Blick," II, 275.) A similar way is ours—for the temporary inmate himself to sing lusty songs. Another method was to place, within, the shrine of an all-

powerful, such a statement as to Fortuna by St. Clement of Alexandria (Protrepticus, Cap. IV, 51, 1; in O. Staehlin's edition, I, 39) was long ridiculed, but was substantiated by finding such a shrine at Ostia in 1911. (Antiquary, Feb., '12, 46.) All the above and much more can be found in the Boston Public Library if Mr. Barclay really wishes to go "to the fundamentals."

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

There are valuable notes on this subject in Burton's edition of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Afreets and jinn often exerted their demoniacal power in and near latrines, which they haunted.—Ed.

Federal Liquors

As the World Wags:

The following letter from a Philadelphia paper of 1788 might help our solons at Washington solve the question of the intoxicating qualities of beer:

PHILADELPHIA, July 28, 1788.

A correspondent wishes that a monument could be erected in Union Green with the following inscription:

IN HONOR OF

AMERICAN BEER AND CYDER

It is hereby recorded for the information of strangers and posterity that 17,000 people assembled on this Green on the 4th of July, 1788, to celebrate the establishment of the Constitution of the United States, and that they separated at an early hour without intoxication or a single quarrel.

They drank nothing but beer and cyder. Learn, reader, to prize those invaluable federal liquors and to consider them as the companions of those virtues which alone can render our country free and respectable.

Learn likewise to despise spirituous liquors as anti-federal and to consider them as the companions of all those vices which are calculated to dishonor and to enslave our country. K.

Boston.

Salad or Dressing?

As the World Wags:

The salad dressing suggested by "an ingenious person," the Englishman seeking a substitute for olive oil, does indeed sound like a dreadful mess; but the person did not need to be so very ingenious, only just enough so to have remembered, and slightly altered, the Rev. Sydney Smith's receipt, beginning, as I recall it: "Two boiled potatoes steamed through a kitchen sieve, softness and smoothness to the salad give."

He calls it a receipt for a salad dressing, but it sounds like a degenerate potato salad. And yet I believe the witty cleric was something of a gourmet. I seem to remember a correspondence with Mrs. Grote regarding hams: Winchester. MIRIAM LOWELL.

Good Old Days

Found in an old theatrical program for "Uncle Tom's Cabin": "Audience will kindly remain in their chairs while bloodhounds are crossing the stage."—Morning Telegraph.

"Mostly Bunk"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Henry Ford, the "Ignorant idealist's" definition of history as "mostly bunk" does not differ very much from the definition given by that wise old materialistic scoundrel, the Marquis de Talleyrand. "History," he said, "is made up of 'lies agreed upon.'" S. H. Westminster.

Bacon-Box Stuff

"Bacon-Box stuff" is the contemptuous description by second-hand dealers for much of the new furniture now being hastily manufactured. Such is the short age of timber and the demand for furniture that packing-cases, sugar-boxes, &c., supply the material for bedroom suites.

One dealer confided to the writer that he had been offered suites in two grades. When he asked the difference in quality between the two, the traveller replied: "Well, in the cheaper line, we can't guarantee that names like 'Best Cured Hams' or 'Parson Oats' won't show up under the varnish. In the better quality we guarantee the wood is stained right down."—London Daily Chronicle.

NAME YOUR POISON.

(On the nonconclusion of American "dry" drinks) Artful are the cocktail mixers, With their Gold and Silver Flizz; Sloe Sling, Apricot Elixirs, Prune Stomachisers, are—Gee, Whizz!

If you need a megrim-shifter, Or a cooler brew than tea, Try a Lemonberry Sultzer, Or a Grape-Juice Stinger.

Drinks for speakers, draughts for singers, Blue Moon Cocktails, Lady Pink; Ginger Rikies, Strawberry Slingers—No! You only want a drinky.—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

Not it on Swithin's feast the welkin looms, And every penthouse streams with hasty showers, Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, And wash the pavement with incessant rain. Not such vulgar tales debate they mind; Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind!

St. Swithin

As a matter of fact observations taken at Greenwich for the 20 years preceding 1861 showed that the greatest number of rainy days after St. Swithin's day had taken place when the 15th of July was dry. What is the record of 1861-1919? Can some one that is fond of statistics, some one for example that can give the exact tonnage of the warships of this country or of Great Britain, or tell the number of deaths from smallpox in 1918, inform us? There are two other saints that bring rain: St. Medard (June 8) and St. Faustus (June 9). The Belgians report that Faustus said to Medard: "Barnabas and Vitus are my neighbors and together we will give the folk a good washing till Frederick the Hollander (July 18) comes and closes the doors of heaven." We should all bear in mind that there are six lucky days in July, viz: 1, 13, 19, 21, 27, 30; but in August there are only three, viz: 3, 7, 9. Mr. Herkimer Johnson keeps a cat at Clamport. When she washes her face he knows it will rain that day or the next. He has found out that the great croaking of frogs in the marsh at night does not necessarily foretell rain, and as the graveyard is some distance from his cottage, he cannot easily visit it to see if the tombstones sweat. He thinks of purchasing a peacock next summer, for its frequent screeching is a sure sign of rain. A pair of rubber boots and a sou'wester would be of greater use, but we have not joined the Folk Lore Society.

A Biblical Allusion

"C. F. W." writes: "In a letter written by an Englishman in 1909 he speaks of Mrs. Atherton—late of some notoriety—as a feminine galaite, etc., and winds up by calling her 'Abolibamate.' I thought at first there was a pun involved, but can find no use or explanation of the word." See the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel (Chan. xviii); also Spenser's verses in the first series of "Poems and Ballads."

Before the Flood

Here is a lesson in household economy drawn from a learned commentator on Genesis:

"Many have supposed that the antediluvians abstained from wine and from flesh as food because the Scripture expressly notices that Noah after the deluge began to plant a vineyard, and that God permitted him to eat flesh; whereas he gave Adam no other food than herbs and fruits (Gen. ix., 20). The contrary opinion is supported by other learned interpreters who believe that men, before the deluge, abstained from none of the pleasures of wine and good cheer; and the Scriptures in few words intimates to what excess of profligacy they were arrived when it tells us that all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth; whence we may reasonably infer that if God had forbidden the use either of flesh or wine, they would have taken very little notice of his prohibition.

"N. B.—Nevertheless, it must be owned the Scripture seems to represent violence as the prevailing crime before the deluge; i. e., the unjustifiable taking away of human life; and the precepts given to Noah against shedding of blood seem to confirm this idea. Perhaps it may be true that the pious before the deluge used very little, if any, flesh as food; while the impious indulged in it. This may somewhat account for the long lives of the antediluvian patriarchs."

Yes, yes. Also for the milk in the inside of the coconut, but not for the hair on the outside.

"A Good Time"

Certain Englishmen, speaking contemptuously of the "American language," quote our use of the phrase "had a good time." But was not this expression known to the French as well as to Englishmen of years ago?

Montaigne, speaking of Gallo exiled on the island of Lesbos, said that news came to Rome "qu'il s'y donnoit du bon temps." Florio translated the phrase: "that there he lived a merry life." Cotton: "that he there lived as merry as the day was long." Gallo, in other words, was "having a good time."

"My Country"

As the World Wags:

When the contribution, "A Modernized 'My Country,'" met my eye this morning I wondered if it was going to be a horrid revelation of the singular inconsistency contained in the first verse of this deservedly popular New England hymn. I remember an incident that occurred at a political rally in Tremont Temple a number of years ago. During the singing of "America," everybody, so far as I could see, stood up. At the conclusion of the first verse I happened to look around and was

amazed to see several men and one woman in the row behind me who had remained seated. They appeared to be foreign born. When the music had ceased and the audience began to be seated I turned around and—as pleasantly as I could—asked one of the group why they had not risen during the singing of the hymn. The answer came back in very good English: "Why should we? Our fathers did not die here. They died in Hungary."

WILFRED A. FRENCH.

Boston, July 13.

Boston Culture

As the World Wags:

Overheard: "Yes, father left some other things, too—in particular, a little statuette of Daniel Webster, a pretty little thing about so high—a perfect likeness—yes. He stands there with one hand on his breast and the other resting on a copy of his dictionary." Poor Noah!

COL. MARSHALL TREDD.

Boston.

The Sacrifice

To the lady who advertises for a servant with medium or dark hair as the only qualification.

I'd love to match a Morris frieze.

Or golden-ochre portiere.

A black brunetish Pekinese.

Or old brown Windsor kitchen chair.

Though I can neither wait nor cook.

And will not answer knock and ring.

I should be very proud to look

In harmony with everything.

But Nature with a head of tow

Endowed me in the days gone by:

I cannot serve you, ma'am, but O

I'd gladly dye.

A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Johnson's Silence

We have received a note written in the fine Italian hand, taught years ago in genteel seminaries for young ladies.

"Dear Sirs: My brother Herkimer has been so busy filling the bird bath with water that he has been unable to write, giving his views about the league of nations. Some of the big birds bathe three or four times a day. What with their careless splashing and the evaporation, the bath needs constant attention. He hopes to concentrate his mind in a few days. I am sure that his views about the league of nations will be of great value. They may even have weight with Senators Borah, Knox and Lodge. Yours respectfully,

VASHTI JOHNSON.

Clamport, July 24.

"The Real Alice"

Was Mrs. Edith Alice Maitland, who died recently at Cheltenham (Eng.), the original Alice of famous books? As a child she was a favorite of C. L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll," and she herself said that she was THE Alice. "Said" is a mild word; she might well have boasted of her immortality. The daughter of Canon Litton, she herself wrote books; "Childish Memories of Lewis Carroll" is now out of print but the greater part of the volume is incorporated in Collingwood's "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll."

An entertaining book could be written about men and women that have figured in novels as fictitious characters. Dickens would supply many pages. Was Harold Skimpole Leigh Hunt? Dickens constantly evaded the answer. Hunt made a final appeal to him, asking that he should publicly give assurance that the miserable Skimpole was not a caricature of himself. This was in 1859. Dickens wrote in reply: "Believe me, I have not forgotten that matter; nor will I forget it. To alter the book itself would be to revive a forgotten absurdity, and to establish the very association that is to be denied and discarded." Dickens caricatured his own mother as Mrs. Nickleby; Micawber is one picture of his father, William Dorrit another picture. Squeers was a Yorkshire schoolmaster named Shaw, who performed an operation for cancer on the head of a child, "with an inky penknife" and so caused his death. Merdle was John Saidler, M. P., a forger, who escaped arrest by drinking poison out of a silver cream jug. Mrs. Georgiana Hayman and Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper disputed the honor of being Little Dorrit. Mrs. Hayman's brother was the original of Tiny Tim and in part of Paul Dombey; a sister was "in port" Paul's foster-mother. Flora is said to have been a girl with whom Dickens as a young man thought he was in love. The "Infant Phenomenon" grew up to be a celebrated actress, Mrs. Lander, who had many friends and admirers in Boston and its vicinity. Walter Savage Landor sat for the portrait of the irascible and explosive squire in "Bleak House." And so on.

Scott and Thackeray could also contribute to this book. We knew a man many years ago who swore to the fact that the fascinating scoundrel Count Fosco of "The Woman in White" was

then living in a Canadian town. Peacock in his fantastic novels introduced Coleridge, Byron and other men of the period thinly disguised. Verelaine is in Anatole France's "Red Lily." Ferdinand Lassalle is the hero of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians" and the heroine, Helena von Donnings, after the death of Prince Racowitz, her husband, married Count Shevitch, came with him to New York, where she wrote stories about proletarian life on the East Side. She went back to Europe and dwelt in Munich. We believe she is dead. Mr. James Huneker has written entertainingly about her in his "Pathos of Distance." Meredith's Diana was a well known Englishwoman, who sold a political secret. Names of other men and women whose adventures have been utilized by novelists, or have suggested characters, could easily fill a column, probably two columns, and Americans would be among these novelists, as Gertrude Atherton, Messrs. Stimson, Churchill and others now living. Theodore Winthrop's polished villain of University Place was suggested by a once famous journalist of New York and London. Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") introduced members of the New York Bohemian set of the Fifties and Sixties in "Avery Glibun"; William North caricatured Fitz James O'Brien in "The Slave of the Lamp." Nor should Disraeli be forgotten. As the story goes Goldwin Smith never forgave him for introducing him as the Oxford professor in "Lothair." Mrs. Humphrey Ward could not let Caroline Lamb rest in peace. Probably Thomas Hardy had listened to Jacob Poorgrass talking; possibly he had had the inestimable pleasure of knowing Bathsheba, Eustacia and the charming creature who, interested in astronomy, thus lost her peace of mind and was sorely perplexed.

Several Charges

"State officials said tonight that Moyer would be charged with perjury, embezzlement, misappropriation of bank funds, rehypothecation of securities, destroying and mutilating records and accepting deposits when the bank was insolvent."—New York World.

Plain people might infer from this that Mr. Moyer is accused of stealing.

Novels with Pictures

Many have called attention of late to the carelessness of illustrators in following the text of novelists and tellers of short stories. There is not so bitter complaint about the purely artistic value, the beauty and the spirit of the drawings; the illustrator too often flatly contradicts the description or the situation verbally portrayed. This carelessness is not confined to the United States. A little while ago Punch published a picture of an artist and a novelist in conversation. The novelist was saying that his story, which had been illustrated by the artist, was about to be dramatized. The artist, interested, answered: "I must read your novel."

It is a question whether a novel of importance should be illustrated at all. One cannot easily think of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" without Thackeray's drawings;

Doyle's picture of Col. Newcome indignant after Costigan's song, leaving the company with head uplifted and cane in air; or De Maurier's superb Beatrix coming down the stairs. Dickens was fortunate in the artists for his early and middle periods. Seymour, "Phiz," Cruikshank. What would Ainsworth's "Tower of London" be without Cruikshank's pictures? John McLellan's illustrations of the characters in "The Woman in White" and "No Name" are out of the common, and his picturing of the men, women, and scenes in "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" are far more powerful than those drawn by the English illustrators of these novels. Darley's drawings for Judd's "Margaret" and Du Maurier's for his two stories should not be forgotten. All these men are as closely associated with the authors as is Tenniel with "The Alice of Strange Adventures." Reading the novels in an edition without pictures, one cannot imagine the characters otherwise than as depicted by these artists.

Thomas Hardy, Meredith, the present school of English novelists, have fared well without illustrators.

No one remembers Tess by any picture drawn for Hardy's novel when it was published as a serial in expurgated form. No artist has emphasized the horror or the beauty of Poe's tales, though several have greatly dared. "Moby Dick" could not be made more fantastic by an imaginative artist. The pictures designed for Stevenson are commonplace, as are ninety-nine out of one hundred drawn in this country for novels of a season, "quick sellers." When the heroine is fairly attractive, she is a variety of the Gibson girl. Mr. Chambers's first stories, stories that gave great promise for his future, were not illustrated; his voluminous hack-work has found artists famous for alluring magazine covers; their women might figure as recommenders of corsets and hosiery, the men as wearing the collars and ready made suits featured in advertisements. Chambering and wantonness! If only the illustrators would scrupulously regard the text.

July 27 1917

Some were surprised by the statement made early this month in the Herald that there are only about 1500 cinema theatres in France, although it was then said that in many important towns of France there is no electrical current for production. They were surprised because France did much to promote the cinema.

About 10 years ago that delightful author, Octave Uzanne, writing about a company in the forest of Fontainebleau that he surprised in the making of a film play or spectacle, said that the cinema was an old acquaintance, for he was the first to see Edison's "Kinetograph" at work. "I often recollect that his first film reproduced the caperings of a little Toulouse dancer. I was chosen by the great scientist, who became one of my old friends, at Menlo Park, near (sic) New Jersey and New York, to announce his new discovery to the astonished world. You will find in Figaro of 1893 the article in which I put before the public the invention of Edison, who, among his fellow countrymen too material and too commercial, wished to give Frenchmen and France the first exhibition of his 'sight.' The word 'matinee' is underscored by Uzanne.

M. Uzanne followed this by saying that the cinema should be the theatre's most valuable ally. It would supply to the stage that "unreality" which had hitherto attracted the public's perverted comprehension of Shakespeare's plays. The cinema could show coming cities, seas in commotion, clouds, crowds rushing along, things like that in "The Valkyr," the marvellous forest in "Macbeth." But he quoted freely from an article by Henry de Gourmont that was published in the *Meurice de France* in 1909. (This article is reprinted in Gourmont's "Epilogue," 1915, 312," from which we now quote.)

Gourmont thought that as static photography has "almost annihilated" engraving, so cinematic photography will everywhere take the place of the spectacle furnished directly by human movements. "For the cinema not only gives a very satisfactory and cheap reproduction of such an organized spectacle; it produces, and under still better conditions, the great spectacles of open air; natural, as landscapes; or artificial, as the chase of the hippopotamus, posed to be sure, but posed on the borders of the upper Nile by natives and beasts moving in their own region. The best theatre provided with stage machinery would spend hundreds of thousands of francs and show only a caricature of this chase. . . . The cinema represents landscapes marvelously. It showed me yesterday the rocky mountains, the falls of Zambesi, the wind bends the fir trees; the water flows. . . . I like the cinema; it satisfies my curiosity. By it I go round the world, and I stop as I please at Tokyo, at Singapore. I follow the craziest routes. I go to New York, which is not beautiful, by Suez, which is far more so, and in the same hour I traverse Canadian forests and mountains of Scotland; I go up the Nile to Kairo, and a moment after on the bridge of a transatlantic I regard the immense expanse of ocean."

But Gourmont observed 10 years ago that the Parisian public enjoyed fantastic scenes, comic and dramatic, more than landscapes. Fairy scenes were more fairlike than on the stage. The public was enthusiastic over comic or tragic scenes of private life. "Their interest is clearness. They are always interested in an elementary plot.

When they are put, saves these scenes from their banality. One forgets the vulgarity of the story in the amusement derived from the details. It was curious to hear at Rouen these honest Saturday audiences applaud the deeds of criminal persons, give them prudent advice, hiss the villain. They almost threw lumps of sugar to the good, faithful dogs that frequently play a sympathetic role in these innocent amusements. So great is the power of illusion that a photograph thrown on a screen can move our passions, as well as reality itself.

"The cinema is intensely moral. The Pathe firm does not jest with good principles. It seems to it that virtue will always be rewarded, crime punished, lovers reunited and duly married, faithless men trounced thoroughly by the outraged wife. The cinema is for the people and the family. It leans toward playing an educational part that will pass, or at least by the side of scenes of too current morality, those of a little higher nature will be offered. Stories by Merimee, by Maupassant would make mimed spectacles of a fine intensity. Several of Shakespeare's plays would provide most captivating scenes. These transpositions can be recommended without remorse, for they would not affect the work; they would respect the text. Now the text is what the theatre respects the least, so one of the charms of the cinema is that no one speaks. The ear is not rasped. The dumb theatre is the ideal distraction, the best rest: images pass borne along by light music. One has not even the trouble to dream. . . . He that will despise these shows is very foolish or not at all curious. They are a singular and sometimes sudden enlargement of the intelligence. The cinema last year informed me better about Morocco than the confused accounts of travellers. I saw the army march, the artillery of the Sultan, and I understood the stupidity of the politicians that take seriously the power of this puppet show. It was a lesson for the eyes; and that is the only lesson that counts."

Pitfalls of Adaptation

Alder Anderson, in the Daily Telegraph, considered the difficulty of translating a book or a play into a totally different medium, the shadow language of the screen. He gave as an instance the screen version of Kistemaekers's play, "L'Occident." The film was made in the United States, one of a series for Mme. Nazimova.

"I had heard extraordinary accounts of these pictures," says M. Kistemaekers, "and I was not disappointed. In the technique of the art of animated photography and staging or in lavish expenditure, I can recall nothing that surpasses what I saw, and, into the bargain, Nazimova is an admirable comedienne, the most personal, it seems to me, who has ever been made to live by the camera." So far, so good. But M. Kistemaekers does not stop here. What he goes on to say is worth quoting at some length, because it so admirably sums up not only the grievance against the cinema which rankles in the mind of every author who prides himself on the individuality of his work, but also what hostile critics are fond of pointing out scornfully as the screen's weak point. "While all these undeniable beauties were passing before my eyes," the author of "L'Occident" continues, "I found myself waiting with ever-growing impatience for something that was missing. I was waiting for the idea. My own idea, for preference, but, in default of that, an idea that had been substituted for mine, either better or worse, but an idea. Here was a succession of magnificent, but meaningless, pictures entitled 'L'Occident.' Call the collection 'L'Orient,' and it would fit it equally well. Why give it a name at all, in fact? If you insist on giving it a name, however, the only one, in my opinion, that has any raison d'être would be 'Nazimova.'"

"This very candid criticism," adds Mr. Anderson, "by a writer who has so little vanity that he is ready to welcome any idea that would link all the scenes of the film together clearly exposes the most common pitfalls into which the adapters of plays or books stumble. A screen version of 'Jane Eyre,' for instance, exhibited to the public not so very long ago, was practically a travesty of that most fascinating book. All the romance and poetry was entirely eliminated. The atmosphere, in fact, did not exist. The characters had no relief whatever, with the result that Charlotte Bronte's inimitable love story, of which several generations have not exhausted the interest, had shrunk to a mere shadow. Whatever remained of the original canvas was painfully crude and elementary. Certain sordid scenes of which in the book we have only momentary glimpses, as it were, which are merely put in as foils, were so elaborated and prolonged that they dominated the whole picture. Another time it was Dostoevski's masterpiece, 'Crime and Punishment,' which was subjected to even greater indignities. The limit of incomprehension and vandalism was probably reached, however, with a modernized version of 'Dombey and Son,' in which the characters of Dickens were dressed up in 20th century fashions.

Looking to relate, this adaptation was perpetrated not in America, but in England itself. And it was Americans who criticized the deed as it deserved."

"The film manufacturer, on his side, has his own special difficulties to encounter, difficulties which he is very gradually learning in the hard school of experience how to overcome. In the first place, he is practically at the mercy of the director. The ideal director has not yet made his appearance, and probably never will. Too many contradictory attributes are requisite. If he is a commonplace business man, as it is almost necessary he should be at times, he will probably be correspondingly deficient in imagination, and without imagination, how can he be expected to turn out a good play? If, on the other hand, his imagination is too vivid, his film may be flawless, but in the process of making it he will have brought the firm that employs him to ruin. A humdrum director who never goes to extremes turns out a series of films of uniform quality, but also of desolate uniform mediocrity. Then, there are the 'stars' to be considered. In spite of the huge salaries they earn, 'stars' have to be pampered and petted to an incredible degree, otherwise they refuse to work. At contracts they simply snap their fingers. The little stenographer 'with the brainpan of a canary,' as one well known producer aptly puts it, promoted suddenly, for no other reason than that she has a pretty physiognomy—or, rather, one which lends itself to photography—from a salary of £3 a week to one of £50, which is about the lowest ever given to a 'starlet' in America, develops exigencies in the course of a few weeks, which almost drive her employers mad. If she hears of anybody else getting a little more money than she does, or, if another actor in the film has what she considers an undue number of 'close ups,' or too many speeches in the sub-titles, she strikes at once, and there is practically nothing for the employer to do but to give in."

W. L. Courtney Remembers Joyous Nights with Weedon Grossmith

Mr. Courtney wrote an article on stage humor soon after the death of Weedon Grossmith in which he spoke of the actor in private life.

"Poor Weedon Grossmith! Life had not been very kind to him of late years, and, though he still preserved his humorous outlook on affairs, there came to him certain moods, not of bitterness, but of disenchantment. There was a certain trouble about 'A Little Bit of Fluff' at the Criterion Theatre—I don't know the details—which troubled him much, and the state of his eyes gave him continual anxiety. He was inclined to think that the last piece in which he appeared at the Coliseum—'The Arm of the Law'—was, I believe, its title—had done some damage to his eyes, because it was his business to sit as a judge for a considerable period, facing the strong illumination of the stage and the foot-lights. I do not know how far this was the case; but at all events he suffered a great deal, and now and again complained that the happy time to which he had looked forward when he might live in the country and devote himself to his painting was seriously compromised by this unlooked-for menace. But I do not desire to emphasize the mournful incidents which cast a cloud over the last years. I prefer to recall the happy moments, when Weedon Grossmith, at his best and brightest, kept the tables in a roar by his ingenious drolleries.

There was a curious but steadfast friendship between him and the late Sir George Chetwynd, and no one deplored Sir George's death more sincerely than Weedon.

"The mutual sympathy was based on the fact that the actor was quick to imitate some of the peculiar idiosyncrasies of his friend, and as he was entirely without malice and had no other motive but sheer fun, no one enjoyed the parody more heartily than the victim, Chetwynd himself. Another phase of Grossmith's versatile humor was illustrated by his spoof speeches. The scene, let us say, is a supper with Tree in the dome of his Majesty's, and Weedon is called upon for a speech. No subject is given him, no toast is committed to his care. But the artist is entirely independent of such extraneous aids to oratory. He pours out a stream of voluble utterance, profuse strains of unpremeditated art, copious, eloquent, unceasing—and also quite meaningless. That is where the fun comes in. The orator is very grave and immensely in earnest. Not a smile irradiates his features. He goes on talking with an emphasis which is most impressive. And it is all nonsense from beginning to end, a vast pile of ornate rubbish such as one might hear possibly if one was connected by the telephone or gramophone with St. Stephen's at its wildest and most garrulous.

"But all these things took place in the happy days—or nights—before the threat of European war put an end to jovial suppers and changed all the habits of Bohemian fellowship. Nowadays, the smoking rooms and halls of our clubs are full of ghosts, and most of those whose merry quips and frank criticisms of themselves and one another used to add such zest and variety to life have gone westward to the home of the set-going sun. Will a new generation ever recover those lost joys, refusing to submit to the heavy puritanical yoke which

a covidly threatens the dwellers in the beautiful city of Prague? Will they get some equivalent for the nimble wit-ticisms of a Comyns Carr, the airy epigrams of a Tree, the curious erudition of a Joseph Knight, the clever cynicism of a Charles Brockfield to say nothing of the older heroes, Irving and Toole? And how can one replace a figure like that of Henry Kemble, who, when he was most in his Johnsaonian mood and keenly exercised about theological problems, used to allude with deliberate stress to what he called 'regillon' in preference to the more usual 'religion'? O noctes, coenaeque deum! It was in such company that Weedon Grossmith used to shine; in such an atmosphere he found himself at home. In many ways he had reached his goal. The comedian who began his career by writing, in conjunction with his brother, 'The Diary of a Nobody,' eventually attained by sheer merit a position in the theatrical world which made him one of the best known and best loved ornaments of the stage."

The writer of the obituary published in the Daily Telegraph—was he Mr. Courtney?—said: "As one of the old school, he regarded the new order of things in the theatrical world with anything but a kindly eye, particularly deplored the disappearance of the actor-manager regime, which, as he was wont to declare, had done so much to raise the tone of dramatic art, and to promote a spirit of camaraderie between actor and manager. Also, he bitterly lamented the spirit of speculation so prevalent nowadays in theatrical enterprise, to which, in his opinion, the enormous increase in rents of theatres and cost of production was largely due. 'Here I am,' he would say, 'with what I consider to be a really good play in my pocket and the necessary money in the bank to take a theatre at a fair price, yet, owing to this gambling in bricks and mortar, I find myself doomed to idleness.' The experience might easily be paralleled among others situated like himself. It certainly did not serve to brighten the concluding years of his life, or to reconcile him to the altered condition of things theatrical."

Random Notes About the Stage and Certain Players.

Once popular plays are performing at the Scala, London, in a series of special matinees. "Pygmalion and Galatea" was revived on June 27. "It cannot be said that Gilbert's characteristic vein of semi-flippant sarcasm and humor now shows no sign of age, but its lighter passages certainly seemed to exert the old effect upon an ordinary audience." What did the Stage say about "The Lady of Lyons," which was to follow? What would we not give, though, to see Fechter and Carlotta Leclerc as Claude and Pauline!

The annual Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, beginning on Aug. 2, will last four weeks. The program includes "The Merry Wives

of Windsor," "The Winter's Tale," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "Julius Caesar" and "Romeo and Juliet." There will be demonstrations of English folk-song and dance under the direction of Cecil Sharp. Various topics will be discussed at a Conference of the Theatre (Aug. 15-29), organized by the British Drama League.

Gerald du Maurier will be seen at Wyndham's, London, in September, in Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Choice." (This title was used by Arthur Murphy for his comedy produced at Drury Lane in 1765.)

Somerset Maugham's new play is entitled "Home and Beauty."

A Manchester, Eng., newspaper published the following statement: "Stage technique is a simple thing about which far too much mystery is made, and it can be acquired by any intelligent person in 15 minutes." We commend this statement to Messrs. Archer, Baker, Hamilton and others who have written books with many chapters on the subject.

It is said that Loie Fuller will be seen on a Parisian Music Hall stage next winter.

The 10 percent tax on theatres brought in £1,987,000 to the French government during last May alone. Last year the sum for May was only £896,000.

Paul Gsell, the author of "The Kiddies in the Ruins," has written a play, "Verdun," which is now in rehearsal.

George Robey's book, "My Rest Cure," described as "a solemn diary—a debauch of melancholy," has been published by Grant Richards. It tells of an alleged rest cure at Little Slocum, of the mayor, the village idiot, the landlord and landlady of the village inn, "whogo with the horse-hair furniture."

"The Lilac Domino" is now in its second year at the Empire, London. There was talk of alterations in the building, but the scarcity of labor and the need for building elsewhere cause postponement.

Mme. Caro-Cambell, "the dream dancer," who is said to dance while she is "in a trance, under the hypnotic influence of her husband," gave a private performance in London on July 1, before a series of public matinees. In 1910, she consulted a Parisian "student of the occult," for she suffered from insomnia. He discovered that she "reacted" freely to the influence of music. Her perform-

ould be... as the... of... in a short blue frock... She is... her movements and... which seem always to be... and by facial play, with eyes... and half-opened mouth. She appears... of expressing such emotions, in... as a fright and the sense of... disaster. The music played... her interpretation included... "Spring Song," the Valse... of Stelios, Dvorak's "Humor...," Rachmaninoff's too familiar... and a song "Twilight." She also... to "the fervent recital of an... apostrophe to Helen."

Miss Mary Moore (Lady Wyndham) is... a book about her husband. She... a London reporter: "I was not yet... years old when I made my first appear... at the Theatre Royal, back drawing... in an extravaganza entitled... Beauty and the Beast," in which I... a fairy. My earliest recollection... of Charles Wyndham was when, as a... I was taken to a matinee at the... criterion to see him in 'Pink Dominoes.'... in those days I must have been a very... serious-minded young person, for I re... all the bitter tears I shed at the idea... that so charming a man should be capa... of deceiving so trustful a wife."

Then Greet staged eight of Shake... re's plays last season for children... at the Pavillon Theatre, Whitechapel... These plays were seen by over 100,000... The children were invited to write es... says on the play. "The omission of the... invitation by Portia to the Prince of... Morocco to dine with her seems to have... disturbed some writers."

Henri Kistmeyer's play, "L'Instinct," was performed in French in... London on June 25. A speech describing... the various kinds of instinct is put in... the mouth of Andre Bernou, younger... brother of the distinguished physician... and scientist, Jean Bernou. Two kinds... of instinct are shown in the play: "The... instinct of revenge, to be exerted against... the lover of an erring wife, and the... strictly professional one of the medical... man's universal desire to save and pro... long the life of a patient. The latter... proves the stronger with Jean, who, hav... ing rushed into his wife Cecile's room... with the intention of killing the man... whom she avows she loves, returns soft... ended and in the healing mood."

On the boardings of Aleppo has been... posted the following notice for the bene... fit of English lovers of the circus:

Notice.

The First Circus of Aleppo.

The H. T. public is invited to the open... ing of the only existing Circus at 8... o'clock this evening. Different arts by... horses, artistic work at horseback, dif... ferent arts by dogs, acrobatic and at... letic work, different dances, comic work... and many kinds of amusing. The Direc... tion will pence for full Artistic work and... to change the programmes.—London Daily... Chronicle

George P. Bolivar Discusses Wisely on "Entertainers" and "Personality"

To the Editor of the Herald:

As the science of "personality" de... velops in the theatre we encounter his... trionic savants who no longer pretend... to be mere actors, the slaves of the written... word and prescribed stage directions... They frankly announce themselves as... "entertainers" and demand recognition... of their personal wit and humor above... and apart from any slight service they... may feel obliged to do, under old cus... tom, in the illustration of plays.

The author, from their point of view... is no longer the painter of the picture of... manners and emotions that is to be re... vealed, but merely the frame-maker to... their talents, necessary, humbly neces... sary, doubtless, but altogether subordi... nate. This is all very well no doubt;... the "public" seems to like it; and it has... come about quite naturally because this... influential body does like it; but having... come about it should be organized and... systematized and generally put in order... like any other public institution. Nothing... is more delightful than the spontaneous... manifestations of fancy, wit, humor, or... any other intellectual product so long as... this product has novelty, grace, ap... posteness and point; but there is no... product of any sort delivered in such... uneven and unreliable quantity and... quality as this, however high the aver... age and however great the talent of the... producer. High spirits and a firm con... viction that one is "it" by no means... insure the results aimed at; the pros... perity of a joke is always in the ear of... the listener and not at all in the mouth... of the speaker, and extemporaneous... enrichments of the rehearsed text of a... theatrical entertainment are no more... often successful than are the well meant... efforts of after-dinner speakers and... other reckless and foolhardy oratorical... hot air men. Without venturing to hope... that this new art may be successfully... codified, regulated and made less pre... carious by a single well meant effort, I... still venture to contribute a safeguard... or so by the way of a beginning.

To this end it might be suggested that... anything that causes uproarious and un... controllable merriment upon the stage... itself and among the players should at... once fall under suspicion because of... that fact and be instantly censored. The... audience came there to do its own... laughing and is perfectly capable of... taking care of this job, circumstances

Any encroachment upon its... in this direction, any usurpation... of its privilege by people whose job it is... to evoke laughter and not to emit it, is... apt to wound the collective vanity of... the average audience and to be re... sented. It is a very simple matter to... throw a stage full of players existing... for the moment under a relatively high... nervous tension, into gales of laughter... by means of very mediocre funning over... some private and personal experience... or trait of one of their number, neces... sarily unknown to the audience, but... Nestor himself might even make an af... fadavit that such a jest was laughable... without convincing an antagonized au... dience of the fact. Suppose then, that... until we have arrived at the point where... the professed entertainer is able to keep... a sensitive hand upon the public pulse... and distinguish merely polite from really... appreciative laughter, he or she should... at least refrain from all humorous ad... ventures in which his or her compa... nions upon the stage take an undue and... ultra-professional interest. I confessedly... belong to an old-fashioned and nearly... extinct generation to which the old... "fourth wall" of the stage picture was... sacred. An essential part of the pleasure... to be got out of the theatre of earlier... days was found in the entire separation... of the traffic of the stage from the peo... ple in front, and I am sure that I ad... mired the actors of my youth whom I... did not know personally and who, even... in private life, benefited by a saving... detachment far better than I possibly can... the equally clever gentlemen and ladies... whom I meet in clubs or at teas and of... whose very human traits I become some... times unpleasantly aware upon these oc... casions. I should say that an actor need... act about twice as well under these dif... ficult conditions as he need under the... old ways; and I have to add in all can... dor that, as a rule, he does not do so.

When a conjuror came to visit a thea... tre, the old rule of privacy was broken... by custom and this hybrid performer... came down among his audience and en... listed the spectators more or less in his... service by borrowing hats, watches, handkerchiefs and what not, and incidentally making his benefactors and... assistants more or less ridiculous. This... was by no means popular with them, but, as a matter of course, it gave... almost insane delight to all their friends, and was thus, as a matter of majorities, a defensible device.

In these days a "runaway" penetrat... ing the audience is a common device, and "close-ups" of the comedians and of the chorus thus provided seem to be very popular. The chorus girls on the "runaway" are especially attractive to young collegians and men over 55 or 60. The judicious observer, cool and collect... ed in his seat, does not find the illusion of beauty enhanced by this proximity; on the contrary. Reading the Stage of June 26, I was pleased to find the Paris correspondent saying that the mingling of actors and audience is becoming overdone. I take the liberty of quoting from his letter: "Time was when the leading comedian would have his traditional altercation with the leading lady from a vacant box; now whole troupes of chorus girls come down the aisle, make their entrance through the auditorium, or pop up suddenly from behind or beside you, in the most surprising attire. It is amusing at first, but the obvious desire to trade on the allurements of this promiscuousness is bad for the theatre, and, besides, it is very confusing, every time one sees people turn round, to wonder if the house is on fire or if it is only the star crawling out from under some one's seat."

Then, sir, there is the foolish behavior of the audience in demanding a speech from the actor before the play is over. Self-respecting actors for a long time refused to be badgered into stepping before the curtain; they were unwilling to step out of the stage-picture. I regret to say that the excellent Mr. Arliss now seems to anticipate the demand of the audience; that it seems as if he were trying to outlive the late Sir Herbert Tree in ready volubility outside of his role. Even the eminently sensible Mr. Otis Skinner has fallen from grace. He, too, now makes his little speech. All honor to Mr. John Drew that he preserves his dignity and respects his art. Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

A New Opera in Paris—Other

Musical Notes of Varied Interest

Max d'Ollone's "Le Retour," produced at the Paris Opera last month, has a curious libretto. Blanche awaits the return of Jean, her betrothed. If he does not come, she will surely die. He returns when she is at dinner. "He has traveled much and lived, we are made to understand, by slow and despondent music, a fast life. Re-enter Blanche, who refuses to have anything to do with him, possibly, as Pawloski, the critic of Le Journal, suggested, because, being a good singer herself, she finds Jean's habit of singing a different air from the orchestra unbearable." Her father assures her that this is not her betrothed, but a lost soul masquerading. A green light thrown on Jean's face corroborates the statement. So Jean goes out in the storm; the old tower falls, and in the morning Blanche sings triumphantly. "There is a certain element of youthful enthusiasm in M. d'Ollone's music, and certain passages, notably at the end of the second act, are pleasing; but is by

originally and inspired by about the calibre of French musical comedies of late." The critic speaks of "youthful enthusiasm." D'Ollone is by no means a young composer, and he has composed many serious works. Soon after Mr. Rabaud had taken the prix de Rome, he and d'Ollone conducted orchestral concerts in Vienna.

A musical comedy, "Paris New York," founded on a comedy by Crolas and Arsue which Mme. Refane brought out long ago, music by R. Aiger, has been produced at the Trianon-Lyrique, Paris. "It is the type of comedy that depends upon an utterly preposterous American family, as unreal as the classical Englishman in checked tweeds, slide whisks and a pipe that was halled with delighted good faith by the public here years ago; but the French have had a closer acquaintance with Americans of late, and even they are not much amused." The music is said to be lacking in originality.

The Opera-Comique, Paris, has celebrated the 1000th performance of "Manon" at that theatre. At Wolf's opera on Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" will be produced at the Opera-Comique.

Herman Darewski's peace song, "Now There's Peace on Earth Again," was sung by Jennie Benson at the Strand on Peace night in London. It was written, composed and scored the same afternoon. "We have seen the song and can easily believe this statement."

We learn from an advertisement in the Stage that Mr. E. Bruhl will supply "a big parody on any song you like." for 1s. 6d.

In the same issue of the Stage the "Rose of My Heart" company advertises for a tall, handsome leading lady. "Must be able of intensity and restraint. Smart wardrobe essential."

One more advertisement from the Stage. "Whenever requiring a good vocalist ring up Bertram Williams, voice specialist. Smart young singers to get good songs 'over' (without bursting blood vessels)"

Cyril Maude, having returned to London, told a reporter that not long ago he thought seriously of leaving the stage to go in for a parliamentary career. "Nor was encouragement wanting." But he cannot afford it. "The American government had made such a heavy drain upon my savings, in the shape of a levy upon my income that I hesitated about retiring from a profession which at least insured me a fairly comfortable existence. Last year I enjoyed the privilege of being taxed in Great Britain, the United States, Australia and New Zealand, and even if I remain here I shall have to remit my debt to the American income tax collector for this coming year. Don't imagine I am inclined to grumble. Contrawise, as Tweedledee used to say."

Josef Holbrooke announces a series of five evenings of modern music in October, when all his chamber works will be included. "As I have found that during 16 years' travail in London Town that 'deadheads' abound for native music, I have during the last four years concentrated my attention on the provincial towns, with a more marked result for enthusiasm, financial results and artistic receptivity. This is as it should be. The hall now selected, being of a modest size and quite charming for chamber music, the 'public' are not invited in their masses. These concerts are given really for the amusement of the composer concerned, and they are semi-private; but those fortunate enough to attend will find that smoking and drinking (of a mild character), will be indulged in and allowed." Mr. Holbrooke's new violin concerto will then be played for the first time in London, also his sixth quartet (MS.), based on "Auld Lang Syne," "Some Ragtime," "David of the White Rock" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

There was talk of Mr. Verbrugghen as Dr. Muck's successor in Boston. We quote from the London Daily Telegraph of June 28. "Is it or is it not the fact that the orchestra organized by Mr. Henri Verbrugghen, in connection, primarily at least, with the State Conservatorium of Music of New South Wales, is actually the first state orchestra to have been born, as it were, under the British flag? I can recall no other case in Great Britain or the dominions. In any event the fact remains that New South Wales now has a permanent state orchestra, which will give no fewer than 100 concerts per annum. It consists of 75 players, of which number 54 are guaranteed each a minimum salary of £200 per annum; for this they play at so many performances and rehearsals, and for the former they are paid at union rates, for rehearsals at a somewhat higher rate. It is by these latter means that Mr. Verbrugghen hopes to obtain the best results from his players at rehearsals, on which, after all, depends the chief glory of the concerts. All work over and above that which enables the players to earn the £200 is paid for extra."

Frank Bridge's "Lament" for orchestra, played recently in Paris at one of Rhene-Baton's concerts, was warmly praised. Mr. Bridge is only one of several modern English composers who are ignored in Boston and in other American cities.

Harold Samuel is a brave pianist. In London he played at his recital nothing but music by Bach; Fantasia in C minor; and Invention and two little Preludes; four Preludes and Fugues from "The

Well-Tempered Clavichord"; the Partita in B flat and the Italian concerto.

George Hart of "The Violin and Its Famous Makers," protest against the prohibitive duty in England on musical instruments: "Owing to the great upheaval on the continent many of these treasures will doubtless come into the market, but few will find their way to this country in consequence of the imposition of 33-1/3 per cent. duty. The United States realized some years since the folly of taxing old art instruments, and abolished the duty on violins, etc., over a century old."

Isidore de Lara's Corsican opera, "The Three Masks," was performed for the first time in Great Britain at Greenock on June 27 by the Carl Rosa Co. The story is of a feud between Prati Della Corba and the Vescotelli. The former refuses to allow his son Paolo to marry Viola Vescotelli whose honor has been compromised. The three masks in Carnival time tumble into Corba's house holding up a drunken Pierrot. They push him into a seat where he apparently goes to sleep. The masks are uproariously gay until they are turned out. Corba takes off the Pierrot's mask and finds his murdered son. Viola rushes in and throws herself on the corpse. Corba is about to strike her with a hatchet, but his anger dies when he looks on his son's face. The opera was produced at Marseilles in 1912; later at Rouen, Bordeaux, Paris.

Anne Thurstfield gave a recital, chiefly of folk songs, in London. "Perhaps the most unfamiliar and the most beautiful in the whole list were two of the Negro revivalist songs from America. Why the program should have thought it necessary to assure us that the Negroes take

these songs seriously is not clear; it is impossible to imagine any one with a spark of understanding taking them otherwise, for their deep emotional sincerity is no less striking than their melodic beauty. Miss Thurstfield sang them in just the right way; indeed, in all she did she showed herself an artist of unerring perception. And she has the happy gift of singing, in the literal sense, at her audience, and not over the tops of their heads. That is one of a good singer's secrets."

The Cobbett chamber music competition is open only to British subjects. The subject for 1919 is a dance fantasy for piano and strings. In addition to the first prize of £50, supplementary prizes amounting to £15 are offered. The conditions are as follows:

"The usual limit of a fantasy to 15 minutes' duration is waived on this occasion, but extreme length is undesirable. The combination of instruments must include the piano, but contestants may themselves choose which, and how many, stringed instruments they will employ. If, in the interest of public performance, they desire to write for (1) flute, (2) harp, (3) double bass, it is necessary, for the convenience of chamber music players, that alternative parts be provided for (1) violin, (2) piano, (3) second cello. The name of the composer must not be written on parts or score. The music should be written with extreme legibility, and in characters not too minute, rehearsal lettering added and the key signature inserted before each stave." The idea of the giver is "to illustrate the fact known to the Greeks, but now almost forgotten, that music and dancing are one. Composers are asked to submit either (1) a fantasy which contains the soul of the dance and lends itself to dance interpretations, yet, like a Chopin piece, can be played alone, the dance instinct stirred but remaining a mental image only; or (2) a fantasy the performance of which is incomplete without the aid of a dancer (or small number of dancers); a ballet in miniature, of which the composer is asked, in the first instance, to submit a scenario. Being chamber music, in which all parts are of equal importance, it should have little in common with the old style of ballet, exclusively written for the so-called 'toccata-dancing' of the acrobatic school, in which the music is regarded as an accompaniment to the dance. In place of the long 'turns' in one tempo, waltzes, mazurkas, etc., to be found in the 'dance music' of convention, frequent variations of metre are suggested so as to avoid banality and monotony. The emotional significance of each movement should be distinctive and clearly defined, while the music throughout should be picturesque, dramatic rather than contemplative, not too abstruse nor too regular in rhythm."

Mme. Laveline sang in French a song-cycle called in the program "Les Amours du Poete." In it were such songs as "J'ai Pardonné," "O Grace Enchanteresse," "Au Bord des Ondes Assise." Do you guess what formerly these were? But why in French? Was Schumann much more of a German than Handel, who, it may be recalled, wrote "Messiah," or Mendelssohn, whose chief work we know as "Elijah"? If we are in for an era of translations, why not into English?—London Daily Telegraph.

In the new version of "The Daughter of Madam Angot," brought out at Drury Lane on July 2, the "Legend of Mother Angot" is sung by Pomponnet. One of the critics found that the "Merry Widow" waltz now sounds far more old-fashioned than Lecocq's waltz, which delighted the whole dancing world nearly half a century ago.

Mr. Moiseivitch

As Mr. Moiseivitch, it is said, will visit Boston in the course of the coming season, the following review of his last recital in London is pertinent. It was published in the Times of June 30:

"Two sonatas, four ballades, and 24 preludes of Chopin—Mr. Moiseivitch's program at the Queen's Hall on Saturday is an undertaking. As a feat of memory it is the equivalent, perhaps, of reciting the first two books of 'Paradise Lost'; as a feat of endurance it is like swimming the channel. But that beauty has anything to do with size is a discredited idea. It is a misconception on which we have lately seen a nation's art come to grief. Until the contrary is shown we must continue to think Mr. Moiseivitch too great an artist to do his willingly, and an audience who tacitly deride it by their attendance and applause for 2½ hours are, without knowing it, Romans sitting in the Coliseum.

The real asset Mr. Moiseivitch has is not the superhuman quantity but the human quality of his playing, and there are signs that this is deteriorating under

the influence of that. The steady rhythm is disappearing, the tendency to star difficult passages is increasing, there is, or there was on Saturday, more than the usual allowance of notes missed or wrongly struck from sheer weariness or lapse of memory. We hope that the blame for this attaches more to the conditions under which he plays than to him, but it argues, if not a blunted conscience, a lowering of standard, and when that sets in an artist's fame does not last long.

"Yet the old virtues are there, too. There is that dreamy, poetical touch that lifts a simple passage into real greatness; the breadth and sweep of mind that gets and keeps details in their proper place, and the articulation, in both hands, that never allows us to miss one of them; the refusal to indulge in cheap contracts, or to abuse the limits of piano tone. He makes it easy to listen, and we seem to get from him a birdseye view of the whole with the least possible strain on the attention."

A Writer in the Stage (London) Has His Say About Dramatic Critics

"I notice a tendency of late on the part of dramatic critics and theatrical writers of the press generally to expand their functions as mere critics and comment on the policy to be adopted by managers in regard to the class of play they should or should not produce. I take it that if a man criticises a play and a performance on its merits, honestly, his duty to the public and his paper ceases, and the public can shun the particular play he condemns, or rush to the play that takes his fancy—while they have faith in his judgment.

"If critics are to be allowed to fill up their columns with generalities like the following from Sunday's Express, what state of mind must the public be in as regards the English theatre? 'The British stage was an object of derision during the war period—its deplorable conditions aroused the contempt and anger of public men. Will it be believed that Lord Sandhurst, judging by the tone and manner of his speech, seemed rather proud than otherwise of his control?'

"Now, there are serious, cultured writers, who have the welfare of the theatre at heart, who feel, as all decent minded lovers of the theatre feel, that anything that will help to uplift it should be encouraged, and these men are thoroughly capable in their writings of explaining exactly what they mean and what they want, and in a manner thoroughly understood by the public! But the constant carping and condemnation of everything by irresponsible writers who only seem capable of destroying, and care nothing about constructing, place matters in a chaotic state, and do not help to build or improve anything.

"It is so easy to write columns in this manner that I wonder if there is a public to read it away from those interested in earning their living on the stage. I wonder, also, if these people ever really think what they are writing about seriously, or if they simply put it in as so much trade copy? I should hate to think that, yet I should deplore it as a criterion of their mental state."

Concerning Song Recitals—A Note About Singers and Programs

The London Times, observing programs of singers in concert halls, came to the conclusion that, in spite of "the thousands of first rate songs which a singer who sings in three or four languages can choose from, he cannot be sure that after the most careful choice he will not be found to be working on almost identical lines with a brother artist." (Is not "thousands of songs"—that is, songs that a reasonable person would care to hear, an exaggeration?)

The reviewer attended the recital of a singer who shall not be named, but whose recent performance was remarkable for her inability to keep on one note, the multitude of her "floral trib-

uting, peculiar to the age of leisure, an art not easily acquired. The box itself was a work of art. It was adorned with precious stones, or paintings, or quaint mottoes. When a monarch wished to show his appreciation of a musician, artist, poet, he presented him with a gold snuff box filled with louis d'or. There are today indefatigable collectors of boxes whose noses have never felt the titillation once so eagerly desired.

In this age of restlessness and rush there is no time for the ceremonial of snuff taking. The practice would be as anachronistic as the stilted profanity and gallant speech of the period in which snuff was constantly in the air. When the practice was at its height, an Earl Stanhope reckoned that if a man took snuff for forty years, two years of his life were spent in tickling his nose and two more to the blowing of it. A fine gentleman today might use a box of mother of pearl and silver with a tube and a spring to shoot the dust up his nostrils, but he would be regarded as eccentric. Samuel Wesley described certain men and women of his time:

Some think the part too small of modish and Nor can their fingers for that task suffice, Which at a niggard pinch they can command; Their nose too greedy, not their hand too nice, To such a height with these is fashion grown They feed their very nostrils with a spoon.

Even in this age of hurry, stimulants are taken more gracefully in drawing rooms and boudoirs by women, old and young.

Controversy rarely corrects opinions. For characters that are weak and have a short memory, it is the page read last that determines momentary conviction.

The Miracle of Mons

When the history of the great war is written authoritatively will it describe the miracle that insured the retreat of the British from Mons? Why did the Germans halt? The Bishop of Durham believes the halting was due to a divinely sent mirage of British re-enforcements. It appears that a vicar, a man "of accurate memory and sober sense," the Rev. W. Elliot Bradley, got a practically identical account of an incident in that retreat from three soldiers, old "Contemptibles," with whom he talked on separate occasions. The German host was advancing in massed formation. There was a thin British line. Suddenly the Germans stopped; the horses of the cavalry jibbed and reared. There was no collision. German prisoners taken afterwards were asked why the advance was checked. The answer was that they saw strong British re-enforcements coming up. Two of the British soldiers, describing the incident, added the comment "God did it." Now the British saw nothing. The good bishop thinks that what the Germans saw was of a kind "to suggest fact rather than subjective phantasm." The deliverers were seen as British soldiers, not as "winged squadrons of the sky."

It should be remembered that at the battle by the Lake Regillus when Postumius led the Romans against the Latins, attempting to restore King Tarquin, the Romans began to flee. Postumius then vowed a temple to Castor and Pollux, if they would aid him. Lo, two horsemen appeared, "taller and fairer than the sons of men and their horses were as white as snow." They led the Romans to a crushing victory. And two youths on white horses, rode furiously into the Forum at Rome. They were covered with dust and sweat and blood. Having washed themselves in a spring, they told the people how the battle was won. They mounted, rode away, and were seen no more.

It is not necessary to go back to the days of ancient Rome or to tell of battles through the ages in which angels and departed saints appeared to revive courage and aid in defeating the enemy. At the Alma in the Crimean war the Russian Vladimir column, which had been specially blessed by the Archbishop of Moscow, was saved by a cry among the English: "The column is French. Don't fire men; for God's sake don't fire." But the English in turn were saved, for the column halted inexplicably in the middle of its charge. A heavy column was seen to be marching on the British left flank. An unauthorized bugle twice sounded the "retire" and the English fell back, exposed to a severe fire, which the Russians, strange to say, withheld. This story is told at length by Kingslake (6th ed. III, p. 151 sq.).

We regret to say that Lt.-Gen. Tyrrell

waxes facetious over the story of the "mirage" at Mons, and parodies a familiar line: "Purturlet Mons, Nascitur ridiculus Angelus!" Why seek a supernatural cause, he asks, for an effect easily accounted for: "The men of this British line were preparing to sell their lives dear." He also says the Germans perhaps did not realize the disparity in numbers.

Was it not Joffre who said that the result of the first battle of the Marne could be accounted for only by a miracle, by divine interposition?

A Subdued Father

Mr. Bibden Sabine, a bookseller of international reputation, informs us that and expurgated edition of the Tattler will soon be in the market for the benefit of prohibitionists. Special care has been taken with the essays of Steele and Addison, who were notoriously vinous men of three-bottle capacity. Among the passages that were particularly offensive and have been struck out is this: "I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor without examining at least three dozen bottles of it."

From L Street

As the World Wags:

May I prolong the discussion about the etiquette of the bathroom?

The men at L street—they themselves never say "browns"—disperse wholly with bathmats. They never shave before immersion and seldom after unless on Sunday. "What is the proper stance?" I know not; nor do they. "The proper approach" is from the shore to the trench, thence to Moynihan's Island, where they stand, at low tide, like Ajax defying the lightning; at times sniffing skeptically and quizzically when the wind is east and Ward's Island is on the starboard bow. Lather in or on the ears, visible or invisible, never gives them a care. Yes, they soak the head—often have to, even in these tonic times. As to melodies in the bath—our crowd sings in Gaelic, Armenian, Yiddish, Anatolian and the Song of the Shirt is heard during the dog days from Telegraph Hill to the head house at the Point.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

Youth, Boy, Lad

"When a youth of 17 and a boy of 14 were remanded yesterday. . . . Just when does a boy become a youth? Is a lad older than a youth? The dictionaries are of little aid. 'Boy: Male child (strictly till puberty, loosely till 19 or 20). 'Youth: Young man, as a youth of 20. 'Lad: Boy, youth, young fellow, fellow.' The choir will now sing the old ballad in which are these illuminative lines: 'Leftenant Carter's only son, A likely youth nigh 21.'"

Two Visionaries

It has been loosely stated that Goethe in 1828 sketched roughly a plan for a league of nations. This statement is not accurate. His idea was that of a Germanic league. To him Berlin and Vienna, as exclusive and influential centres, were injurious to the spread of culture. He wished freedom of moving through the 36 states then existing without being disturbed by custom house officers. The thaler and the groschen should have the same value everywhere. There should be no frontiers. And he gave it as his opinion that the first requisites in empire building were good highways and good railways—for he looked into the future with regard to the possibilities in railroad construction. He said nothing about militarism. All this is interesting, but Goethe's league was for German states. It was at Weimar that Goethe then said with a sigh: "I wonder what Germany will be like a century hence!"

Seven years before him an old retired French artillery officer, Ph. d'Aurune, having time to reflect on the European situation, wrote out his ideas and sent them to the Baron Pasquier, the French minister of foreign affairs. D'Aurune in this paper, written concisely, discussed the Turkish problem, which the Holy Alliance had, dallyingly, put by. He gave it as his opinion that on account of the uprising of the Greeks and Serbs there was a fine opportunity to chase the Turks out of Europe, back to central Asia, whence they

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A Pinch of Snuff

Some, insisting that the great majority of men and women cannot be comfortable or happy without a stimulant, see them victims of drugs in the years of alcoholic prohibition. Others, not so pessimistic, prophesy a still greater use of tobacco, matrons puffing on pipes, children smoking in the schoolhouse as they did in old English times. It is confidently said that there will be a return to snuff.

It is not unlikely that the number of female smokers will increase, whatever disposition the supreme court may make of the new amendment; whether the Demon Rum be exorcised or rule in horrid glee. No doubt more English women will smoke, if the report that Queen Mary has the "cigarette habit" is true. Loyalty alone will urge them on. But the taking of snuff had a peculiar etiquette; it was associated with costumes, speech, manners that are now hopelessly out of fashion. Some old ladies in the New England of the sixties and early seventies of the last century still snuffed, as did the old family doctor that drove about in a chaise and had much to say about Sir Benjamin Brodie's attentions to him in London; but the art of snuff-taking has died out in this country, gone out with the stock, the blue coat with brass buttons, imported Parisian leg-boots, and stately manners. Even on the stage actors in a comedy of an early period usually show ignorance by putting the wrong hand to the box.

Snuff was indispensable to its period. A pinch pointed an epigram; it symbolized indifference, contempt, and on the other hand, the box extended in a friendly manner, expressed admiration, a desire for better acquaintance. The box was a refuge from idle questioners; thus it served Sir Joshua in Goldsmith's lines when there was foolish chatter about painters. A vigorous rap on the closed box put an end to argument. There was an elegance in the

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and, as the misfortune of Christian Europe. To chase them back was the sine qua non of European peace.

It is proposed that Constantinople should be internationalized. A hinterland should be established, and defined the frontiers of this state of the Holy Alliance, as he called it. This state should be governed by a Senate of 12, two chosen from each of the six nations forming the Christian Holy Alliance. To make the number six, he proposed to unify Italy, by returning to that country Piedmont, Sicily and the Austro-Italian states. The president should be chosen alternately each year in this order: From France, Austria, Italy, Russia, England, Prussia. There should be laws and statutes for this new republic.

There should also be a new Grecian kingdom: The "Kingdom of Macedonia and Greece," with Salonica for its capital. Albania and the greater part of Bulgaria should be included in it. France should have all the territory between the Rhine and the Moselle, up to and including Coblenz and Mayence, with the fortifications the other side of the Rhine, but navigation for commerce on the Rhine and the Danube should be unrestricted, free of duty for all nations in peace with those of the Holy Alliance. Warships could not navigate there, and merchant ships should not be armed. An international tribunal should decide disputes. There should be no appeal from its judgment.

The Baron Pasquier, French minister of foreign affairs, received this memorial, wrote in pencil on the margin: "This is a very amusing dream," and sent the memorial to

the archives, where, as M. Rene Puaux informs the readers of the Temps, "it has rested peacefully for nearly a century, registered No. 234, Turkey, page 301."

I cannot answer. But I know that some of our Pitties so to sing the praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb things.

That turns the handle of this idle show.

BIOGRAPHICAL PLAYS

Mr. George Arliss, the play actor, will be seen this season on the stage as Voltaire. He has already portrayed several historical characters: Disraeli, Hamilton and the Devil. Perhaps next season he may appear as Lloyd George or Woodrow Wilson. These entertainments might be described on the playbills as: "In the World of Biography With Mr. Arliss." What episode in the life of Voltaire will provide the great "scene a faire"? The rehabilitation of the C. as family; the quarrel with Frederick the Great? Will he be beaten by the servants of the Duc de Rohan-Chabot? Will the Marquise du Chatelet, the "divine Emilie," be the heroine? For his inevitable speech during a wait Mr. Arliss will find abundant material provided by Buckle and Lecky. We hear him now spouting: "The spirit of intolerance sank blasted beneath his genius. Wherever his influence passed, the arm of the Inquisitor was palsied, the chain of the captive riven, the prison door flung open. Beneath his withering irony persecution appeared not only criminal but loathsome, and since his time it has ever shrunk from observation, and masked its features under other names." Or Mr. Arliss may speak in a tremulous voice of Voltaire removing the stigma that then rested upon actors.

And Miss Emily Stevens will be seen in Mr. Philip Moeller's comedy, "Sophie," based on the life of Sophie Arnould. Let us hope that Sophie will fare better on the stage than George Sand in that play of shreds and patches in which Mrs. Fiske disported herself as the heroine of successive amorous episodes. Sophie Arnould was a fine figure of a woman, justly famous in her day on and off the stage; a witty woman, too. Her bons mots were collected and published early in the 19th century. Unfortunately her most brilliant sayings are of a character that forbids repetition on the public stage.

Sing Us a Song

Mr. Harry Leon Wilson in his amusing article about advertising published in a periodical "founded A. D. 1723 by Benj. Franklin" quotes as a preparatory motto an "old song" which begins "Sing, oh, sing of Lydia Pinkham." The version

with which we are familiar begins: "We shout, we shout, we shout, for Lydia Pinkham." It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson did not quote the verse about the remarkable improvement in Miss Elsie Janis's physique. It's a good old song, a stirring one, an eloquent tribute to one of New England's greatest women. It alternated in popularity at the Porphyry Club with that stirring song of maritime life beginning: The captain went below To trim the cabin lamps.

Good News

This is good news from Great Britain. We do not refer to any reduction in the price of breakfast bacon the coal miners' change of heart, or the fact that William Waldorf Astor, formerly, to his great regret, an American is now hiding in a two-story house surrounded by a high board fence. The all important news is that the Imperial Society of Dancing Teachers will pronounce against the jazz, the fox trot and other graceless, clumsy dances. The ugliness of these dances is clearly shown when they are performed without music. And, what music! The waltzes of the Strauss family, Waldteufel and Metra were a fit inspiration for the charming dance of a former generation; the waltz that might well have moved De Quincey to his eloquent outburst. The dances of the last two or three years, of the collar-and-elbow-wrestling-jumping jack variety are grotesque, hideous. Will the Imperial Society of Dancing Teachers go back to the waltz, which was most graceful and voluptuous in the seventies? Some years ago there was an effort in London to revive the minuet, the pavane, the gavotte and other old-world dances. We read that the popularity of the hula-hula, which will be introduced in London, but not by this august Imperial Society, is "enthusiastically predicted." The hula-hula was seen in Boston last season in a popular melodrama, and we were sitting up in our seats, but just as the dance was becoming interesting it stopped and we were forced to listen to the platitudes and the verbiage of the playwright and the antics of the actors. Would that with Herman Melville we had seen the Marquesan girls, arrayed in flowers and gala tunics, dancing in the moonlight. "Not only do their feet dance, but their arms, hands, fingers, ay, their very eyes, seem to dance in their heads."

Freedom

(Since the reinstatement of men in some London co-operative outfitting shops the sales have doubled.)

The girls have gone, and fellows who All purchases were stopping Through bashfulness, again can do Their shopping.

For Hebe, lifting radiant eyes By sweet suggestions haunted, Made swains forget what new supplies They wanted.

And she who should have sold a suit Did nothing more than sell a Back stud, or (falling parachute) Umbrella.

But men are back, and in the end What customers will win is, For pence the faculty of spend-ing guineas.

A. W. B.—In the London Daily Chronicle.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Havana," a musical play in three acts, by George Grossmith, Jr., and Graham Hall, presented by Carl Hunt. The cast includes: Senor Bombito Del Campo.....George Gorman Consuelo.....Dorothy Maynard Isabella.....Flavia Arcaro Don Adolpho.....Barrett Greenwood Anita.....Dorothy Quinette J. De Poyster Jackson.....Irving Beebe Frank Van Dusen.....George S. Klinear Reginald Brown.....Al Roberts Samuel Nix, Bo'sun of "The Wasp" John Norton

This modernized version of the popular musical comedy of "Hello, People. Hello!" fame makes an entertaining summer show. Rather more than the usual proportion of good-looking girls appear in this production. The singing is good, the costumes are on the whole pretty, and the show furnishes a refuge for T. B. M.'s temporarily wifeless, owing to the call of the country.

John Norton is very funny as the bo'sun, and Al Roberts, formerly of Boston, ably supports him. Miss Quinette dances gracefully, Mr. Beebe, recently seen here in another production, sings well, as also does Miss Maynard. Miss Arcaro is also good in a comic part. The other members of the large cast all contribute to a performance that is worth seeing.

Hyams and McIntyre in "Maybloom"

John Hyams and Lella McIntyre, in a musical comedy playlet, "Maybloom," by Frank Stammers, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a goodsized audience that was deeply interested.

The act, one of the best of its kind in vaudeville, was seen at this theatre earlier in the present season. Last evening

both Mr. Hyams and Miss McIntyre again amused in their neat style of comedy as well as in musical speech Raymond Matthews conducted.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Irving Fisher, a featured player with Nora Bayes in "Ladies First," in a program of songs. All of his numbers were new to his hearers.

Other acts were Berhard and Duffy, singers and comedians; Collins and Hart, acrobatic comedians; Hyman and Mann, in a well acted farce; Marie and Ann Clark, comediennees, Gallagher and Martin, in a clever comedy and dancing act; Bert Howard, comedian and musician, and the Tomaki Duo, in a sensational Japanese act of fencing and self-defence.

"Damaged Goods" Strong Interpretation of Famous Brieux Drama

RICHARD BENNETT HEADS COMPANY

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Damaged Goods," a screen version of the famous play of Eugene Brieux.

This great play has been thoroughly explained, discussed and analyzed. It deals with a subject usually avoided, though of vital importance. It exemplifies the saying of Scripture, "Be sure your sin shall find you out," and is interpreted in Kipling's lines:

For the sin that ye do by two and two Ye must pay for one by one.

The play, banned by the censor in France, was produced in Liege and Brussels, and the French censor finally relented. It was given in Boston in the season of 1914, when it came to this country, but this is the first time the screen version has been allowed to be seen here.

The production of the film is a splendid interpretation of the spoken drama. Richard Bennett, who headed the company that first produced the play here, also leads the company in the film version, and Adrienne Morrison plays the other leading role.

To have given such a rendering in this form of a play with which audiences are already familiar, through criticism and discussion, if not from actually viewing it, is a triumph which will add to the strength of the picture play.

The stage settings are magnificent. Whether the scene is laid out of doors, in a boudoir, an office, a banquet hall or a hospital, it is correct in every detail. The costumes are appropriate and the action is superb. This latter was to have been expected, since most of the characters are taken by the original New York cast.

In some respects the screen translation is superior to the spoken play, as an occasional "close up" gives a clearer view of facial expression. Those who have seen it in both forms find the picture as satisfactory as the other form of presentation.

That the play, whether spoken or pictured, should have scored so great a success is evidence of an awakened public conscience in regard to matters which it has too often been considered indelicate and improper to discuss, and to create this awakening was the main purpose of Eugene Brieux.

"American toy making establishments have doubled in number and output since America went into the war," said Mr. Fletcher D. Dodge of New York, secretary of the Toy Manufacturers of the United States of America, Inc. "and as a consequence the United States is independent of the rest of the world in supplying toys for its boys and girls." "American toys for American boys and girls." Hi-hi! Likewise Hip, Hip, Hooray! The country is indeed, safe.

A Boy's Education

Although Christmas in our little village was regarded by far the greater number of the villagers as a papal holiday and the humble Episcopal church was pointed out as "the place where they have green on Christmas and flowers on Easter, even the sternest parents, members in good and regular standing of the Old Church, near the Court House, gave presents to the children on Christmas. Toys were sold by the jeweller, who also dealt in fireworks on the glorious Fourth; also in spectacles which he fitted fearlessly and persuasively throughout the year.

The toy that first pleased us most was a Noah's ark, with Ham, Shem and Japheth and other animals. The three sons of Noah looked as if they were Bavarians, and we were informed by way of instruction and as a means of arousing a fine sympathetic spirit that the ark and its contents with other toys were fashioned in the dead of winter by poor German cottagers who thus earned a scanty living and gave pleasure to good boys and girls in distant lands. The elephant was naturally the chief attraction. We had not then read Charles Reade's denunciation of the elephant's character in "Jack-of-all-Trades," nor

had we learned from Victor Hugo that the wise men of India, writing their sacred books, first of all consulted the elephant and heeded for his advice. We also had a stuffed elephant, but his tail soon came out through much fondling, and his trunk soon wobbled even more than in life.

A pop-gun was also welcomed enthusiastically. Adroitly used it startled callers. There was a Swiss chalet with presumably joyous peasants, but the chalet soon looked as if it had been struck by an avalanche, with a loss of limbs or a fatal injury to the mountain dwellers. Then there was a trotting horse with sulky and jockey, which, wound up by a key, would career, with maddening stops, over a carpet. (There were no hardwood floors, no aesthetic oriental rugs in our little village.) We named the horse Flora Temple, or Geo. M. Patchen, Jr.—or George Wilkes, for we had seen the pictures of these favorites of the turf in the barber shop where we were taken to have our hair cut by a Professor, an ex-pugilist, who had seen the error of his ways and now attended church. He at times indulged too freely in strong waters at the Warner House nearby, and would appear in the meeting-house with a black eye, which he attributed to a sudden faintness, and consequent fall against the barber's chair or a shelf for bay rum and hair tonics.

Later came building blocks. What did we not build? Dwelling houses, churches, stores—while parents fondly prophesied that little Willie would surely be an architect when he grew up. There is a church in the Fenway that resembles those we built in the happy days—ironically so-called—of boyhood.

Christmas books were graded according to our years and intelligence. The first one we remember was a hieroglyphic "Mother Goose." Fortunately there was no one then to tell us that an Englishman, John Bellenden Ker, Esq., a deep thinker, had proved to his own satisfaction that the old nursery rhymes were really Dutch pasquinades, so that "Hic! diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle" stood for "Hye! died t'el, died t'el, De guit end de vied t'el," meaning: "You that work hard for your bread, do contrive among yourselves to shame the common thief and mischief maker." Later we revelled in an account of Alexander Selkirk. The book was small and square with deep blue board covers and rude woodcuts. For this book we now would gladly exchange the complete works of nearly any popular author, even J. G. Holland or E. P. Roe. Another delight was the "Boys Own Book," a thick English volume with a great variety of useful and useless information. We saw a reprint of it with sadly worn woodcuts in a second-hand bookshop not long ago. Jacob Abbott's stories were treasured by us. Irreverent parodies have not disillusioned us as to Rollo, his father, Jonas or Uncle George. The biographies of famous men and women by J. S. C. Abbott were forbidden on account of their inaccuracy. Then came a day when we devoured the books by Capt. Mayne Reid and Ballantyne.

The first magazine for the young that we remember was the Schoolfellow, published by Dix & Edwards in the late fifties. We still see the illustrations to Wordsworth's Lucy Gray, especially the one of the maiden with a lantern. Then came "Our Young Folks"; later "The Riverside Magazine," with a haunting picture by La Farge of a bagpipe player leading wolves along a mysterious road. From Oliver Optic's books we passed easily to Beadle's Dime Novels.

After all, the book of books was an old illustrated quarto Bible. We saw there an exact reproduction of Noah's Ark, with its interior arrangements; also views of Solomon's temple inside and out. (The portrait of the Witch of Endor that kept us from sleep was in a "gift-book," entitled "Women of the Bible"). The pictures of Gustave Dore for the Bible were as nothing in comparison with those in the old quarto. Nor have we forgotten the picture of Giant Despair in "Pilgrim's Progress"; pictures by Meadows for Shakespeare's tragedies in the Verplanck edition taken from Knight's Shakespeare, we have been told, and "The Court of Death," which hung appropriately in the office of our Uncle Safford, the doctor. Looking at these, we snatched a fearful joy. Today the announcements of appearing "masterpieces" and "epoch-making" works do not thrill us, but we would give much to read about Selkirk, Rollo, the adventures in the Franconia stories, for the first time.

The Allotted Span

A London journalist recently called attention to some "wonderful old men." He mentioned Bishop Thicknesse, hard at work at 90; Lord Roe at 86 seen gaily dancing the Lancers at a ball; the clergyman Dr. Caleb Scott, riding his tricycle though he is over 90, and it is sixty-five years since he entered his first pastorate. Lord Rayleigh

St. John Baptist lived for seven years over the span allotted by years in the prayer that is included in the Book of Psalm. There are some men who hold that the longevity of man should be five times the period of development. If a man matures at 18 to 20 he should therefore live to about 90.

It would be easy to draw up a list of famous men that have smiled at the limit set by Moses from Cardinal Gibbons to Clemenceau; from President Eliot to Prof. E. S. Morse. The World Almanac publishes yearly a list of "famous old people of the year." The question is asked in a footnote: "At what age does one become old? Five centuries ago a man was old at 50." To spare the susceptibilities of many, the editor of the Almanac puts a separating dash after age 65. Below this dash men from 60 to 64 years are named.

There is a tiresome saw, "A man is as old as his arteries." For a time there was much talk about arteriosclerosis, as there was before that about anaemia. There were appalling terms for "old age"—cachexy, marasmus, terms for symptoms. Diets were recommended to those who wished to live long, diets that were often contradictory. They changed each year. Then came Metchnikoff with his ferment; unfortunately, and to the dismay of his disciples, in spite of his theories and practice he did not become a centenarian. On the other hand M. Clemenceau attributes his amazing force to his habit of taking a daily air bath, a habit of many years.

Some years ago Mr. William Roscoe Thayer in a magazine article published statistics showing that the "intellectual" live as a rule thirty years longer than the common run of mankind; that men of action are also thus favored by nature. Thus celebrated European warriors live as long as the historians that celebrate their deeds. The statistics, and Mr. Thayer's comments, led M. Octave Uzanne to say that those who passionately and ecstatically pursue an ideal survive the lazy, the bored, dreamers, all that are mummified by prolonged inaction. "Everyone should have the heaven of action, curiosity, or love. A life that is feverish, vehement, made of faith with the sacred fire of a belief, desire for conquest, moral ambitions, can alone widen its own horizon."

The great thing is to be fully occupied so that the passing of the years is unnoticed. There is also temperance, and not merely as the word is understood by rigid prohibitionists. It was a Frenchman that said: "The best cooks are the worst poisoners." A life fully occupied, without time for self-examination or morbid introspection; but no one should attempt to work against a clock in the hope of outstripping it.

Are soap-stone stoves now purchasable? They were common in the western part of this commonwealth 50 or 60 years ago. They were fed with wood and gave out a pleasant heat, especially in a sick-chamber. It was the period of "Mansard roofs" for banks and other public buildings, for pretentious dwelling-houses—there are still some well-preserved specimens in Lynn and Newport; the period when the rich man of the town, cultivating a literary taste, indulged freely in half-calf bindings, but insisted that the American Encyclopedia should be bound in full Russia leather—he would hold a volume to his nose before he showed it to a visitor.

By the way, a London bookseller says that it is the fashion now to buy books in sets; sets of "standard authors," the classics in calf, or "the books without which a gentleman's library is not complete." He told a reporter that those who now buy their literature in bulk are not unlike "the Chicago millionaire who took his guests into his library chock-a-block with sumptuous volumes bound in calf, and waving his hand airily round the apartment observed proudly, 'nice, aren't they? And I killed all those calves myself.'"

The dancer was wearing at the time of her disappearance a lavalliere valued at \$10,000. She was dressed in a black silk skirt, a blood-red Russian blouse, tan silk stockings, tan pumps and a tan-covered automobile coat.—N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

Yet she went along in streets of New York unobserved and vanished without exciting remark.

To the Charitable

As the World Wags:

What are we coming to? I saw my neighbor of buying a chunk of pork at what is to me a prohibitive price, and I know that he does not earn over three or four dollars a day. I chaffed him with an envious heart. His only answer was: "I must have my beans." But how is it with us who are prudently saving for old age that is not far off? Shall I come to the diet of old Tiney, whose epitaph was written by Cowper? His diet was of wheat bread, And milk, and oats, and straw; Thistles, or lettuce instead, With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled, On pipkin's russet peel, And where his juicy salads failed, Sliced carrot pleased him well.

But I cannot endure carrots unless they are little ones cooked with cream. I am tired of cans and paper bags. Shall I not eat again a porter-house steak before I die? What has become of that benevolent society in Boston founded for the purpose of providing the destitute working girl with a bird and a bottle? Now that "bottles" are only in the cellars or the caches of the rich, perhaps this society will consider the pressing needs of the deserving clerk and book-keeper. ALONZO HATCH. Somerville.

Back to the Wilds

As the World Wags:

Every great war has been followed by a burst of eroticism, and as ours has been the greatest war, we must be prepared for "shocking shockers" in dress, as a heading in the Herald of July 24 puts it. In connection with this, the Anne Rittenhouse series is interesting, she seeming to be an unintentional philosopher "of sorts." Thus (Boston Herald, July 16): "The milliners invented this peculiar method of treating an ostrich flue in order to allure the public . . . and now we are asked to accept the same thing as a trimming for our evening gowns . . . What are we trying to do? Get back to the jungle. Has man's outbreak toward the primitive ways caused woman to go back to the primitive in appearance, if not in actuality? Think of dressing in birds and feathers, and very little else." She is undoubtedly unaware of the "fetichism" of birds and feathers, like that of furs commented upon heretofore.

So in today's (July 25), under heading: "It doesn't take much but ingenuity to fashion an evening blouse," she noted that the mountings are on "flesh colored rather than white chiffon. The effect is of greater transparency; like the stockings of the smartly dressed . . . these stockings are really just as startling as no stockings at all, for their flesh colored fabric over the skin is always utterly transparent in effect." She was describing and illustrating. "The calyx of a lily might have suggested the scheme hit upon by the maker of the frock sketched." The "symbolism" of this lily calyx was the more striking since, within a few minutes before, I had filed away my note of "Le Lotus et la Naissance des Dieux en Egypte" (M. A. Moret, Journal Asiatique, 1917, II, S. W. 499-513).

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Mock Mayonnaise

As the World Wags:

Miss Farmer authorizes the substitution of potato for eggs in mayonnaise—"Boston Cook Book," page 27. Is it possible somebody blundered in advising potato as a substitute for olive oil? Anyway, potato for eggs and "Wesson" for olives ought to put mayonnaise within the reach of persons of moderate means. M. A. A.

South Lincoln.

Prime Circumstances

Now that you have reached the age of meditation and reminiscence, what seven events stand out boldly in your life?

Mr. J. T. Smith, the pupil and biographer of Noëlkens, reported these: I received a kiss when a boy from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson.

Was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson. Have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles. Partook of a pint of porter with an elephant.

Saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news arrived of Lord Nelson's death.

Three times conversed with George the III. And was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

It is a singular fact that those writing about Herman Melville whose centenary is now celebrated have nothing to say about two of his books that are to be ranked with "Typee" and "Moby Dick." Some have dwelt on the "unintelligibility" of "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man," which, to say the least, are queer, reminding one at times of a transcendentalist's ravings. Due praise has been awarded "Typee," "Omoo," "White Jacket," "Moby Dick"—although we regret to say "White Jacket" is recommended by one or two chiefly because it is said to have been potent in the abolishment of flogging in the navy. "Redburn" has been hardly mentioned. It is in this strange story of sea and land life that an English aristocrat is shown as having a coronet on his bootheel.

"The Piazza Tales" and "Israel Potter" have passed unnoticed, yet these books alone would give Melville a high and honorable position in American, yes, English literature.

"The Piazza Tales," or nearly all of them as they appeared in book form in 1856, had been published in Putnam's Magazine, that monument to the fine editorial taste and accuracy of George William Curtis. They are "The Piazza," a delightful sketch of life in a Berkshire farmhouse, with the pathetic story of Marianna high up on a mountain; "Bartleby," the story of a New York scrivener, whose stubborn melancholy and sad ending may have been due to his former clerkship in the Dead Letter Office; the mysterious story, "Benito Cereno," relating the extraordinary adventure of Capt. Amasa Delano of Duxbury in the harbor of St. Maria, off the coast of Chili, after the San Dominick drew alongside with Don Benito watched by the Negro Babo; "The Lightning Rod Man," as extravagant in language as a page from Melville's "Pierre"; "The Encantadas," a long and romantic description of the Gallapagos islands, and their history; finally, "The Bell Tower," which, often reprinted in collections of short stories, still ranks among the best.

"Israel Potter" was first published in serial form in Putnam's. Melville said it was founded on a chap-book he picked up; that Potter, who spent 50 years in bondage from the time of the revolutionary war, was a New Englander. The story is an engrossing one, with remarkable pen portraits of historical characters. What could be more vivid than the scenes between Benjamin Franklin, John Paul Jones and Israel in Paris; the talk between Israel, a gardener, in England, and George III? Then there is the description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, equalled only by Walt Whitman's description of the same heroic fight in his "Leaves of Grass." Nor should the dismal picture of Israel in an English brickyard, his old age in London, his return to Boston, dazed by a Fourth of July celebration, lonely, forgotten, homeless, be forgotten.

There was a time when the characters of Melville's early books were as familiar to boys and men as playmates in yard sheep or the co-mates in the shop and office. Tommo, Toby, the beautiful Fayaway, Kory-Kory, Mehevi, Marnoo, Dr. Long Ghost, the mate of the Little Jule, Queen Pomarc, Mad Capt. Ahab pursuing the white whale with Starbuck, Stubb, Flask and Queenque, the harpooner of all harpooners—these were as well known as Natty Bumppo, Birch and the other men of Cooper.

Is it true that in his later books—the very names of them are forgotten even by omniverous readers—Melville was too greatly influenced by Hawthorne? In "Mardi," that fantastical tale of South Sea life, we find the influence of Rabelais. How Melville became imbued with the mysticism that crops out even in "Moby Dick," the one great prose epic of the sea, has never been explained. There is no life of him, to our knowledge. The biographical sketches are inadequate. We are told in them that he married the daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, to whom he dedicated "Typee"; but why did Melville suddenly become lonelier in New York city than he was on any island in the Pacific? What mental transformation led him to unite "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man"? In his last years, holding a position in the Custom House, he published his poems, which found few readers. He was apparently enamored of obscurity. We do not recall any portrait of him.

Perhaps in his last years he saw only the vale of Typee and the Marquesan

girls dancing voluptuously, or sporting in the waves. Perhaps again he heard Capt. Ahab cursing the great white whale, went down with the Pequod; was rescued by the devious-cruising Rachel.

Yet Melville had a practical brother, Allan, a New Yorker, who fought valiantly for the wronged when the state of Minnesota wished to repudiate its bonds.

Messrs. Fitzgerald and Jones

Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, whose contributions to the Herald are always welcome, is now living in Orleans, writing for the Yarmouth Register. In the issue of the 20th we find this paragraph:

"It is gratifying to find that Cape Cod is getting some attention from the daily papers. Last Monday's Boston Herald had two fine articles on farming conditions in this section. The one by that clever writer, William Preble Jones, is of exceptional interest and it deserves the careful attention of those apt to decry the efforts of men who are striving to impress the public with the agricultural possibilities of the Cape. The idea is prevalent that we inhabit a sand-bank, barren and incapable of cultivation. Mr. Jones exposes the absurdity of this idea. Read his summing up of the situation and get rid of that 'all-gone' feeling about Barnstable county farming."

Aug. 2 '94

It seems that Boston now abounds in young women who have "perfect" feet, hands and arms. Their faces and their perfections named are pictured in newspapers.

In July, 1912, Mrs. Nat Houston, wife of Mr. Houston, a banker, rancher and incidentally a nephew of old Sam Houston, so the story goes, was honored by the chiropodists' convention, for her foot was then declared by these experts, sitting in solemn judgment, to be perfect in all respects. Mrs. Houston consented to have this ideal foot photographed for the newspapers.

Strange to say, Mr. Houston was not delighted when he heard of the honor thus paid his wife. He telegraphed her from Omaha as follows:

"Friend Wife: Congratulations on showing your best foot forward. Nothing like notoriety, no matter how cheap."

Mrs. Houston, whose sense of humor was not so finely developed as her feet, filed a suit for divorce in the Chicago court. Was the action brought for "cruel and inhuman" treatment; i. e., non-appreciation?

Every year, if not every six months, some professor at a college discovers a "perfect" woman or man. Pictures of these perfect beings with a table of measurements are then given to the newspapers. What becomes of all this perfection? Where, for instance, is Miss Elsie Sheel, who in December, 1913, was pronounced by Dr. Esther S. Parker of Sage College "a perfect woman," being nearer "the proportions of the Venus of Milo than any woman at Cornell since Dr. Parker was connected with the staff." Was she gobbled up immediately after graduation by some wealthy aesthete or collector of curios? Has she kept in shape? Is she obliged to diet?

Hospitable Scots

As the World Wags:

The man who is forever harking back to the good old times is justly regarded as sinking into his dotage; and yet it seems now and again in these latter days as if our forefathers enjoyed many compensations for their ignorance of open plumbing and the telephone. The question for the day bearing upon the foregoing observation is taken from Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott. About the time of his admission to the bar Scott, with a few cronies, made a vacation trip into the wild highlands, where they lodged wherever night found them, at some hospitable manse or farmhouse.

"On reaching one evening some Charleshope or other among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual, but to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fashion of Burns's Saturday night; and some progress had already been made in the service, when the Goodman of the farm, whose 'tendency was saporitic,' scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes with a stentorian exclamation of 'By — here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsman, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had dispatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of 'run' brandy from the Solway Firth. The pious exercise of the household was hopelessly inter-

Heaven defend us! what will literature be like in 1919, if things keep on as they are going now? But let us take heart. There have been sad times like these in the centuries gone by, but they have never lasted very long. W. E. K. Boston.

In 1715, according to the records of a Scottish parish in the Lowlands, the oriel gathered from far and near for the yearly communion. Good churchmen from other parishes were entitled to a ticket or token to share in the ceremonies. "The usual custom," says a minister and historian, "was to have a tent pitched in the churchyard." Ale, whiskey, other drinks and eatables were sold there. When the liquor in the churchyard had all been consumed, the worshippers went to the village ale-house, where the holy day "too often terminated in boisterous scenes." This was in 1715. It is a pity that Buckle did not make a note of this. It would have colored somewhat the gloom inspired by his dismal picture of life in Scotland during the 17th century. "Then, truly, did darkness sit on the land. Men, in their daily actions and in their very looks became troubled, melancholy and averse." Their countenance soured and was downcast. Not only their opinions, but their gait, their demeanor, their voice, their general aspect, were influenced by that deadly blight which nipped all that was genial and warm."—(1715)

His Barometric Stick

As the World Wages:

In your column today you mention stories that foretold weather. I am inclined to draw attention to my favorite walking-stick.

This old friend—really much older than I—is constantly with me, and I'm very dependent upon its support. As it has more personality than most sticks I've named it "The Crutch," and it answers to its name.

"The Crutch" will always be found in a condition of nervous perspiration about eight hours before rain. The several shades lighter in color and wood is darkened than usual at that time and heavier. Perhaps the increase in weight is due to a natural reluctance to go out in a storm. After rain the stick is several shades lighter in color and shows its normal finish—the texture of the so-called "English art finish," which you may see in any furniture store.

I know where there is another stick like it in appearance which may be had for the price. Whether it has the virtues of personality which distinguish "The Crutch" I cannot say, but it could undoubtedly be coddled into some expression of its reactions to weather or mood.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Saturday, July 24.
There is a widespread belief that weather will change with the new moon; that if there is a rainy spell it will then stop; or some say that if the change is on Saturday the bad weather will continue.

A Saturday's moon.
If it comes once in seven years,
It comes too soon.

We ought to say that Prof. Gregory is a kill joy. He does not even believe that the full moon casts up clouds. "The only definite association that can be regarded as established between changes of the moon and weather relate to the occurrence of thunder storms, and it is noteworthy that this is overlooked completely in proverbial philosophy." Thunder storms are found to be slightly more frequent near new moon and the first quarter than near full moon and the last quarter.

Aug 3 1919

"Numbers and Other One-Act Plays" by Grover Thais are published in a volume of 114 pages by Nicholas L. Brown. The first of these plays, "Numbers," is the one best suited to the stage, for a small theatre with an audience that is not easily disturbed by the "physiolog"—to use the major's word—of the war. The scene between the Lieutenant, who declaims against war, when he is alone with Marie, and behaves in a most unexpected, extraordinary manner, attributable to trench-madness, might have been written by a member of the younger Russian school. "Between Fires" is a folk-drama of an island off the Sicilian coast. Maria, the heroine, is described as simious and fiery. Two men are in love with her, Luigi, a pursued suitor, and Guido. In a struggle between the men she throws a net over Guido's head, and, with Luigi, runs for the ship that is sailing for America.

In "The Crack in the Wall" a young man and an old man sitting on a bench in a London park talk about life. The young man is a bright of jumping up to the balcony. After listening to the old man's story, he is like the

There is a little tale told of a New York professor of literature and folklore. His nephew, Ernest, enters the professor's bedroom at 2 A. M. dressed in a fantastic costume. With him is Elsie, a light skirt, dressed as a dumpling. Ernest has been reading in his uncle's book on medieval folk-lore about Till Eulenspiegel. He proceeds to play pranks, spout nonsense. He takes his uncle with innocence, with inflexible routine. Elsie, sleepy, clings to the professor, when Aunt Rachel's door is heard to slam. The curtain falls on Elsie in a chair and Ernest calling loudly for his aunt.

"Like a Book" abounds in chatter that might be heard in a Greenwich Village restaurant from young men and women believing themselves to be "real Bohemians." The chief question is whether Edgar Moreau, the author of "Good and Evil," known to them all, is brought into a studio by the wife of an artist. She accuses him of trying to pick her up. She allowed him to follow her, so as to teach him a lesson. Moreau is then tried, as in court, by the crowd. More chatter. He is declared innocent.

"Fay—Just what I said about this Moreau man. He thinks he's smart and puts the blame on the women, just like you fellows do."
"Link—But, Moreau seems to have some knowledge of women after all. You know what Nora just said about her meeting with Davis (her husband)—not to mention the incident where instead of books imitating life, Nora . . . if it isn't realism, it's uncanny insight."
"Fay—Uncanny insight, hosh! Anyhow, I don't care. That's all beside the point. After all, you are only men, and Moreau is only a man."

"The defendant—Thank you, madam, I fear Moreau is very much a man—I am Moreau."

(Consternation among the women, as the men file out, led by Moreau.)
The publisher assures us that in "Like a Book" there are "notable characterizations of a more sophisticated group of persons belonging to the artistic and literary circles of New York," and "it is not unlikely that dwellers in the vicinity of lower Fifth avenue and Morningside Heights will recognize themselves."

Mr. William Seymour Writes About Old Theatre Rules and Practices
To the Editor of the Herald:
In admiration of your excellent article in today's Herald on "Stage Profanity," and grateful for your generous advocacy of the methods of the Boston Museum, which "though lost to sight, is still to memory dear," I desire to add a few words in defence of other old-time, or "palmy day," theatres, all of which (at least those of 50 and more years ago) were conducted on the basis of a well disciplined ship or mercantile house, under a set of "Rules and Regulations" which would undoubtedly be laughed to scorn if promulgated today, and which unquestionably would be "more honored in the breach than by observance." From the "Rules and Regulations" of the Bowery Theatre, New York city, of date 1844, under the management of Thomas S. Hamblin, I quote:

"Article 9—Any performer introducing improper jests not in the author, or swearing in the personation of a character when the part does not require it shall forfeit Two Dollars for each offence."
Edwin Forrest's salary as leading man at the Bowery was \$25 per week, and E. L. Davenport's, as leading juvenile, was \$18. So the deduction of \$2, even once, would be keenly felt.
From the National Theatre, Boston, 1847:

"Article 7—A performer introducing improper jests not in the author or swearing in his part shall forfeit a night's salary."
(More comprehensive and severe.)
From Wallack's Theatre, New York, 1869:

"Article 6—A performer introducing his own language or improper jests not in the author, or swearing in his part shall forfeit \$1."
From Daly's Theatre, New York, 1869:

"Article 3—No person shall introduce improper jests or his own language or oaths not in his part under the forfeit of \$1 for any such offence."
(As salaries increased the penalty grew less.)

Mr. Daly's censorship was not confined to the stage alone, as will be observed by the following:

"Article 12—No intoxicating liquors shall be brought into the theatre, nor shall cigars or tobacco in any form be used on the stage, in the green room, dressing rooms or behind the scenes, or improper language be used in the theatre, under penalty of forfeiture of \$5 or dismissal by the manager."

From the Boston Museum, 1870:

"Article 22—No performer is to introduce profane language or improper jest or restore what has been cut out by the stage manager. Non-observance of the above regulations, framed for the good and benefit of all, shall be considered as cancelling all engagements of and with the Boston Museum."

From the Madison Square Theatre, New York, 1880:

"Section 6. No actor or actress shall use language, or conversation, or behavior that would not be tolerated in polite society, will be permitted in the green room, or dressing rooms, under penalty of a forfeit of \$1 for each offence."

Herewith the stage itself was exempted from restriction, and the "polite society" was to be the criterion for the actors' behavior, a new era dawned for the "modern" drama and its exponents, which has extended "along the path of time," unto the "films" today, where, in lieu of the spoken oath, it appears in the lettered captions of the picture.

There are no rule and regulations now existing to govern the performances on the stage, but we have the "Managers' Protection Union," the Actors' Equity Association, the "Theatrical Mechanics' Society," and the "Affiliated Labor Bureau," that control the "vagabonds" and the "working boys" of the "actors," similar to other "laboring classes." In none of the "trades and professions" quoted above is there any restriction on the number of performers to be given weekly, nor the number of weeks to be allowed for rehearsals, nor any mention of "pay for overtime." In those "stock" days the actors' time was his manager's, and he was glad, and proud, to act as often as he could; and to offset this, the manager was content with six nights and a matinee, or two, as constituting the week; rehearsals were called one week only before the season opened; and a rehearsal or performance on Sunday (except in the South and Far West) was a rarity, the manager enjoying his "Sunday at home" as much as his performers did.

"I write thus much to advocate the justice of my plea."
WM. SEYMOUR.
South Duxbury, Mass., July 22, 1919.

New Comedies and Farces in London; Other Stage Notes
"Tilly of Bloomsbury," by Ian Hay, adapted from his novel, "Happy-Go-Lucky" (the Apollo, London, July 10). "This is rather a romp than a play. Fun is its aim, no matter how obvious, so long as it is hearty. In the country there is the old fun of the comically nervous curate; in town there is the ancient fun of a butler as Goldsmith's of the man-in-possession masquerading as butler. There is the familiar fun of h-less vulgarity and of the henpecked husband. There is the fun of a modernized Micawber. There is the fun of comic fodder in Bloomsbury, which for theatrical purposes is a traditionally funny neighborhood. There is fun about plumbers. Indeed, all the old stock stage jokes are pressed into the game, and the old stock sentiment, too; the false pride of the high-born and the kind hearts of the lowly that are more than coronets. It is all very Victorian, as Victorian as the furniture of the Bloomsbury lodging house. But it is played with good humor and gusto, and one scene, the Bloomsbury tea-party, is a really amusing romp. Mr. Bouchier is a droll figure as the broker's man turned butler; Mr. Aynesworth makes something of the modern Micawber, and Miss Mary Glynn and Mr. Geoffrey Kerr are a pleasant pair of sweethearts."—The Times.

"Nobody's Boy," by John P. Wilson, music by Edward A. Horan (Garrick, London, July 9). The farce is adapted from "The Foundling," by W. Lestock and E. M. Robson. The Daily Telegraph said that the humor was neither fresh nor exhilarating; old, familiar figures and situations of stereotyped farce. "Still there was no dearth of laughter. Even in this connection one is prompted more than once to ask one's self whether it is really worth while to resuscitate an old farce for the purposes of musical comedy unless a composer is found who, even without aiming at any originality, can permeate us that his tunes are jolly enough in their simple kind to justify the process of adaptation. . . . The humors of the piece are hardly helped to any appreciable extent by the music with which it has been equipped."

Toistol's "The Man Who Was Dead" will be known in London this fall as "Reparation."

Connie Ediss, after a sojourn of five years in this country, returns to England to play with Cyril Maude in "Lord Richard in the Pantry." She will take the part of a cook.

William Hurlbut's "Trimmed in Scarlet" has been produced at the Globe Theatre, London, with Violet Vanbrugh as Cordella, who, in the portrayal of rapid succession of emotions, "more than maintained her reputation as one of our leading actresses."

The death of George Primrose reminds us that a form of entertainment which a few of us with memories recall with mixed feelings—pleasure and regret—is passing out. There are still minstrel shows, to be sure, but they are minstrel shows do luxe. They are redolent with a culture that doesn't seem to belong. We have even been told that the blackface comedian of today uses a special make-up instead of burnt cork. Primrose himself became "gorgeous" in his latter years, and it may be said in passing, that he was not as popular then as he was at an earlier date, when, at end man, he had fun with the interlocutor. To an old-timer there is

something about the old-time minstrel show, and something inconsistent in the Boston recent some of them affect. The old-time Negro minstrel was true to his antetype, and in any other character he seemed strikingly out of place.—New York Morning Telegraph.

The fee of four guineas asked recently for an hour's performance of Punch and Judy is not a sign of the popularity of that entertainment, but an indication of its decline. For the best part of a generation Punch and Judy suffered an eclipse, and the "artist" went out of the business. It was a profession usually handed on from father to son; we know one performer who represents the third generation. It has its own traditions, its own method. The dialogue is not learned from a book, but taught by the spoken word. The manipulation of the puppets is difficult, and that also must be according to tradition. We were assured by an entertainment agent not long ago that the expert Punch and Judy men could be counted on the fingers of one hand.—London Daily Chronicle.

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson is treading on dangerous ground in advocating the pronunciation of the "h" in "which," "when," etc. This sound is common in northern English and in Scotland, but, says Prof. Rippmann, regarding the pronunciation of the "h" in "which," "it is very doubtful whether this sound has a right to be regarded as a normal sound in standard English. It is taught by professors of elocution, and is therefore commonly heard at recitals and also at amateur theatricals. On the regular stage it is by no means the rule, and in the pulpit it is probably the exception."—London Daily Chronicle.

The Daily Telegraph reviewing Mrs. Clement Scott's "Old Days in Bohemian London," a book of which the Herald has already spoken, recalled a scathing notice of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Scott wrote for the Illustrated London News, expressing his detestation of, to quote his biographical words, "its unloveliness, its want of faith, its hopeless, despairing cruelty, its worship of the ugly in art, and its grim and repulsive reality." The reviewer adds: "In the expression of these views he stood almost alone, however, and the long run of the piece also showed that the public shared them to no very large extent." The reviewer then sums up the career of this "militant spirit," and his estimate is peculiarly interesting because Scott was for a long time associated with the Daily Telegraph. "In the heyday of his career Clement Scott was undoubtedly 'enfant gate' of the theatrical world. Nor did his fate vary greatly from that common to most spoiled children. At one moment he would be lauded to the skies, at another immersion in boiling oil was considered too good for him. No writer, holding a similar position, has ever exercised greater power, particularly among actors and actresses. Certain it is that as a judge of acting he had not an equal in his time. This was generally recognized, and, as a matter of course, brought him as many enemies as friends. 'Lovers' quarrels were tame affairs compared to the fierce encounters of which many examples are set down in Mrs. Scott's book. Ready as he always was to take up the cudgels, whether the result was victory or defeat, he suffered even more acutely than his opponents. Of an extraordinarily sensitive disposition, he winced under the merest pinprick. But no lover was ever more

jealous of his mistress' good name than he was of the welfare of dramatic art. In these days the relations between manager and critic were of a more intimate character than they are today. The circumstance had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It inevitably introduced a certain measure of personal feeling which in many instances led to unfortunate differences of opinion. After all, managers, actors, and critics are, like cabinet ministers, human, very human."

The statement is seriously given out by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that "they have music and the drama in Heaven." In my early youth I frequently heard veteran actors make use of an expression that often puzzled me: "My boy! the way I got off that speech would have won a round of applause in Heaven." Now I am delighted to know the meaning of it on such excellent authority.—The Stage.

Children at Woolwich played in selections from "A Winter's Tale," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest" and "King Lear," plays they had already seen performed by Ben Greet's company. The selection of "King Lear" was thought unwise. "Though the Lear in his teens did well enough, he was handicapped both by youth and the signs of age. Kent, too, in spite of a heavy black moustache, remained a small boy and the real honors rested with Cordelia, who, acting, especially when she was not speaking, showed both insight and power. In the other plays beads were unnecessary, and the girl Prospera was rather wantonly defied by a black imperial. No daintier Ariel ever skipped

Here, from the record of an American girl in the London of 1919, is a curious comment on contemporary manners. "What has struck me this year," she said—she had been in London before—"was the" bad manners of the men. I bore it without complaint as long as possible, but I sure did break out the other night when I was getting into a lift at my hotel and a man pushed me aside and got in first. I didn't say anything, I just took a hold of his coattails, pulled him back and got in.

Who was this American girl that said "I sure did" and preferred "lift" to "elevator"? Was she merely in the mind of an ingenious journalist cudgeling his brains to fill a column?

As the World Wags:

In 1853-54 I attended primary school at the corner of South Cedar (now Winchester) and Church streets. I remember a story in our reading book, relating the experiences of a poor little Dublin boy, who, living a life of vigorous rectitude, acquired, as is invariably the case, enormous affluence. The writer of the tale urged all children to follow the example of "this poor little Irish boy." Miss T—, our teacher, added this encouraging word: "It doesn't make any difference if you are Irish, if you are very good." How would that go down nowadays?

PHIL O'CELT.
Boston.

Mr Arnold's article about the lack of good bookshops in the large towns of this country published in the Atlantic led the New York Evening Post to recall the fact that Knud Hamsun, the novelist, visiting the United States in the early eighties was greatly depressed when he discovered this lack. Possibly Hamsun was grieved because he did not find translations of his gloomy novels on sale, as foreign composers of music visiting our great public libraries are inclined to estimate their worth by the number of their own compositions catalogued in the music section of each library.

There is no denying the fact that there are very few well-stocked bookshops in this country. For some years Chicago has boasted of one, and the reputation of this shop has been deservedly great. The "books of the month" the "quick sellers" and "the best sellers" are displayed in our shops. It is usually easy to obtain the works of "standard New England authors," but the general stock is limited. Not many years ago, a man went into a leading bookshop in Boston and asked for some volumes of De Quincey. The clerk, by no means ignorant, smiled compassionately, and said: "De Quincey? He's not read today, in fact our best people do not read him." To obtain the desired volumes the man was obliged to send to London. They were not obtainable even in New York. "We can probably get it for you," is the answer to many not seeking a book that is rare, out of print, or comparatively unknown.

The answer is that the average bookseller does not dare to hold a large general stock, for he is not sure of general readers. The question then comes up, whether the habit of general reading is passing away; whether public or quasi-public libraries supply the need of those who are not satisfied with merely the books of the day. The present high price of books may deter some from purchasing the more serious contemporaneous publications, but there should be no advance on books published a dozen, twenty, thirty years ago. Yet at the foreign book-shops there is not only the higher price for the volumes that sold at three francs fifty before the war, the higher price demanded not without reason by the Parisian publishers, but the sellers demand the same increase on books published long before the war.

It is possible that the average

Reader is now a man of newspapers and magazines, especially the illustrated ones. A review of a serious book enables him to talk glibly if the subject is brought up. Perhaps prohibition will revive an interest in reading. Heretofore the libraries in our clubs were in sound condition, because the volumes were seldom taken from the shelves.

It is my belief that the unchangeable cap was of benefit to country women. It spared them ridicule for looking like parrots in a state of delirium. Uniformity becomes best for the common run of men and women, for personal taste is as rare as beauty. A peasant in the costume of her country never excites laughter. Give her 200 francs to dress herself in the Parisian fashion and she is, indeed, a caricature.

As the World Wags:

With pleasure I read in the Herald of July 31 the communication headed "Back to the Wilds." I am glad to learn that there are other males beside myself who delight in regalling themselves with tidbits from Miss Tittenhouse's column of fashion fads. The author of the letter in question appears to look upon the present revolution, evolution, reversion, or what you will in matters of feminine adornment, from more or less of a scientific point of view. Certainly his dry sarcasm would lead one to infer that he, at least, is in no danger of being contaminated by a circumspect investigation of the motives behind the female habiliments of the day. And yet, underneath the recondite and somewhat scathing allusions of this scholarly epistle it seemed to me that there was a tone of alarm. Against such a note of ravished morality I protest.

I hold it to brief for the designers of evening gowns. I play no margins on stock in hosiery or decollete-razor companies. On the other hand I cannot fail to recognize the fact that the unguarded display of Nature's gifts by her crowning creation unduly stimulates certain proclivities of man and maid. While I cannot wholly agree, therefore, with those creators of feminine apparel who persist in leaving little or nothing to the male imagination, I find myself unalterably at variance with the paragons of prudery that find subject for scandal in the shoulders of a Chestnut street debutante or the thighs of a South Boston mermaid.

I believe that clothes should serve the double purpose of protection and adornment. I see no reason why any fair woman should not exercise her own taste in matters of dress, provided that what she chooses is consistent with her own health and the aesthetic safety of the public about her.

And that, of course, brings us to the crux of the whole situation. The public needs re-educating. In this respect much has been accomplished in the last few decades, but it is safe to assume that the job is yet far from completed. When we reflect that our parents found "Quo Vadis" highly immoral, and that our older sister was severely reprimanded for keeping "Trilby" under her pillow, we come to a partial realization of what absurdities we have been spared. That last year's production of "Salome" failed from the standpoint of the box office is a painful truth, but it proves that the few who saw the play went for sheer enjoyment and not to be shocked. That most beaches now permit women bathers to swim and disport themselves in suits not one whit less modest than those worn by men is a matter for congratulation.

Yes, we are progressing! And when, on the one hand, "Limehouse Nights" and Maupassant and Boccaccio are no longer barred from the public shelves in our libraries, and when, on the other, such crudities as the lingerie chorus that is not beautifully as well as diabolically clad, and the bed-room farce that lacks humor and exhibits bad taste are pruned away, then we may say we are well on the road to a popular appreciation of aesthetics and a proper renunciation of the present belief that unto the pure all things are impure. Meanwhile, for the better educating of the public, I would have every thinking man compelled to read the King James Version, "Mademoiselle de Maupin," Lecky's history of European morals, and "Tom Jones."

Yours for clarity, sanity and the
 merry recognition of beauty in
 " . . . Oread, Dryad, or Naiad, or
 just

Woman, clad only in youth and in gallant perfection."

As the World Wags:

Let me call your sorrowful attention to the following statement in "The Sober World," by Mr. Randolph W. Smith:

"At the beginning of the present century the population of Washington was

"a trade over 150,000, two-thirds of whom were Negroes. In a German city of similar population there are rarely more than two or three breweries, which suffice to serve the entire population. In Washington there were four large local breweries, with another great plant just across the river at Alexandria, Va. Baltimore, with a half-dozen more cities, poured a constant stream of beer into the national capital, and nearly every big western brewery and several eastern ones had their own bottling and refrigerating plants located there. The whole city was dotted with beer gardens."

"A constant stream of beer." O, how dry I am! Do not read any book showing the curse of beer and the inestimable blessings of prohibition. Instead of converting anyone that has for years looked lovingly on malt liquors, it will give him an intolerable thirst.

Boston. EUGENE GOLIGHTLY, Jr.

Boston. EUGENE GOLIGHTLY, Jr.

"Letters intended for Czechoslovakia should not be addressed 'Bohemia.' "

Yes, Bohemia is still on the map of Europe and the land known to poets and novelists still exists, the Bohemia of Shakespeare with a sea port; the Bohemia described by Thackeray, Murger, O'Reilly, George Arnold; the Bohemia for which Puccini wrote riotous and tender music. The land that thus inspired these men, the land that gave its name to those strange wanderers from the east, the admirable gypsies—this land will never be known as Czechoslovakia.

Although many Americans, including students of English literature in our colleges, may not be aware of the fact, Mr. Robert Bridges is poet laureate of England. Instead of the casks of Canary, the poet's reward in the old days of the laureateship, he is paid £100. For this he is supposed to write verses about royal births, marriages, deaths, and important national events. Mr. Bridges has been silent; the strings of his lyre have been mute. The question has been asked in the House of Commons, whether he is earning his salary. Should he not write a peace ode, or a poem commemorating of Great Britain's heroic part in the war? It has been suggested that if the Canary were sent to him instead of the £100, the wine would inspire him, and fire the now apathetic muse.

A reporter found Mr. Bridges in his rose garden, an appropriate place for a poet. Questioned about his silence and whether the injurious comment rubbed his sensitive soul, Mr. Bridges made this singularly unpoetic answer: "I don't give a damn." It was remarked years ago that poets are an irritable race.

It is doubtful whether casks of canary, deep draughts of Rhenish, or the hot juice of the Tuscan grape, could inspire an heroic ode or elegy of mighty lines worthy of the occasion. In all probability, in spite of his legendary ending, Anacreon wrote his songs in praise of wine when he was plumb sober. The same was undoubtedly true of Omar Khayyam and Hafiz. The old idea that wine or strong drink moved the poet to a fine frenzy is an exploded one. Neither Poe nor Hoffmann wrote wildly fantastical tales with a cup in hand; nor did De Quincey leave his gorgeously rhetorical spell when he was full of laudanum. It is not likely that punchcups of wine,ogsheads of rum, casks of brandy could rouse Mr. Bridges to glorious action, to the singing of an immortal song.

England has not been fortunate
f late in her official poets. Swin-
rne was not chosen, because he
ad radical views and had written
evolutionary verses, also the first
et of "Poems and Ballads" that
hocked Queen Victoria. Robert
Buchanan and other snugly respect-
ble ladies and gentlemen. Mr.
Austin was not taken seriously even
by the serious. Mr. Bridges has
written pretty verses, it is said, but
he is not a "boss poet," to borrow a
happy phrase from Artemus Ward.
No one would reasonably expect
from him the mighty line of Tenny-
son, commemorating as poet laureate
the death of the Iron Duke.

Any poet laureate is obliged to work under forced draught. If he is conscientious, he must look forward with dread to any national event that would compel an invocation of the muse. Mr. Kipling has more than once risen to the occasion; but he is not the official British poet. It should also be borne in mind that he is well paid for his spontaneous outpourings, better paid than Mr. Bridges. Is not the laureateship itself a foolish survival, and the laureate to be classed with the herald, the beefeaters and the regulator of coats-of-arms?

Mr. House: That would force me to recall events, and I do not wish to remember them.

Mr. Street: Don't you like to remember your childhood, your youth, your first Springs and first sweethearts?

Mr. House. Mr. No. There's a sort of cowardice in remembrances. I ought to derive my selfish happiness from the present. When I shall have only the past, I think I shall be very unhappy, for the past or future, there is always the same chimera, the same phantom. As soon as one thinks about the present, it is the past; but there is a recent past, and the past is the recent past; the past that can return, and the past that cannot. The past that can return is still the present.

As the World Wags

Skimming "Mr. Booth Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons"—why is it that the Demon of Perversity leads me when I think of that author to spell his name "Tark Boothington"—I never knew whether "Seaton" comes before or after "Thompson"—skimming this agreeable novel, I say, I was particularly pleased by the description in Flemish detail of the Mid-Western town where the Ambersons lived. The date of the Ambersons' prosperity is not given, but I was struck by the songs sung beneath the window of a girl by serenaders: "You! Remember Me," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Soldiers' Farewell." Later music from "Olivette," "The Mascot," "Chimes of Normandy," "Girofle-Girofla" and "Fra Diavola" (sic) were heard in the parlors or they rent the night air. "Diavola" must be a misprint. Is it possible that the serenaders did not make night hideous with "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"? Perhaps it was thought to be a too intimate song.

This description brought back scenes in a little town of Connecticut in the Seventies. The faculty of the college did not appreciate my sociological spirit, which, I may say without vanity, was exhibited at an early age. The enforced studies did not engross me; the curriculum was narrow and distasteful; but in the course of my sociological investigations, observing the effects of small liquors on the human body and mind, I spent happy and improving hours at Moriarty's, Gus Traeger's, Max Theilheimer's, and other informal clubhouses, not ignoring life and manners at Card's billiard room, Austin Allen's and the resort kept by the brothers Hill. The faculty, thinking that I had exhausted the material in the city, sent me to a small town not far away to take notes for some months on a different, quieter, yet interesting community.

There was marked social activity in this little town; dancing parties, suppers, buggy-riding. The practice of calling on young ladies had not then died out. The callers were entertained with songs, heard in comparatively cold blood, for the fathers of the girls did not invite the callers to take something from the sideboard in the dining room, a pleasing, cheering custom that was maintained at that time in Albany, N. Y.

The songs I heard were never of a light and frivolous nature. I remember a brunette, a fiery looking creature, who, passionate in song, was singularly morbid and uninteresting in conversation. Her battle song was Balfe's "Si tu Savais" (If thou couldst know how much I love thee"). She would first sing it in French—her French—and then in English, and would sing it looking straight at a young man in a chair, with such fervor that the chandelier shook, the windows rattled, a dog in the yard barked dismally, and the wretch in the chair was most uncomfortable, fearing lest a parent would come in from the back room and inquire as to his intentions.

There were other songs of a decidedly amatory nature. We men listened with

I wept over my lot, violently to do. "Tender and True," "Some Day," "These songs were in a volume bound in leather. The singers knew them all. There were songs of a pathetic nature; of them, "O Fond Dove, O Fair Dove," was especially distressing to a sensitive, sensitive soul.

Although the men of the house seldom went to church, Sunday night was observed by the singing of Gospel Hymns and Sunday School ditties. We gathered near the piano—one happy man leaned over her shoulder, anxious to turn the leaves, if there was occasion. We pulled for the shore, we held the fort, we aided on the armor and marched along, we looked for the lost sheep and disregarded the ninety and nine, we saw the pearly gates wide open and the bright array, we had one sweetly solemn thought—what did we not do, see, hear!

Innocent days and nights! The girls were wholesome, not prudish, but they did not think it necessary to wear their skirts only to the knees or walk the streets with low-cut waists in order to fascinate the male. What has become of them all? Mothers, grandmothers, or voices choked with dust, fervors long chilled. Artemus Ward, lecturing in London, asked plaintively, "Where are the friends of my youth?" and added: "Some are in jail."

Alas, I have forgotten the names of the more torrid and tearful singers. I see only faintly the swarthy and the gospel eyed. For all the wealth of Indies, for all the oil wells of Mexico and Texas, I would not revisit the town. The adventures of Mr. Merriek's Conrad in quest of his youth are alone a sufficient warning. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clampont.

Weather Wisdom

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you noticed the sky the last day of the hot spell. It changed to a cold blue and the cirrus was falling in rain showers and evaporating long before it touched the lower atmosphere. If the cold spell thus inaugurated is strong enough to over-run the trade winds south of us it causes West Indian hurricanes. The cold spell is simply the southerly flow of the cold air in the north, which begins when it has accumulated enough to overflow like a dammed pond.

You may have noticed that though the cold spell began that P. M. and everybody knew it next morning, next morning's government forecast still said: "No change in temperature." Why? Because they "haven't" stations in the upper air. Any old farmer can take a squint aloft and tell you, but the weather bureau hasn't any eyes—only instruments—and they aren't in the upper air. A. D. E. Boston.

Of Soapstone

As the World Wags:

Soapstone stoves were made at Perkinsville and I presume one could still order a stove there, although the industry seems to be more in the set tub line now. We have two stored away lest "we might need them," and I know of one in active service. It has a unique contrivance of weights at the back of the lid, so instead of hurting one's fingers, straining one's back, and perhaps letting the lid slip and come down with a cracking crack, it goes up easily and gracefully. G. W.

A Successful Life

We read not long ago the obituary of a man that lived, in a small city to be nearly 70 years old. He left behind him between a half-million and a million dollars. This money was bequeathed, after certain bequests, to institutions.

Death notices are often interesting reading. We like to learn that the late Thomas Jones belonged to several "exclusive clubs," when we know that one of these clubs has a membership of from 2000 to 3000. We are pleased when we read the pompous eulogy of John Doe or Richard Roe, when to our personal knowledge the two were stupid men, self-centred, without regard for the community, the state, the nation; thinking only of their pocket and their dinner table.

We went to school with the man that lived to be nearly 70 and held honorably positions of trust. He was a hard student, not caring for games or sports. We doubt if he ever went swimming or skating with the boys. We do not remember his sliding down hill, either belly-gut on a spring-runner or on the crowded double-runner. He was not attentive to any girl. Though he attended Sunday School concerts, he was not in line without the chapel, waiting for the girls to run the gauntlet, that he might

point on one and ask to "see" his home. "Buggy-riding" did not tempt him, and not merely because he might not have proved a skillful one-armed driver. Ambition ate him even then, the ambition to rank high in college and to acquire money. He succeeded, but his life must have been rather lonely, in spite of the respect in which he was held.

There was another boy in school, Ezra Graves, who showed the ability to succeed in business. He was a good boy; that is, he did not spin street yarns, he did not shoot buckshot with a sling from a slanting roof at horses, oxen, drivers passing by, or riddle school-house windows; he did not rip pickets off a neighbor's fence, play tic-tac on a window and thus alarm the widow within, or stretch a cord across the sidewalk to the disfigurement of respectable townsfolk at night. He was reasonably studious, but he shone in swapping jack-knives, at marbles, in a way by which he could increase store and better himself. At marriage he invariably skinned his playmate. He would propose to Johnny Sprague; that they should keep rabbits together. They did buy a half-dozen rabbits, and they shared alike in the cost, but Johnny's father told his hired man to make the hutch, Johnny supplied the carrots and other food, cleaned and cared for them until he was tired of doing so, and one fine day, without knowing exactly how or why, little Johnny found that his partner owned the rabbits, had taken them away, and had sold them to the market man. This was only one of Ezra's commercial achievements while he was in the intermediate school. He should certainly be worth anywhere from a million dollars to five millions, or even ten. No. We heard about Ezra last year. He was a clerk in a grocery, undoubtedly a valuable assistant to the thrifty, not to say "near" proprietor; yet Ezra should have prospered more than the ambitious scholar who did not win at games for he had no time to play.

Careless Illustrators

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the editorial, "Novels with Pictures," and Miss (or Mrs.) Elliott's letter. In the last number of Notes and Queries (London) received here, Mr. G. H. White finds fault with Myrbach's illustrations for Daudet's "Jack," illustrations that probably are known to you, for they appear in Flammarion's paper-covered edition and in Ensor's translation into English. "No doubt," writes Mr. White, "they are excellent, but are they correct in their portrayal of the hero in his childhood?" Daudet speaks of Jack's long ringlets; the artist gives him a thick mass of hair, after the fashion of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mr. White asks if little boys in France wore their hair in this fashion in 1858. He points out other discrepancies: in the matter of hair again; in the matter of dress, for Daudet describes Jack in a kilt while the artist on the same page puts him in trousers.

The editorial article and Miss (or Mr.) Elliott justly praise Tenniel's illustrations for Lewis Carroll's famous books. As the writer of your editorial article said, it is impossible to think of Alice except as pictured by Tenniel. Yet at least two artists have had the effrontery to illustrate later editions of the immortal volumes. One of them is an American—I think his name is Peter Newell; the other is Margaret W. Tarrant, who drew pictures and colored them for an edition of "Alice in Wonderland," published in London. Strange to say, some reputable journals in London praised Miss (or Mrs.) Tarrant's work and made no comment on her audacity, or as some would say, irreverence. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

The Professor's Love Stories

We agree with the college professor writing in the Atlantic Monthly who, confessing to the authorship of thrilling love stories to which he was ashamed to sign his name, but by which his income in one year was increased \$84, declares that such labor kept him from perfecting his university work and from advancing in his chosen profession. But what of that other profession, literature? Was it benefited by such endeavors? We doubt it, as we also doubt the value of the professor's wife as a reader of manuscripts, which work, he tells us, she "picked up" and carried on for several years while doing all her own housework and taking care of two inopportune infants as well. If some work requires singleness of purpose and concentration, why not all work? The Idiot Reader of manuscripts in Mr. James J. Ford's "Literary Shop" at least had leisure for her labors. What masterpieces may not the world have lost from the professor's wife being too weary to recognize one when she saw it—between chores?—New York Evening Post.

Aug 10 1919

It has been stated that the best circus performance in Boston was given by John Ricketts. "The prince of the great Astley of London." Ricketts came here from New York in May, 1896. He advertised a "Grand Display of Equestrian Exercises" three times a week. Boxes, One Dollar; Pit, Half a Dollar. His establishment was known as the "Equestrian Pantheon." In the Columbian Centinel, Boston, of July 25, 1896, these lines were published:

On the Equestrian Pantheon

Egypt of old the crocodile adored,
Reptiles held sacred and the Lion in-
plored.
Rome's Pantheon still could boast a
cavalier line.
Whose images of Men were deemed at first,
But Boston claims the highest right to
outride.
Whose Horses fill the place of All the
Gods.

But John Ricketts of London was not the first to give an equestrian entertainment in Boston.

We are indebted to Mr. Roland C. Butler, whose volumes of circus bills and dodgers are the envy of other collectors, whose knowledge of circus history is thorough, exhaustive, awe-inspiring, for the following facts:

This entry appears in the Selectmen's Records of Boston, June 26, 1796.

"Upon the petition of a number of the respectable inhabitants that Mr. Thomas Pool may be permitted to perform his Feats of Horsemanship in the town, among other reasons, on account of his services and sufferings in the public service, the Town Clerk is directed to acquaint Mr. Pool that the Selectmen have no objection to his performing said Feats provided the same be done in a proper inclosure."

Thomas Pool first appeared in Boston on Friday, July 8, 1796. Several advertisements were published in Boston stating that the Menage (the word "Circus" was not then generally used) was "near the Mall." Performances were on Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 P. M. "Price: Three and two shillings—one shilling for children." The tickets were sold at Brackett's Tavern in School street, where Mr. Pool was living. The season ended on Aug. 16, 1796. Pool then went to New York.

The bill shows that Pool was the only performing, except a clown who entertained the audience between the feats. Pool asserted that he was the first in America to perform certain feats of horsemanship which were described in the bill. The final act was "The Tally Riding to Brentford."

In New York Pool rode "on the hill near the Jews' Burial Ground."

There was a circus established by Peplin and Blanchard at Charlestown in 1809. According to Mr. Butler: "T. West, an equestrian from London, arrived after a passage of 41 days in the Chancey, Capt. Donnell, with a stud of colored horses; the first spotted horses ever seen in this country." It will be remembered that Bianca in Artemus Ward's story came to a tragic end; she rode an "immortal spotted horse" in a circus.

In 1810 the amphitheatre was built at the Washington Gardens, Tremont street. It was opened by Joe Cowell. "The equestrian ring was afterwards converted into a pit and the house opened as the City Theatre, Dec. 19, 1821."

There was an amphitheatre for equestrian performances opened in Flagg's Alley, Boston, on Jan. 31, 1831. These spectacles were seen there: "Timour the Tartar," "Mazepa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary," "The Cataract of the Ganges," "Tekeli," "The Elephant of Siam," "Dick Turpin's Ride to York."

The American Amphitheatre was opened for equestrian performances on Feb. 21, 1832; one at the corner of Haverhill and Traverse streets in 1841.

On March 16, 1918, Mr. Townsend Walsh, the accomplished dramatic editor of the Traveler at that time, asked: "When was Van Amburgh's menagerie first exhibited on Boston Common?" Was this question ever answered?

Varia

A clergyman in a Connecticut village is prejudiced against organs. He will not have one in his church not because it is only "a box of whistles." He says that "every organ is always out of tune—perfect tune—but a singing congregation—never." Parson Gilbert also says: "They may be all right for Fifth Avenue or the Back Bay; but not down here on the Connecticut. Give me plenty of the old-fashioned 'gosh-wallopin' singin' music! Maybe some sharps, maybe some flats, but not enough of either so that the whole won't balance."

Richard Epstelo, who died in New York on Aug. 1 of an intestinal trouble, was favorably known in Boston as an accompanist, but he also enjoyed a reputation as a skillful ensemble pianist. He was the son of the Epstelo of Vienna, who was renowned in his day as a teacher of the piano. Vladimir de Pachmann is one of the father's most prominent pupils.

Let no one be surprised because Mr. Charlie Chaplin purposes to play Hamlet. He has certain qualifications for the part, best recognized when he is accidentally in repose. Let no one be shocked and cry "Hands off!" The Hamlet of George L. Fox was so irresistibly funny that Edna in Booth, whose

management in the part was imitated remarkably by Fox, smiled and even laughed out loud, seeing the curls come from a box through Fox's courtesy.

Many, having admired Miss Pickford in "Daddy Long-Legs," may like to know what Miss Renee Kelly wore as Judy when she played the part in London in 1916. In the Commemorative day scene her gown copied the American Beauty rose "with its delicate pink petals, for there are many shaded frills of chiffon peeping beneath the pink taffetas overdress; the simple folded corsage shows touches of silver, and there is a Puritan collar of fine lawn and lace." In the farm scene the dress was of white cloth worked with lace, "the only touch of color being lent by the mauve and green waist ribbons into which a nosegay of deep pink roses are tucked."

"Three Wise Fools," taken to England by Austin Strong, was produced at Worthing on July 7th. It was booked for the Comedy Theatre, London, on the 11th of July.

Lennox Robinson's "The Lost Leader," which at first met with a doubtful reception in London, has been uncommonly successful. "Mr. Norman McKinnel's portrayal of Parnell is undoubtedly one of the greatest pieces of acting on the stage at the present moment. And Mr. McKinnel is a Scotsman."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, speaking at a meeting of the Catholic Stage Guild in London, had this to say, as reported by The Times. "His audience belonged to almost the only honest and sincere profession left. When an actor came on the stage and said: 'I am Richard the Third, he did not try to conceal the fact that he was really Mr. Jones of Peckham. When a politician or a lawyer or a society woman—whatever that might mean—came forward and said: 'I am that, one knew that they were lying; and that conception that they were lying had so penetrated the modern mind that it had lost all gusto. In a word came forward in a wig or a gown which was not his own—he might be a gentleman coming forward as a beggar, or a beggar coming forward as a gentleman—and told them quite plainly that it was playing. Hence they preserved their souls pure. He wished he could say the same; he had done his best by 'keeping out of politics.' He did not know what influence actors had upon playwrights. He understood that at rehearsals and sometimes in other ways, actors had some effect upon people who

wrote plays. It was a social duty to try to make them write better plays. He could not tell them how bad plays were. Sometimes they were intolerable, and were hardly even works of art. He suggested to playwrights the old rule that even Aristotle, who was a good critic, had got hold of—a good play was also an imitation of nature. Today the whole of the modern world was before their eyes, and the stage did not represent it."

The Paris Correspondent of The Stage Wrote on July 6

On Thursday a farce "La Madelon" by Andre Mycho and C. A. Carpentier was produced. "Madelon, of the popular song, leaves the tavern where she served the famous pinard to the glorious polius, to become the directress of a factory because she has married the boss. Naturally she is a big success with the workmen. She sacks a tyrannical foreman who is proved to be a thief. But she renounces her power, being under the impression she has deceived her husband, but all terminates satisfactorily. With numerous side situations and horse play the piece caused much laughter. It will survive the dog days."

"The management of the Odcon, as a fitting termination of the present season, produced last night a new piece in four acts by Paul Gerald and Robert Lavigne, 'La Princesse.' I say new, but it has been waiting production for some years. Once upon a time, there lived a prince and princess, who believed themselves brother and sister. As such they detested each other, but both felt a secret mutual love. The young Prince Georges was the natural son of the deceased king, whose first wife had cruelly deceived him, whereas Princess Suzanne was the legitimate daughter of the late monarch by his second spouse. Suzanne knew the secret regarding the reigning prince, and when he, for state reasons, arranged a marriage between his supposed sister and the sovereign of a neighboring country, the bride-elect became furious at being thus disposed of for political purpose and revealed to the prince the irregularity of his birth. She immediately regretted this wicked action and asked for pardon, going so far as to confess she objected to the marriage because she loved the prince. The young ruler acknowledged he had more than a brotherly affection for the princess and the curtain then fell on what appeared to be a charming termination. But there was another act. The people, excited by a yellow press, began to murmur. The prince, like a true royal, lived for the contentment of his subjects. He disguised his love for Princess Suzanne and accepted the alliance of his neighbor by promising the marriage of his 'sister' with the king. Poor Suzanne left the court without even seeing the 'brother,' who remained outwardly indifferent under the weight of his crown."

Mr. Courtney reviewing this enterprising column concerning the Irish boy leaves the impression that things are different now. Perhaps they are so far as the Irish are concerned, though as late as 1895 the sub-master in a suburban high school remarked to his class that it was a good thing to eat fish once a week, even if you did so for the convenience of your domestics. But the dislike of the outlander, his customs and temperament, still causes cruelties to children in the public schools. The class of children is not the same—that is all. The fact remains, and it is as hateful as before.

Those of mixed ancestry or of long history as Americans may not realize the power of the narrow and unfair to hurt. Let them then read certain pages of Dickens or the writings of Kipling, whose recent patronizing attitude toward us is more insulting than his former attitude of contempt.

On a Tombstone
As the World Wags:
I have added the tombstone inscription found by Mr. Michael Fitzgerald in Eastham to my collection. Here is a singular one I came across in a little town in Bristol county:
DESIKE,
FAITHFUL WIFE OF
JOHN DOLITTLE.
No "Old mortality" ever found, as it seems to me, a sadder inscription.
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In your sketch of Herman Melville, I note that you can recall no portrait of him.

In the Century Magazine for August, 1895, in an article by Henry Dwight Sedgwick on Literary Reminiscences of Berkshire, there is a small woodcut of Melville. "It looks as if it might be a good likeness," but if you are not pleased with it, then turn to the joyous portrait of Fannie Kemble in the same article, and you will be soled. It is interesting to recall that R. L. S. called Melville "a howling cheese,"—an illuminating characterization, tender, but discerning!
FREDERICK J. RANLETT.

A Protest Against the Conventional Stage Priest and Clergyman

"I. L. C." wrote this letter to The Stage:

May I venture to ask why, when so many stupid stage conventions are dead or moribund, the conventional priest holds his own in the mentality of dramatists, if not always with the hearty approbation of audiences. The Roman Catholic priest is always old and benevolent; apparently he was born old, or if he was ever young, he was put in a cupboard, like Telford's clocks in 'A Tale of Two Cities,' until he became old. The Anglican priest is either worldly and self-seeking or fabulously foolish. In both cases the priest in one play is a twin brother to the priest in any other play. Now, Mr. Eden Philpotts—who should know better, has added to the conventional gallery of portraits, I will not call them, rather caricatures. Apart

from any question of good taste in the continual holding up 'the cloth' to ridicule, there is a painful lack of knowledge and ordinary observation in the monotonous sounding of one note. May we not now and then have—by way of change—a bishop who is not a worldly-minded bounder; a curate who is not a fool and (very often) a self-seeking fool? It might surprise our dramatists to learn that there are thousands of clerics unlike the puppets supposed to be typical of the clergy as the life in melodrama or a farce comedy is unlike real life. There are many Fr. Stantons in the church. Will one of our dramatists give us some such portrait of a priest? And as to the Roman Catholic priests, a young one would be quite a treat. They are sometimes young—in real life.

"Interpret the Libretto—That I May Dilate with the Proper Emotion"

Mr. Paul Edmunds wrote to the London Daily Telegraph as follows:

"Having been called upon several times lately to sing at schools, I have taken the opportunity of testing a theory that has always appeared to me sound. The theory is that a singer should, when possible, give a short explanation of each song before singing it, and that by so doing he contributes toward the greater interest of his audience and incidentally toward their education also.

The much abused ballad pleases by reason of its very obviousness. It is really trite, as we know, both as to words and music, but it can be grasped on first hearing by an average audience, and it is this, I think, that makes it so popular. Songs of a better class, on the contrary—let us take as examples 'Had a Horse' or 'Shepherd, See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane'—are almost bound to fall flat to some extent if the audience does not know before hand what they are about. This is the case even when the singer's diction is as nearly perfect

as possible. The singer, with a low, explanatory words he finds that the audience listens intelligently, and the song gets home. That at least has been my own experience.

I do not deny that there are cases when an explanation, or any form of lecture, however short, would be out of place. On the other hand, there are many occasions on which a few explanatory words are possible, and I feel certain that if singers will only make the experiment they will find, as I have done, that they immediately get on good terms with their audience, and are listened to with much greater attention and with much greater pleasure. At the same time, they will be doing something. If only a little, toward the better education of the public taste—and this is, perhaps, the greatest point of all."

The following paragraph from the Music Student (London) is to the same purport:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury has been speaking in the House of Lords about museums. Read carefully what he said:

"Nothing could be more pathetic than to watch on a weekday, still more on a Sunday afternoon, the aimless way in which people were passing through galleries which were crowded with the supremest possible interest, and the way in which any expounder, of even the most amateurish kind, who could say a few words of explanation found an eager audience around him in a few moments. There was a demand which ought to be met. What they wanted for these guide-lecturers was not experts, but men and women who were masters of the subject, in its outlines at least, and who were able to give an exposition to those who were prowling around the museum, of what could be seen there. The usefulness of that kind of instructed guidance could not be realized unless people watched and saw how it was done, how attentive were the audience, how comparatively easy was the task of interesting them, and how admirably it was being done by those who were engaged in the work before the war."

"Now is not all this equally true about music—the 'aimless way' in which people listen, the appreciation of any 'expounder,' the 'comparatively easy task' of interesting people, and so forth. We want for mere lecturers on music. Each musician should cultivate the art of simple public speaking (without manuscript), and give at least two or three illustrated lectures on music in his or her own district every year."

We remember Mr. Walter Damrosch lecturing on "The Mastersingers."

A Singer's First Recital, with a Digression on Stage Fright

There have been inquiries into the causes of stage fright and remedies have been proposed. Mr. Gruenberg of the New England Conservatory has written an interesting article on the subject. This article, contributed to a musical magazine, has been printed in pamphlet form. Last month the London Times published an amusing study of "The First Recital: Fears and Hopes."

"One asks people to come and then is terrified at the thought of their being there. The day comes nearer—it is this week tomorrow! If only one could sleep, like Gladiolus before a budget speech of Skoboleff on the eve of Plevna, and not have to dream that an E string is broken and the pocket in the fiddle case empty, or that the accompanist has lost his place, or his coat, or his head, or something, or that the printer has sent all the programs at the last moment to the wrong hall! 'So men sit shivering on the dewy bank, and try the chill stream with their feet.'"

The writer alludes to an article about stage fright, which tells of 17 preventives, five remedies and six pieces of advice. "Among the last are two, easy to give, difficult to follow. The first is 'know your task.' Excellent, but how am I to know that I know it? My singing master says I do, but conscience is always making cowards of us. And the second 'Forget the audience.' I only wish I could—at least I am not sure I want to make friends of them, and I can't do that if I forget them. Perhaps that is not very good advice after all."

It seems that Mme. Nordica once told this English writer that she had generally sung only her second best, and her best perhaps half a dozen times in her life. The Londoner quotes in connection with this saying an old verse written in the days before Germans became Prussians. "Some things I do like another; some there are, another man may do better; but a few things I do, as no other can." The writer argues that we can all, according to our gifts, sing one song or play one piece or see the humor or pathos of a one situation, better than someone else we know. We should therefore choose the kind of song or piece or situation that we believe in "not the kind we think we ought to believe in; being pretty sure that if we do believe in it, our audience will, at the worst, smile at our enthusiasm—and enthusiasm is no crime—and, at the best, believe in it, too."

First of all the song should be liked simply because one likes it. If this is

the case, the singer should sing it. The audience has the right to dislike it "because it dislikes it." There is, therefore, the necessity of compelling judgment without dictating taste. One must believe in one's songs. This belief is got by knowing a great many others besides the one we are going to sing. We like a song—"La Violette," for instance—probably for some fascinating little scrap of melody as much as anything; but when we look at others of Scarlatti and his contemporaries, we find that that very turn of melody was a commonplace of the day, and that the real point of the song is in the layout of the phrases, long and short, and that if we get this right the melody sounds all the better for having no attention drawn to it."

If one wishes to persuade an audience that this song is the one it came to hear, knowledge of the composer, his contemporaries, what sort of songs they wrote, who sang them, the character of the audiences that heard them, why things are different in 1919, etc., etc., will not be injurious to the singer. "It is true we shall not be able to communicate all this information in our singing, but its possession will help to make us think more about the song and less about ourselves, which is what we want. It is further a common reproach against the singer that he is seldom a musician. There are many ways of becoming so, and they are all difficult; but lack of time is not his difficulty, since he can hardly be engaged in actual

singing practice for more than a small part of the day. If he is not one, it is due more than anything else to the prevailing worship of good tone, which is only a small part of good singing and a still smaller of good music. But let us have all three—tone, singing and music.

"All this study takes time and the giver of a first recital is often unwilling to wait. The world is full of the great unknowns and misunderstandings, who could not wait, but history records the names of those who could. If he can wait, his first recital need not be his last."

Aug 11 1919

Mr. Street: What sort of an effect do these things in the streets of Paris make on you?

Mr. House: An archeological effect, a distant one. It seems to me that bygone centuries have come back.

Mr. Street: I think rather about Louis Philippe and his umbrella; do these contemporary kings carry one?

Mr. House: They are only let out when they are disguised as generals.

Mr. Street: How about Manuel?

Mr. House: Oh, he dresses himself as a colonel; but he is still growing.

Wandering Princes

"G. W." writes to the Herald: "Now that the young Prince of Wales is coming over, why don't you ask how many remember his grandfather's visit? My aunt, who is 82 years old, saw him three times when he was in Boston. She said it was currently reported that much better looking young men walked the streets of Boston every day."

We did not have the pleasure of seeing the Prince of Wales, although we were old enough to be patted on the head by the hand that might years afterward have cured sufferers from scrofula by the kingly touch; nor did any one of our maiden aunts dance with him and thus have a topic of engrossing conversation for the rest of her natural or artificial life. We were then living in our little village where the only Prince was of the Salem family. He was physician-in-chief at the insane asylum on Hospital hill.

If there will be a ball in New York for the royal visitor it will probably be on the British cruiser. Fifty-nine years ago the prince's ball in that city was celebrated in verse by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The poem was published in Vanity Fair of Oct. 13, 20, 1860. It begins:

O haven't you heard how an English Prince, prince, prince,

A genuine royal son—

How an English Prince, not three months since,

Came smiling, singing, dancing along,

It is true American friends among?

To him I dedicate this song?

By leave of the BRITISH MON.

There were many jocose allusions, good natured in their extravagance, published in Vanity Fair of July 21, Aug. 25, Sept. 8, 22, 29 and Oct. 6, 20 of 1860. Some of the longer articles were evidently by George Arnold. They were illustrated by Mullin, whose art has been praised by no less a judge than Elihu Vedder. In the article published on Oct. 20 there was allusion to one of Blondin's crossings of Niagara on a tight rope.

Artemus Ward called on the prince and gave him valuable advice. Walt Whitman sang of the visitor in his "Year of Meteors—1859-60."

And you would I sing, fair stripling!

Welcome to you from me, young Prince of England!

(Remember you surging Manhattan's crowds as you pass'd with your cortege of nobles? There in the crowds stood I, and slugged you out with attachment.)

The year was also memorable to Whitman rhapsodizing by the arrival of the Great Eastern, the 19th presidential contest, the execution of John Brown, census returns, a comet and a shower of meteors.

Aug 12 1919

Ruggiero Leoncavallo, whose death is announced, has been likened unto "Single-Speech" Hamilton; but Hamilton, contrary to the tradition, made other speeches than the one that gave him fame, and according to contemporaneous testimony, the speeches were well considered and effective. Leoncavallo shot his bolt in "Pagliacci." No one of his other operas deserves serious consideration, not even the one in glorification of Roland of Berlin, an opera commanded by William Hohenzollern when he regarded himself as lord of creation, including the arts.

Like Mascagni, his rival for a time, Leoncavallo awoke and found himself famous. The instantaneous success of "Pagliacci" was due to several causes: first of all, the dramatic intensity of the story, which, although the composer-librettist asserted that it was founded on an actual occurrence, a tragedy known to an Italian court; had been used in its substance by Catulle Mendes in his "tragi-parade," "The Wife of Tabarin."

The opera was short; it was a relief from the long-winded music-dramas of Wagner, of the Paris Opera, and of the imitators of Verdi in Italy. There was also a quick succession of obvious tunes, and to the great public the saying of Vernon Blackburn, "A tune is a melody that is over-ripe," has little significance. Another element of the astonishing success was the play within the play.

The judicious critics dwelt on the catholicity of Leoncavallo's taste in selecting pages from the operas of predecessors and contemporaries; they pointed out his indebtedness to Gluck, Verdi, Ponchielli, Wagner, Gounod, Massenet, Delibes, and even Balfe; they spoke of his coarse harmonic schemes, his "brutal" instrumentation, his lack of refinement. They labored in vain. The opera houses throughout the world were crowded with men and women eager to see and hear Tonio before the curtain with his Prologue; Nedda lashing him with her whip; Canio

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lamenting his fate before he entered the booth of the strollers; the farce with the traditional characters that suddenly became a bloody tragedy. The opera also appealed to actors, for Tonio and Canio are far from being lay-figures, conventionally operatic puppets. Nor has the drawing power of "Pagliacci" faded. Today Mr. Caruso is known to thousands cheerily by Canio's lament.

Leoncavallo visited Boston with a company the first year of Dr. Muck's sojourn in Boston. The excerpts from his other operas then heard in Symphony Hall led one to wonder at the rude ability shown in "Pagliacci." The French have a saying that every author has one book in his belly. There are many exceptions to this saw. Leoncavallo, and Mascagni with his "Cavalleria Rusticana," confirm it.

For the majority of men the best period of their life is from 14 to 18 years. That is the apogee. A man understands everything then, and as he has not had experience, he is not influenced by the absurdities of life. He views everything logically.

"I'm Sorry"

We have received several letters in reply to the question asked by Miss Jane Winterbottom. It will be remembered that her equanimity was twice disturbed by jostling men who said: "I'm sorry." Instead of "I beg your pardon," or "Scuse me." She wondered where and when the phrase was first used in this country; whether it is now common.

"H. P. F." of Forest Hills writes: "I remember hearing the apologetic 'I'm sorry' in London several times in 1910. Naturally I have considered the expression, usually spoken with a rising inflection, as an ordinary English equivalent of our 'Excuse me.' It's adoption by Americans can constitute an affectation, as Miss Winterbottom suggests; but I doubt its being a slang phrase in England, since I heard it used quite simply by persons of cultivation and careful speech. Concerning the criticism of English manners by the American young lady mentioned in the London Chronicle, it occurs to me to ask: Did her forbidding treatment of the man who entered the elevator before her establish her claim to consideration as a judge of gentle manners?"

Dr. Walter S. Brainerd of Haverhill writes: "When I was in London 13 years ago it was common for nearly everybody to use the phrase 'I'm sorry,' instead of our expression 'Beg pardon.'" "J. S. H." of Beverly: "Miss Jane Winterbottom may be interested in knowing that the expression 'I'm sorry' is not of recent origin. I remember its frequent use, at least 48 years ago, by a somewhat effeminate English youth. I concluded at the time that it was just another short-lived fad, but it seems to have found its way to this side."

Mr. George F. Pope of Fall River: "For many years the expression 'I am sorry' sometimes shortened into 'sorry' has been in frequent use in England in place of 'pardon me' or 'excuse me.' In this country, of which I am a native, I have never happened to hear it, but perhaps it has been brought over by returning soldiers and sailors, most of whom have either been in England, or in close association with Englishmen."

"I'm sorry" as an equivalent of "Beg pardon" or "Scuse me" is in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues."

Dissipated Thermometers

As the World Wags:

I hear that thermometers are no longer to be sold because they sometimes contain a large percentage of alcohol. Can this be so?

(MISS) SARAH HEPATICA
Red Oak, Iowa.

Hair-Trigger Laughter

As the World Wags:

Not long ago I stepped into a moving picture theatre to pass an hour between trains. I avoided looking at the posters for fear of becoming discouraged at the outset and entered quite in the dark. As far as the outer end of the marble-plastered lobby, an hilarious uproar drifted out, bidding me hasten to the shrine of Thalia. Eagerly I stumbled to my seat, raised my eyes, and saw—

one man hit another with a piece of custard pie.

Alas, alas, how long will deluded individuals throw pies at one another on the stage. As long as the public compels them to and pays money to see them do it. And when will the public be satisfied? I don't know; perhaps never. At any rate, it laughed this time as if it were approving something with the varnish still damp.

I used to think the splash might be

the funny part of it, but the newspaper cartoons forced me to change my opinion. In the journalistic style of humor a paving brick is employed. It is never, I think, seen in the act of collision. It is generally hurtling through space directly toward an entirely unconscious person (always male). Sometimes, for variety's sake, the person does the hurtling, with both eyes instantaneously blackened, and both jaws automatically patched with crosses of court-plaster. On special occasions, particularly sidesplitting, the victim is doubled into a rubbish receptacle.

My span of life does not include the time when pigs and paving-bricks were not humorous. Perhaps some one older and wiser can recall the details of their introduction. However, Aristophanes never threw dishes of ambrosia, nor did Horace's wildest bacchanal step on a pomegranate peel.

Yet the stage and the press are but mirrors of the public, and true mirrors they are. A poor man's hat blows off, and goes rolling down the street; the public stands on the curbing and laughs. If the hat goes into a mud-puddle, the public goes wild with delight. The climax of humor is reached if the man falls down in an attempt to recover his property.

SATYROS.

Wollaston.

There are always "Guffoons." Their other name is Legion. Before the custard pie and paving-brick were dramatically humorous, the stove pipe, goat and mother-in-law were well-springs of laughter for paragraphers and caricaturists. Man has always laughed at the infirmities of his fellow man and accidents befalling him. You should be thankful, Satyros, for one thing: the passing of the "Dutch comedian" with his "Was ist?" comic or sentimental song, also clattering dance. You should read Baudelaire's bitter condemnation of laughter for an inquiry into the causes of laughter, the treatises of Sully and Bergson. There are some who find laughter in everything, as Sir Thomas Browne found the quincunx in all Nature. To them a custard pie is funny even in repose.—Ed.

'ADELE' PLEASING

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Carl Hunt presents "Adele," a French operetta in three acts. Book by Paul Herve; music by Jean Briquet; English version prepared by Adolph Philipp and Edward A. Paulton; staged by Mr. Hunt; dances and ensembles arranged by George Gorman. E. J. Howe conducted. The cast:

Baron Charles de Chantilly... Irving Beebe
Robert Friebur... George S. Kinnear
Henry Pannaccione... John Norton
Alfred Friebur... Al Roberts
Gaston Neill... Oscar Hewitt
Armond Bartouche... George Lloyd
Madam Myrianna de Neuville... Mildred Henricq
Babiole, maid to Adele... Dorothy Quinette
Adele... Myrtle Jersey

There was a fair-sized audience, but the theatre should have been crowded, for this work, an elaborate one and far removed from the commonplaces of trashy musical comedy, would have done credit to a traveling company playing the piece for a season. Mr. Hunt is to be congratulated for his courage in presenting musical stock in this city, and he has kept his best card for the concluding week of his summer season.

There is a good story, farcical in the extreme, and played with the speed that should characterize the development of all good farce. The comedians are all admirable, and there is the added advantage of being provided with good material.

The music of the piece, characteristically Gallic and with a light touch, is all worthy of the best traditions of French operetta. Some of the numbers are irresistible, and here and there the orchestration is little less than enchanting. "Adele," with an appealing swing and faintly rhythmic, the underlying musical motif of the piece, is agreeably recurrent and was warmly encoored.

Baron Charles de Chantilly is broke, but, courageous to the last, gives a dinner to his friends. Adele, who is engaged to Robert, succumbs at the sight of the baron. Robert's and Adele's fathers are business rivals and both frown upon the union. To frustrate the parents Adele agrees to a marriage ceremony with the baron, but it is agreed that there will be a divorce. The baron will then receive the marriage dot. There will then be no need of parental consent under the French law and Robert and Adele may marry. The experiment takes a sudden twist when both the baron and Adele fall passionately in love. There is a divorce and another wedding.

Much interest was manifested last night in the appearance of Myrtle Jersey in the title role. The actress was the second one to play the part in the first production of the piece in this country. Last evening Miss Jersey failed to vitalize the part with the spirit of the sophisticated Parisian of wealth. She is an agreeable singer, however, and sang with fine musical intelligence an exacting role.

A feature of the evening was the work of Al Roberts, as the peppery Friebur. The comedian adds another success to his interesting gallery when a member of the Castle Square company. Irving Beebe was both agreeable in speech and song as the baron, and Mr. Kinnear's Robert was a well thought out sap-head. All the principals gave good accounts of themselves, but the chorus, in deportment, would have been more at home performing in a piece with a locale at Cranberry Corners than in the Parisian salon.

Mr. Howe's reading was always musically.

HIT AT KEITH'S

Miss Kelely Full of Pep and Melody

Mademoiselle Julia Kelely was easily the outstanding figure at Keith's last evening. Tobacco and honey, cream puffs and ginger pop, a Parisian gown and a silver voice made up a combination that took the house by storm. The audience was not strong on French, but was strong for personality. Miss Kelely sang "Madelon," beloved of the French soldier, and two other songs.

Charles Irwin was the other big hit of the program. A psycho analysis of Annie Laurie and a pleasant ditty entitled "When My Wife Says It's So, It Is," with other incontrovertible remarks, made up a thoroughly humorous monologue. The Mosconi brothers and company exhibited some good step and freak dancing.

"Dream Stars" by Charles King was a revue of old-time light opera selections by some very pretty girls.

"Shopping" was staged in a lingerie warehouse and was made up of dialogue between Howard Langford and Anna Fredericks as broad as it was long. Moss and Frye in "Laugh! What's the Idea?" got the laugh without once intimating the idea.

The Belle sisters in a song and dance number and Logan and Geneva in a dancing on the tight wire act made up the rest of the program.

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Unfinished

William De Morgan, the novelist, who, showing unmistakably the influence of Dickens, wrote romances of interminable length, as though he lived in the days of Samuel Richardson, died, leaving his "Old Madhouse" unfinished. His widow added a chapter, telling the readers how the story would have ended; what happened to Dr. Carteret after the care taken of the empty house left him in a passage while she went to answer the bell. Mrs. De Morgan's chapter showed that her husband had the commendable habit of taking his wife into his confidence; it also anticipated the completion by the novelist in the spirit-world through a "trans-meim."

In the latter respect De Morgan was more fortunate than Dickens, whose "Mystery of Edwin Drood" was completed through a "spirit-revelation" in Vermont; also by worldly hands, among them those of Robert H. Newell, better known as "Orpheus C. Kerr." In spite of these various completions, there is still dispute as to the identity of Mr. Datchery, and some still maintain that Edwin was not murdered.

It probably would have made little difference to the world at large if De Morgan had not acquainted his wife with the ending of "The Old Madhouse." There are unfinished works that excite lively curiosity, as

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Thackeray's "Denis Duval," Coleridge's "Christabel," Byron's "Don Juan." Would Thackeray's novel have been artistically his best, as some, Dickens among them, predicted? Had Coleridge any definite conclusion in mind when he wrote "Christabel"? What was the mystery about the fascinating visitor bent on evil? What were Don Juan's adventures in the English country house? Did he finally settle down, marry advantageously, and become a fox-hunting, port-drinking fine old crusted Tory, as magistrate relentless towards poachers and gypsies, a stern moralist in the amorous life of the parish?

Disraeli, Hawthorne, Stevenson, left unfinished novels. Wilkie Collins died when his "Blind Love" was three-quarters written, but his synopsis was so minute that Besant easily completed the novel. Wordsworth's "Excursion" was not completed, but who wishes it longer? Might not "Kubla Khan" be less wonderful if Coleridge had dreamed his dream to the end and not been disturbed in transferring it to paper? Schubert, fortunately for his fame, left only two movements of his "unfinished" symphony behind him. The second movement is a sad falling off from the noble melancholy, the haunting beauty of the first.

The most enthusiastic admirer of Dickens might have been disappointed in the story of Drood told to the end. As it stands now, many see in it flagging power, laborious humor, distressing mannerisms. Saying all this, they nevertheless find themselves wondering how Jasper was detected. Thus a novel may live, a poem may be imperishable, by the very fact that it was left incomplete. Here is one of the recompenses of death.

Miss Jane Winterbottom's remarks concerning the use of the phrase "I'm sorry" for "Beg pardon" and "Scuse me" have induced many to admit in their letters addressed to the Herald that they have been in England. Some forgot to sign their name, probably being shy by nature. Their letters, therefore, according to the stern rule of every well-regulated newspaper office, will not receive attention. It is a pleasure to learn that many of our readers have traveled. Travel widens the horizon and reconciles one to home life; it broadens a man's mind and strengthens his prejudices. As the dirty idiot in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash" moaned at stated intervals: "Brethren, let us curse and pray—let us work double-tides."

Our correspondents have no doubt seen the Tower, Mrs. Tussaud's show, the Empire Theatre; they have been to Kenilworth Castle and the birthplace of Shakespeare; they have eaten turbot with shrimp sauce, damson or gooseberry tart, whitebait with their slices of dark bread; perhaps they have pursued their sociological studies in Regent street, Piccadilly and the Limehouse district. This is true: Wherever they have been in England they have heard "I'm sorry" used for "Beg pardon."

From Dock to Palace

Mr. E. Banfield Hersey of Deerfield, N. H., thinks that the phrase may have come to our shores with our returning soldiers. "During the years of 1907 and 1908 I was a resident of London and a traveler to many parts of England as well. Everywhere I went I found this phrase used in place of 'Excuse me,' used by all classes, from the docks of Rotherhithe to Buckingham Palace. Though a New England Yankee to the core, I found myself using the phrase, and even now it slips out unawares."

"I'm Glad"

"Pom Sat" of Portsmouth, N. H., during the first few months of the war, met agents of the British government and of British firms. "They invariably used this form of apology ('I'm sorry'). That they were all fine types of the English gentleman was obvious, so it is fair to assume that the expression is far from slang to your Londoner. Perhaps Miss Winterbottom would not disapprove of a Pollyanna movement, viz.: Two persons meet, and, failing to jostle or otherwise annoy one another, smile pleasantly and say 'I'm glad.' Do 'gentlemen,' even English 'gentlemen,' never indulge themselves in slang? Again we remark that 'I'm sorry' is in the great English Slang Dictionary of Farmer and Henley.

Mr. Seymour Writes

As the World Wags:

Referring to Miss Jane Winterbottom's query as to the birth and origin of the expression, "I'm sorry," I believe it came from England; at least, I first heard it used there many years ago, although the English, particularly the women, usually say, "So sorry." Among tennis players in this country, of recent years, when a misplay has been made, I have heard the culprit exclaim, "Sorry!" and let it go at that. Perhaps the brevity of the phrase has been its sponsor with us.

In a musical comedy, a few years ago,

the common, in an English "silly ass" suit, repeatedly excused himself with "My error!" which was received with laughter and became a by-word on the "White Way" and "Bialto."

Forty or more years ago, when Nat Goodwin played "Hobbes," his first stellar success, the catch-phrase in it was, whenever he was leaving the stage, and one of the other characters said to him, "I'll see you again," or "See you later," to reply, "Not if I see you first." This quickly became public property, and was generally and humorously used.

Paraphrase an old English dramatist: "Custom exacts, and who denies her sway—A public chorus to each clever say."

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

Rude Bostonians

As the World Wags:

"Sorry" was the word I found my children, in their phonographic stage, using instead of "Beg pardon," when I joined them six years ago in London, whither they had preceded me by some months. Everybody else in London seemed to be using the same form, but I didn't adopt it. When I reached home I heard it from the mouths of many young folk, perhaps the returned crop of recent American visitors to England. In Boston the phrase is not often heard, because, in public places, at least, few Bostonians take the trouble to use any form of courteous excuse after they have jostled a fellow traveler. Bostonians punch me in the back when they wish to pass me in a crowded street car, and before the present car fare was established there were no uncrowded cars. Men gall my knee on the street without a word of apology. Men block me in doorways after I've opened the door to go out, and pass in while I wait, and this without seeming to realize that they are doing me a gross discourtesy. Hurrying women jostle my elbow from behind in order to get ahead of me in mounting public stairways. A friend who returned from Europe loathing the Germans for their boorish discourtesy as he fled to Holland on the day the great war began, said he encountered nothing so rude until he found himself in the subway at Park street. An English writer says that civilization goes deeper down in the social scale in France than in any other European country. I sometimes think that bad public manners go further up in the social scale in Boston than in any other American city with which I am acquainted. Indeed, I think I encounter worse public manners among Bostonians of some social pretensions than among the plain people.

AESTIVATOR.

The Woods, Adirondacks.

'BUDDIES' AT THE PARK SQUARE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Buddies," a comedy in three acts and an epilogue, by George V. Hobart. Musical numbers by Melville Gideon and B. C. Hilliam. The cast:

Riff, the sergeant.....John Willard
Babe.....Wallace Eddinger
Sonny.....Donald Brian
Madame Benoit.....Camille Dalberg
Julie.....Peggy Wood
Alphonse Pettibols.....Edouard Durand
Louise Maitland.....Maxine Brown

The prediction that "Buddies" was to be a surprise was fulfilled. It was a pleasant surprise in a great many respects. The only hint that the Selwyns had allowed to leak out were that the scenes were laid in Brittany and that the story somehow concerned doughboys. One might have been excused for picturing beforehand a pastoral romance with an artist in love and the flash and roar of the guns as a heavy background. On the contrary, the author exercised commendable restraint in giving us a play about Brittany without mention of easel and paint and about doughboys without mentioning war.

But the principal surprises were in more than these circumstances. There was Peggy Wood's delightful performance, for example. There was Gideon's and Hilliam's music, as far above most musical comedy music as some musical comedy music is above the rest of musical comedy music. There was Wallace Eddinger. There was Donald Brian.

Among a company of American soldiers billeted at a Breton farmhouse are "Babe" and "Sonny." Babe's real name is Reginald de Courcy Pettingill, and Sonny's is almost as flowery. Sonny is engaged to a girl in Brooklyn and Babe would like to become engaged to Julia, a pretty country girl, but lacks courage. There comes an Alsatian from New York, who tries to blackmail Julie and her mother by threatening to expose Julie's dead brother, a war hero, as a thief. To give Sonny the right to pro-

test her against the blackmailer, Julie and Sonny announce that they are engaged. Sonny's sweetheart from Brooklyn arrives to spoil things, and to save Sonny Julie promises to marry the blackmailer that night. She is saved from this awful fate by a sergeant who recognizes the blackmailer. Putting on her brother's uniform, she hears his voice calling her, and arrives just in time for the sergeant to recognize her as the twin of the dead boy, falsely accused of theft. It is very difficult for Babe to confess his passion for her, but he does finally, after much delicious fooling, and Sonny is reconciled to Miss Brooklyn and the story ends with two weddings in prospect. The action takes place all in one day, the curtain falling on the buddies preparing for bed in the barn and the bugle playing "Lights out" while the moonlight streams in.

Every seat in the theatre was filled, and the audience repeatedly expressed its pleasure. The newness and freshness of the conception appealed as strongly as anything else. Miss Wood's curtain call at the end of the second act amounted to an ovation. Her "Fairy Tale" song revealed qualities in her voice and her gestures hitherto almost unguessed, although her success hitherto has been of no mean order. It took the house by storm, and encores were demanded thro after time.

Wallace Eddinger as "Babe" was irresistibly funny. His quaint naïveté was recognized as altogether new. It was never overdone. This cannot be said for some of the situations—the letter episode in the first act, for example. Reminiscent in some ways of a scene in "The Better Ole," this scene was overwritten and overplayed. So, to a less degree, was the scene in which Madame Benoit tells of her dead son. Doughboys may feel deeply, but surely they are no more demonstrative than other people.

Donald Brian was a dashing "Sonny," impulsive, ready to make love on the spur of the moment in order to help Julie, and bitterly dejected at the trouble into which this has led him.

The naturalness which made the roles of the three stars so convincing was not shared by the rest of the company, with the exceptions of Miss Camille Dalberg (Madame Benoit), Edouard Durand (Alphonse Pettibols), and Maxine Brown (Louise Maitland). The sergeant was rather stiff, and so were several of his men. The two French girls were really and truly and charmingly French.

Something must be said of the unusual excellence with which the passages in French were handled. All the principal characters had to speak French at times, and they did very well indeed, particularly Miss Wood and Madame Dalberg.

Success may confidently be predicted for "Buddies." It breaks the tradition that you cannot have a light comedy without a bedroom. It is an answer to those who say that all plays are alike nowadays.

And the songs—from a "comedy with music," mind you—will be remembered and sung when the great majority of the songs of the musical comedies now running are forgotten.

August 14 1919

"T. B. D." of Providence, R. I., replying to Miss Jane Winterbottom's question about "I'm Sorry," quotes her remark: "It is hard for a New England woman to be receptive or expansive," and adds: "Especially when she is over 35 and plain looking, and perhaps a school teacher, but perhaps the mingling of the French wives of our soldiers may brighten the New England nature a little. . . . An inhabitant of the U. S. A. or a Canadian was known in London by the fact that he said: 'I beg your pardon' instead of saying 'I'm sorry'; also if he wore glasses they were usually of the rimless type."

Miss Winterbottom once called at the Herald office. She sat and bloomed in a hard, unyielding wooden desk chair, whereas Thackeray's Fanny was radiant in one that was cane-bottomed. We assure Mr. "T. B. D." that Miss Winterbottom is not 35 years old. She is not "between 30 years of age," as Artemus Ward put it. By no means "plain-looking"—on the contrary, like the Sulamite in "The Song of Songs," she is black but comely, oriental in form and movement, not of the Gothic order of architecture. Nor is she a teacher even in an "exclusive" school for the daughters of Boston Brahmins, a race fast dying out. Like Ulysses, she has traveled and seen many cities and many men. Not austere, not forbidding, as her family name would indicate, nevertheless she has an "air"—for she is of a long line, associated with family portraits, old laces, old china and pewter, old books in the original bindings; yet her manner is so ingratiating, so captivating, that even the elevator man was courteous, and after her departure asked searching questions in which his admiration was thinly disguised. She left a communication expressing her opinion concerning woman's dress, which will surely instruct as well as entertain. We purpose to publish it tomorrow.

A Novelist's Orchestra

In "The Pit," by Frank Norris, the Cresslers and their company attending an operatic performance in Chicago, heard "the liquid gurgling of the flageollets and wood-wind instruments." It was at this performance that "the flageollets and piccolos lost themselves in an amazing complication of liquid gurgles and modulated roudades."

It is in "The Pit" that we find the Chicagoan definition of a much-discussed word: "It took the cigar from his mouth, and she, immensely relieved, realized that she had to do with a man who was a gentleman."

In the Barber Shop

"B. S. W." writes from Nahant: "Will you not consult the 'Allwissender'—I mean Mr. Herkimer Johnson, not Volan, as to why the young adult male of the present day cuts his hair like a Japanese baby in a large radiating tuft above and shaves it below?"

As the World Wags:

When I was a lad back in the Civil War days, a colored man was the only barber in our town, a place of 3000 or more inhabitants. My father, like other men of those days, wore whiskers, though he was a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. Being a handy man he used to cut my hair. Most of the boys were not so fortunate as I, and as a rule they wore a growth that resembled a horse's retlocks. Most of us went barefooted in the summer and made it very uncomfortable for the "Sis" that wore shoes and stockings. Many of the girls went barefooted also and, as far as I know, they did not grow up to be suffragettes. My boyhood home was neither way down nor way up country, but within 10 miles of the State House in Boston.

About a year ago the barber who had trimmed my hair for some time charged me 35 cents, instead of 25 cents, the usual price. He volunteered to explain to me that help was demanding more wages; that bay rum, witch hazel, etc., were much higher in price. But, I replied, you have only one chair, and certainly have not room for another, and as I never have anything mixed into my hair, I don't grasp your meaning.

A few days ago I went to another shop in a different part of the state. In payment I gave the artist 50 cents. After a little time I reminded him that it was a half of a dollar that I had given him. He pointed to a card on which was the menu. I hurried down the stairs rather than listen to his mutterings about high prices of razors, soap, etc., being very grateful that I can still shave myself with the same old Wade & Butcher razor that I began with 40 or more years ago.

Barbers, once mere barbers,
Before the tonsorial artist's time;
Now in place of shops they have parlors,
And still we wonder at crime.
PLUM ISLAND.

Adjective Wanted

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly express your opinion in As the World Wags as to what adjective should be applied in describing an envelope, printed and addressed to an individual or firm, that is used as an enclosure when requesting a reply from a correspondent?

Winchester. A. T. DOWNER.
If the envelope is properly stamped, after the first shock of surprise, we should cheerfully use it.—Ed.

By Heck!

Mr. I. B. Henry, writing from Providence, R. I., quotes a quatrain published in the Providence Tribune. "It seems to be copyrighted by the Cincinnati Inquirer."

They done arrested Hiram Hine;
He'll go to jail, that feller.
Two quarts of dandelion wine
Was found right in his cellar.

Mr. Henry adds these verses:
They done arrested Egbert Pass;
He's good for thirty days.
Topeka juice just raised the duce
With Egbert's quiet ways.

They done arrested Rodney Bean;
Six months will be his stretch.
Two quarts of fine old home-made wine
Was more than he could fetch.

They done arrested Ezra Hope;
He'll get sent up for fair.
He drank a dozen Dandruffine
Intended for his hair.

They done arrested Agnew Bump;
They'll send him up for life.
Magnolia balm brought him to harm;
He swiped it off his wife.

The Fashions Board

(The President of the Board of Trade has been requested to popularize economical fashions in dress.)

Tho' I should love to meet a maid
In toilet a la Board of Trade,
Say, "floured" skirt and jacket,
Yet fashions I would rather see
Determined by the L. A. B.,
Whose fabrics ever seem to me
To stand more racket.

Were I a shrewd and thrifty Scot,
I'd have no hesitation what
To recommend to Madam;
What increment we might achieve,
What bank account romances weave,
Could I induce my dear MacEve
To wear Macadam!
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle

Nature's Compensation

As the World Wags:

I have been interested and also amused reading the attacks on women's dress, the disapproval of short skirts and low-cut waists. Of course these skirts and waists are not for every woman; not for the very fat, not for the painfully lean; but for some, plain of face, they are, indeed, welcome and advantageous.

I remember reading in Grammont's memoirs—the book was not in our French course at school, but even at that age I believed in a liberal education—about a lady at the court of Charles II., whose face was pale and unattractive, whose conversation was not sparkling. She was neglected by the gallants of the court and was an object of merriment to her more favored sisters. But one day riding in company she was thrown from her horse in such a manner that the noblemen were transported by the sight. She soon afterwards made a brilliant marriage. Did not the poet speak of Atalanta's "better" part?

Nature often respects the law of compensation. To the woman plain, yes homely, she sometimes, I may say often, gives a sculptural figure. Perhaps this is an example of what has been called the "divine average." The long, dust-gathering, incommensurate skirt and the neck-choking waist or bodice might work the plain of face incalculable injury. JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

Chestnut Hill.

In Nahant and Lynn

As the World Wags:

In this part of the world the authorities have decreed that stockings for bathing are superfluous, so they are not worn by law-abiding maidens and matrons. I support that at my age, with one foot on the grave and the other on a banana peel, I ought not to know whether they have on stockings or not, but when I meet a young lady in a thin jersey and very short breeks walking unconcernedly in the street in Lynn at 10 A. M., she—I—well, I cannot help noticing it. Perhaps one gets used to it in time, but, having come from the beach to the town, how long will she be before these maidens and their gentlemen friends will wear the same dress for afternoon tea on the veranda as in the water? It is far more comfortable, of course. We are creatures of habit. "On se lave les mains vingt fois par jour—les pieds jamais."

HECTOR MUNSON.

Nahant.

The Tortured Witness

(From Remy de Gourmont's "Dialogues des Amateurs.")

Woe to the witness that does not know at the end of a year what he was doing on Jan. 17 at 2:40 P. M. "Were you smoking a cigar or a cigarette? Were you reading a book bound in blue or a paper-covered novel? Were you outdoors? Very well. Did it rain? Were your trousers turned up at the bottom? I insist on this detail; it is of the utmost importance." These prosecutors are persuaded that a witness always knows something. How can they be shown that men, on the contrary, hardly ever know anything, not even whether they are alive?

Yet there are men in this century who still believe in the veracity of witnesses! When it is proved that not one person in ten can tell the color of the paper in his room, I go three or four times a week in the rue Bonaparte, and have done this for 15 or 20 years. Last week I discovered a shop, an old one, that I then saw for the first time. Testimony can sometimes be valuable. Yes, if you have been instructed in advance.

Our Family Doctor

For cramps in the legs at night, put a magnet between your feet in bed. This should be done for at least a week. Why consult a specialist? Why take pills or nauseous draughts?

Roger Black: Corn Cat

As the World Wags:

Everybody has heard of coon cats, but few, I believe, have heard of cats that eat corn from the cob and may be properly called corn cats or corn-eating cats. As I never before these days have heard of such a food for just common cats, let me tell this story:

Some years ago one Roger Black came to me on business, and on that day a black pussy cat strayed into my house and was instantaneously named Roger the Black, or Roger Black, or Roger, as he is now known to us. Roger has a good many peculiarities more or less like those of a dog. He will stay out nights watching the gate until the last maid walks in, when he will sedately follow her into the house for the night. When bedtime comes for everybody else in the house, all that is needed to get Roger to bed is to say: "Roger, down you go," and, opening the cellar door courteously for him, he slowly condescends to amble down the cellar steps for the night.

When August comes Roger is happy because he can have his daily meal of corn on the cob. After an ear is husked he accepts it graciously and, holding it solidly with his paws, he proceeds to

off the corn. It is one of the best all have experienced with a hot corn. That comes his feet dainty, done, and then a nap.

He does not like his corn boiled even when it has become cold from the kettle, nor does he fancy much the corn that comes in cans, but he dearly loves his daily ear of corn on the cob.

Portland, Me. J. A. S.

Has the dictionary issued by the Royal Aeronautical Society crossed the Atlantic? If reviews published in London journals are trustworthy, this dictionary is stuffed with words formed or adapted from the Greek. What does "adiabatic" mean? An undergraduate might rashly say "any one free from diabetes," but the aeronaut would laugh him to scorn. Are there no plain English equivalents for "anabatic" and "Katabatic"? Greek is out of fashion now in our schools and colleges, and we regret to say, Latin is also thrown overboard by certain presidents and trustees, overseers, governors, call them what you will, who are extolled by business men as "practical educators"; but if this dictionary of the British Society becomes a *vade-mecum*, there will be a compulsory course in Greek for "rising young" aeronauts.

In this instance, "rising" is singularly appropriate, but how the hackneyed word frets those who think they have already risen, that their names already have hit the sky! "A rising young physician," "a rising young actor," and so on through the list of professions, the aeronaut is really rising.

We should like to see this dictionary, although today, alas, we are "shy on" Greek, unable to translate even a short dialogue of Lucian; for dictionaries are engrossing reading, whether one reads to enlarge one's vocabulary or to note words that should be avoided. The dictionaries for pleasurable reading are the huge Oxford edited by the late Dr. Murray, and his still merry men; Wright's great Dialect Dictionary and Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues," but there are little dictionaries, as old Blount's collection of hard words, the delightful Bailey's known to our grandparents, dictionaries of trades and employments. In 1770 a Frenchman compiled a dictionary of new words, brilliant turns and figures of speech, "expressions of genius," graceful and delicate locutions that had found their way into the French language since the beginning of the 18th century. The names of the authors are given. Thus "to sacrifice to the Graces" is attributed to Voltaire; "to make an epoch," to Segui; "to make a sensation," to Coyer; "to smack of the soil" to Desfontaines. These new and brilliant words and phrases are now commonplace, as "voice of duty," "imprint of genius," "piquant contrast," "in the last analysis."

Dogs and Their Names

As the World Wags:

I learn from an encyclopaedia that from time immemorial men have been found that owned dogs. "Neolithic man, he of the stone village on the hill and pile-built dwelling on the lake, certainly possessed them." Webster's International gives this era as including "the latter part of the stone age." (Our Congregational minister advises us to consult the dictionary more; says, "there is a lot of good in it"). The question arises whether dogs have made any appreciable advancement in civilization since the stone era. From long companionship with human beings it seems as if some degree of advancement in intelligence might have been attained. If the right of suffrage were extended to dogs in Westminster, the roll of voters would be increased 60 per cent. How about the intelligence of our 150 dogs?

A fine dog, owned by a civil war veteran, being very old, was shot. He lived several years with a bullet in his head. The veteran remarked that the dog was "fully as intelligent after he was shot as he was before." Some of our people think that dogs can almost speak. One man thought that dogs that run may read, for he posted this notice at his pasture bars: "No dogs allowed in this pasture."

Our representative in the General Court has an intelligent dog that has been a regular attendant during the past year at the Tuesday meetings of the Special Aid for American Preparedness. He has been called an honorary member of the society, but this dog reads his week-end in running around the shrubbery at his dwelling and the Public Library grounds. Of course we cannot expect marked intelligence in all dogs, as in law terms they are classed with cats, foxes and monkeys as animals of a "hase nature."

Having kept a register of dogs for a quarter of a century, I am interested in the given names of dogs. Out of about 150 the name of "Jack" predominates, with 14 points in its favor, and, as far as heard from, no one of the owners has any reason for calling his dog by that name. Jack who?

It is not a masculine name and it sounds

like shortening up a brass band pocket knife no vibration. Why is it called a "Jack" knife? Next in order is "Tigger" (9), then "Tadd" (6) should be bulldogs with prominent teeth. We can conceive why there are six "Teddies," several "Billies" (named for ex-President Taft) and one "Grover," and why the "Kaisers" and "Czars" have all disappeared on the register in this y. d. town. Probably there may be some "Woodies" to register in the future, especially if we have a league of nations.

"Rover," "Spot," "Rex" and "Gip" and female dogs "Queeny" and "Trixie," have several registrations each. Many other names appear but once.

One dog coming from an adjoining town is registered as "Highknob." His nob is very homely but aristocratic looking. His keeper is not a teamster, nor yet a coachman, but a chauffeur, all of which goes to show that dogs are progressing and the world is moving on—rubber tires. C. F. G. Westminster.

"The dog, that comic beast, whose sweat is on his tongue and whose laugh is in his tail." Victor Hugo in "The Man Who Laughs." [Ed.]

Melville's Portrait

As the World Wags:

You may like to know that an edition of "Typee," published by the United States Book Company of New York in 192, is provided with a frontispiece portrait of Herman Melville. It is a line drawing and pictures a man of about 50, with an ample brow, rather stern eyes and a heavy, full beard; of a sandy complexion, apparently. The Robbins library, Arlington, has a copy of the book. EMIL SCHWAB, Arlington.

Reasons for the wide-spread and long-continued success of "Pagliacci" in spite of the obvious faults on which critics have dwelt, were stated editorially by the Herald of last Tuesday. The late Ruggiero Leoncavallo was a man of one opera; in this he resembled his rival Mascagni, who, labor as he will, is known and admired only as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The Herald has said that "Pagliacci" makes a strong appeal to singers that can act. This is especially true of the two leading male characters.

The first performance of "Pagliacci" in Boston was a wretched one, wholly inadequate. The orchestra was very small and inefficient, so small that after several performances, Mr. Louis C. Elston ironically advised the manager, for the extension of the repertory, to procure another fiddler and produce "Parsifal." In all probability Leoncavallo's score was not used; there was a score made from the voice and piano arrangement; surely the orchestra was not numerically or technically able to play the score of the composer. We are far from books of reference and newspaper files, and must rely on memory. Mme. Bastatavary took the part of Nedda. We had heard her at Munich as Carmen in the season of 1884-85. She was then an accurate routine singer, who, as the gypsy, showed the forced vivacity of middle age. The Munich public applauded her vigorously, for she sang "More Germanico." It was said that Ludwig, the mad king, admired her art, and as a token of appreciation had presented her with a costly ring, which she wore on her thumb. A season or two earlier we had seen Franz Nachbauer, a sweet-voiced tenor, in Massenet's "King of Lahore," displaying on the stage, and in the most trying situations, a diamond ring that Ludwig had given him. This tenor, as the hero, had one gesture, a gesture of a thrust-out hand with the ring finger clearly in view, as the coquettish girl in the country when courted flashed her ring before the eyes of her sweetheart, with a giggle, and the remark: "Have you seen my cow?"

Mme. Bastatavary, in private life, was an amiable woman, not too self-conscious, with a serious regard for her art; but when she came to Boston she had passed her vocal prime. If we are not mistaken, she once took part in a performance of "Don Giovanni" by the Metropolitan company in Mechanics building, and she also sang at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. As Nedda, in the second act, she skipped about but was not seductive in a short skirt.

We think Payne Clark, or Clarke, took the part of Canio. Whoever the tenor was, he rushed the famous song at an absurdly fast pace, evidently anxious to be safe in the strollers' booth. The Tenor was Emil Steger, who sang with a rich, fruity German accent and in action reminded one of Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, playing Richard III. to a wildly applauding gallery hungry for melodrama. In accordance with the then prevailing German custom, the last words of Canio were spoken by Tenor, who announced that the "comedy is finished," while Canio stood stock-still, as one wondering what all the fuss was about. We shall never forget Mr. Steger leering at the audience just before the final curtain fell.

And so "Pagliacci" was not really heard in Boston until it was performed

by the Metropolitan company in Mechanics building with De Lucia as Canio. No one coming to Boston has equalled him in this part. Saying this, we are not unkindful of Messrs. Zenatello and Caruso, to whom Nature had given better voices. De Lucia's voice was rather "white," but it was used with rare dramatic skill. The intensity of his action, his emotional expression and the flaming passion of his interpretation were overpowering. The great audience arose and shouted at the end of the first act, for operatic audiences of Boston were enthusiastic in those days.

Many women as Nedda have sung to the birds, lashed Tonio, and attempted to dance gaily in the play within the play. Only one gave a truly dramatic performance. Her name is Gerildine Farrar. She alone brought before us the inherently coarse, vain, sensual peasant woman. In general conception and in little details her performance during the first act was wholly admirable. In the lighter moments of the second act, until fear seized her and she knew the impending fate, she was heavy. The other Neddas were content with facile delivery of the florid song in the first act; they were as a rule dramatically weak. Mme. Muzio was an exception; she had the Italian fire, but she did not efface the impression made by Mme. Farrar.

Tonio has been fortunate in his impersonators. It is not necessary to name them all. The performances of Mr. Amato and Mr. Baklanoff will not soon be forgotten. There has been entertaining discussion of the proper costume for Tonio when he appears before the curtain in the prologue. Some prefer the shabby street dress of the stroller, the dress of a broken-down actor reduced to vagabondage. Some think Tonio should wear his actor's costume. Others go so far as to say that he should be decently dressed, as a manager coming before the curtain to make an announcement. After all, these are not vital questions, but it would be interesting to know how Victor Maurel dressed the part when he, the first, sang the prologue in Italy.

Leoncavallo came to Boston with his singers, as Mascagni had come before him, and he had no greater success. The excerpts from his other operas were ineffective, dull, boring. He himself was neither impressive nor magnetic as a conductor. In this respect Mascagni was far superior, for he showed marked ability as a conductor of his own music and that of others. Leoncavallo's face and figure lent themselves easily to caricature; the head was huge, and it rested on a short, fat body, as if there was no neck between. At his first concert in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck, who had prepared and conducted, by royal command, Leoncavallo's opera about Roland of Berlin, which had been ordered by William Hohenzollern, was in the audience, listening with a quizzical, one might say Mephistophelian smile.

Like Puccini, Leoncavallo had lived in Bohemia, and the two in their respective operatic versions of Murger's romance lived their lives over again. In the latter's opera Musette has a more important part than Puccini gave her. In the two operas there are episodic scenes rather than consecutive action. Puccini's opera is better known, probably a more musical work, for he outvies Leoncavallo in technical knowledge and in taste. We are under the impression that the latter's "Boheme" and "Zaza" have been performed in this country. There is talk of a production of "Zaza" this coming season. Leoncavallo will remain, however, a man of one opera. It is something to have written so widely known a work as "Pagliacci," a work that has enjoyed many years of success; but let us not forget that Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" has been sung in many languages for many years, that its tunes are still sung, whistled, played; that it still draws thousands of "music lovers" to the opera houses.

Japanese Songs and Art Dances

by Koscak Yamada

Carl Fischer of Boston, New York and Chicago is the publisher of "Three Original Japanese Songs—Tipples, A Panoy, Homeward Bound"; Book I, Japanese folk songs—Counting Song, Iwayo, Flower Song, Fisherman's Song, Hukagawa (Song of the Pleasure Seekers), and Cradle Song; and "Three Old Japa-

nese Art Dances for pianos—Crane and Tortoise, Four Seasons in Kyoto, Song of the Plovers. There are translations into English and notes by Frederick H. Martens. This music should interest musicians, especially singers wishing fresh and unconventional programs, ethnologists and folk-lovers.

The text of "Ripples" is by Kadzuma Yoschimaru, a modern poet, and professor of Japanese classic literature at the Imperial Academy of Music at Tokio. The text of the two other songs is by Yoshio Kobayashi, a modern poet, who has written much in the folk-manner. "Mizu no shiwa" (Ripples) is translated as follows:

A young wind stirs the green leaves, among branching trees it blows. Upon the fields of water it breathes and it dies. Then with great surprise, they rise, the frightened herons, deserting the water-fields. The drops that fall at their rising, in ripples die away.

"RANCHO" (A Panoy)

In river junk we are floating down the tide, around us the autumn night. 'Mid drowsy dip of the oars I hear purring dewdrops fall from your hands, fly white. The dewdrops fall on the waves, and the waves are moved and arise in my song's delirium: "Kaeriji" (Homeward Bound) has six verses, with an onomatopoeic refrain. Here are two verses:

Our prow moves past the house;
Pine groves in sunset glow!
Checkered sleeves I see flutter,
There in the window!
Sore torikaji yolkana torikaji, etc.

Tsai-fish leap 'round our prow;
Pine groves in sunset glow!
Tsai-fish, pray, shall I take you,
Or my love's bright sleeves?
Sore torikaji, etc.

Japanese Folk Song

The folk-songs are still more interesting. Mr. Torao Taketomo contributes a preface in which he says that the "Cradle Song" was probably heard centuries ago. "The story, which is the introduction for household folktales like that of the 'Peach Boy' or the 'Tongue-Cut Sparrow,' is in the manner of the 16th century. The 'Boatman's Song'—still heard in the beautiful inland sea, or far in the northern sea of Sendai—if not as elaborate as the original musical setting of the samo poem by my friend"—this friend is Mr. Koscak Yamada, who has transcribed and modernized these folk-songs—"has the real charm of wind and waves. Even in the simple melody of the 'Counting Song' there is a pathos which is so strong and moving that it seems to be deeply rooted in our primitive nature." Some of the folk-song texts have been taken over into Japanese literature at various times, and the melodies with them. "Toward the end of the 11th century, a type of song became current in the court literature which was called 'Inayō' or the 'modern style.' It was very much like the Rondeau, and we are proud to say that there were poets among the old courtiers of Japan who may be compared to Pierre de Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay. The 'Inayō,' called 'Buddhist Chant' in this collection, is by Jichin, a Buddhist priest who lived at a later period. 'Hukagawa,' a Capriccio, was sung to the accompaniment of the Shamisen, the three-stringed guitar. One must imagine the libertine atmosphere of the late Tokugawa period, and the lover on a small junk in which he hurries to his mistress in the Hukagawa quarter, where dwell the women of light life. These songs are still sung by the Japanese of the present day, as they were sung in olden times. Their beauties are so different from those I have learned to enjoy in western music, that I feel, unless properly presented, they are hard for foreigners to understand. Yet somewhere in a desolate temple under a single blossoming tree or along that tragic road of Tokal-Do, where the wind blows in harmony with the rolling waves, if a Claudel or a Loti had ever heard the drowsy note of the 'Cradle Song,' its memory would suffice to awaken appreciation for the work of my friend."

In spite of Mr. Taketomo's warning, we are sure that several of these songs would give great pleasure to a western audience. The solemn "Buddhist Chant" is most impressive. It appears from Mr. Martens's note that this is a religious folk song dating from about 900 A. D. It is not a ritual chant. Its burden is "The identity of heaven and earth in the soul of the just." The author was the poet-priest Jichin.

Lo, one March morn, raised my eyes.
White was ev'ry hill,
Are they flowers white or clouds
That my vision fill?

Clouds, heav'n born or flow'rs of earth?
How tell them apart?
One yet twain; alike, yet not—
Ask of your own heart.

In the "Flower Song" the transcriber has suggested in the accompaniment the effect of the Shamisen and the little Japanese drum, tsoudzumi. The text is impressionistic. The song is probably an old Geisha one.

The plum-flow'r, O, has it blossomed?
Are the cherry trees in blossom yet?
The willow boughs are swaying in the breezes,
Fruitless is the foolish globe flower, fruitless, alas!

That is to say: "A young maid's mind is swayed by every wind. The affection of the coquette is productive of nothing worth while."

"Song of the Pleasure-Seekers," who are going to the Geisha quarter of Edo, has an 18th century tune. In the accompaniment is a suggestion of "the clapping of the palms of the hands against the thighs, which actually rhythms the melody when sung." The text is not wildly erotic.

Our boat floats down stream, O where faring?
Hukagawa is the place!
O up the stairs now we stagger—Arewaisa, no sa!
Gladly our hearts beat!
Within the room, the great room we'll carouse
I toast you, me you're toasting!
Arewaisa, no sa!
Joy reigns unconfined. Joy reigns!

The Japanese words "Arewaisa," etc., are sound-words, which cannot be translated into an English equivalent.

The "Cradle Song" is beautiful in its simplicity. It is so old that its origin is lost!

1. A woman in a white dress
2. A woman in a white dress
3. A woman in a white dress
4. A woman in a white dress

Japanese Art Dances

Mr. Martens in a preface to the "Old Japanese Art Dances"—the very old—are of the "No" type. The character of the "No" was given to Bostonians last season by Miss Du Pont at the Copley Repertory Theatre. "The Crane and Tortoise" was originally a folk-dance, a dance accompanied by a chorus. Calling forth two dancers, it symbolizes long life and happiness. The "Four Seasons in Kyoto," a version of an old song-dance celebrates the beauty of each season to the garden city which for nearly 11 centuries was the capital of Japan. It is often danced at weddings and is accompanied by shamisen and drum.

"The Song of the Plover" is an old song, of which the famous dancer, Mr. Ito, made a dance. Mr. Ito has been seen in Boston. To those who have lived in Japan his art appears to suffer from undue study in European cities. We do not say this on our own authority, knowing Japan only from the books of Prof. Morse, Maj. Brinkley and Lafcadio Hearn; the romances of ingenious if not ingenuous Frenchmen; prints, talk of travelers and sojourners; and Japanese life as imagined or burlesqued in "Madama Butterfly" and "The Mikado." Mr. Martens writes: "The dance tells the story of the original song-poem, and is an echo of the feudal days of the samurai. In an island fortress of western Japan a samurai is on guard while his comrades rest. The plovers come to fish

in the night and the samurai, who, neglectful of his duty, has fallen asleep, is awakened by their shrill cries and leaps up, thinking the enemy at hand. Underlying the simple poetic narrative is the fact that the samurai, who has neglected his duty, must die by his own hand, in accord with the stern code established by Kato Kiyomasa, a great general of the 16th century. The cry of the plover is the call of death."

Mr. Martens further says that this dance music has to a certain degree "that quality of indirection, of suggestion, which is peculiar to Japanese poetry. It differs as regards form from the usual popular Japanese melody in that, instead of consisting of a series of short phrase formulas repeated again and again, a number of different phrases succeed each other until the end of the

composition has been reached. . . . In modal character the melodies have something in common with ancient Greek music—they employ the same 'exact notes, which yet have no definite expression, and no harmonic affinities.' There is more or less shifting of the tonic, its relation to fourth and fifth varies; yet fundamentally this Japanese music is based on the same principle on which modern music rests: 'the essential division of the octave in fourth and fifth, and the sequence of tones on these intervals.' And, while all oriental music is theoretically based upon a pentatonic scale, in practice (as regards instrumental music in particular, because the koto and shamisen are capable of producing every kind of diatonic, chromatic and harmonic interval), its possibilities for color and expression are extended far beyond a five-tone limit. Julien Tiersot has alluded feelingly to the difficulty the occidental musician finds in transcribing Japanese music in our notation. These dances as well as the 'Japanese Folk and Popular Songs' are especially valuable as authentic musical documents, because their transcriber, a Japanese by birth, who has devoted much time and attention to the music of his native land, has also studied and found the music of its antipodes in European institutions. He is able, therefore, to present the exotic beauty of his native Nippon in a ranner at once intelligible and exact."

It would be interesting to know how much this music has been occidentalized by Mr. Yamada. Phonographic records of music brought to Boston by Mr. Henry Eichheim, the violinist, who has studied the art of Japan in that country, remind one of music by the ultra-modern French composers. Some of these composers have evidently been influenced by oriental music heard at world exhibitions in Paris.

A Chorus Girl Frees Her Mind About Managers and Life

The World of Aug. 11 published the following letter apropos of the actors' strike and remarks made by Mr. Brady: "To the Editor of The World:

"Mr. Brady is quite right in saying that all the people of the stage gave their services most willingly during the war. In fact, we felt it a great honor to help our boys in the service.

"But why should Mr. Brady try to prejudice the public mind against the Actors' Equity Association by stating that a girl going into this strike were depriving the chorus girl of her living? Why this burst of consideration for the poor chorus girl at this late day?

"The chorus girl is very proud of her fellow-players, and she willingly joins

forces with them. I would now our managers have always openly sided at the men and women of her profession, saying they would never stick together and had no backbone. Now that Mr. Brady has taken up the cudgels in our defence, I would that the public would ask Mr. Brady how many weeks the chorus girl is often kept rehearsing without one cent of salary. Truthfully he would answer, I am sure, 10 or 12 weeks, and then some of the girls are left out just before the show opens, with the excuse, 'We have too many girls.' The manager knew from the beginning how many girls he intended to retain, but he permits the girl to waste her time when she might be rehearsing in some other production.

"Then there's the girl who can cleverly play small parts or bits. When she asks a manager for the opportunity he will say, 'Don't know if there will be any small parts, but you can go in the chorus if you like, and if a small part should turn up you can have it.' All the while this acuto manager knows that he will have a small part for her. But by these methods he secures the girl's services

for the same salary he pays the other girls. "If a girl is getting \$30 per week in New York she is offered \$5 extra per week to go on the road with the production. Out of this she pays hotel rates, and she really must have food and clothes. It takes her entire salary to live on the road.

"There are managers who engage a well known stage director who swears at and insults the girls constantly while rehearsing the numbers. His favorite expression is, 'If you girls had brains you would not be in the chorus.' This poor old man does not realize that the chorus girl has changed a lot, both mentally and morally. In the last 25 years. This director should remember that if there were no chorus girls he would be out of a job.

"But all hail! The chorus girl at last has a deliverer in Mr. Brady.

"A CHORUS GIRL.

"New York, Aug. 9."

Mr. William Seymour Discusses the Actors' Strike and the Actor's Art

To the Editor of the Herald:

As one of the oldest members of the dramatic profession (I went upon the stage in 1863 and have continued on it ever since), I desire to offer a word of regret, with some feeling of shame, at the decadence of the actor's art as evidenced by the headlines in your paper today: "Actors' Strike Closes Many New York Theatres."

In my earliest remembrance, the first members of a theatrical organization to "cry quits"—and usually because salaries were not forthcoming—were the members of the orchestra. I will except the leader, for he was generally one of ourselves, and the other players were mostly "Germans"; but their defection could not interrupt the performance. It was an old saying among actors that, "If the manager owed you one week's salary, it wasn't your fault; but it would be if he owed you two, or more." There have been occasions when a group of actors would intend to take up the cause of a discharged confrere and refuse to go on if he were not re-engaged. But in all such cases the "intent, and not the deed, confounded them." I know of one actor (and that within 30 years) who, as a spokesman for others of the cast, declared he would not continue in his part, and that the others were with him, if some wrong were not redressed. The manager accepted his resignation, cut his part out of the play, and the performance went on, with all of the other actors remaining in the cast. "This was the retort drastic."

In 1877 I left the Union Square Theatre, New York city, of which I was the stage manager, and went to San Francisco with John McCullough. I had a two-years' contract, with a salary of \$80 per week in gold and fares to and from the coast. He failed within six months of my arrival in California, but the theatre remained open, and we, his actors, continued playing, without salary or any hopes of it, for several months, but we were actors, and John McCullough, our manager, was an actor, too. In 12 weeks I received \$72, and never in all the salary paid me did I find one gold piece, and I paid my own fare back to New York.

In 1873, when Lawrence Barrett had a disastrous season at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, we, his actors, received for many weeks only salary enough to pay our living expenses, and we continued playing until the season ended. But the season following Mr. Barrett paid his actors every penny due them.

I am not citing the above instances as in comparison with the present "issue"—but to show that the actor, then, did not "strike." His was an art—not controlled by "so many days, so many hours and so much overtime per week." I am not a member of the "Actors' Equity," nor of any of the other associations formed for the managers, or actors' protection. I am a life member of the Actors' Fund, of the B. P. O. Elks and of my Masonic lodge. I am not a Player, a Lamb or a Green-Roomer. I am simply an actor, to whom my profession is paramount to

all the unions and federations ever existent, and I reiterate my regret and lament that the "times are out of joint." Shakespeare said of us:

"A poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
Our players seem to strut and fret more off the stage than on it."

On 1811, a critic, author, poet of the 18th century, wrote in his poem,

"The Art of Acting," dedicated to the Earl of Chesterfield:

"The time shall come (Indulge it soon slow fate)
When power shall taste, that wit can think,
The time shall come (no far the destined day)
When soul-touch'd actors shall do more than play."

When passion, flaming from the asserted stage,
Shall, to taught greatness fire a feeling age;
Tides of strong sentiment sublimely roll;
Deepening the dry discharges of the soul;
Pliv, fear, sorrow, washed from folly's foam,
Knock at man's breast, and find his heart at home.

Then shall the player take pains, in pleasure's right,
Sweat, for his praise, and labor, to delight;
Sweet shall be thank the hand (in death, long cold)
That fired his languor, and his fame foretold.

Nature confirms, art dignifies his claim,
And only can't's low crawl defiles his name."

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

Arthur Hartmann, Violinist, Writes About Vieuxtemps' Centenary

To the Editor of the Herald:

Over 100 years ago, and within the first 20 years of the 19th century, the little country of Belgium gave to the world a number of great men destined to influence and mold the future art of violinists. They were successively: Charles de Beriot, born Louvain Feb. 20, 1802; Lambert Joseph Massart, born Liege July 17, 1811; Hubert Leonard, born Bellaire, near Liege, April 7, 1819, and Henri Vieuxtemps, born Verviers, Feb. 20, 1820.

To the first and last of these enumerated is universally conceded the honor and glory of having been the founders of what has since been styled "The Franco-Belgian School of Violin Playing." While it is not the object of this article to seek controversies on violin matters, it can well be claimed that practically all the violinists of first rank, for 50 years back, have either issued directly from this school, or were influenced by the style of playing created by the Franco-Belgian art.

Music, though the youngest of the arts, has made the most rapid and revolutionary strides, notably in recent years, so that a large portion—yes, we may as well admit from the start, the majority—of the compositions from the pen of De Beriot and Vieuxtemps (Massart and Leonard not having been gifted with any distinguished creative spark) are antiquated and often insufferable to our ears. Notwithstanding, the fact remains that certain compositions of these two masters are absolutely indispensable to the education of all violinists, and there is no violinist living today, however great, who can well avoid playing some one thing or other of Vieuxtemps. Musicians may well contend that the music of Vieuxtemps is all that his name implies—vieux (old) and temps (time), "old-timer"—yet we can search in vain for works which in dramatic intensity, in daring virtuosity and effectiveness, equal the first, third, fourth and fifth concertos. And when we recall that the first great concerto was written by Vieuxtemps when but 18 years of age, the case may well stand as being without a parallel. To my critical judgment, the fifth concerto represents an unique achievement in violinistic art, and is exemplary for its beautiful symmetry, skill and art of construction and its wealth of noble and musically dramatic utterances. Had Vieuxtemps created nothing but this work, it should have eternally obligated all violinists to a service of grateful homage and recognition. There have been many writers for the violin who have been innovators in left-hand display and many whose compositions tax all the

possible combinations of right-hand technique—namely, the manifold styles of bowing—yet there are none which demand of the player's endurance, musicianship, poesy and full technical equipment more than this afore-mentioned fifth concerto.

The centennial of Vieuxtemps' birth—Feb. 20, 1820—is almost upon us. Were it not a fitting tribute for all violinists in this country, the thousands of students who have already mastered the first struggles and the yet other thousands now beginning their elementary work in the public schools throughout this land, were it not a token of grateful recognition for each to con-

tribute toward a monument which should be placed, to the eternal glory of one of the greatest violinists, composers and teachers of all time? For several years past, it has been secretly one of the ardent wishes of my life to be instrumental in helping toward this object and also to help stem the tide of prejudice and ignorance in a true appreciation of Vieuxtemps' potential influences. I have not yet formulated any definite plans as to the details in getting the monument or where it might be appropriately placed. As a

general outline, I would most gladly appeal to every violinist, violin student and lovers of the violin to make as large a contribution as his or her enthusiastic impulse may prompt and would suggest as a minimum, a "silver offering." Then, to further aid this sum, doubtless, concerts could be arranged in the larger cities in which Vieuxtemps' works (also those with violoncello) could be performed. My idea would further be to have an American-born sculptor make the monument, possibly in open competition, and to have various local committees take up the matter in counsel and thus finally arrive at a decision as to where the monument shall find its lasting place. In appealing to all music-lovers to join in giving tribute to one who helped create the art, technique and musical literature of the violin, America would be giving but another expression of her appreciation of Belgium's greatness and at the same time encouragement to America's artists. Contributions sent me to Houghton, New York state, will be receipted for by me personally and a strict accounting given for the funds.

ARTHUR HARTMANN.

Houghton, N. Y.

How Mr. John Powell Is Studying for His Opera, "Judith"

Mr. George Harris, the tenor, has written a libretto based on the cheerful story of Judith and Holofernes, and Mr. John Powell, the pianist—he has given recitals in Boston, as has Mr. Harris—is writing the music for it. Mr. Powell admitted recently that an operatic composer, even an American, should first of all have the ability to write for the stage. The operas by Americans produced hitherto by the Metropolitan and Chicago companies, "though they may have had excellent musical material, have fallen down in their lack of knowledge of stage technique."

"What is it," says Mr. Powell, "that the Italians always seem to have, and that yet eludes the American composer? No matter how weak the average Italian opera may be as to musical content, at least it possesses certain theatrical qualities, a feeling for the building of climax, that makes it plausible and even gripping in stage representation. For this reason, indeed, many an Italian opera has won a measure of success its music never justified. And even in the greatest works—'Aida' for example—the purely theatrical has not been scorned. As for Wagner, his music dramas are filled with theatrical climax."

"Therefore, I have been haunting the Opera House and the theatre as often as my many engagements would allow. I have watched carefully what effects 'go' with the public. I have noted these, and when I set about the composition of the score for which Harris has furnished me with a really poetic libretto, my first effort will be to write music that will appeal because of its theatrical qualities. This does not mean that I shall cheapen or degrade the music. But I shall avoid such music as has only musical value,

never forgetting that the real purpose of music in opera, after all, is to illuminate and heighten the action of the drama."

Mr. George C. Tyler Talks About "Bedroom" and Lingerie Plays

Mr. George C. Tyler, looking after a new play brought out under his management at Atlantic City, thus freed his mind about entertainments now in fashion.

"Never has the stage in America reached so low a level as it did last year. We're entering a better era, for the very simple reason that we couldn't get any worse. The bedroom and lingerie

style of drama reached limits that far outstripped decency—it was worse than a gambler's chance for a father to take his daughter to a show and sit there with any sense of case. He never knew when a salacious speech or an unseemly situation would arise. The theatre became a place where it was practically unsafe to take a young person. Themes fit only for a clinic were built into dramas—profanity was put into the mouths of women—and situations so daring that decent-minded men and women made them taboo in conversation. They were boldly exploited on the stage for any one to see who had the price of admission. Let any man or woman look back on the last five years of the American drama and call to mind some of the speeches and situations sadly spoken and sadly shown, and then question if I am right or wrong.

"But a revision in public tastes is taking place. The theatregoer is sick and tired of the fifth and the suggestiveness. For it takes us nowhere and brings us nowhere. It's all very well to talk of the passions and their dramatic values. They have their place in the world—they have their niche in the drama. Shakespeare showed it in 'Romeo and Juliet'—also in the scene of Desdemona's bedroom in 'Othello.' But those scenes were mere episodes in a great, big immortal unfolding of tragedy. Those isolated scenes did not make the entire play of 'Romeo and Juliet' or of 'Othello.'

"The clean play is coming into its own again. We've wallowed long enough in the mud. The clear river, the green grass and the blue sky seem mighty fine after all. And it is only by going away from them for awhile that it seems so good to get back to them again."

Mr. Bart Kennedy's Praise of the Actor's Friend, the Deadhead (from the Stage).

Why he never allowed beats me; for he is the friend of the author, the actor, the manager, the call-boy, and all others connected with the theatre. Job was a pale, thin person, but compared with the deadhead he can't be reckoned as being really in it. He was patient, but he was a grouser. At least, his friends said he was. But the deadhead is as merry and bright as the birds in May. It matters not the dullness nor the fearfulness of the play. He is there—clad in his nicest and his best—till the very end.

Occasionally managers, and—I am grieved to say—actors grumble at the deadhead. They have the hardihood to suggest that he ought to play for his seat. They accuse him of not being a genuine and sterling patron of the drama; they write letters to the press, in which they endeavor to make out that he is not very much better than he ought to be—that he is a getter of something for nothing—and so forth and so on. Sometimes, indeed, a manager goes to the extreme length of threatening to exclude him altogether, unless—unless, mind you—he pays for his seat!

Frankly, this kind of thing amazes me. For it is ingratitude of a dye that is particularly dark and deep. But the deadhead is of a disposition that is kind and forgiving. It would serve these people right if he went on strike. But he never even thinks of it. He is magnanimity personified.

Once a deadhead always a deadhead! This aphorism was coined beyond a doubt, by some manager in a rude moment. It is intended to convey an appropriate suggestion to the effect that when a man has been in the habit of getting seats for nothing he will never pay for seats afterwards in any circumstances. And here I may say that I accept this suggestion on behalf of my friend the deadhead. But I do not accept it as carrying with it opprobrium. I accept in the sense that he, the deadhead, recognizes that he has a duty to perform towards the drama and all who are concerned with it. And, recognizing this, he sticks faithfully to his post.

Pay! Why should he pay? The service he renders is a service that is often most vital. Indeed, if there is talk about payment, the shoe is on the other foot—as the cobbler of old put it. It is he—the deadhead—who ought to be paid. He ought to receive a salary for attending to his mission. But, to do him justice he never asks for mere vulgar money. All that he requires—and asks for—is a seat for the performance!

When the ship is sinking—when the manager is thinking of taking off the play because the audience are a bit slow in discovering its hidden merit—there appears on the scene the savior. He arrives, dressed up to the nines. He looks like a baronet at the very least. Perhaps, indeed, he is a baronet, for there are baronets and even peers who belong to the gallant deadhead phalanx. If I may be allowed the use of a bull, he appears in overwhelming numbers. And, lo! that glad two-word legend is put up at the entrance to the theatre—House Full. When people ask at the box office for seats, the potentate who reigns therein gives them the cold eye and the acid word. He directs their attention to the two-word legend that is stuck up outside—the legend that has attracted them even as the bee is attracted by the honey! He can't give them seats tonight! Of course not! Perhaps he can let them have seats for some other night! He will see. It is a thing most difficult. There is such a run on them.

Let this be said in all seriousness, however. Many a fine play has been saved by the deadhead. This no one can deny. The first nights of a play are awkward nights. The very first night means absolutely nothing. Because of the nature of things it is impossible for its audience to be a bona-fide audience. There are too many friends in the theatre. And there is another point, too. The gallery goes is sometimes apt to get into the ultra-critical frame of mind. This frame of mind is the worst possible for the judging of anything. No, the first night of a piece means nothing.

The trying time for a play is during its first two weeks. The factors that make for its success or its failure cannot be defined by anyone, however used to the stage they may be. Every play has its own chance of appeal. The reasons for the success of one play may mean the failure of another. The subtlety of a play is, after all, but a roughly suggested picture, that may or may not appeal to the crowd-mind. The one who has written it has to work largely in the dark. This he has to do, whatever his experience or knowledge of his craft. Every play goes forth to unforeseen adventure.

And it has to be helped somewhat in the beginning. It has to be given a chance—to be tried well out. It must not be taken off too quickly.

And therefore is it that the launchers of it have recourse to the help of our patient friend—the deadhead.

Prof. Gilbert Murray's Lecture on Cleon, Aristophanes and the War

Prof. Gilbert Murray's Creighton's lecture on "Cleon and Aristophanes: the contemporary criticism of the Peloponnesian War" in which he showed striking parallels between the greatest war known to the Greeks and the greatest war of all history, was reported in the London Times as follows.

Greek history, the lecturer began, had been constantly reinterpreted according to the political experience and preferences of its writers. Cleon, the most vivid figure of the Peloponnesian war, had been variously represented; he had been treated as "a bloodthirsty sans-culotte, who established a reign of terror; a vigorous and much abused radical; the figurehead of a great social and economic movement"; but Thucydides had told us what was essential

to know, simply that Cleon was "the most violent of the citizens, and at that time most persuasive to the multitude."

"The Peloponnesian war was in many respects similar to the present war. It was to the Hellenic peoples a world-war—the greatest that there had ever been; it started the world by its bitter cruelty; it was a struggle between sea power and land power, between democracy and military autocracy. The democratic sea power of Athens suffered from its lack of cohesion and its dependence on sea-borne resources; the military land empire of the Peloponnesians gained from its compact and central position.

Again, there was a division of parties like our own. Though there were no pro-Spartans in Athens, there was roughly a peace negotiation party led by Nicias, and a knockout blow party led by Cleon. After 10 years of war Nicias succeeded in making a peace treaty, which the firebrands on both sides at once proceeded to violate; and after 27 years the war left Athens wrecked and Sparta bleeding to death. Parallels must not be pressed too close, but another similarity should be noticed: the more Greece was ruined, the more was Athens haunted by shining dreams of the future reconstruction of human life—the speculations of philosophers, and even the comic poets; Plato's dream city.

The lecturer then turned to some of the obvious material results from so long and serious a war. Athens became overcrowded with refugees, living in casks and holes and gateways, as the sausage-seller said; the overcrowding led to the great plague described by Thucydides but not mentioned by Aristophanes. Food was scarce; there was no oil or charcoal; "Why did you light that drunkard of a lamp?" says the master to his servant in the "Wasps." The scarcity of food was dwelt upon again and again, as a joke with a grim background; Megara was absolutely starving; in Athens prices were high, but in the "Knights" Cleon, after thundering against the "hidden hand," and being interrupted by the news of a great catch of sprats, taught the hungry people their lesson only too well: "Peace? Yes, of course. When they know that we have cheap fish in! We don't want peace! Let the war rip!" Another effect of the war was the absence of men of military age from Athens; three plays of Aristophanes were based on what women could do if they held together: the "Lysistrata" showed a general strike of women; in the "Ecclesiazusae" they were in Parliament. There was a dearth of servants, but not as with us; the slaves deserted in large numbers from the city of their owners.

As for the effect of the war on political opinion, the first simple fact to realize was that the war was long and evenly balanced. Neither side could understand why it did not succeed in winning completely. There arose a demand for energy at any price, and it became difficult to work for peace. The average Athenian citizen regarded the Spartan as "to be no more trusted than a hungry wolf with his mouth open"; one for whom there existed "no altar and no honor and no oath." The Athenian counterpart to the clergy—that is, the prophets and oracle-mongers—were represented by comedy as being more ferocious in their passions than the ordinary man; but Dicaeopolis, in the "Acharnians," deliberately undertakes to argue that the Spartans were not, after all, to blame in everything. The policy of Cleon was to win completely, at any cost and by any means, a policy which "became more and more repulsive to decent men," and our witnesses are unanimous in saying that from the time of Pericles onward there was a rapid deterioration in the class of men who acquired ascendancy in Athens; besides a change of social class, there really was a moral and spiritual degradation from Pericles and Cimon to Hyperbolus and his successors, with their flatterers and hangers-on, shirkers from military service, rich profiteers and informers, types of the spy mania of the time. It was a permanent count against Cleon that he repeatedly refused peace, because, as Aristophanes makes him say, "I mean to give the Athenian Demos universal empire over Hellas." "Bosh!" answers the Sausage-seller; "it is because the whole atmosphere of the war suits you! The general darkness and ignorance, the absence of financial control, the nervous terror of the populace, and even their very poverty and hunger, which makes them more and more dependent on you."

Thanks to then technique which may be likened to cold storage, the movies are not affected by strikes as are dramas dependent upon the actor in the flesh. Deep and widespread as is the "social unrest," it has not yet unionized shadow

ow. I have seen a good many made safe for democracy. Even should that without which there could be no shadow—the substance—strike, and screen dramas of the future be endangered, it would do no great harm. All the movies can then do what some of them have for some time been doing—rechristen old plays with new names for the benefit of a long-suffering, non-striking public.—New York Evening Post.

1919. Aug 18 1919

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. House. I rarely wish to see again what I already know. I shall visit new places.

Mr. Street. Are there any?

Mr. House. In reality, no; in imagination, yes. It's always the same thing, and yet I like for some hours that which I have not seen. When my imagination goes to sleep again, it seems to me that I have been there for years, and I rush away. It's very boring. Perhaps my true vocation would be to stay always in my room, like the man dreamed about by Pascal.

Our Journey

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has asked us to go with him on a journey; for an outing, as he calls it. We asked him if Miss Vashti, his sister, would not go with us. He shook his head. Suspecting that he thought she would be uncomfortable, through maiden delicacy, in being alone with men, we suggested that Miss Jane Winterbottom be invited as companion, for Miss Vashti really is not in need of a chaperon. No; Mr. Johnson used the tiresome old saw, "Two's company," etc. He would not even hear of Gaylord Quex, Esq., Maj. Marshall Tred, the Rev. Babington Brook, Mr. George P. Bolivar, or even Eugene Golightly the Younger, not to mention Percy Beauregard, Marcellus Graves, Lucien B. Henderson, Hector Munson and others, valued contributors to this column and members of the Porphyry Club in good and regular standing. "No; we'll go alone."

One would think from this that Mr. Johnson had invited us as his guest. On the contrary. He expressly stipulated that all bills, railway, canal, toll-bridge, steamboat, ferry boat, cab, stage, hotel, should be equally divided. Something tells us in our heart that Mr. Johnson will ask for a loan before we are 100 miles from Boston.

Where and how shall we go? We should like to take passage on the Flying Dutchman, if the company on board is as agreeable as it was when George William Curtis voyaged and gave an account of the trip to his Prue, but, the last we heard of the vessel, she was sighted not far from the Cape of Good Hope. There are names that have long allured us—Surinam, Malabar, Pernambuco, Lahore, Caracassone, Damascus, Archangel, Santiago de Chili, Teheran. Mr. Johnson has mentioned Putney, Vermont.

Fortunately Mr. Johnson does not own an automobile, and if he owned one he would not drive furiously. He is not a speed-maniac in any phase of life. When he travels, he wishes to see and hear. He observes with sociological interest the flagman at a way station. He chooses an accommodation train, which is accommodating, unlike the "accommodator" that deigns to fill the gap between the departure and the arriving maid-of-little work and every-night play. In his manner of travel we sympathize with him.

We have also determined that no tea-house, by the wayside, no Red Peacock, Blue Hen, Dragon's Lair, Mary Jane's, will tempt us. Better even the dining room of the country tavern with flies swarming about us and recommending the food than the painful aestheticism and still more distressing bills of the tea-house with a landlady related by birth or marriage to some of "our best families." As a human being, the country landlord is vastly more entertaining, after he is assured of his guest's pecuniary responsibility.

Unlike Hazlitt, Dickens, Stevenson, Belloc, Wordsworth, De Quincey and his friend, "Walking" Stewart, Mr. Johnson does not shine as a pedestrian. He admires Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" only for its symbolism, its broad democratic spirit. He enjoys Hazlitt's famous essay because Hazlitt debated as he entered a village, after an all-day tramp, what he should eat for supper. Mr. Johnson will not goad us into excursions on foot.

We should not go with him at this time, for there are letters on important subjects from contributors to be thoughtfully considered and perhaps published. Thus, Dr. Crockett has much to say about the feat of swimming to Boston Light; "W. E. K." discusses the history of the custard pie as a stage accessory in the spoken and the filmed drama; some one that did not think it best to sign his name has sent a vivid account in Scottish dialect of a Scottish picnic in this painful period of prohibition. But what, after all, is "duty"? only a word, which has led to criminal action.

It may be that we shall not go far from town. We may find some broad veranda where we shall pass the time reading Hakluyt's Voyages, tales of African, Asiatic, Arctic and Antarctic

explorations, and, above all, "Moby Dick." It is easier to let others travel for you; to let them carry pemmican and evaporated milk, or subsist gaily on yams, bread-fruit and raw fish; to extricate a blonde and grateful lady from a railway wreck, or shout in a commanding voice "Women and children first," as boats are lowered from a sinking ship unprovided with wireless apparatus. One can then say with Whitman, in a fine burst of enthusiasm: "I am the man; I suffered; I was there." What if Mr. Johnson should finally insist on a veranda journey, with occasional visits to the Porphyry?

Two New Theatres

Two theatres, it is reported, are to be built in Boston by and for a prominent firm of theatrical managers. Little or nothing has been said about the character of the plays to be performed in these theatres, whether they are to be spectacles, comedies with music, farces, melodramas, or plays of all kinds in alternation, including even tragedies. One might say that at present Boston has more theatres than it has plays. Last season several comedies, booked for long runs, were kept on the stage although the audiences after a fortnight were small; kept there because there were no plays to take their place. It is easy to say that the theatres should have been crowded to the end of the appointed engagement. The answer is, that the particular audience for this or that play was only for a fortnight.

Not only are truly important dramas long in coming to this city; amusing comedies, successful in New York, are often performed in other American cities, sometimes in London, before they are brought to Boston. There was a time when Boston was regarded as an eminently "good show town." The word "show" was then a name for any theatrical entertainment, from "Hamlet" to "A Bunch of Keys," from "Iris" to "Are You a Mason?" It is still a "good show town" for shows with certain comedians, as Messrs. Stone, Jolson, Hitchcock; for shows with loudly advertised show-girls, with plots that are in the nature of slightly deodorized Palais Royal farces. It would be foolish and unjust not to admit that these entertainments amuse thousands; it is also true that managers are justified in answering a popular demand. If the great public insisted on plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Brieux, Synge, Maeterlinck, the more serious dramas of Pinero and Jones, the managers would put them on the stage.

The question arises whether the managers of the proposed new theatres will run the risk of gratifying the taste of a comparatively small audience in the hope that this audience will grow. There is already a small but loyal audience for Mr.

Jewett's repertory theatre. This audience has not been afraid of serious plays performed here for the first time; it has enjoyed comedies and dramas that managers in New York have produced timidly and hastily withdrawn, fearing failure, or wholly ignored. Will there be interest in serious productions at the new theatres? Or will there be merely two new houses for the entertainments in which bedrooms, lingerie and nocturnal misadventures are the foundation of skittish plot and dialogue? No one wishes a constantly sombre, gloomy theatre, especially at this time; but should plays that lead reasonably intelligent men and women to think, discuss, remember, be rigorously banished from the larger theatres of this city?

Reverence and Utility

A question agitating many in the English speaking world, where there are now so many causes for agitation, is whether a factory should be established in Stratford-on-Avon. Some argue, having cried out, "Desecration!" that the town will thus be commercialized; but in the same breath they say that tourists, worshippers at shrines, will be deterred from visits and sojourning, and so there will be a pecuniary loss. Some, without reference to this loss or gain, protest against a factory on purely aesthetic grounds, forgetting, or ignoring, the fact that there is already a brewery; they wish the town preserved, reserved as it is for tribute to a genius, for contemplation and meditation, for the dramatic festivals under the direction of Sir Frank Benson, with movies, dancers, folk songs—all in the effort to bring Elizabethan days, "Merry England," into these distracted and sinister years. Others say that Shakespeare has been dead many years; it is not determined beyond doubt and controversy that he wrote the plays attributed to him; his glory cannot be diminished—even the Germans claim him as their own; the people of Stratford-on-Avon must live, and at present there is not enough employment for them.

Would a factory necessarily disfigure the landscape, disturb reverent meditation, cast a shadow over the shrine, and bring the curse that Shakespeare invoked on the possible disturber of his bones? The brewery evokes pleasing thoughts of Sir John Falstaff, Dame Quickly, Bardolph, Pistol and Nye, not forgetting Christopher Sly and other toss-pots and malt-worms of the plays. In the years before the war it must have been an additional attraction for German pilgrims. There is no romance in a factory. What would Ruskin not say against this irreverence, this shameless desecration?

Yet a Japanese gentleman, a lover of the beautiful, a man of high position and great wealth, answered not long ago an American, who was lamenting the passing of old Japan, by pointing to factory chimneys: "I like to see them; I welcome them; they symbolize the prosperity of my country." And some years before he died no less a lover of art than Remy de Gourmont ridiculed the reverential regard of certain Parisians for old buildings that, architecturally absurd at the time they were built, in modern times are interesting only to fanatical admirers of everything that is ancient and injurious to civic utility.

It is not probable that Shakespeare will be seriously annoyed by a factory not too near the church. He has other things to think of; his commentators, "producers" and actors, the Baconians, the heroic English on sea and on land, the shabby treatment of Joan of Arc in "Henry VI." Although, like Coriolanus and other men in his plays, he did not like the mob, he would be the last one to deny the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon a livelihood.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE. A. H. Woods presents "Breakfast in Bed," a new farce in three acts, by Georges Feydeau. Willard Mack and Hilliard Booth. The cast includes:

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Raphael Bates | Harry Hamilton |
| Terry | Tommy Meade |
| Harry Gower | Alcent Denny |
| Emily Dava | Phyllis Moore |
| Benjamin Gaby | W. D. King |
| Gertrude Gower | Heen Gower |
| Gene Anderson | Grace Gower |
| Jack Maston | Leon Gordon |
| Joe Keston | Homey Frank |
| Joe Latmore | Fred A. Strong |
| Miss Nichols | James Donnell |
| The Rev. Ebenezer Whipple | Walter Whipple |

The best "line" in the piece occurs near the beginning of Act II, when Emily awakens in Jack's room in Cleopatra costume and puts herself together sufficiently to remember that it was a wild night at the fancy dress ball.

There is at present no more of making out which of the three authors is responsible for the piece, but it should make the other two jealous.

The title has little to do with the play. There is a bed, it is true, even though the show is at the Plymouth and not at the Park Square, but there is no breakfast save cold water. Perhaps a concession to that street, only a scene is a bedroom. It is a very beautiful bedroom, albeit masculine, and what happens in it is very funny.

Emily didn't know how she got there, but she had never tried champagne before. Jack was entirely innocent, but it was hard for him to persuade Emily's fiancé and his own rich godfather of this. Result, a very delicious wedding in the last act, the situation being saved by the justice of the peace discovering that his license had just expired and that nobody was married yet.

As might be expected of such a story and such a cast, it is a willy hilarious evening's entertainment. Last night's audience roared from curtain up to curtain down.

Florence Moore's reputation as one of the very few really effective American women comedians certainly will not suffer as a result of last night's performance. Her art lies in making fun of the sophisticated. The "Hello, Kid" attitude to life, that would be mere smart-alecky in man, is irresistibly comic in a woman, and Miss Moore is mistress of it.

Leon Gordon got as much out of his role as Miss Moore out of hers. He was responsible for some of the best laughs of the evening. Will Denning was more convincing as the revengeful victim than as the dashing lover. Tommy Meade as Terry, the butler, brought many a guffaw, but why does a butler always have to do the job of a second fiddle?

The artistic furniture is always a point of interest in this sort of play. There is no reason why this exhibit should not set some fashions in interior decorating.

Altogether, "Breakfast in Bed" carries on the best traditions of the Woods farce.

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BILL AT KEITH'S

Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler, assisted by George E. Romain in a travesty on the eternal triangle, are the headline feature of the bill at the B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the theatre was crowded with an audience that was deeply interested. The idea is of course an old one, yet the piece excels in the manner of its treatment, and the development is ingenious and entertaining to say the least. The action is brisk and then there is the excellent work of the principal comedian, Mr. Maron. He has a certain breezy style and a flip manner of speech that never fails to cause laughter. Both Miss Keeler and Mr. Romain added their part to the success of the act.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Lillian Fitzgerald in a varied program of mimicry, burlesque and song. The actress is gifted with "style," and she uses a voice for the purposes of impersonation and displaying a remarkable talent at dialects with uncommon facility. Whether howling an Irish "Come all ye" or reproducing with remarkable subtlety the French soubrette, she had her audience in an uproar. Altogether one of the best acts of its kind in many a season.

Other acts on the bill were Litchie and St. Onge, bicyclists; Ward and Van in a musical act; Josephine and Heitling in a clever dancing number; the Primrose quartet; Anies and Winthrop in burlesque dancing; El Cota, xylophonist, and Los Rodriguez, in a balancing act.

gate Bring

"The high cost of living will be reduced and the tide of anarchy turned back when the laboring men of this country increase production by working longer hours a day, instead of trying to cut down the week to 49 and 36 hours," declared Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, at the convention of stockholders and dealers which opened in Symphony Hall yesterday.

Evening Concert in Symphony Hall

The evening entertainment consisted of a concert in Symphony Hall by John McCormack, assisted by Winston Wilkinson, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. The hall was packed to capacity, seats having even been placed on the stage to accommodate the delegates. Mr. McCormack was at his best and answered the enthusiastic applause with many encores. Mr. McCormack's program included:

Recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," from "Jephtha." Aria, "Waft Her, Angels," Handel.

"The Light of the Moon." Arr by Hughes.
"Una Baun." Arr by Hardebeck.
"Fasten Plonn." Arr by Milligan.
Fox.
"Only You." by E. Schneider.
"Day is Done," by Margaret Lang.
"Roses of Hecard," by Hayden Wood.
"The Americans Come," by Ray Foster.

THE NEW

DR. MUCK BITTER AT SAILING

Former Orchestra Leader Says He Leaves Country Without Regret.

Dr. Karl Muck, former leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was interned during part of the war at Fort Oglethorpe as an enemy alien, sailed yesterday on the Scandinavian-American liner Frederick VIII. for Copenhagen. Dr. Muck and his wife, who sailed with him, were accompanied by an agent of the Department of Justice, who remained at the pier until the ship had started down the bay. He said he had warned the Captain of the liner to make sure Dr. Muck did not leave the vessel within the three-mile limit.

At first Dr. Muck, who was an interested spectator on deck while the passengers were going on board, denied his identity. Later he admitted it when a fellow-passenger, calling him by name, began hugging and kissing him. He said he had no plans for the future. He added that he was leaving the United States with no regrets, and with a bitter feeling toward the newspapers, which, he said, had treated him unfairly.

Reiterating his denial that he had refused to play "The Star-Spangled Banner," Dr. Muck asserted the report had been instigated by rivals. He said he did not believe the orchestra would be reorganized, as twenty-nine of the German members had been interned.

"I am not a German, although they said I was," he said. "I considered myself an American."

Commanders Johann Mentz and Paul Saabye of the aviation section of the Danish Navy, who have been here three months studying American types of seaplanes, sailed on the ship, as did Otto Morgenstjerne, Secretary of the Norwegian Department of Justice, who came here to study prison conditions. Mr. Morgenstjerne said he was bitter against Warden Brophy of Sing Sing Prison because Mr. Brophy had refused to allow him to inspect the institution.

Among the 320 passengers on the Frederick VIII. were D. Minotto, Victor Lassen, American agent of the Scandinavian-American Line, and A. R. Nordvall, a writer.

"Please Sign Here"

It now appears that the manifesto of the ninety-three German "intellectuals" issued at the beginning of the war was in all probability written by Hermann Sudermann, novelist and dramatist. One of his plays entitled "Honor" discusses a question of honor. Today he maintains that the honor of the German empire was at stake; that Germany was attacked by the envious of her greatness; that the manifesto stated only facts. He at least is consistent in his invincible obstinacy, in his determination to deny facts that put his country in the wrong. Others that signed are now giving shuffling excuses; they did not know the contents of the document; they were wrongly informed, they were deceived; they signed because certain men of authority had already signed and they trusted the judgment of these men. Mr. Weingartner, the conductor and composer, who had been

handsomely recompensed for musical services in Boston and other American cities, is especially abject in apologies; bitter against imperialism and militarism, he believes that hope for the world's future is in the United States; he may even hope that his own pecuniary future rests here.

No doubt some, possibly many, of these "intellectuals" signed because they were told that Prof. A., Dr. B. and the Rev. Herr C. approved and had written their names with an impressive flourish. These distinguished men could not be wrong. It was an honor to be associated with them. The association would give them additional prestige. Or some

may have signed not to be disabused, out of good nature, indifferent to the nature of the manifesto, not questioning the alleged facts, if they were allowed to know them.

In this they were characteristically human. It is difficult for many to refuse their signature to any protest, appeal, petition. Signing, they merely glance at the text, or take it for granted that it deserves their personal sanction. They are influenced by snobbishness, vanity or good nature. The latter leads men in some instances to careless pecuniary endorsement, which, in turn, brings distress upon them and their families. They resemble the Inca of Peru, who came to grief because it was not in his power to refuse anyone anything.

"What!" one of these Germans might have cried, "nearly a hundred intellectuals are going to sign this patriotic manifesto? I, too, must sign. Am I not an intellectual?" The majority of these signers are now unwilling to be ranked in this class. They are ready to be described as ordinary persons. They were ignorant, misled, cruelly misinformed. They now rend their garments, cover their heads with ashes in their self-abasement. Observing their attitude, reading their stammering excuses, one has a certain respect for Sudermann.

AUGUST 25, 1919.

STUBERT THEATRE—"Somebody's Sweetheart," a musical play in two acts. book and lyrics by Alonzo Price, music by Antonio Bafunno, presented on Saturday night by Arthur Hammerstein. The cast includes:

| | | |
|------------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Colonel Williams | U. S. Consul in Seville | Albert Sackett |
| Harry Edwards | Howard Marsh | |
| Helen Williams | Eva Fallon | |
| Roderic | Spanish Prince Eugene Redding | |
| Bessie Williams | Louise Allen | |
| Sam Benton | Alonzo Price | |
| Dolores | Water Girl | Natalie Howe |
| Zaida | Ardele Cleaves | |
| Ben Hug | John Dunsmure | |

"Somebody's Sweetheart" looks like an attempt to revive some features of a type of musical comedy that used to be imported before the war. To that extent it offers a relief from the "intimate" variety that has been popular for three or four seasons. One thinks of half a dozen London Gaiety pieces to which it is akin, recent revivals at the Plymouth having proved an opportunity for comparison. Arthur Hammerstein has proved that, contrary to general supposition, this sort of thing can be done nowadays as well as ever it could.

"Somebody's Sweetheart" may well be compared to "Florodora." Practically the same scenery and cast could be used for both pieces and the plots are not very divergent. The libretto of the new play is about as good as that of the old; that is of say, not particularly good, but good enough to show that the art of elaborating an old theme has not been lost. The music is the principal point of difference. Those who saw "Florodora" at the Plymouth remember the more or less amiable shock that the interpolation of two or three modern symeopated numbers provided. Here in "Somebody's Sweetheart" there is no such shock, for all the music is modern, although it is as intricate and colorful as much of Leslie Stuart's.

Modern musical comedy has come to rely on ragtime as the old sort relied on the waltz. Those who like ragtime welcome the change. The music of "Somebody's Sweetheart" is much more ingenious than that of most recent successes, even if it is less catchy than that of some of them. Catchiness is not an unmixed virtue; the C Minor Symphony loses nothing by the fact that it cannot be whistled. And how many musical comedies, even of the frothiest, have more than two numbers that achieve whistling vogue? "Somebody's Sweetheart" has that many, at least. There is the duet that gives the play its name, and there is Zaida's fiddling song. And there are other tuneful things in the show that will be hummed in offices, homes and public places before the week is out.

The popular belief that the old musical comedies were better than the new ones is largely due to sentimental associations distorted by time. They cannot be viewed fairly through a telescope 12 years long. There was less competition in the old days. Four of the important Boston theatres are now open for the season; three of them have musical comedies and one a "comedy with music." There is not a serious play in town. Tonight another theatre opens with a girl-and-music show. If at the end of the season two musical plays

The action of "Sweetheart" leads up to a triple wedding by three of love affairs. On the eve of the marriage to the daughter of the American consul in Seville, Harry Edwards finds that a fiddling gitana named Zaida, with whom he has recently had a fair, has been hired to entertain the guests. She threatens to spoil things, and he implores his old friend, a fiddler, from Chicago to get rid of Zaida until after the ceremony. This fiddler fails to do, but he manages to fall in love with another daughter of the consul and to render the machinations of Zaida harmless by marrying her off. There are jokes about throwing the ball, and a reference to the number of bulls killed in Chicago as compared to the number killed in the fall ring.

The most interesting player in the cast is Alonzo Price. He wrote the play, and now he is playing the principal part in it. This is a splendid arrangement. It is hard to see what cause for complaint Price the author might find in Price the actor, for on Saturday night he gave a most creditable performance, interpreting his own lines very cleverly. His eccentric dance with Miss Fallon was roundly encored, and he brought peals of laughter in the serenade scene.

Howard Marsh was almost as amusing, and just as convincing in the role of Edwards, the worried lover.

Who is the leading woman? People were asking that in the lobby. Miss Allen has most to do, and does it very charmingly, but she is surely the heroine and her marriage is not the one the play is all about. Miss Fallon, on the other hand, is the chief of the plot, but she has much less to do. Shall Zaida, the gypsy be called leading woman? Her fiddling and singing and dancing are very successful, but surely she is not so important, as either of the brides.

"Sweetheart" is a thing of sparkling color, lights and music. It is good entertainment, and deserves a big run. It has already had nine nights in New York.

'HITCHY-KOO' Aug AT COLONIAL

Colonial Theatre. "Hitchy-Koo, 1913," book by George V. Hobart, music and lyrics by Cole Porter, presented by Raymond Hitchcock.

The cast includes Raymond Hitchcock, Sylvia Clark, Joseph Cook, Ruth Mitchell, James J. Doherty, Charles Howard and Mark Sullivan.

Musical comedy appeals to certain types, and Ibsen to other types, but revue seems to please everybody. For the same reason that the circus creates a bigger stir in a country town than a barnstorming company, shows like "Hitchy-Koo" attract bigger audiences than most plays, musical or otherwise. Revue is a mixture of old-fashioned American burlesque and English pantomime, and it comes from France. For some reason or other American producers have been more successful with it than either the English or the French, and Raymond Hitchcock is one of the best of them.

A "Hitchy-Koo" first night is always an occasion to remember. One goes not in the least knowing what to expect, but confident that it will be well worth seeing. At least, one does know that Hitchcock will be there in the lobby shaking hands, and that he will stand in the aisles and greet old friends, but one cannot guess beforehand at the manner of his greeting. This time he informs the audience that the entertainment is to be strictly highbrow, and that he has the backing of all the temperance societies, educational organizations and uplifters generally. And in his first song, true to form, he informs the world that he is the person who introduced Mr. Park to Mr. Tilford, Mr. Lord to Mr. Taylor and the nice old Mr. Chandon to the dear old Mr. Moot. It is a spectacle of which audiences will never grow tired during Hitchcock's lifetime—Hitchy himself, surrounded by his own hand-picked beauties and basking in applause. Everybody knows that he cannot sing as well as the chorus men he rejects for their poor voices, and nobody, at least within recent years, has seen him dance more than a few steps, yet he always stamps his personality on the entire show, and one leaves the theatre with the impression that one has been entertained very sumptuously by a nice, human sort of chap named Hitchcock. It is his essential naturalness that does it; his gruff, halting way of telling his story, hinting at a certain squiffiness. He is the man about town, the good fellow, who knows everybody and is known by everybody,

who pats the president and the hotel porter on the back. As he says in one of his songs, "Town topics is his Bible."

But there are people in the show beside Hitchcock—99 of them, on his own confession. This year's exhibit is somewhat weak on roughneck comedians, as compared to other years, but it trips along very merrily with what it has, and Miss Sylvia Clark, one of the funniest women in the world, and Joseph Cook, one of the cleverest of light comedians, more than make up for the dearth of red noses.

A Hitchcock show is always kaleidoscopic, and this edition is no exception, being patterned according to the correct assumption that men, women and children delight in dazzling, moving color and twinkling feet.

Up goes the curtain on a dark stage, streaks of white appear, outlining doors and windows, and finally a hansom cab. In crawls Hitchy. The wheels revolve, the lights come on and the ballet pours in. Before the eye has become accustomed to this scene is Hitchy's garden of roses, each rose a girl, and each girl a beauty, this to give place almost immediately to the more or less happy little hamlet of Reubenville, and this in turn to a steamship office in London, where Hitchy, as an English lord, is trying to get a ticket to New York, finally compromising on India. And so on, by way of a Pocahontas burlesque, a brilliantly colored eastern scene, an Indian temple, a telephone desk in the Filtz and a barber shop, to Hitchy's home on Long Island and the final curtain.

The Indian scene and the barber shop scene are by no means new, but the dancing of Chief Os-Ko-Mon in the former and the broad humor of the latter make them more than worth while. Whoever heard of "Ouvre tes yeux bleus, mignonne" in a barber shop until it occurred to Hitchy? It is as rich a conception as Miss Clark's impersonation of the "anaesthetic" dancer whose bodices were forged by a blacksmith. The dancing of Florence O'Denishawn and William Holbrook in the temple scene was very enjoyable.

Audiences like violence. The loudest shrieks of laughter were heard in the stumpy speech scene near the end, when Mr. Duffy attempted to murder Mr. Sweeny, and vice versa.

The big song of the revue, the one the audience hummed as the theatre emptied, is "An Old-Fashioned Garden."

Boston Favorites Head This Week's Bill at B. F. Keith's

HERMINE SHONE SEEN IN "PEGGY O'BRIEN"

The Mastersingers, in their 1919 offering, "On the Links," heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the theatre was crowded and the audience was deeply interested.

This Boston organization sang songs by Strauss, Neidinger, Rosey, Hartenstein, Tosti and Denni, besides several anonymous contributions. AM the old favorites—A. F. Cole, A. Cameron Steele and H. S. Tripp—were heard in solos. The act is prettily staged and the singers appeared as a group singing for their own enjoyment on a country veranda. Many in the audience missed the familiar figure of Jewell Boyd, the contra tenor, who died during the influenza epidemic last fall.

Other acts were Hermine Shone, in "Peggy O'Brien," an interesting act of song, burlesque, comedy and dance; Morris and Campbell, in chatter and song; Berk and Valda, nifty dancers; Joseph L. Browning, in a hilarious monologue; Sylvester and Vance, in comedy and song; Shoemaker and Roseleigh, in a sketch; Kerr and Weston, in a song and dance act, and Rekoma, in one of the best equilibrist acts of the season.

AUGUST 29, 1919.

"Clothes and the Woman" Makes American Debut Here

COPLEY THEATRE—"Clothes and the Woman," a comedy in four acts by George Paston. The cast:

Robina Fleming.....Jessamine Newcombe
Mrs. Pershon.....Viola Roach
Dr. Lomax.....E. E. Clive
Jim Bradley.....Cameron Matthews
Claude Corning.....Nicholas Joy
Ethel Warrender.....May Ediss
Mrs. Desmond.....Gwladys Morris
Col. Brereton.....H. Conway Wingfield
Freddie Henslowe.....Keith Ross
Knox.....Leonard Crask
Mrs. Henslowe.....Mary Hamilton
Muriel Tatham.....Nancy Stewart
It is a play of pleasant flavor that the Jewett Players have chosen to open

the season.

"Clothes and the Woman," which had never been seen in America until last night, pretty nearly tells the story in its title. Robina Fleming, a typical story-book Grubstreeter, has a friend, Mrs. Desmond, dashing widow, who tells her she should get out of Bloomsbury for a time, dress up and play at love a little. Robina draws her last £300 and buys clothes, and in the second act she is seen in the most stunning get-up, the central figure at a house party at Pangbourne.

Before night she has received two offers of marriage and has almost ruined another girl's love affairs. To test the affection of her would-be fiancés, she goes back to Bloomsbury suddenly, dresses in her old working clothes again, and is busy writing when her friends and admirers call upon her. The two smitten ones do not stand the test, but they behave as much like gentlemen as possible, and she releases them, which straightens out the bent love affair.

Then steps in Dr. Lomax, who asks Robina to be his wife. She refuses, thinking that the fine clothes have caused this, but he protests that what he wants is not a clothes horse but a woman. But isn't Robina a woman in her working clothes? Not exactly; no true woman is a dowdy. Robina sends the doctor out to buy tea-cakes and gets into a tailored suit. Lomax returns, sees her thus attired, and recognizes her as the woman he has been looking for.

With a few more doors and a little exaggeration of stage movement and gesture, a very good farce could be made from this story. It is a slight vehicle indeed, but sparkling dialogue, which lost none of its effect upon last night's audience, carries it along and sustains the interest until the drop of the curtain.

Old friends among the players received cordial receptions, and new faces were heartily welcomed. Mr. Clive, whose role is a minor one until the last act, when it suddenly becomes the hero's, played with convincing naturalness and reserve.

His acting was quite faultless. Mr. Joy showed that he had lost none of his effectiveness during his summer rest, and he did splendid work, especially in the love scenes. Miss May Ediss, a newcomer but an experienced actress, was very charming and dainty. Miss Nancy Stewart, another comer, showed her value. Something must be said, too, for Mr. Wingfield, whose personation of the retired British officer in search of a wife was excellent. Gwladys Morris was given a round of clapping on her entrance, and before her last exit she showed she deserved it.

The heaviest role falls to Miss Newcombe. It is almost as hard to play as that of Eliza Doolittle in Pygmalion, and if accent does not prove a barrier one would like to see her in that part when Shaw's play is presented at the Copley. Her English is not quite so English as that of some of the other members of the company, but there was a time when Shaw himself complained that Mrs. Campbell could not pronounce the words "make" and "take"; and it was Mrs. Campbell whom, years later, he chose for the part in which these words are most dangerous pitfalls.

CRAIGS BACK AT THE ARLINGTON

"The Prisoner of the World" Produced as the Opening Attraction

ARLINGTON THEATRE—The Craig players in "The Prisoner of the World," a play in three acts by Margaret Mayo and Henry James Forman.

The cast:
Capt. Whymper.....Arthur Eldred
Herr Faust.....Mark Kent
August.....Bert Pennington
Olympe.....Rose Coghlan
Blythe.....John Craig
The Countess Ricci.....Mary Young
Andre.....William H. Powell
The Hun.....Charles Dalton
Wedel.....Al Roberts
Rappard.....Frederick Murray
Schromberg.....William Hennessy

From the orchestra hall back to the crowded standing space and up to the topmost tier under the ceiling ran the warm welcome given to John Craig and Mary Young at the Arlington Theatre last evening. It was their opening night after two years of absence in service to the men on war service over there in France.

"The Prisoner of the World" is, of course, William Hohenzollern, the deposed, the megalomaniac, the bombastic, the unrepentant, former Kaiser. His well known restlessness causes him to leave his dull retreat for a little outing dangerously near the border of Holland. In the hotel where he has

ventured in disguise is a lovely Countess whose former relations with him are left slightly hazy. Enough to say that when she now meets her former friend she feels toward him as any decent woman must. And besides all that her emotions are decidedly busy elsewhere. There is a young Belgian radical who is all for downing kings, and the Countess in reciprocating his affection has imbibed his opinions.

An American newspaper man and a British secret service agent decide that a vacant room in the Tower of London needs just one occupant, and that they will be the men to put him there. They plot, the young Belgian and his followers plot, the German friends of the Kaiser plot, the countess helps hoodwink the egotist into an alarming situation and the play ends, just how it would never do to state.

Miss Young needs no praise in Boston, which has known and appreciated her work for more years than it seemed possible to believe last evening. If anything could be said, it is that she has grown more graceful, more subtle, more convincing. As the Countess Ricci, she was an Italian dreamy, passionate, proud and scornful. Every word, every look, every gesture, every bit of by-play were delightful to see. So were her gowns.

Charles Dalton, as the former Kaiser, carried the house before him. The entire second act was his to make or mar, and well he made it. His interpretation of the character turned each phase in turn for detestation or amusement. His makeup followed exactly the pictured representations, but he was wise enough not to slavishly follow the withered arm suggestion which he gave at first. His work was perhaps the strongest feature of the play, excellent, as was the work of the whole company.

John Craig was well fitted with the part of Blythe, the American newspaper man who puts one over in the end, as a good American should. Andre, the fiery radical, and the even more fiery lover, was well done by William Powell, new to Boston audiences. Miss Rose Coghlan had a warm welcome as she came on and managed the brazen and bat-

tered Olympe very amusingly. Another clever comedian was Al Roberts. Capt. Whymper, the British secret service man, was another good part well taken by another new member of the company, Arthur Eldred. Mark Kent, an old Castle Square favorite, was an excellent middleaged Bismarck. The rest of the cast was adequate.

In response to many curtain calls both Mr. Craig and Miss Young made short speeches.

The coming season of the Boston Symphony orchestra promises to be an unusually brilliant one.

The orchestra, whose performance under Mr. Rabaud gloriously maintained the standard that has given this organization international reputation, will be strengthened, if this is possible, by the addition of several players, first violoncello and first viola among them, from Paris and elsewhere, men of the very

first rank. There is no need of dwelling upon the supreme merits of this orchestra, which has for years been the pride, not only of Boston, but of musical America.

Mr. Monteux was not a stranger when he conducted the first concerts of the orchestra last season. He had shown his authority, taste and imagination as a conductor of the visiting Metropolitan Opera House Company. As conductor of the Symphony orchestra he had the severe task of reshaping it after the departure of Dr. Muck. How successful he was in this is known to all. Mr. Rabaud found a well-disciplined, plastic instrument on which he could play at will.

He was the first, and not merely from courtesy, to recognize and proclaim the fact; and when, much to the regret of the trustees and the audience, he felt obliged to refuse the offer of a second term early last spring, he most strongly advised the selection of Mr. Monteux as his successor.

Mr. Monteux as a disciplinarian reminds one of Mr. Gerike in certain ways, especially in his insistence on tonal beauty and sense of proportion; add to these desirable, necessary qualities, warmth, dash, poetic vision. A man of catholic taste, not a sworn member of any particular musical chapel, he will surely arrange varied programs, irrespective of the nationality of the composer, taking care, however, that the compositions will be worthy of the orchestra's and the audience's attention. The public has already learned through Mr. Rabaud's masterly interpretation of works by Bach, Handel,

about as of ... dependent quality. I have never been able to understand, and mine eyes have looked upon the Wild Men of Borneo. Perhaps there is some single word of the native land which would describe the flavor of this searching fluid; but the English lacks it. The friend declared that it first tasted like a sharp brandy, then like a cough mixture which he had much liked in childhood, and then "like spar varnish smells." My memory tells me that this is fairly accurate, and as I plucked the purple spheres today, my heart went out to the gallant Slavs, Czechs or Jugo, as the case may be, and the national spirit which has kept them fighting for their plum trees even to this day, while the vines and fig leaves of America wither into dust.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

"Proffiteer"

The word "proffiteer" was born after the dictionaries were printed. Nor was there any word that expressed fully the idea. "Profit-monger" and "proffitegrinder" are in the dictionary, but "all mongers" and "grinders" do not make excess profits.

At Athens 2400 years ago proffiteering in the food of the people was a dangerous game—penalty was death. The speech of Lysias, the great orator, delivered in the prosecution of merchants who had stored corn to raise the price, is still extant.

NEW SONGS AND OLD AT KEITH'S

Joseph E. Howard and Ethelyn Clarke, in a "song spectacle," are the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

The introduction of this act is nicely contrived and the dialogue is interestingly funny. Mr. Howard sang some new songs and many of his old successes. The act was made the more interesting by the visualizing of the sentiment of each song by Miss Clarke, an agreeable singer with an elaborate wardrobe.

Newcomers on this week's bill were Gretchen Eastman, assisted by John Guirán, Mlle. Marguerite and Nelson Snow. This act also excels in the novelty of its introduction, as well as in an interesting development. Miss Eastman, a dainty miss of the Dresden china type, has a varied program of dances, including episodic features and several styles of contemporaneous steps. The feature of her act was the Apache dance with Mr. Snow as her associate. In this act she was convincing in sounding the tragic note, the savagery and bestiality of the underworld. Mr. Guirán, a comely youth and nimble footed dancer, gave pleasure, as did Mlle. Marguerite, in pirouetting and solo toe dances.

Other acts on the bill were the Maxine Brothers, with Bobby, in a dog act; the Klein Brothers, comedians; the Quixey Four, a pleasing quartet; Harriet Rempel and company, in a romantic sketch; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, in an uproarious burlesque act, introducing a style that recalled good old days in vaudeville; the Transfield Sisters, instrumentalists, and Herman and Shirley, in the best contortionist act seen at this theatre in many seasons.

Sept 10 1919

In Service

(A lady has advertised for a man to act as parlourmaid.)

I crave no more for office,
As striker at the coal;
I could not as a cobbler
Express my ardent soul;
I would not, into plumbing
With my consent be led,
And to the art of baking,
Alas, I was not bred.

But, oh, to serve with Woman
As mistress of my fate;
To oscillate as Tweeny
Or simply stand and wait;
To see my lady's wishes
Implicitly obeyed,
My lady's humble servant
If not her lady's maid.

A. W. B. in the London Daily Chronicle.

A Jeremiad

As the World Wags:

Have the children, at least those living in the country, degenerated? I was struck this summer by the entire lack of life shown by groups of country children. A dozen or so would sit on the grass all the afternoon. So far as I heard the chief talk was about the scores of various baseball clubs. Once in a while a ball would be indolently passed, or there would be a little batting, but seldom, or ever, did these children indulge themselves in any other game. They seemed to have lost all knowledge of the older games, mumble-peg, peelaway, roly poly, fox and goose. Marbles and tops never appealed to country boys, and I have not seen a

kite since the box kites of 15 or 20 years ago.

Perhaps I can think only of our earlier day, when we were not so sophisticated. We were not nearly so well up in the wiles of "Veda the Vampire," or the "Boy Burglars of Broadway," nor peaches and watermelons were then plenty and to be had almost for the asking. Our old swimming hole was never in those years contaminated by a bathing suit, but when two good husky lads, dressed as nature, smeared from the neck down with blue clay, about as slippery as soft soap, indulged in a wrestling bout, the famed Japanese wrestlers, with their oiled bodies, were not far ahead in the line of this sport.

The mental education appears to be on the same level. The scholars are stuffed with physiology and the effect of alcohol on certain nerve centres, but I doubt if one in a thousand can name the counties in Massachusetts. I believe geography is not taught beyond the seventh or eighth grade. One of the most noted educators in the state told me he did not consider it necessary, as the pupils would learn it from the newspapers whenever a question came up. Arithmetic was only a disciplinary study, needless beyond the sixth grade. Yet a simple sum in mental arithmetic is beyond the powers of the pupils: Paper, "lots of it," and pencil are required for the working out. Civics, or government, is one of the fads, but few scholars can tell what Representative District they live in, or the towns constituting it. French is taught, but what boy has ever heard of Villon or the "Men of Marseilles." Our education at least in the public schools, appears to contain a considerable proportion of "bunk."

Westminster.

S. H.

"Marbles and tops never appealed to country boys." They did in our little village. We were "skinned" at marbles many times. What wonderful "agates" were sold at the jewelry store, with toys, eyeglasses, watches and clocks, fishing rods, balls and bats; also, fireworks in their season! No tops? Go to; likewise tush. Those of boxwood were the best we had. The chief sport was to "peg" the other fellow's. Did "S. H." play yard sheep run, also duck and drakes? No, we were not acquainted with Veda the Vampire, but we read dime novels and yellow covers behind the huge geography standing on the school desk—"Mad Mike the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," "Silverheels, the Delaware Chief," "Sixteen String Jack," "The Mysteries of the Court of London." We could have passed a rigorous examination in the manners and customs of Indians and Greasers, pirates and highwaymen, and the amours of George IV before he mounted the throne. Surely our education at the public schools was a liberal one.—Ed.

Oh, Cheer up!

As the World Wags:

Boston Common strikes a returned, long-absent citizen as dirty, ill-kept, faded, disgraceful. Despite the income from the Parkman fund it shows no improvement. When Boston falls into a rut it stays there a long time. The fine broad sweeps of green of Central Park, New York, and Prospect Park, Brooklyn, show what can be done with city parks when well cared for.

A lot of things call for improvement in Boston. Its policemen madly cling to the ungainly, unattractive helmet, adopted 40 years ago and still worn in Brockton and other hopeless places. The adiposity of the men grows from year to year. One never sees a "smart" policeman in Boston. The streets are very shocking, uneven, badly kept, filthy. The city officials of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres would not tolerate such conditions. A few arrests, with the fining of offenders, would fit the crime of desecrating Boston Common.

D. H. Boston.

Genesis of a "Gink"

Some new light from an authoritative source has come to us on the meaning of "Gink."

An American gentleman in the smoke-room of the Mauretania supplied a correspondent with the following definition of the two expressive transatlanticisms, "Gink" and "Boob":

A "boob," he said, is merely a guy that comes from the country, but a "gink" lives so far away from the main pike, that the owls come down in the night and raid his chickens.—London Daily Chronicle.

Yes; but there are boobs, also ginks that were born in the city and were city-bred. The definition quoted above is picturesque but superficial, unsatisfactory, misleading.

A Daniel on the Bench

Mr. Lamond, the pianist, who has the deplorable habit of playing four or five of Beethoven's sonatas in one recital, sued a London journal for slandering him by charging him with sympathy for the German cause. Mr. Justice Darling summed up the case, the merry, jesting judge of whom it was said that putting on the cap for pronouncing sentence of death he should don cap and bells. On this occasion he pulled his oratorical

stop. Here is an extract:

"He (Lamond) might not have proved himself

Ambassador from Britain's Crown;
And type of all her race,

but did he deserve to be termed 'utterly degraded'? The jury must remember that the plaintiff had married an Austrian, of whom he was probably very fond, that she was a Berlin actress, that his money and property were in Berlin, and that Berlin was the centre of his professional activities. The plaintiff might not have shown great fortitude in the circumstances in which he found himself. Neither did Galileo, who recanted his statement that the earth went round the sun before the Inquisition. Neither did Cranmer, whom fear led to change his religious belief. The jury would have to say whether the plaintiff deserved to be called by the defendant's counsel 'utterly degraded.'"

Sept 11 1919

"O Prince, you are too kind!" Chorus in "The Princess of Trebizond."

The Prince of 1860

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the visit of the Prince of Wales, I am sending you "The Prince's Visit" by R. J. De Cordova, which may interest you as a specimen of what passed for humor in 1861. The notes, as explanatory of American slang phrases, are perhaps the most interesting part of it.

I am one of those who saw the grandfather of the present prince on his visit to Boston in 1860. My brother then kept a bookstore on the corner of Washington and Essex streets, and I remember standing in the window to see the royal party as they drove in from Roxbury and turned up Boylston street. Can you tell me why distinguished visitors in those days were always taken off the cars at Cottage Farm station instead of keeping on to the terminal station in Beach street? The prince was covered with dust from the long ride and did not present at all a majestic appearance. On the following day, however, when he had had time to get a bath, and appeared in his gorgeous scarlet uniform in the military parade, he excited general admiration.

I wonder if any of your readers remember this Mr. De Cordova who used to give courses of humorous lectures in the early sixties. I remember hearing the most popular one, on "Mrs. Grundy." He was a capital mimic, and his method of delivery made you come away with the impression that the lecture was really funny, though if "The Prince's Visit" was a fair sample of them I have my doubts.

G. F. D.

South Byfield.

De Cordova's "Pome"

Let us read the lines about the prince in Boston. We quote from pages 74-75 of the volume for which we are indebted to "G. F. D."

"But the following day they made matters worse:
They took him to Boston, that city perverse;

And showed him the 'hub of the universe,'
With Governor Banks for the principal fellow;—

A very nice man, but remarkably yellow.
Here they gave him the regular Union.
For he heard our great foreign artists sing,

With the genuine, true, Teutonic ring,
The national air inspiring:—

"'Tis de Shtar-Shabkukel Panner!
Und lonk may she wave
O'er de land of de free
Und de home of de brave!"

On page 76 we find these lines:

"And tears in the eyes of the Duke have come,
As he says to the Prince, 'Those States are some.'"

Mark this solemnly explanatory footnote: "The word 'some' is frequently used in the same sense as the other purely American term 'considerable,' which vaguely conveys the idea of 'a great deal' or 'a great many' more than the speaker would be bold enough to mention definitely. It served rather to insinuate and leave to the hearer's assumed predilection for exaggeration, than to assert and incur the hazard of being discredited. The phrase 'some pumpkins' is often employed to treat, in like manner, of subjects which are not vegetable by any means."

Yes, the notes are more amusing than the poem. "Said the Duke, 'Nary one.' Here is the note. 'This expression has been generally adopted by the fast young men of the day to convey, in an abbreviated and somewhat corrupt form, 'Nearer a one.'"

Of other notes we may write later.

Artemus and the Prince

Some weeks ago we alluded to "the Prince's Ball" by Edmund Clarence Stedman published in Vanity Fair; also to Artemus Ward's conversation with the Prince. The former is entertaining, the latter might be worth reprinting in full. Artemus called on the Prince in Canada.

"I'm glad to see you Mister Ward, at all events," he tuk my hand so pleasant like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onet. He handed me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerfui. "Wall" sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her majesty and the Prince are well" he sed.

The Prince & I tuk like his larger bear. I inquired

"The Prince larfed & intermated that the old man didn't let many legs of that beavidge spile in the sealar in the course of a year. We aot & tawked there sum lime about matters & things & hune by I axed him how he liked beln Prince as fur as he'd got."

"To speak plain Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowlin & scraplin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way with the other boys, & not be made a show of to be gaped at by everybody."

28 Years Ago

As the World Wags:

Referring to your many letters concerning "I'm Sorry," I would like to say that 28 years ago, when I was in Rome, I saw a great deal of a young Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge, who invariably said "sorry" if any little accident occurred. It left me quite speechless for a time, until I solved the simple "needn't." Apparently the expression has just arrived here. I have noticed that it takes certain foreign styles and expressions a long time to reach us, and 29 or 30 years in this case would seem to prove this.

Boston.

ARTHUR LITTLE.

Working Classes

The definition of the term "working classes," which is embodied in several measures before Parliament, will prove a tougher nut to crack than "higher animals," which has been successfully tackled in another bill.

On the familiar precedent that an archdeacon is one who performs archdeaconal functions, it might be said that the working classes are the classes who work. Or "manual workers" might be substituted. But that is almost as ambiguous as "working classes," because writers, painters, pianists and professional pugilists may reasonably be included in this category.—London Daily Chronicle.

Sept 12 1919

Ashford or Barrie

Curiosity concerning the authorship of "The Young Visitors" is still keen. Discussion on verandas, in street cars, at the clubs is still hot, though householders have perhaps not yet suffered division as they did during the Beecher-Tilton trial and the process of a famous trial for murder in this commonwealth. The circumstantial account of Miss Daisy Ashford, given by a woman who has summered and wintered with her and published in the Literary Supplement of the New York Times, has not satisfied the doubting Thomases. Some point to the portrait; to the "incongruity" of head and body. Others have found that Sir James Barrie has several times used the expression "oozed out" for the action of leaving a room. Yet there are simple, honest souls who ask, "Would a man like Barrie lie about the authorship?"

Sir Walter Scott was an honest man, yet for a long time he swore like a trooper that he was not the author of The Waverley novels. There are other instances, as that of John Hay and the novel "The Breadwinners." Richard Grant White wrote a long preface to "The New Gospel of Peace" when the bitterly satirical pamphlets were published in one volume, showing by elaborate reasoning how he could not have written them. Many who had already won fame by acknowledged works have published under an assumed name or as anonymous. Such mendacity seems to be allowed authors, as a life untrammelled by the conventions is popularly supposed to be the privilege of prima donnas, fiddlers and painters.

If Barrie had not written the preface would he have been suspected of masquerading as Daisy? That the girl wrote the book is by no means incredible. Her mind, as her friends inform the world, was precociously developed. She was a greedy reader of novels. She had been thrown with men and women of unusual conversational powers, keen observers, versed in politics, art, all topics of the day. It is difficult for a man, though he be as whimsical as Barrie, to view the world as a child sees it. In many households there

the English reviewers have been so kind as to use of English by American writers at finding this sentence in the Fortnightly:

"In fact, too, our old regular army carried swords with a great numerical superiority of the German host at a great pitch and undamaged by war."

At the Copley

As the World Wags:

There were several good reasons, at least to me, why it might have been done, but as I enjoyed "Clothes and the Woman" at Mr. J. W. T. Copley's, I wondered if it were correct for the women in the cast to cross continually their legs. It was good form in some respects, I will admit, but how is it otherwise? I await on the doorstep the herald containing an answer.

W. E. L.

The questioner has answered his question. In this instance the crossing was objectionable. As middle-aged and elderly women now daily cross their legs in the street cars, why should not young women do it on the stage, especially in a play entitled "Clothes and the Woman"? Silk stockings are now, we are informed by sociological writers, within the reach of the humblest, for they are often made of sawdust, so there is not necessarily a contemptible display of vanity.—Ed.

September Rains

As the World Wags:

Looking over the New Bedford record since the war of 1812, more than a century ago, we find that the months of August and September, three times out of four, have an indicating value for the fall. In other respects they are without this value. A dry August has nothing to do with the fall. A wet one, little more. But a wet August is a pretty good sign of a dry September, while a dry one, by comparing it with the one of a year ago, has some value. September, if wet, usually stands for a wet fall, and if dry, for a dry one. The three principal ratios are: Wet August—dry September 34 years, wet 14; wet September—wet fall 40 years, dry 11; dry September—dry fall 48 years, wet 18.

Now by comparing the annual averages of these periods, and in addition those of dry Augusts, we can raise the percentage of advance verification to 99, 5 and 87, and to 60 for dry Augusts. Then: Wet Augusts can be forecast to mean dry Septembers, four times to one. Wet Septembers to begin wet falls, six times to one. Dry Septembers to start dry falls, seven times to one. And, by comparison, dry August may foretell September, though less than two to one, as follows: If August was dry the year before, September may be predicted to be opposite September of the year before. I can give you the temperature to 95 per cent. A. D. E.

The Chandala

On July 21 our valued contributor "W. C. T." published in the Herald a poem about a Hindu restoring a dead Chandala to life. He then said that F. W. Bain was mainly to blame for the verses. Our readers may remember that "W. C. T." objects strongly to poems about "unpleasant" incidents, elaborations of "unpleasant" ones, as Tennyson's "Riv'rah" and Miss Amy Lowell's powerful verses in a comparatively recent Atlantic. Now "W. C. T." writes in explanation:

As the World Wags:

Several readers have asked me "Where can I find the original of F. W. Bain's verses about the Chandala?" and "What was the rest of it?" etc. Mr. Bain did not write the verses; I did that myself. I thought that was plain enough and did not intend to be cryptic or misleading. He told the story in prose in his "Essays of the Dusk," a collection of Hindu tales. Doing it over into verses was my own notion, and there is no "rest of it" beyond what appeared in the Herald. Mr. Bain ended the existence of the Hindu and the Chandala; I do not remember just how.

There are any number of morals to be drawn from the tale. "Avoid contact with the dead," is one. To a high-caste Hindu traffic with a dead body was defilement. So with any dead body. Therefore to do with a dead Chandala was double contamination, all but indelible. Again, "the touch of evil clings to you": the Hindu could not rid himself of the monstrous thing which he had partly called back to life and he drove him to his death. So also if one undertakes to do evil in order that good may come, let him go through with it, not hesitate halfway. The half-dne jobs in this world are always a curse.

It is a pity to do with the verses, which was a protest against devoting any measure or even small degree of art to depressing or disagreeable or in any way unworthy subject. It was intended as a bad example. The verses were perhaps fairly good of the kind; but it was a mighty poor kind. W. C. T.

Brookline.

Another Lament

As the World Wags:

A man of some literary repute said he was always ready to drop an exciting novel to read one of my letters. (Modesty is my chief charm.)

"Aestivator," by his denunciation of Bostonians' manners, tempts me to expand his theme. Long have I missed and sighed for the old English type of feature and sweet benignity of speech and manner of our Boston women. Gone are the days when C. C. Perkins made his daughter wear a barege veil when in the shopping district. Today our aristocracy sighs for a sandwich board on which to emblazon its name and fame.

It cannot be that all our blue blood has oozed away. Necessity has made it centripetal. The outer world looks in vain for one highly colored drop. Must we descend the scale to the young women in the shops, always well dressed, with pleasing speech and manners? Boston has made a giant stride in this direction.

For myself, an elderly woman, I find more courtesy from the apparent ordinary workmen in yielded car seat and carrying suitcase up the long escalator. Dorchester. JAY COBB.

For Prof. Baker

As the World Wags:

The following play in three acts with but one character and a single speech to each act still satisfies all the academic requirements of good drama. It would at least not be tedious to sit out in case it fails to satisfy the practical test of stage production.

ACT I

"I have lost my purse containing one hundred dollars."

ACT II

"I have found my purse."

ACT III

"But it is empty."

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

A Musical Gink

As the World Wags:

I rolled into the movie the other night with the first mate when the following was thrown upon the screen:

Peter Gink

Cobb

First we thought it was going to be one of those funny cartoon pictures, but all of a sudden the man with the diamond in his shirt and another on his finger waved his baton and the orchestra started away from the dock, full steam ahead. Peter Gink!

Imagine a phonograph playing Grieg's Immortal Suite and at the same time rolling down the street inside an ash can. There was no mistake about it, and we listened for five minutes while the orchestra dragged Anitra by the hair through Dwarf King's Hall and then turned around and dragged her back again. Ase's Death was evidently too "slow" for composer Cobb and it was just as well.

Chestnut Hill.

F. A. F.

Not Dean Swift

As the World Wags:

In the learned discussions about tree squeaks and other crustaceans, which we were formerly frequently regaled with, I have looked expectantly for some notice of the yaho of Nantucket Island. Yahoos frequented the island; the oldest inhabitant admitted it; they were said to be frightful and very strong. They could drag 40 fathoms of chain right over any house, and the noise the yahoos made was appalling. Dark, stormy night they liked best for their work. "Not to believe in them was not only wrong," it was dangerous.

As a boy visitor to Nantucket, when the green head plover flew over to the number of millions and landed on the island in thousands and thousands (now hardly known by the then universal name of green heads, but as golden plover, seldom seen, I believe), the yaho was a name to conjure with. Every visitor was expected to believe in them; every islander could tell that his habitat was up near Muskeget or Tuckernuck. Perhaps, like the green heads, they have changed their flight, even if not extinct.

Newton Centre.

G. F. SPALDING.

Dog Mungo

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the names of dogs and their intelligence, I have a Scotch sheep dog by the name of Mungo. He was named for St. Kentigern, a Scotch-Welsh bishop, who so endeared himself to his people that they called him by that name, which is, I am told, Gaelic

for "dear friend." The only other dog of that name that I ever heard of belonged to Mrs. Whipple, wife of the famous bishop of Minnesota. As the dog was never allowed to go with the family to church, his mistress, when she did not wish him to accompany her to other places, used to say to him, "Mungo, I am going to church," and he went quietly off and lay down. She justified herself for telling him this untruth by saying that he did not know what "church" was; that it meant to him merely a place where he could not go.

I have sufficient faith in the intelligence of dogs to disagree with her entirely. To me it is in the highest degree absurd to suppose that a dog brought up in a bishop's family should not know what going to church meant. On the contrary I believe that while he outwardly accepted her statement with respect, he sighed as he laid himself down over the one blemish on an otherwise blameless character, and that to console himself he softly wailed a litany in her absence.

South Byfield.

G. F. D.

Again we ask why were many Newfoundland dogs in the sixties named Carlo? In one little village, where we were on intimate terms with several Newfoundland dogs, every one answered—condescendingly, to be sure—to Carlo.

—Ed.

The Word "Telegraph"

As the World Wags:

In chap. 7 of John S. C. Abbott's "History of Maria Antoinette" he says that upon the arrest of Maria and her husband at Varennes, when they were in flight from Paris, "telegraphic dispatches were sent to Paris communicating tidings of the arrest." That arrest was in 1791. What was the nature of the telegraphs in use at that time, which was more than half a century before the electric telegraph came into use? Did the word "telegraph" come into use as early as 1791? INQUIRER.

Brookline.

We did not know that any one read today the histories written by J. S. C. Abbott. They are more imaginative and romantic than Jacob Abbott's sternly realistic stories in which Rollo and Jonas are the chief characters. The word "telegraph" came into English literature as early as 1794. The date 1792 is given for Chappe's system of telegraphy in France: A series of upright posts with movable arms which by various positions, 16 in all, for the code of letters, communicated news. Chappe wished to name this system "tachygraphie." In 1795 posts for this purpose were in England. But long before there was signalling to speed information. In 1655 the systems were called "visual correspondence." "Inquirer" of course remembers how Clytemnestra learned the fall of Troy, as told sonorously in the opening of the "Agamemnon" by the justly celebrated Aeschylus.—Ed.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, will give four concerts the coming season instead of three, as heretofore. As usual, "The Messiah" will be the Christmas offering, with the following soloists: Caroline Hudson-Alexander, Mary Jordan, Reed Miller and Edgar Schofield. "The Messiah" will be given on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 21. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be the second oratorio, and on the same program Gounod's "Gallia," on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25. Frieda Hempel, Morgan Kingston and Jose Mardones have been engaged as soloists to assist the Handel and Haydn chorus for these works. The third concert will be "Samson and Delilah," on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 23, with Marguerite Matzenauer, Lambert Murphy, Emilio deGogorza and Frederick Martin. The final concert by the choral society will be "Elijah," on the afternoon of April 4. Florence Hinkle, Arthur Hackett and Reinald Wernrath will be the solo artists.

Sept 14 - 9

It has been announced—we have all heard the flourish of trumpets—that Mr. Montoux will conduct orchestral music by Wagner at the Symphony concerts this season. The announcement shows that Mr. Montoux either is passionately fond of this music written by a man who sneeringly abused his country in a wretched pamphlet after Prussia had wantonly attacked and savagely trodden France under its hoofs; that Mr. Montoux, a forgiving soul, exclaims: "Art knows no national boundaries"; or that he is willing to sink patriotic feeling, thinking that Wagner's music will be welcomed by certain persons in the audience.

There is this to be said in favor of Mr. Montoux's purpose and of any longing on the part of certain hearers: Wagner is dead; dead and buried; he did not sign the manifesto of the "Intellectuals." Yet in the arrogant finale of "The Mastersingers" he spurns all music outside of Germany and shouts fortissimo, "Deutschland Ueber Alles."

Nature, the Handel Society and the manifesto. The thirty Richard Wagner on the royal as for performance of his tone poems in Paris, London and other foreign cities. Will Mr. Montoux conduct less music?

Then there is Mr. Felix Weingartner, with his new orchestral works, one of them a mockery of the allies. He signed the manifesto, but he now weeps bitterly, says that he was badly deceived by wicked Germans in Berlin, he didn't know the contents; he loves America dearly Bruch and Humperdunk are apparently not repentant. Then there are other German composers, who no doubt would be willing to forgive America if their music would bring them dollars.

On August 14th of this year the Daily Telegraph of London published a letter, one of a series, written by Mr. Antoine, the celebrated Parisian actor and manager. The following extract bears on the question just raised:

"It is of sufficient interest, I think, to mention that lately Wagnerian music has been played in public in Paris for the first time since 1914. This question was raised many times during the war, and very divergent opinions were expressed. At the open air concerts given in the evening at the Jardin des Tuilleries, selections from 'Die Meistersinger' have been sandwiched between pieces by Gluck and Mozart, and, as a very piquant contrast, the programme also included a work by Saint-Saens, who, during the period of hostilities, was the leader of a very strong campaign against German music. Soldiers were very numerous among the audience, but there were no incidents: everything passed off with great decorum and tact. The managers of our great lyric theatres, I fancy, have not failed to observe this first essay, because the matter is of importance, particularly for our Opera, which includes in its repertory many of Wagner's works. In this connection, while the interests of the French theatres must be weighed, it is necessary also to respect public feeling, which is always the supreme judge."

This letter was published on Aug. 14. The Morning Telegraph of New York has published a letter from a United News staff correspondent dated Paris, Aug. 29. He begins: "France is not yet ready to listen to German music, and least of all the music of Wagner." He then says that Saint-Saens and Dubois on the 29th supported the action of the prefect of Paris in forbidding a concert in the Tuilleries Garden because the program included compositions of Wagner. The prefect said the performance of these pieces might cause a public demonstration which would be prejudicial to the peace negotiations, which are not yet at an end. His action was approved by the newspapers and the people.

"An impresario recently asked my permission to give a concert composed half of Wagner's works and half of my own," Saint-Saens declared. "I refused absolutely. On the other hand, I was told recently that Marshal Foch has been listening to Wagnerian music, and this may have occurred in the German regions under his command, but I know that there is no German music played when he gives a soiree in his own home. In my book, written in 1881, I said, 'Art has no fatherland, but at least artists have.' Now I say that that statement was inexact. In all schools of music we see rooms labelled 'Italian school,' 'French school,' 'Spanish school.' Isn't Scottish music, for example, vastly different from Spanish?"

Dubois said: "But for German music there would be no questions for the peace conference to settle now. Wagner is a great master, and it will never be possible to consider excluding entirely his works from French programs, but just now it is a question of tact. The time is inopportune. It is too soon to begin the day after the war—and such a war!—interpreting the music of such a man as Wagner, who in a book even more foolish than hateful, insulted our country. Later we may arrive at a decision as to which of his works are acceptable to us. We will play the works of all authors whose works have become classic—Germans as well as others—and Wagner's works will be among them."

"But, in any event, we will not play the works of any living German composer."

L'Action Francaise, the leading Royalist French newspaper, has this to say:

"To play Wagner's music now would be to traffic with the enemy, which is illegal. Every Wagnerian concert brings royalties to the composer's son, Siegfried, who is an extreme pan-Germanist and one of the 99 intellectuals who signed the famous appeal early in the war. It is still too soon, with peace still unratified, with so many thousands of our people still in mourning, to play the music of the man who has cruelly insulted us after our disaster of 1870."

Newspapers of London are protesting against any attempt to produce German plays in that city. We now quote from the Stage:

"The Berlin papers gleefully announce that representatives of Shubert, Klaw & Erlanger and other American theatrical firms have just arrived in Hunland on the lookout for the latest successes,

Trusting the Public

"It's disastrous that is the cause of our bad national manners," said Mrs. Munden.

"The man who first trusted the British public," said Jeremiah, "sold them an encyclopaedia that they didn't want. I sometimes think of trusting the public myself."—London Daily Chronicle.

ROBERT THEATRE—Some Time.

is a romance in two acts; book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, music by Rudolf Friml, produced by Arthur Hammerstein; first time in Boston.

May Chadwick Ida May Chadwick
Helen V. Brown Charles Morrison
Frank Tinney Frank Tinney
Geraldine Smith Geraldine Smith
Room Girls Room Girls
Charles De Haven Charles De Haven
Fred Niles Fred Niles
Harold Murray Harold Murray
Florence Page Florence Page
Mildred LeGie Mildred LeGie
Felice Lombardi Felice Lombardi
Sam Burton Sam Burton

Arthur Hammerstein apparently was bound to hold the honor of opening the season at this playhouse. When events beyond his control necessitated withdrawal of one of his productions, "Somebody's Sweetheart," he looked over his possessions and elected to start "Some Time" as a fresh entry. It was an excellent choice, and it should find immediate favor with the populace. "Time"

seems a lucky word in the world theatre. From the old days of "The Time, the Place and the Girl," through "May Time" to the Young-Friml product, it has spelled success for the piece carrying it in its title. Especially like "May Time" is "Some Time," in that it has substance, charm, an intelligible story, a rich musical setting. Like "May Time" it interweaves romance with comedy, tells a love story ingeniously, while the clatter of comedy and the patter of dancers serve to appease the demands of the audience that in anything which purports to be of the genus musical comedy 90 per cent. of the entertainment must be girls and jests and jingles.

As in "Chu-Chin-Chow," the device of a practical close-up or panel scene is utilized in telling the story. In her dressing room Enid Vaughn relates to two sympathetic chorus girls her one affair of the heart, tracing its inception from the time she met young Richard Carter in Loney Bright's tawdry theatrical lodging house, through her subsequent triumphs, made hollow by her ill-advised break with Carter, which was effected through the jealous machinations of Sylvia DeForrest, a company associate. Thus the various scenes of the play cover a room in the actors' boarding house, the garden of the Racing Club in Buenos Ayres, the roof garden of a New York theatre, and, at the outset, the stage of that same theatre. In the end Enid and Richard are reunited. The performance ends, not with the stale finale of every member of the cast on the stage, but in a tableau, wherein Enid, advancing slowly, clad in shimmering gown of gold, reaches the outstretched arms of Richard, back from the wars and as Enid's father has remarked, "all covered with medals." For this quiet, effective ending, if naught else, Mrs. Young deserves praise.

The actors' strike has brought its compensations. It gives Boston Frank Tinney to replace Ed Wynn, who played the part of Loney so many months at the New York Casino. Tinney, as the curage man in blackface, as property man, wardrobe mistress, boarding house keeper and waiter, was the life of the party. Most of his jokes were his own, but he paraphrased one of Al Jolson's about Theda Bara cleverly. He was funniest when playing vamps on a characteristically Tinney piano in the boarding house, for Allegretti and Mazetti, the song and dance duo, and in his struggles with the bagpipes and "Il Trovatore." He also gave two excellent reasons why he never could be President.

Miss Chadwick as the gawky soubrette who developed into a remarkable buck and wing dancer was a ready foil for many of Tinney's fun-making. Messrs. DeHaven and Niles had a very effective duo dance in the second act. The cast is not rich in singers, Mr. Murray selling such honors as were available under the circumstances. Miss Smith cloaked the part of Enid in wistfulness and simplicity to conceal the lack of more material essentials of a really truly successful prima donna.

Mr. Friml's score is Friml at his melodious best, rich in sentiment, and orchestrated with a skill and completeness worthy of sincere commendation. While not cheaply catchy, it is a score which may well be heard more than once, and probably will be.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Pygmalion." a comedy in five acts by George Bernard Shaw

The cast:
Clara Eynsford-Hill.....May Ediss
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.....Mary Hamilton
Freddy Eynsford-Hill.....Cameron Matthews
Ezra Doolittle.....Viola Roach
Samuel Pickering.....Nicholas Joy
Henry Higgins.....E. E. Clive
Mrs. Pearce.....Gladys Morris
Fred Doolittle.....H. Conway Wingfield
Mrs. Higgins.....Jessamine Newcombe
Thanks to the cartwheel and trumpet, the Shaw problem remains, and one may still express either a negative or a positive opinion as to his sincerity without fearing to be confounded by the absolute truth of the matter. But there is

and which strangely owes nothing to the cartwheel and trumpet, and that is that Shaw is a good playwright. Indeed, nobody need be in the least afraid of expressing the positive opinion that he writes better plays than anybody else now writing in English. It is an opinion that will be respected, at any rate. Can anybody name another living English playwright of whom the same can be said?

"Pygmalion" is one of Shaw's funniest plays, and it is also one of the most serious. It is a characteristic of Shaw's genius that he delivers his weightiest messages in the most flippant tones. Give him a flippant subject and he becomes almost dull-witted. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." Give him a tremendously important theme and he makes it side-splittingly witty. "Androcles," "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Pygmalion." It is a teaching method that beats the Montessori system. Jokes stick longer in the mind than sermons. The theme of "Pygmalion" does not appear humanly important until the last act, and then one realizes that what happened to Eliza Doolittle is just as important as what happened to Hamlet's father.

It is so long since Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of "Pygmalion" was in Boston that it is difficult to compare it with the present production, but in one respect at least the latter is better than the former. Mrs. Campbell kept her stage too dark in the Covent Garden scene, and the rain was too noisy, so that one caught only a few words of the first act. At the Copley there is none of this, and the general effect loses nothing of reality and gains much in clarity.

The cast last night was much more than mechanically word perfect, though even a technically accurate rendering of the lines in such a play would have been an achievement. From beginning to end it was a finished performance in every sense of the word, and not a shade of the dramatic force of the dialogue was lost. And "Pygmalion," being a Shaw play, depends almost altogether on dialogue. Just three words of the dialogue made all England talk when the play came out in London. By this time everybody knows what the three words are. At the very least, what one of them is.

Miss Roach's Eliza Doolittle was a very clever performance. From the point of view of diction it is the most difficult of all the Shaw roles, but Miss Roach gave it in a manner that would have pleased an audience divided equally among denizens of Hoxton, West Kensington and Beacon street. Her Cockney was pure Stepney and her English was better than pure Mayfield. And her acting, especially in the emotional passages in the last two scenes, was just as good as her diction.

The role of Doolittle, like that of the waiter in "You Never Can Tell," is secondary unless the actor makes it primary. Mr. Wingfield succeeded admirably, and his rendering of the dustman will be remembered a long time.

Mr. Clive gave a characteristic reading of Higgins, the excitable professor of phonetics, to whom his profession is more important than human sympathy. He did it vigorously, rather more nervously than others have played it, and achieved a new effect, that nevertheless departed in no way from the spirit of the lines. Miss Jessamine Newcombe, who had the leading part in "Clothes and the Woman," played Mrs. Higgins very creditably. Mr. Joy was a dapper, handsome Col. Pickering, and the rest of the cast gave excellent support. A new member of the company was seen in Miss Trabue. She showed evidence of value and may be used more later.

The next play to be produced by the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre will be a three-act comedy, "The Truants" by Wilfred T. Coleby. "The Truants" never has been seen in Boston. In London it was produced by Miss Lena Ashwell.

ON KEITH'S BILL

Louise Gunning Sings

Louise Gunning, principal singer in operettas of a generation ago, assisted by Oscar Sylling, fiddler, and Hector MacCarthy, accompanist, is the outstanding feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Miss Gunning sang songs by Leo Stern, Pleeson and a medley of her old successes. Her first number gave an opportunity to hear the singer in florid song and there was a display that was little less than brilliant. It was in the

songs of the lighter vein, however, that the singer appeared to especial advantage, for here was an outlet for her skill as a comedienne as well.

One of the best acts on the bill was Charley Grapewin and Anna Chance in the second episode of the comedian's Poughkeepsie serial. The piece is appropriately suited to the spontaneous comedy style of Mr. Grapewin, the lines

are funny and the piece moves with commendable swiftness.

Patricia, a high spirited miss, a singer of jazz rhythm, a clever dialectician, prone to the macie dance and the shimmy, nearly stopped the show with repeated demands for encores. The comedienne was astounding in the subtlety of her art in the Irish dialect song.

Other acts on the bill were Equilla Bros., equillibrists; the Texas Comedy Four, in songs; Walter Brower, in a monologue; "The Rainbow Cocktail," a musical fantasy, engaging a number of pretty girls; Ryan and Ryan, in a novel dancing act, and Willie Hale and Brother, in an excellent juggling act.

Sept. 17, 1919

A woman in London learned that a servant in the neighborhood wished to work for her. The girl called on her. The woman asked her why she was giving up her position. The answer was a question: "Do you allow your servants to have their baths in your own bath?" "Certainly," was the answer. "Ah," said the servant, "I always thought you looked the sort of lady to allow that." The Daily Chronicle tells this story and adds to it: "the mistress is wondering still what is the 'bath look.'"

Miss Jane Winterbottom sent up the clipping that we have condensed. It was accompanied by the following letter:

Maids and Bathtubs

As the World Wags:

The question put to this London housewife is, in these days, an important one, one might say a vital one, in Boston. Many servants now regard an "individual bathtub" as indispensable to their comfort. Their first question in those offices, ironically known as "intelligence," where they conduct the examination of terrified mistresses as to their qualifications, is: "Shall I have my own bathroom?" If there is only one bathtub in the flat, the servant is unwilling to share it with the mistress, the husband and bright-eyed little Arabella. Nor is she to be moved from refusal by the addition of a dollar or two to the wages. There may be a well-appointed bathroom in the basement, clean, decent, exactly like the one in the flat a floor or two above; Bridget and Selma are not to be shaken from their stern resolve to have their own tub.

What are dwellers in flats of six, seven or even eight rooms (kitchen, bathroom, maid's room included) to do when the servant has been ignored by the builder? If immigration from Sweden and Ireland is not allowed, if a girl cannot be lassoed on the wharf, caught young, unsophisticated, unused to what would seem to her a needless waste of soap and water, what is to become of Mrs. Ferguson, already groaning over the high wages demanded even by the wholly incompetent?

Mrs. Ferguson may say to a general housework girl: "Our family is small, there's only my little daughter; we seldom entertain at dinner; when there is a guest, which is very seldom, for a few days, we pay you extra; you have your Thursday and Sunday nights; as a rule you are through your work at 5 o'clock at night and have at least an hour and a half or two hours to yourself in the afternoon; your wages are high, and you forget that unlike many factory and shop girls you have your room and board, so that the cost of living does not affect you; and yet you complain because you do not have a bathtub on this floor, your own bathtub." Selma glares and says: "I think I will not come."

Housewives and agents are largely responsible for the absurdly high wages and the arrogant demands of domestic servants. The latter wish to boost wages because their fees from mistresses and maids are in proportion to the weekly wage. The suddenly rich and others that are by nature extravagant go into an office and with a lordly air order a cook, waitress or chambermaid, and pay any price that is asked, however preposterous. How many kitchen maids are worth \$12 or \$15 a week? Yet wholly green girls ask confidently this sum. An impudently rich woman from a western city, descending on the North Shore for a summer splurge, will go to a Boston office, hand the agent \$10 or \$25, and ask—say, rather, command—an outfit at a ridiculously high price, with an additional fee to the procuress. What is Mrs. Ferguson, whose husband has a moderate income, to do? It is easy to say, "Let her do her own work" or "Let her board." We doubt if Mr. Ferguson would be satisfied with his wife's cookery, for she attended an "exclusive" school in Boston, and no "cooking school" in Boston enjoys the social prestige of the "Sewing Circle." Mr. Ferguson could not endure the "tumultuous privacy" of a boarding house. Meals at a hotel would soon bore him, if they did not injure his honorable digestion.

Unfortunately a few women in Boston, fondly believing themselves to be philanthropists, some time ago did much mischief by urging domestic servants to "assert their rights," to demand higher

pay, more liberty, many privileges that they had not hitherto cared for or known. No decent mistress wishes to make a slave of a servant. Today the kindest, most thoughtful of women are the slaves; the mistresses are the servants.

There is at least one large organization of women in Boston, established for civic improvement. They show at times that they are zealously interested in negligible matters. Why can they not take up the cause of the oppressed housewife and urge the foolish and extravagant mistress to consider her ways, to set her face against extortion? If a "League of Housewives" would pledge women to pay only reasonable wages agents and servants would be forced to be reasonable themselves. The admittance of unsophisticated girls from Ireland and Scandinavia, girls that expect to work and have been brought up to be willing and respectful, would reduce wages to the normal figure. And since Republican politicians of the Pacific coast are now declaring undying devotion to China an inroad of Chinese would be welcomed by many housewives. JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

Chestnut Hill.

From the Bench

Where warranty that a mule traded was "sound and well" was relied upon and the mule was accepted and died the following day, court or jury might find that there was a breach of warranty.—Jackson v. Bales, Okla., 170 Pac. 897.

If the action of employees in calling their fellow-servant "Crazy Banana" can be regarded as, an expression of opinion as to his insanity by the few who used the term, it does not amount to general reputation characterizing the servant as insane.—Dennis v. Clyde, New England & Southern Lines, Mass., 118 N. E. 903.

Sept 18, 1919

Whiskey, Wine, Beer

"T. H. S." writes to us: "Why bother about plum juice or slivovitz when for four bits you can get all these old articles." He encloses an advertisement published by a Baltimore firm in the Bourbon County News of Paris, Ky. Bourbon! "whose name is as blessing to speak."

"Complete formulas and instructions for making at home, rye whiskey, real beer and choicest wines, including making and operating home-still. Prepared by men formerly in brewing and distilling business. Real goods; no substitutes; postoffice rules formulas may lawfully be sent through the mails. Sent on receipt of 50 cents—check, money order, cash or stamps. Act quick! Bill before Congress, which will prohibit sales of liquor formulas." Mr. Briggs should at once provide himself with these formulas for the men suffering from the drought pictured in his delightful cartoons.

About the Kaiser

As the World Wags: The Pocahontas Times, Marlinton, W. Va., answers a question about the Kaiser which has been discussed in your column. The editor of the Times is of Virginian descent on his father's side, and at the same time an unending Puritan in right of his mother. This may account for both the manner and matter of his answer. W. P. H.

Nantucket.

The editor first tells how the Israelites under Saul defeated the Amalekites and took their King, Agag, prisoner. The editor then hints at the proper disposition to be made of William Hohenzollern. We are not so bloody-minded. Exile would be for him a more terrible fate; exile and enforced hearing of excerpts from Leoncavallo's "Roland of Berlin," ordered by William when he was patron of all the arts. But here is the editor's version of the biblical story: "Saul got to be friendly with Agag and Agag was entertained like visiting royalty. But Samuel led the austere life, and he saw that something had to be done about the condition of the country. So he rose up and went to the seat of government and took charge. He commanded that Agag be brought before him, and Agag came delicately. He pranced in like a state boss at a convention, nodding and bowing, and making friends with the prominent citizens. But he looked up and saw something in Samuel's eye that made him think, and he remarked to his secretary loud enough to be overheard by a reporter: 'Surely the bitterness of death has passed.'"

"Agag was on good terms with the king and he knew no reason why there should be any danger from this man that looked at him like a tiger. Then something occurred with great suddenness. Samuel said to him: 'As thy sword has made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women.'"

"And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord at Gilgal."

Therapeutic

A good story in the D. C. coroner's court
about the old, famous holiday
Seaside pleasure
crowd so dense,
As my beloved
Month drew near,
I felt
On the train,
Which provided
Space for me
Some rest from care,
Not excusing me for a year.
Yet I would not
Have it said
That I could not
Board and bel
I was the blotted
Millionaire
Barber and boat,
Draws his care,
So the reason I suggest
Is that him results from rest.
A. W. H.

Verbal Tramps

We are more and more impressed by
beauty, the nobility, the splendor of
the English language. We read re-
cently the account of a trial in London
in which a Melbourne detective was
asked to define "whisperer." He said
that in Australian slang it meant a
tongue-tout. Now a racing "whisperer"
is one that "tells the tale," but not
necessarily on the course. He often
is Mr. Verdant Green that he can se-
cure some great odds on some horse.
But "whisperer" is not merely Austra-
lian slang. In London years ago, per-
haps today a landlady would say to a
would-be borrower, "It's no use your
trying to whisper me. My ears have
been pulled down to my boots." Bor-
rowing is "pulling a man's ear." A
persistent borrower is always "at the
carrots."

In "Mr. Knox's Country" is found the
word "maroon," indicating the color of
a horse. "Maroon" can hardly be called
a word. It is rather a portmanteau word,
for the color of the horse is something
between brown and maroon.
The phrase "Jay walking," i. e., tak-
ing a diagonal short cut, as common in
the United States as Englishmen think?
Among the Royal Artillery and Royal
Engineers the act is known as "sloping
the pavement."

Was "boomfit" ever used in New Eng-
land as a numeral standing for 15? It is
one of the strange numerals used in
northern England for counting sheep.
A gap was made in the wall just wide
enough to admit one sheep at a time,
and as the sheep were driven through,
the farmer counted them, making a
noise in his stick at every 15. Phonetic-
ally the numerals sound like Yann,
tare, tiber, mether, pip, sax, sane,
catter, wheeler, dick, yann-er-dick,
mether-dick, tetter-er-dick, mether-er-
dick, boomfit. "Boomfit" was 15, and so
a batch was made in the stick, and the
strange count began all over again.

Sept 19 1919

"G. F. D." of South Byfield, telling
a story about a dog, and mentioning
his dog Mungo, said that, as he under-
stood, "Mungo" meant in Gaelic "dar-
ling." This may be so; we are woefully
deficient in the knowledge of Gaelic,
but the word "Mungo," a Yorkshire
term is in Wright's great English dia-
lect dictionary, and is thus defined:
"Old woollen material and rags, spread
out by a machine called a garnet, for
the purpose of being manufactured into
cloth." The manufacture of mungo was
introduced into the Dewsbury district
about 1813.

A Wonder Worker

Our valued contributor of South By-
field, in connection with Mungo, men-
tions St. Kentigern, whose day, by the
way, is Jan. 13. He was bishop of Glas-
gow with jurisdiction in Wales. It ap-
pears that he was "favored with a won-
derful gift of miracles." An instance of
his power is given by Bishop Patrick:
"St. Kentigern had a singular way of
kindling fire which I never could hit
upon." He was in haste to light can-
dles for vigils. Some one who bore a
grudge against him had put out all the
fire in the monastery. The saint snatched
the green bough of a hazel, blessed it
and blew upon it. The bough produced
a great flame and he lighted his candles.
"Whence we may conjecture," says
Bishop Patrick, "that tinder boxes are
of a later invention than St. Kentigern's
day."

Hazel Rods

Note that the Saint chose a hazel
bough. The hazel has for years been
preferred for the purposes of the
divining-rod; discovering water, min-
erals, buried treasure. The Cornish

miners believe in its power today. It

is so singular that Dean Swift in "Virtues
of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod" does
not name the material of the rod.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod
That bending down its top divines
When e'er soil has golden mines.

The hazel has other magical proper-
ties. In German ballads it is personified
and known as Lady Hazel. It holds
familiar speech with men and women.
Thus in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," a
girl is angry at the hazel because it
reproached her for having loved too
lightly. She says that her brother will
cut the bush down. To this threat Lady
Hazel replies:

Although he comes and cuts me down,
I'll grow next spring, 't is plain,
But if a virgin wreath should fade
'T will never bloom again.

Hazel nuts, as is well known, if named
after suitors and thrown into a fire,
will disclose the future husband by the
brightness of a flaming nut and by the
loudest explosion.

Capt. Jonathan Carver, who traveled
among the North American Indians
(1766-1768), did not believe in the divin-
ing rod, but he noted another use for
the hazel. We quote from the Phila-
delphia edition of 1792: "When this
shrub is in bloom, the Indians esteem
it a further indication that the frost
is entirely gone and that they might
sow their corn."

An entertaining book, this account of
Carver's travels. Later editions—the
first was in London, 1773—published in
the United States are: Philadelphia,
1796; Walpole, N. H., 1813; Harper Broth-
ers, N. Y., 1838. "This last was issued
at the time of the opening of the Wis-
consin territory." There are editions in
French—Paris 1784; Tours, 1846. Per-
haps there are still later editions in
England and this country. Carver says
of sarsaparilla, which may soon be a
popular table beverage, that it is "de-
servedly esteemed for its medicinal vir-
tues, being a gentle sudorific, and very
powerful in attenuating the blood when
impeded by gross humors." But we
were surprised when we read that cat-
mint was so called "because it is said
that cats have an antipathy to it and
will not let it grow." Beans, he in-
forms us, were boiled by the Indians
and eaten chiefly with bear's meat.)

Deep Thinkers, All

Sir Thomas Browne did not favor the
divining rod, whether of hazel or of wil-
low. He called the use of it a "fruitless
exploration, strongly scenting of pagan
origin." On the other hand Linnaeus,
de Thouvenel and Mr. William Cook-
worth, "a philosopher of unimpeach-
able veracity and a chemist" stoutly
maintained its efficiency. Barings Gould
collected testimony for an instructive
essay. De Quincey considered whimsi-
cally the question and asserted that
"most of the teakettles in the vale of
Wrighton were filled by rhabdoman-
cy."

Hazel nuts or a branch bring good
luck, hung in a house. The necklaces
of hazel nuts found in pre-historic
tombs were probably amulets.

Cook Wanted

Sir Robert Horne confirmed with em-
phasis the general reports as to woman's
new dislike to domestic service. Even
good wages will not tempt her to it.

Recently in a large school £50 a year
and "all found," in addition to adequate
assistance, were offered for a cook. Af-
ter a long and barren period of no ap-
plications the local employment ex-
change received two and sent those who
made them to the cook-less employer.
One was a young girl of 17 who had
been a nursemaid, and the other, still
younger, had been for some years in a
munition factory and, having been de-
mobilized, thought she "would like to try
cooking for a change." She added that
she was quite willing to learn.—London
Daily Chronicle.

Sept 20 1919

We quote the following paragraph
from a financial journal:

"The first temperance society was
formed in New England and its pledge
read:

"We, the undersigned, believing in
the evil effect of strong drink, do hereby
pledge ourselves on our sacred honor
that we will not get drunk more than
four times a year: Muster day, Fourth
of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas."

Can any one tell us where this Society
was established and when?

The Good Old Farmer

Now that every man is graciously al-
lowed to sit under his vine, as foreseen
by Micah, the prophet (and also under
his apple tree—which may here be sub-
stituted for Israel's fig tree), and none
shall make him afraid, the advice of the

Old Farmer's Almanack for December,
1933, should be as a lantern in a dark
and gloomy night:

"See that your cellars are well stored
with good cider, that wholesome and
cheering liquor, which is the product of
your own farms: No man is to be pitied,
that cannot enjoy himself or his friend,
over a pot of good cider, the product of
his own country, and perhaps his own
farm; which suits both his constitution
and his pocket, much better than West
India spirit." We pass over the ungen-
erous reflection on rum, rum, Jamaica
rum, to quote the next paragraph.

"Now comes on the long and social
winter evenings, when the farmer may
enjoy himself, and instruct and enter-
tain his family by reading some useful
books, of which he will do well in pre-
paring a select number. The following I
should recommend as books worthy the
perusal of every American: Ramsay's
History of the American Revolution;
Morse's Geography; and Belknap's His-
tory of New Hampshire."

Yet Mr. Samuel Bliss of Norwich, Ct.,
was fined 20 shillings on Feb. 7, 1723-3
for selling two pots of cider to Apea-
nuchsch, an Indian. Perhaps R. Bush-
nell, Justice, thought the cider was too
good for Apeanuchsch, and the sale was
a wicked waste. For being drunk, this
Indian had the choice of paying 10 shil-
lings or 10 lashes on his naked body;
costs in either event.

Bostonians were not so narrow-minded.
"Uncle Zachariah" says in the Al-
manack for 1817: "There are a power of
things to be attended to this month;
and what is of much consequence is our
cider; my neighbor Dupy has got a sack
of making his cider so good and nice
that he gets about double price for all
of it. The Boston folks have got a taste
of it, and they are full of notions, as
the saying is, you know, and they love
good things and will give a good price
for them, too. Now no sooner is my
neighbor Dupy's cider ready for mar-
ket than they grab it as quick as a
hound will a woodchuck, and pay him
his price down upon the nail. Zuckers,
Joim, let's try what we can do!"

The price of cider in western Massa-
chusetts during the 18th century was
from four to six shillings a barrel,
sometimes only three or 3s. 4d. It was
estimated in Boston in 1723, according
to Sylvester Judd, that a family of nine
persons "of middle figure" consumed
in a year 12 barrels of beer, four bar-
rels of cider, and six gallons of wines.
"Some poetry in the Hampshire Ga-
zette in May, 1792, gives to lovers of
cider a rosy countenance, ruddy nose
and running eyes."

And now let us forget the sour re-
mark of old Robert Burton, who de-
clared in his pages on the causes of
melancholy that "cider and perry are
both cold and windy drinks, and for
that cause to be neglected."

"Big Sunflower"

As the World Wags:

"The Big Sunflower" was a song and
dance performed by Deleahanty and
Hengler in the late sixties or the early
seventies. G. C. HASSELBRACK.

South Boston.

This may all have been, but Dele-
ahanty and Hengler were chiefly famous
for "Little Bunch of Roses," "Apple of
My Eye," "I Hope I Don't Intrude,"
"Strawberries and Cream." They were
the original "Happy Hottentots." T. M.
Hengler, whose real name was Slattery,
was known as "The Merry Minstrel."
He joined Deleahanty in November, 1866.
Mr. Edward Le Roy Rice, in his "Mon-
archs of Minstrelsy," giving the life of
Billy Emerson, has this to say: "Let
us remember him for his 'Big Sun-
flower,' written by another, but popu-
larized by Emerson." Writing about
another famous Negro minstrel, Mr.
Rice says: "Bobby Newcomb (Robert
Hughes) stood alone in his particular
line in minstrelsy, inasmuch as he
wrote all the songs and dances he exe-
cuted so admirably as well as produc-
ing for many other performers, notably
the 'Big Sunflower' for Billy Emerson,
which did so much to establish the
popularity of that great artist." New-
comb (1847-1888) joined Christy's min-
strels in New York in 1863—he had been
on the stage since 1856; in 1865 he was
with Raynor's "Christy's"; in 1869 with
the San Francisco Minstrels in New
York; in 1870 with Carnecross and
Dixey's in Philadelphia; In August, 1871,
he was again with the San Francisco.
In what year did he, or Billy Emerson,
first sing "The Big Sunflower"? There
is no doubt about Newcomb's author-
ship of the words. Did he write or
adapt the tune?—Ed.

"To Whisper"

Let us add to the note on the use of
"whisper" and "whisperer" in English
slang. A "whisper at the post" is an
owner's final instruction to a jockey. In
military slang an "angel's whisper" is
the call to a defaulter's drill, an extra
fatigue duty. "Fig's whisper" is a short
space of time, as brief as a grunt. A
"whispering syllable slinger" is a
prompter in the theatre.

To "whisper" the bees, kine and sheep
is to tell them the death of the master.
In English dialect it also means "to
slander." In Lancashire the whisperer
is an evil spirit. "There was the Whis-
perer who came behind you in broad
daylight, softly imploring you to turn

your head but for one moment. If you
did turn your head, the Whisperer bit
your neck." In Northumberland a whis-
per pudding is one in which the plums
are very close together.

By PHILIP HALE

"The Music of Spain," by Carl Van
Vechten, published by Alfred A. Knopf,
New York. Two hundred and nine pages,
eight illustrations; a voluminous index.

The titles of the chapters are: "Spain
and Music"; "The Land of Joy"; "From
George Borrow to Mary Garden." There
are nearly 50 pages of notes on the
text. The leading essay had already
been published, but the notes, now
added, are valuable for supplementary
information. "The Land of Joy" had
appeared in substance in Mr. Van
Vechten's book, "The Merry-Go-Round"
published last year. The third section
of the present volume, an essay on
"Carmen," is new.

Mr. Van Vechten is an entertaining
writer, whatever may be thought of his
opinions and his critical judgment. In
his earlier books about music his chief
aim was to make the bourgeois sit up;
to overturn theories that were generally
regarded as orthodox; to rail at the
Lord's anointed. If the author was at
times flippant to the verge of foolish-
ness, he was refreshingly free from cant;
and he always wrote with gusto, to
borrow a favorite word of William
Hazlitt's. Mr. Van Vechten was never
plattitudinous, nor did he ride any one
of his hobby-horses to death. Further-
more, he showed, without a solemn and
would-be authoritative display of ped-
antry, varied reading, careful research,
and the ability to select from the mass
of material what bore directly and per-
tinently on the subject.

The essay on Spanish music is by far
the most complete, instructive and sym-
pathetic in modern musical literature.
It is the only one in English that is
worthy of consideration. It is far su-
perior to the work of the Frenchman,
Soubeis, who has made a perfunctory
musical tour of the nations. The most
useful book in Spanish, written by
Fuentes, was published as far back as
1855. Esclava and Pedrell, later writers,
treat only of the remarkable music of
Spaniards for the church.

While "The Music of Spain" will be
of great assistance to the writer on
musical subjects, by its biographical in-
formation, by its treatment of operas
and dances, it should greatly interest
the general reader, by the brilliance of
description, by the personal flavor, by
humor that is not forced, by wit that
is occasionally and pleasantly malicious
in side remarks and observations. He
will be fascinated by the account of the
Spanish dancers that visited New York
in 1917 with Doloretas, a "female devil
of the dance," at their head; by the de-
scription of the successive Carmens
from Galli-Marle to Mary Garden, whose
praise he sounds on a golden trumpet,
finding out for her glorification, gemmed
and purple phrases. Here he seems ob-
sessed with the desire to outvie Pater's
rhapsody over Mona Lisa. Witness these
sentences: "This distinct creature, in-
distinctly paradoxical, would be equal-
ly at home in the spinnies of the arid
Spanish plains, on the dirty stage of a
maison de dances at Triana, or, gaily
bedecked and spangled like a 'bedizened
butterfly of commerce' in a box of the
Plaza de Toros. . . . When she danced
she scarcely lifted her feet from the
floor, tapping her heels rhythmically
and sensuously into the hidden cham-
bers of our brains; so the inquisitors
maddened their victims with the endless
drop, drop, drop of water. . . . Fatalist,
humorist, enchantress, panther, savage,
gamine in turn, this Carmen suggested
the virgin brutality of Spain, the au-
stere, portentous passion of Persephone,
the frivolous devilments of hell itself."
Perhaps Mr. Van Vechten singled out
Persephone for the sake of alliteration.
We never heard that she was passionate.
No wonder that Miss Garden in the
dedication of her photograph to Mr.

Van Vechten, wrote "en grand affec-
tion." It is not necessary for the reader
enjoying this eulogy of her Carmen to
ask whether Miss Garden has lived up
to it. He may wonder at Mr. Van
Vechten's praise of Zelle de Lussan's
Carmen, which was of a common and
operetta character; at his slight men-
tion of Mme. Trebelli's Carmen, a strik-
ingly individual, sinister apparition; at
his failure to appreciate the perform-
ance of Marguerite Sylva.

Mr. Van Vechten quotes M. Flerens-
Gevaert's description of George Le-
blanc's interpretation of Carmen. He
then does me the honor of quoting a
description of Carmen herself, prefacing
the quotation by saying "that it, perhaps,
owes something to M. Flerens-Gevaert."
The article, whatever its worth, was
published in the Boston Post nearly 10
years before M. Flerens-Gevaert saw
the fantastical George.

Mr. Van Vechten often leaves one in
doubt concerning the authorship of the

as we have heard his taste in selection is admirable. The songs about "How a Mermaid" are engrossing, with the exception about the traditional character of the Spanish gypsy girl. We do not believe that Meribae for her song was much indebted to Borrow's "The Zingari" and "The Bible in Spain," but the "resemblances" found by P. Northup of Toronto. It is true, Mendelssohn wrote to his "Inconnue" that he obtained "his acquaintance with the gypsies" from Borrow; but at this acquaintance does not account for the story; nor does the borrowing of gypsy proverbs from "The Zingari."

On the whole," says Mr. Van Vechten, "the best Spanish music has not been written by Spaniards, although most of it, like the best music written in Spain, is based primarily on the rhythm of folk-tunes, dances and songs." No one, except perhaps a proud and melancholy Spaniard, will dispute this statement. At the head of orchestral pieces Mr. Van Vechten rightly puts the "Esperanza" of Chabrier, Debussy, Ravel, Laparra, Lalo, are Frenchmen, although Lalo came of a Spanish family. Mr. Van Vechten does not think highly of the ill-fated Grenados's opera, "Goyescas," Grenados, the victim of German brutality. For some reason or other there is nothing in this book about Alvarez, whose impressive songs are sung by Mr. De Gogorza.

"Violin mastery: Talks with Master violinists and teachers, comprising interviews with Ysaye, Kreisler, Elman, Auer, Thibaud, Heifetz, Hartmann, Maud Powell and others" by Frederick H. Martens. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Two hundred and ninety-two pages; 16 portraits; no index.

The other violinists who talked with Mr. Martens are Messrs. Betti, Brown, Gardner, Hochstein, Kneisel, Letz, Manes, Nachez, Pilzer, Sametini, Saslavsky, Seidel, Severn, Spalding, Splering. Mr. Gustav Saenger talked about "The editor as a factor in violin mastery."

This book is of value chiefly to those studying the violin and to those interested in violinists, though the amateur may find the anecdotal passages pleasant reading. The most instructive chapters are those devoted to Ysaye, Betti and Thibaud; instructive because these violinists talk wisely about other matters than those dryly technical. All of them or nearly all, tell of their training, their violins, their theory of art.

All of them talk with becoming modesty except Mr. Tivadar Nachez, who has much to say, and in no uncertain words, about his life, works, successes and intercourse with royal personages.

On the other hand, the incomparable Ysaye has much more to say about Vieuxtemps as composer and violinist than about himself. He finds that too many of the technicians today no longer sing. "Their difficulties—they surmount them more or less happily; but the effect is too apparent, and though, at times, the listener may be astonished, he can never be charmed"; yet Mr. Ysaye feels that violin teaching today endeavors to develop the aesthetic sense at too early a stage. What constitutes a master of the violin? "He must be a violinist, a thinker, a poet, a human being; he must have known hope, love, passion and despair; he must have run the gamut of the emotions in order to express them all in his playing. A boy of 13 cannot expect to express that to which the serious student of 30, the man who has actually lived, can give voice. If the violinist's art is truly a great art it cannot come to fruition in the artist's teens. His accomplishment then is no more than a promise—a promise which finds its realization in and by life itself."

Mr. Betti explains lucidly in what respects the modern quartet differs from its predecessors; how the modern composition has a new element, more and more preponderant, which may be called orchestral rather than "da camera." "Many among the most advanced modern composers strive for orchestral effects, that often lie outside the natural capabilities of the strings." He names Stravinsky. There are modern quartets with special technical devices undreamt of in earlier days. Mr. Betti then speaks of the technique of quartet playing; how the second violin has a more and more individual role; how special attention is paid the viola by modern French composers "because France now is ahead of the other nations in virtuoso viola playing." There is an explanation of the fact that, while four players may each one of them be playing in tune, in pitch, yet their chords may not be truly in tune, "because of the individual bias—a trifle sharp, a trifle flat—in interpreting pitch." There is also the matter of balance between the individual notes of a daring chord. "There are chords which only sound well if certain notes are thrown into relief; and others only if played very softly (almost as though they were overtones)." Reading what Mr. Betti

has to say about quartet playing, one is not astonished at the perfection attained by the Pionzeley Quartet.

Mr. Thibaud, whose purity and nobility of interpretations, place him in the very first rank of violinists, has so much to say worthy of consideration, that his remarks will find a place on the dramatic and musical page of The Sunday Herald.

Sept 21 1919

The Herald has already spoken of Mr. Frederick H. Martens's book, "Violin Mastery: Talks with Master Violinists and Teachers" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York). The reviewer quoted from remarks made by Messrs. Ysaye and Betti. Mr. Martens's conversation with Jacques Thibaud was equally interesting.

Mr. Thibaud does not see any great difference between the ideals of the great Belgian school, that of Vieuxtemps, De Beriot, Leonard, Massart, Marsick, the school "whose greatest present-day exponent is Eugene Ysaye," and the French. "The two schools have married and are as one. They may differ in the interpretation of music, but to me they seem to have merged, so far as their systems of finger technique, bowing and tone production go."

Bowing is the greatest difficulty in playing the violin. Many teachers with sound ideas teach in too complicated a manner. "Sarasate (he was an intimate friend of mine) always used his bow in the most natural way, his control of it was unsought and unconscious. Were I a teacher, I should not say: 'You must bow as I do'; but, rather: 'Find the way of bowing most convenient and natural to you and use it.' Bowing is largely a physical and individual matter. I am slender, but have long, large fingers; Kreisler is a larger man than I am, but his fingers are small. It stands to reason that there must be a difference in the way in which we hold and use the bow."

"Sevcik's purely soulless and mechanical system has undoubtedly produced a number of excellent mechanicians of the violin. But it has just as unquestionably killed real talent. Kubelik—there was a genuinely talented violinist. If he had had another teacher instead of Sevcik, he would have been great, for he had great gifts. Even as it was, he played well, but I consider him one of Sevcik's victims. . . . Technik, in the case of the more advanced violinist, should not have a place in the foreground of his consciousness. I heard Rubinstein play when a boy—what did his false notes amount to compared with his wonderful manner of disclosing the spirit of the things he played!"

"When I was younger I once had to play Bach's G minor fugue at a concert in Brussels. I was living at Ysaye's home, and since I had never played the composition in public before, I began to worry about its interpretation. So I asked Ysaye (thinking he would simply show me). 'How ought I to play this fugue?' The master reflected a moment and then dashed my hopes by answering: 'Tu n'embetes!' (You bore me!) 'This fugue should be played well, that's all.' At first I was angry, but thinking it over, I realized that if he had shown me, I would have played it just as he did; while what he wanted me to do was to work out my own version, and depend on my own initiative—which I did, for I had no choice."

Mr. Thibaud spoke of Sarasate with a flushed cheek. "He literally sang on the violin like a nightingale. His purity of intonation was remarkable; and his technical facility was the most extraordinary that I have ever seen. He handled his bow with unbelievable skill. And when he played, the unassuming grace of his movements won the hearts of his audiences and increased the enthusiasm awakened by his tremendous talent. We other violinists, all of us, occasionally play a false note, for we are not infallible; we may flat a little or sharp a little. But never, as often as I have heard Sarasate play, did I ever hear him play a wrong note, one not in perfect pitch. His Spanish things he played like a god! And he had a wonderful gift of phrasing which gave a charm hard to define to whatever he played. And playing in quartet—the greatest solo violinist does not always shine in this genre—he was admirable. Though he played all the standard repertory, Bach, Beethoven, etc., I can never forget his exquisite rendering of modern works, especially of a little composition by Raff called 'La Fee d'amour.'"

"There are natural Guarnerius players and natural Stradivarius players; certain artists do their best with the one, and certain others with the other. And I also believe that any one who is 'equally' good in both is great in neither." Mr. Thibaud's violin is a Stradivarius, one that once belonged to Ballot. He uses a wire E string, as do Ysaye, Kreisler, Maud Powell.

"In my opinion, the usual recital program, piano, song or violin, is too long. The public likes the recital by a single vocal or instrumental artist. But are they artistically altogether satisfactory? I should like to hear Paderewski and Ysaye, Bauer and Casals, Kreisler and

Hoffmann all playing at the same recital. What a variety, what a wealth of contrasting artistic enjoyment such a concert would afford!" He recalls as "the most perfect and beautiful" of his musical memories a session in his home in Paris, when he, Ysaye, Kreisler and Casals played quartets by Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann, each violinist now first or second violin or viola. In turn, Pugno joined them for Franck's piano quintet. A concert manager offered them a fortune to play in this combination—two concerts in every capital in Europe. "We have not enough variety in our concert programs—not enough collaboration." He names two programs of concerts he gave with Mr. Bauer as the best he ever gave in this country, one in Boston in November, 1913.

Beethoven—Kreutzer Sonata
Bauer-Thibaud
Bach—Sarabanda, Giga, Chaconne
Thibaud
Schumann—Kreisleriana
Bauer
Franck—Sonata
Bauer-Thibaud

"For my ideal program an hour and half of beautiful music would suffice. I believe in playing the big, fine things in music; in serving roasts rather than too many hors d'oeuvres and pastries. On the solo program, of course, one must make some concessions. When I play a violin concerto it seems fair enough to give the public three or four nice little things, but—always pieces which are truly musical, not such as are only 'ear-ticklers.'"

Which of the great concertos do I prefer? That is a difficult question to answer off-hand. But I can easily tell you which I like least. It is the Tschalkowsky concerto—I would not exchange the first 10 measures of Vieuxtemps's Fourth concerto for the whole of Tschalkowsky's, that is from the musical point of view. I have heard the Tschalkowsky played magnificently by Auer and Elman; but I consider it the worst thing the composer has written."

"The Fugitive"

Mr. Galsworthy's "Fugitive," which Mr. John Craig produced here last week for the first time in Boston, is not the only play thus entitled, nor the first with that title seen in Boston.

A musical farce, "The Fugitive," by John O'Keefe, altered from his "The Czar," was produced in London in 1790. Joseph Richardson's "Fugitive" was brought out in London two years later. Then there is "The Fugitive," a melodrama by Tom Craven, produced on Aug. 1, 1837, at the Alhambra, Barron-in-Furness, England, and first seen at the Surrey, London, on June 4, 1888. Then there is "The Fugitive or Happy Recess" by Shapter (1790), not to speak of two plays, "The Fugitives" (1791 and 1858), also a French drama, "La Fugitive," by Andre Picard (Gymnase, Paris, December, 1910).

Craven's "Fugitive" was played in New York in 1838 and 1891. McKee

Rankin took part in the latter performance. The first performance in this country was in Boston at the Grand Opera House, Nov. 12, 1833. "The leading villain"—a wicked squire named Stollery—"for there are two, is dispatched twice in one act, and barely escapes death in another, while the conventional unfortunate who has pinned her faith on the aforesaid villain wanders dolorously about the stage until she dies from overwhelming grief." The fugitive is a clerk in a mill, who, believing that he has committed murder, runs away to Australia. He is wrecked in a tremendous scene with appalling thunder and lightning, but he is saved. Returning to England, he finds the girl of his choice still true to him. The real murderer, half-crazed and conscience-stricken, confesses. The play was not taken here too seriously. As a Boston critic remarked: "Its plot is nowhere original; its incidents are too highly colored and too evidently inconsistent; its language is stilted and unnatural, and the stage 'revenge, with a long and rolling r' plays a large part in its composition. . . . Several times last evening the audience, particularly that part which frequents the cheaper seats, was dangerously near the geyser point." Harry Dalton, James F. Hagan, William Cullington, Eliza Long, Lisle Leigh and Charlotte Wayland were in the cast.

Picard's "Fugitive" is a comedy that approaches tragedy. A widow after a long and commonplace life sees her two daughters well married. She determines to run off with a married man with whom she has long been in love. One of her daughters discovers the affair. Her marriage is an unhappy one. She purposes to follow the example of her mother, who tries to dissuade her, is then won over, and finally repents and brings daughter and husband together again. The Paris correspondent of the Referee did not treat the play sympathetically. "It is the old story of a woman who wants to live her own life. When a lady wants that on the stage one knows that she usually wants some one of the other sex to live her own life with her without the help of ring and bell and book. And the lady who wants to live her own life in 'The Fugitive' is a middle-aged lady who becomes a grandmother soon after the fall of the curtain. There is no reason why a man whose hair is gray, and a woman whose hair ought to be, should not bill and coo, but we don't get wrought up by the

thing and cooing. An automatic tea-tray which becomes a tea-table was the success of the evening, and I think it was a shame that it did not figure on the program. I fancy, too, that was another injustice to Britain. The tea-tray looked British."

Galsworthy and Euclid

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 23, 1913, published a "Revised Euclid," after seeing Mr. Galsworthy's "Fugitive."

AXIOMS

A Husband is without manners, sense, or sympathy.

A Wife is awfully sad, poor thing.

A man is a nasty brute.

A Woman is a suffering heroine.

An Ordinary Average man is what no woman ought to be expected to put up with.

All the Other Characters are fools to the suffering heroine.

Definitions

That which is a marriage is abhorrent. That which is not a marriage is awful beautiful.

Mutual Aversion is that which exists between husband and wife.

Marriage is this state of mutual aversion, and cannot be defined further owing to the Censor.

The Literary Man is that variety of the genus Homo, Brutus, which is also a fool and heavily in debt.

Soul is that which is possessed by wives, literary men, and others, and is not possessed by husbands, generals, lawyers and others.

Stagecraft is that by which all possible avenues of escape are carefully blocked tight one after the other.

COMMENT

(From the gallery)

"Why, bilmeys, there ain't nothing what she do like."

Then the Galsworthy Problem "The Fugitive" is worked out with the aid of three diagrams. This conclusion is arrived at: "The circle A marriage, from which there is no escape, coincides with the third circle A, suicide, from which there is no escape. Therefore Marriage equals Suicide.—Q. E. D."

"Prince There Was"

"A Prince There Was," which will be brought out here for the first time at the Tremont tomorrow night, has had a curious history. Defined as a comedy made from Darragh Aldrich's novel "Unchanged Hearts" by Robert Hilliard and Frank Westerton, it was produced by Mr. Hilliard, Oct. 31, 1913, at Atlantic City. Mr. Westerton was a member of the "Three Faces East" company. The play had been announced in July as a fantastic comedy, without any reference to the war. "It also lacks a 'triangle,' a villain and a vampire, and aims rather to a sweet, charming story, involving a circle of wholesome people residing in a boarding house, who are contrasted with the idle rich." The company included Stella Archer, Marie Vernon, Jessie Ralph, Florence Johns, A. G. Andrews, Charles Hammond.

The play was taken to Philadelphia, Nov. 4, for three weeks. The box office receipts were discouraging. Mr. Cohan saw the play during the last week. He offered, or was asked, to make some changes in the story. It is said that as he worked on it he discarded the incidents, the characters, even the story of the original play. "Retaining only the idea (having to do with a rich man who masquerades as a poor one in a cheap boarding house), he wrote an entirely new first act. As he went on he strayed further and further away from the original until Mr. Hilliard ventured an objection. The new final act was delivered on Dec. 15. In the mean time the old play was put in rehearsal for New York."

"A Prince There Was: A new play in three acts by Darragh Aldrich and George M. Cohan" was produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, on Dec. 24, 1918. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Charles Martin | Robert Hilliard |
| Blanch | Ernest Stallard |
| Jack Carruthers | George Parsons |
| Comfort | Marie Vernon |
| Miss Vincent | Wanda Carlyle |
| Gladys Prouty | Ruth Donnelly |
| Mrs. Prouty | Jessie Ralph |
| Short | Ralph Sipperly |
| Katherine Woods, M. S. C. | Phoebe Hurst |
| Mr. Crockett | A. G. Andrews |
| Della | Elizabeth Dunne |
| Messenger | Walter Browne |
| Eddie | Leroy Johnson |

Mr. Hilliard left the cast and on Dec. 28 his part was played by Mr. Cohan.

Robert Hichens's New Play, "The Voice from the Minaret"

Mr. Hichens's new play was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on Aug. 26. The Daily Telegraph said that it made a powerful impression on the audience, although there is an absence of direct action; it is the work of a novelist rather than of an expert dramatist. "In essentials the story recalls Hawthorne's 'The Scarlet Letter' and even more vividly Henry Arthur Jones's 'Michael and His Lost Angel.' There is no need to labor the point. It was the younger Dumas who once observed that 'any man is welcome to a plot of mine for the finished articles are bound to differ as completely as chalk from cheese.'"

The review in the Times was amusingly malicious and is well worth reading.

She has a lot of... but being up to the... He does not understand Italian. Which is a figurative way of saying that she is an immoralist by temperament, but rather a malice lun. Their kisses are long, but it is he who leaves off first. The fact is, he had meant to go into the church, instead of looting voluptuously on many cushioned divans in Damascus, and, even now, when the muezzin calls to prayer (which he does very musically, it seems, in an aria that might be signed Puccini) he wants to pray. Naturally, the lady is, as ladies, say, "upset," and decides to go back to her brute of a husband. Well, you say to yourself, Mr. Hichens has served us up a new sort of lover, at any rate, the ascetic voluptuary, the amoralish double with the seminarist.

"A year or two later and he is a full-fledged vicar, in fact, with a slight change in the familiar mock-words-worthwhile line.

A Mr. Fabian, a clergyman. More, he is an eloquent preacher, and she—the voluptuous she of the Damascus divans—comes to church to listen to his eloquence. After church she calls at the vicarage, for some vague reason, perhaps to let him know that her husband is more of a brute than ever, perhaps to see if she still has her old power over him. She has, and she has not. He is torn between his old love and the claims of the spiritual life. He would like to take her once again in his arms, but what about his congregation, his parishioners, his poor, his preaching? Anyhow, he will look her up next morning at her hotel.

When he does, it is to find the brute of a husband there. And the brute of a husband soon worms the truth out of the pair, the truth about the Damascus divans. Very well, he will take divorce proceedings forthwith, and then, good-bye to the vicar's reputation and career. Not so fast, says the lady, if you do I'll publish your own infidelities, and then what about your own reputation and career? (The brute of a husband is something big in India.) As for the parson-lover, he takes the high spiritual line, let the whole truth be told, and thus he will be conscience-free (and, who knows, perhaps a more popular preacher than ever?). But an older clergyman, the mentor of the younger one, intervenes, and bids the lady come away from both men, come, one supposes, into some kind of retreat. She agrees.

"After another interval the brute of a husband is condemned to death by the doctors. Sudden excitement may kill him at any moment, so you know at once what to expect about him, and the only question is when and how is it going to happen. He plots to bring together the lady and her lover (now promoted to a fashionable West end rectory, and a more popular preacher than ever), in order that he may tell them that, being on the point of death, he means to institute those divorce proceedings after all. They don't care, they are both spiritually strengthened, they have triumphed over earthly love, etc., etc. This attitude so enrages the brute of a husband that he dies, as expected, or is left as the curtain descends manifestly preparing for death—and actually implying the spiritual consolation of the parson! Thus you see achieved the victory of the soul over carnal love, of the clergyman over the man.

"But (this weakness must be pardoned in a layman), one is really rather sorry for the poor lady. If her lover had not been ecclesiastically minded! If he had been as the lover who is prepared to cry—All for love, and the world well lost! She need never have gone back to her brute of a husband. The pair might have simply enjoyed the muezzin as a musical executant. And the lady was so obviously, so deliciously, worth loving! For she is played by Miss Marie Lohr, and Miss Marie Lohr at her very best. When she made the spiritual sacrifice and went into retreat you cried, under your breath, what a sheer waste! Yet she was then calm and sweet and almost saint-like, the rogue! Mr. Arthur Wontner had a difficult part in the young priest torn between his love and his priesthood, kisses and preaching, but getting less and less torn as time goes on, becoming more and more the pure clerical enthusiast; he handled the difficulties with perfect tact. Mr. Norman McKinnel, as the brute of a husband, is a brute, ill-conditioned always, at times ferocious—one of those powerful performances that seem to leave you bruised and sore. In smaller parts there is capital work from Miss O'Malley and Miss Fetherston and Mr. Henry Vibart. Altogether an evening of exceptional interest."

Mr. Buchanan Charles Discusses Mr. Whiting's "The Mechanical Player"

To the Editor of the Herald:

In the Yale Review for July Arthur Whiting writes about "The Mechanical Player," predicting its doom in oblivion. "Art is a jealous and revengeful mistress who," he explains, "will not tolerate mechanics in any form on her domain."

To anyone who gives the matter serious consideration Mr. Whiting's essay is negligible, but in the mass of unthinking readers, probably already

prejudiced, the effect will be decidedly harmful, confirming their erroneous opinions, and retarding the development of a really meritorious invention. And in spite of the slight weight of anything I can say, it at least gives satisfaction to know that such a biased criticism has not gone unanswered.

I see little in the ordinary player-piano myself, but enough cannot be said in favor of the reproducing instrument. My special interest in these machines originated in a dislike for concert halls and while I have a facility for manipulating the keyboard, like DeQuincey, I think that to the deep voluptuous enjoyment of music absolute passiveness in the hearer is indispensable. Nevertheless, much of the pleasure I have gotten from music has come from its association with other things, the glamour with which it has bathed reminiscences, the flavor it has given books.

But in either case, before the invention of the piano player, to hear music as I wished seemed possible only at prohibitive expense, only by employing the services of a fine pianist. But that luxury, which only millionaires could afford, was eclipsed by this discovery of modern science, the bugaboo of hyper-aesthetes.

At public recitals the people and the hall itself are distractions, and the program, which convention arranges like a dinner menu, can seldom be satisfying. The concert hall is a compromise at best, but the expense of even private recitals makes it a necessary evil. To hear the music one wants played as one wishes is an unattainable ideal there. But the phonographic player obviates all difficulties. Now we may hear Paderewski at his best, or Hofmann, or Bauer, or Ornstein. They will play whenever we wish and whatever we like even better than in person.

Doubtless every pianist has his ideal interpretations, but how often can he perform them? Seldom, except by means of the reproducing piano, which permits a corrected rendition.

Yet Mr. Whiting says that the reproduction lacks the vigor of the original, "as if the artist had left a sick bed." But by the very nature of the instrument, how can it? Recalling Mr. Philip Hale's review of Richard Buhlig's recital given at the Copley-Plaza in 1917, at which a reproduction piano repeated the program, this paragraph is interesting:

"It was not easy to believe that there was a mechanical reproduction. The impression was made on the hearer that the pianist was playing then and there. But there was this paradoxical effect: There was at times a beauty of tone, also a freedom in bravura passages that were more apparent than in the preceding performance of the pianist. In other words, when the records were taken, Mr. Buhlig was more in the vein than he was last night."

As a further objection, Mr. Whiting argues that (and this is particularly emphasized, even iterated) "the dramatic effect of a musical situation depends largely on the gamble in human fallibility, in the excitement of uncertainty as to whether the thing really can be pulled off."

One hesitates to comment on such guff, the flatus of mental indigestion, but what's the use after this:

"When the evanescent subtleties are reproduced exactly (note 'exactly'), are heard many times in absolute repetition they become nothing less than a mockery of art."

Raphael, Claude, Gainsborough, Monet, Whistler, you worked in vain!

BUCHANAN CHARLES.

Boston.

Old and New Music Played at London Promenade Concerts

We quote from the London Times comments on the promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall. The Times of Aug. 16 had this to say about the list of works announced for performance:

"It is a good list certainly, as good as any list could be which omits altogether the three greatest symphonists (apart from Beethoven) which the world has ever seen and heard. Haydn has never quite got his deserts at the promenades; Mozart, though there is no symphony, is to be heard in a concerto or two, in overtures and songs. But have promoters quite outgrown their love of Brahms, or will second thoughts bring an alteration in his favor?"

"Among the miscellaneous works, suites, symphonic poems, overtures, and such like there is scarcely a composer of note, except perhaps of the ultra-modern and the ultra-archaic, whose name is not somewhere included. We will say nothing of the novelties, 27 in number, until it appears whether they will ever be anything else but novelties. Is it an oversight that the names of C. V. Stanford, Cyril Scott, and Rutland Boughton are nowhere to be found, or are we to suppose that they have written nothing fit to be included beside the works of such masters as Landon Ronald, Percy Pitt, and Frederic D'Erlanger? But the real point of a good promenade scheme is not that it should be representative of composers but that it should be representative of audiences. The average man cares little who music is by except in a few outstanding cases. He will say that he likes Wagner or Tchaikovsky or Beethoven; he will hardly give a general verdict in favor

of any other composer, especially one of his own country, though he has very positive preferences for certain works, perchance Brigg Fair, The Hermit of the Minuet, or a Solemn Melody. He recognizes two kinds of good—one which makes him go to the concert, the other which makes him unexpectedly glad he came. The best programs contain both, but they cannot be planned beforehand according to that classification, because even the greatest experience cannot predict with certainty which is which. It used to be considered that Raff's Cavatina and the Pizzicato from Sylvia would help to carry through a Bach concerto; now it is realized that an audience which came for the latter might be repelled by their proximity, so that they are better kept separate. The one thing which can be done in catering for all tastes is to give the best in each genre and avoid those violent clashes which offend the ear as magenta and scarlet offend the eye. Then the audience can choose their own goods, every one according to his kind, and it is the skill with which this appears to have been done in framing the scheme for the 25th season of Promenade concerts.

Aug. 16. "Mr. Balfour Gardiner had hit the temper of the audience in the little orchestral piece called 'A Joyful Home-Coming.' It was repeated."

Aug. 25. "On Saturday C. M. Loefler's 'Villanelle du Diable,' which had not previously been heard in England, though it is known on the other side of the Atlantic. It proved to be very mildly diabolic—just the kind of thing that Berlioz, Saint-Saens and a host of other composers have already shown us how to do, and do better, except that the whole-tone scale had not been discovered in their day. In truth, the devil as bogey is now quite an anachronism; if composers must write about him, why do they not first study Richard Garnett's 'Twilight of the Gods,' which throws valuable light on a maligned and essentially misunderstood personality?" The critic is evidently unacquainted with the spirit of Rollinat's poem, which inspired Mr. Loefler's admirable tone-poem.

Aug. 27. "Frederic d'Erlanger's symphonic prelude, 'Sursus Corda,' carried on the mood of seriousness without having anything to be serious."

Aug. 28 Eugene Goossens' prelude for small orchestra, from the music to 'Philippe II,' was played for the first time at a concert. It followed Arensky's concerto in E minor.

"Different as the concerto and the prelude are in style—and no two works could be apparently more different—a line of comparison could be drawn. Arensky, it is easy to see, would not have got very far with his concerto without a knowledge of Chopin; how much of the prelude, one wonders, would Goossens have written without the ballets of Stravinsky in mind? A great deal of his music was extraordinarily interesting; to some possibly it was extraordinarily ugly, but to those who are used to the Stravinsky idiom much was extraordinarily familiar. As if to give us the most vivid contrast possible, Mr. Ben Davies was engaged to sing, 'Waft her, angels' immediately after the prelude, and the applause which greeted the performance, though no doubt it was to a large extent a personal tribute, seemed to suggest that the love of Handel is not quite so dead as some people suppose."

Mozart's Fantasia in F minor was orchestrated by F. G. Sanders. Among the pieces new in London were Alfredo Casella's suite from 'Le Couvent sur l'eau'; George Butterworth's idyll, 'The Banks of Green Willow'; D. S. Smith's overture 'Prince Hal.'

New Irish Plays

"Clan Falvey," an Irish version by Sean Tobin of Daniel Corkery's one-act play, was produced at the Oireachtas Festival at Cork on Aug. 5. An old man, Falvey, has bought a chart that proves his descent from the Clan Falvey, long dispossessed by the penal code. His son Aodh upbraids him for brooding on the past. The younger son tries to quiet the two. Two strangers come in to say that the father is head of the clan. He becomes ecstatic. A bell is heard without. A priest enters with the news that the bellman is announcing that the farm will be sold by the sheriff at dawn. Storm and flood beat upon the cottage. The old man sees the truth and is taken out senseless. A play "of atmosphere with little action, with qualities of poetry and life that give it distinction."

"Brady," comedy in two acts, by Mrs. Theodore Maynard, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Aug. 4 by the Abbey Players. Tom Brady is another Mark Tapley in optimism, but he is inertia personified. "He will do anything in life but his duty." This he tries in every way to shun. At last, thinking to retrieve his fortune, he will propose to the only daughter of a rich Australian near by. He sallies forth in his Sunday best, but she is at the church with his rival. Yet when the curtain falls he is serene, full of plans for his betterment. "This delicate morsel of observation, although containing in solution all the prime elements of comedy, is not cast in any recognized comedy mould. It is as static as a Maeterlinckian idyll and has neither plot, action, direct cumulative interest nor denouement. By dint of harking back to the old Graeco-French principle of sub-

stituting narrative for direct action, and of stippling in her picture by a series of deftly arranged desultory conversations, Mrs. Maynard makes a nearer approach to a certain phase of Irish life than has ever been attained by conventional methods."

New Plays in Paris Described by the Stage's Correspondent

"Le Crime de Potrie" by Charles Henry Hirsch has been produced at the Odeon. The Potries represent three generations. The grandfather, shrewd, with ideas about honor and duty is a type of peasant aristocracy. His son is an honest, dull farmer. The grandson, Jean, big, mild, impressionable, has been to the city for military service. He represents "the evolution of modern life in the country." Drunk at the barracks in a fit of anger he kills a sergeant. A comrade saves Jean from detection, but afterwards black-mails him into giving him work on the farm, and this Charonneau makes love to Jean's wife. Jean tells his grandfather about his crime. He wishes to give himself up, but the old man will not hear of it. The name must not be dishonored. Charonneau cannot say anything without denouncing himself as an accomplice. The spectator is left with the feeling that Jean submits unwillingly and will never know peace of mind.

"Le Bonheur de ma Femme" at the Capucines is a light comedy-farce in which the authors skate dexterously over thin ice. "Bobby manages to make himself so ridiculous before Jeanine, his bride, that they agree to a divorce, but when another man makes love to Jeanine, she calls for help, and Bobby very properly kicks the intruder out, and they fall into each others arms and remarry eventually."

The September revue at the Palais Royal, "Hercules in Paris" is by Rip and Regis Gignoux.

G. Mitchell, the playwright, is dead. De Max is organizing a tour of the Comedie Francaise in Roumania.

"Cheating Cheaters," adapted by Pierre Veber and called "A bon Chat," pleased the critics. "The play does not seem to be very well cast. It requires a certain training that the French need to acquire, as they need to acquire the American simplicity in cinema acting."

"Princess de Revec," by Raymond Genty, the general secretary of the Odeon, has been produced at the nature theatre of the Pre Catalan in the Bois. "Rosine pretends to be a princess in disguise, and Jean falls hopelessly in love with her. But love proves none the less strong when they discover that there is no real barrier to their happiness. One is reminded of de Banville at times, and of Rostand's charming 'Romanesques.' A few extra performances will be given at the Odeon, but I fear the piece will lose much of its charm when deprived of the natural background of hanging boughs, under which the billowy silk gowns and the flash of fans, the billets-doux and badinage, the archness of patch and power took on all the grace of the Wateau period."

Stage Notes

John Drinkwater has written a play introducing Cromwell for Arthur Boucher.

At a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" in London next month a Russian actor, Maurice Moscovitch, will take the part of Shylock.

It was announced that Arnold Bennett's new play, based on his novel "Sacred and Profane Love," would be produced at Liverpool Sept. 15.

Perhaps Arbroath will one day become a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic music-hall goers. The local court has just passed plans for alterations to a building known as John Street Hall, in which Sir Harry Lauder sang his first song in public. For many years the hall was known as St. Ninian's Chapel of Ease, but of late it has been used as a store. Now the place is to be converted into a dancing hall, and admirers of Sir Harry will be glad to know that the hall is to remain. Arbroath—the "Fairport" of Scott's

"Antiquary"—is keen on dancing, and the suggestion that the hall should be called "Lauder's Hall" is meeting with some support.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. H. C. Bailey, writing about "Julius Caesar" as performed at Stratford-on-Avon late last month, says that Shakespeare cared nothing for Caesar. "All the values are wrong. Caesar becomes the stock Elizabethan tyrant, and Brutus is glorified into a hero; it is Brutus, the prig, the shady money lender, the plunderer of unfortunate provincials, who is given the right to our sympathy and our love. One character, indeed, Shakespeare did give us in his true colors. He knew his Antony, and loved the man."

In Anson Dyer's cartoon burlesque of "The Merchant of Venice," shown in London, Mr. Dyer has thrown a new light on the method by which Portia got the better of Shylock, who, according to the film, had used all the next tickets from his ration book and was therefore unable to claim his pound of flesh."

The N. Y. Evening Post reviews the printed copy of Maurice Donnay's "Lysistrata" and begins "a new comedy in French Academicism, acted at the

Sept. 23, 1919

Grant Mitchell Heads Capable Cast in "A Prince There Was"

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Prince There Was," a comedy in three acts, from a story, "Enchanted Hearts," by Darragh Aldrich, put into play form by George M. Cohan. Mr. Cohan's comedy produced at George M. Cohan's Theatre in New York, Dec. 24 1918. The first version by Robert Hilliard and Frank H. Westerton produced at Atlantic City, Oct. 31 1918.

Charles Martin.....Grant Mitchell
Bland.....Ernest Stallard
Jack Carruthers.....George Parsons
Comfort.....Wanda Carlyle
Miss Vincent.....Gladys Towle
Gladys Prouty.....Grace Nolan
Mrs. Prouty.....Jessie Ralph
Short.....Ralph Sippely
Katherine Woods, M. S. C.....Gilda Leary
Mr. Cricket.....A. G. Andrews
Della.....Elizabeth Dunne
Messenger.....Walter Burnie
Eddie.....Ralph Theodore

One would like to know the first version of this comedy before Mr. Cohan reconstructed it, or rewrote it. Never having read Mr. Aldrich's story, we must be content with Mr. Cohan's retelling of it. This is certain: He has put together an amusing piece with a fine contempt of probability; he has sketched a fresh picture of boarding house life and enriched the dialogue with slang and vaudeville give-and-take; pulled the sentimental stop for a few minutes; and, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, has inculcated a highly moral lesson.

Young Martin, whose wife and child are dead, took no interest in life outside of alcohol. The Demon Rum was ever at his elbow, crooking it. Martin never wound his watch; he traveled without enjoyment; man nor woman delighted him. His friend Carruthers, editor of a magazine, lectured him to his extreme annoyance. A little girl, a slavey in a cheap boarding house, wished him to help a Miss Woods in finding a market for her stories, for Miss Woods, a boarder, had been kind to her. Martin, very rich, accepted, half in jest, the position of assistant editor of the magazine, and urged by the taunt that he once had been a prince, went to the boarding house as Mr. Prince.

There he became a joyous benefactor. He accepted a story from Miss Woods, with whom he promptly fell in love, and paid her cash down. He accepted an article on international law from a discouraged old lawyer named Cricket. Finally he put \$50,000 into the magazine and learned who Miss Woods really was.

The first act is a sermon on a wasted life, made endurable by Mr. Mitchell's portrayal of a modern Sir Charles Coldstream and by the simple talk of the child Comfort. The second act is funny from start to finish. In the sitting room of Mrs. Prouty's boarding house are seen the landlady, her slangy daughter, the genteel Miss Vincent, Short, who works for the "movies," and the amiably chirping old Cricket. Here is character drawing; here is dialogue that is eminently Cohanesque. That the act is frankly farcical does not make it the less amusing. In this act it would make little difference if the hero did not appear. Miss Prouty, Gladys and Short carry it. No, is any one in the audience nervous about the fate of Miss Woods or Mr. Cricket.

There is the assurance of a happy ending for all concerned. Yet there is a moment when melodrama is hinted at: when Carruthers, meeting Miss Woods in the sitting room, acts mysteriously, almost in a sinister manner, as though he knew some guilty secret in her past. And why should she in answer to a call go out late at night to meet some one at an apothecary's? But this is a false alarm. We hasten to add that Miss Woods's past was spotless.

In the last act the amusement is furnished chiefly by Short and Miss Prouty, who have persuaded themselves that Martin and Miss Woods are crooks and are shadowing them, confiding in Carruthers. The audience was glad to learn that Mr. Cricket was summoned to Washington, D. C., by the attorney-general for the purpose of conferring with the greatest legal lights on his pet subject of international law.

Mr. Mitchell played with his customary lightness. Again he played simply, without undue emphasis, without any deliberate appeal to the risibilities of the spectator. As in "The Tailor-made Man," as in other comedies, so he was in this new comedy, which does not give him so full an opportunity for the display of his genuine if limited gifts. We say "limited," for the dramatists seem unwilling to give him room for broadening his art, but we believe that he is capable of higher flights in light comedy. As it is, in farce he is a comedian, who, when the playwright allows it, displays a deftness, a refinement, even a subtlety that are individual.

During the season of cultivated corn on the cob. He told us last week—for the strike has enriched his sociological material for THE colossal work—that rather than go through the ordeal of shaving his upper lip he had resolved to abstain from thick soups, especially the pumpkin, pea and black bean varieties; a great privation. While his mustache was never of the Walrus kind, in the fury of swallowing soup or playing on a corn cob, as a virtuoso plays wildly on the flute, it nevertheless resembled the mustache referred to by Charles Reade in "The Box Tunnel"—a dew-covered shrub. Then there is the loathsome drip of soup on waistcoat or trouser-lap, unless one is willing to tuck a huge napkin in his neck, after the manner of an honest French bourgeois. A man may flatter himself that clean-shaven he has a classic face; a face for a coin, postage stamp, bust, but here comes in the question of teeth and their condition.

For Miss Winterbottom

We publish with pleasure a reply to Miss Jane Winterbottom's letter concerning the servant question and the right of a maid to an "individual bath."

The reply is here reproduced verbatim et literatim, to use the language of the ancient Romans:

As the World Wags:

In reply to the article of Jane Winterbottom about Selma & Bridget. She evidently did not think either human, and if she was to the wharf to get them work for a few dollars per week and clean the Scum of her Bath tub they had bodies clean with virtuo pure blood & Innocent lives & was entitled to a bath in the family wash tub just as much as she. If not for the Bridgets and Selmas the descendants of some European countries would lay in dirt all their lives before they would clean it. Yes there is a Civic League to give women work at 20 ct. per hour & you pay your carfare of 20 cts bring your lunch. It takes 2 Hours possibly to get there and from. If you ask for a cup of tea they ask if 5 ct is too much to charge for it. Can Jane Winterbottom be one of those? If places were changed sometimes perhaps there would crop out a little Humanity. It's all the cause of unrest those dayes grind the workman & woman to death & leave a few dollars to some institution at death. We were born free & Equal & at Death the same clay shall cover our bodies. Be Human, Charitable and Kind.

JANE DE CHANTAL.

BIG THRONG GIVES SOUSA GREETING

Opens Sunday Concert Season at Symphony Hall

The first Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Hall series of 1919-1920 was given yesterday by Lt. John Philip Sousa and his band of 60 musicians.

The program was as follows:

Overture, "Thalia".....Jean Gilberti
Cornet Solo, "Willow Echoes" (new).....Simon Frank Simon
"Impression at the Movies".....Sousa
"The Jazz Band in Action".....Sousa
"The Crafty Villain and the Timid Maid".....Sousa
"Balance All and Swing Partners".....Sousa
Vocal Solo, "In Flanders Fields" (Words by the late Col. John McCrea), Miss Mary Baker
Memorial, "The Golden Star" (new).....Dedicated to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. Composed in memory of the brave who gave their lives that liberty shall not perish.....Sousa
A Mixture, "Showing Off Before Company".....Sousa
Waltz, "Kisses" (new).....Zamecnik
March, "Bullets and Bayonets" (new).....Sousa
Violin Solo, "Concerto".....Vieuxtemps
Satarelle, "The Bohemians" (new).....Rumme

Before the hour of the concert had arrived, the "sold out" signs were displayed, every seat and all available standing room being taken. The enthusiasm of the great audience was shown at the beginning of the program, and was continued until the last selection had been given, with one or more of the "March King's" compositions generously added to each number on the program.

The assisting artists added much to the pleasure of the performance.

The unique feature of the occasion was the sixth number, "A Mixture," by Sousa, which began with a harp solo, the harpist being the only occupant of the great stage. He was joined by two of the other musicians, the number then being increased gradually, with soloists and ensemble players, until the entire band was represented on the platform. The pleasure of the audience seemed to be fully shared by the musicians.

As the first encore, "Stars and Stripes Forever," brought forth a burst of applause, so the last one to be given, "The Star Spangled Banner," brought the great audience to its feet.

worthy for its simplicity and serenity. The music of Jommelli might have come from any one of the operas he wrote for Italy or the court at Stuttgart, while the "Pais Angelicus" of Jannacconi might have been written by Zingarelli, whom he succeeded as chapel master of St. Peter's. Yet this Jannacconi, the teacher of Balmi, who wrote the life of Palestrina, was a serious person, well-versed in counterpoint, even writing a canon for 64 voices, tossing off masses and Psalms for eight and 16 voices, with and without accompaniment.

There was, naturally, curiosity to hear the male soprano and the male contralto. The former is a tall, solidly-built man, who served in the Italian army, so the story goes. Mr. Gentili, the contralto, we are told, is a married man, and the happy father of five children, including twins.

The history of male sopranos and contraltos forms a most interesting chapter in the annals of music. Questions have arisen concerning them that have exercised the wits of judges of the law and authorities of the church. But, interesting as a digression might be, the subject now to be treated is the concert last night.

There were moments when Mr. Gabrielli's voice was a pure and beautiful high soprano; it was especially agreeable in piano passages; when forced, it was unpleasant, raucous. This may also be said of duet measures sung by the soprano and contralto. The tenor's voice is not a remarkable one. The bass is firm and sonorous.

The singers showed their art in careful phrasing in understanding of polyphonic treatment, in qualities that make quartet singing impressive. Their intonation was not always flawless. The modesty and sincerity of their bearing at once won the sympathy and respect of the audience.

It should be remembered that the ecclesiastical compositions would have been much more effective, even those in quasi operatic vein, if they had been heard in their home, the church. A brilliantly lighted hall, with statues of heathen gods and goddesses, Anacreon and other ancient worthies, with an excellent audience in everyday mood, is poorly suited to emotional or contemplative religious music.

The singers will give a second concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 23.

Cincinnati, not content with the glorious performances of its ball nine, now wishes that all magazines should be printed there and that New York publishers should make Cincinnati their home. Thus it wishes to overthrow Indianapolis as the "literary centre" of the United States. How changed the civic spirit from the time when Theodore Thomas left in disgust because he was requested to beat time for chorus and orchestra with a ham!

Greatly Daring

Dame Melba will walk in opera at Monte Carlo next January and also sing in "Madama Butterfly" and "Tosca" for the first time, it is said. A brilliant singer in her prime, she was never conspicuous as a dramatic soprano, nor do we now like to think of her dodging the wicked Baron Scarpia, overturning furniture in her wild rush, and then sticking him with a table knife, to the surprise and indignation of his digestive tract.

Clean Shaven

The "electric razor" will be put in operation at the Electrical exposition in New York next Wednesday. "The movement of the blade is only one sixty-fourth of an inch and its rate 7200 vibrations per minute." This species of mowing machine does not commend itself to us. We are still faithful to the old fashioned razor with which our grandfathers gashed his chin; the razor that struck terror to the furious Hun when brandished by the heroic negro soldier.

A London barber was astonished, so a London journal informs us, when an American customer—let us be thankful that the barber did not describe him as a "client"—entered his shop—not a "tonsorial emporium," not even a "tonsorial parlor"—and asked for a "dry shave." "The barber was perturbed, and went down the room with the news. 'Can you lend me an old razor?' he asked his companions. The old gentleman meanwhile regaled the room with sporting reminiscences. At last the barber had no option but to begin the perilous task. He dipped his razor in hot water, and duly shaved his customer without fither. But he won't undertake to do it again." Are Americans addicted to dry shaving? "What's the idea?"

We also read that with demobilization in England women objected to the mustache due to army regulations and persuaded Lionel, Augustus, 'Arry and other braves "to restore fully the clean-shaven appearance of pre-war days. 'The official arrival of peace was marked by the "dirty work with the lawn mower."

There was a time when Mr. Herkimer Johnson shaved his upper lip, but only

Music Notes

"Pro Patria," an opera in one-act by Percy Bolson, was performed for the first time by the Carl Rosa Company at the Lyceum, London, on Aug. 22. Alfred Kalisch derived the libretto from a dramatic sketch of the same name by George Cornwallis West, produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the London Coliseum Feb. 12, 1917. The story, "complicated and puzzling," is one of the war and spies. The composer has "the gift of agreeable and engaging melody; his orchestration is ably done on the elaborate line now accepted or expected."

Tunes that Broadway sang from 10 to half a dozen years ago are Canada's popular melodies of the moment. It is refreshing to hear street pianos and phonographs and movie orchestras and the Misses Freshet from Toronto grind and wail and strum and howl such novelties as "The End of a Perfect Day," "Kelly," "Tipperary," "I Hear You Calling Me" and even that hoary old veteran of a generation past—"Oh Promise Me"—all with the air of getting off something just coined. They have one song in Canada new to Americans—probably because it would not for one moment be countenanced here. Citizens of the United States have too much good sense, too much good taste and, above all, too keen a sense of the ridiculous to popularize the martyrdom of Edith Cavell by means of a frivolous fox-trotting tune, with words of which the following are a fair and sufficient example:

"She was made of British stuff,
"And, my boys, that is enough—
"Oh remember! Oh, remember, Nurse Cavell!"

The Prince of Wales's favorite air—the tune he always asks for—is "Johnny's In Town," which, appropriately enough, reminds Americans of our one-time popular "There's a New Coon in Town"—New York Evening Post.

SISTINE CHAPEL SOLOISTS SING

By PHILIP HALE

The Sistine Chapel soloists—Alessandro Gabrielli, soprano; Luigi Gentili, contralto; Ezio Cecchini, tenor; Augusto Dos Santos, bass; Alberto Cametti, pianist and organist—gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Jommelli, Alleluja, Veni Sancte Spiritus; Vittoria, O vos omnes qui transitis per viam; Jannacconi, Pais Angelicus; Perosi, O Sacrum Convivium; Marchetti, La Preghiera; Palestrina, La Cruda mia nemica; Antonicci, L'ora vesperina; Lasso, La Canzone del Follone; Miller, Il ritorno del gregge; Capocci, Cor meum et caro mea.

This was the order announced, but Capocci's antiphon ended the first part and Marchetti's "Prayer" the second. Mr. Cametti played organ pieces and accompanied.

The hall was completely filled and the hearers were enthusiastic. The pretty little piece by Antonicci found special favor. Even the organist was recalled. The singers wore in the first part their choir vestments; in the second part they wore conventional evening dress.

The program of ecclesiastical music was by no means severe. The nobly pathetic and profoundly religious music of Vittoria, the Spaniard, stood alone. Next to it in dignity came the "O Sacrum Convivium" of Perosi, note-

The program stated that the vaudeville roadway cast was in the perfection. In New York little Miss Vernon took the part of Comfort and was highly praised. She could not appear here on account of the absurd law that substitutes a doll for a baby in "Madama Butterfly." In New York Ruth Donnelly took the part of Gladys, Miss Carlyle that of Miss Vincent and Phoebe Hunt that of Miss Woods.

The company now at the Tremont is a good one, fully adequate, though Miss Carlyle, as Comfort, while she speaks and acts as a little girl, is evidently of older years. Miss Ralph was a boarding house-keeper that many unfortunates have known. Miss Nolan's slang was worthy of even Mr. Sipperly's attention. It is easy to think of their doing an applauded turn in vaudeville. Miss Carlyle had little to do except to smile and be grateful, to be gently coquettish and agreeable, and all this she did becomingly. The others were fully competent. Mr. Stallard as the devoted valet was more than competent.

The large audience enjoyed the play greatly. Mr. Mitchell paid the customary tribute to Boston after the second act, while the others were warmly appreciated. The play will undoubtedly prosper here.

There are certain widely accepted formulas in letter-writing. Some business men, perhaps wishing to assure the man addressed of their personal and particular interest in him insist that they are his "very truly." Some write "Yours sincerely," especially when they are attempting to sell a worthless stock. A woman will subscribe herself "Yours cordially" when she is known as cold-hearted.

Ord ring something by mail, many use the word "kindly": "Kindly send," etc. A London journalist thinks that this kindness is overdone.

"On the general question of grammatical construction, what is the real intention of notices common in various places in which the manager 'kindly requests' his clients to do something, or to refrain from doing something else? 'As far as we know, there is no parallel to this use of the word kindly. Is it a revolt of modern trade against the more servile 'respectfully,' or has the 'kindly' become misplaced in the sentence, and is the real form originally 'request their clients kindly to do (or to refrain from doing) something? The average restaurant or place of entertainment of today does not suggest that the management would be intentionally kind."

Under the Influence

The London Times reprints a paragraph that was published in 1819 on each day in the procession. Here is one that is not without a humorous touch: "(Advertisement).—Dr. Thornton feels proud that his Lecture on the Human Frame, given at Shade's Concert-room, Soho-square, each Wednesday evening, continues to be crowded to an excess. The nitrous oxyd being inhaled last lecture, produced in a most respectable bookseller dancing and laughing; in a musician, a song and violent muscular exertions."

Were respectable booksellers in 1819 expected to be of a grave countenance, stiff-legged, serious-minded?

Verbal Intoxication

Mr. Eugene Golightly, Jr., whom we saw at the Porphyry, ordering to our sorrow a white grape juice cocktail—his friends fear that the habit will grow on him—handed us yesterday the funeral oration, delivered by Dr. C. E. Locke at the celebration of John Barleycorn's death. We quote the closing paragraph:

"Let the funeral procession move hellward! Roll the whiskey barrel down the steep descent to the lowest depths, and let the red-handed, black-hearted cortege follow their dead chieftain down into a reeking oblivion where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." This reminds us that in England there was Hammersmith Burgundy, made from grapes grown there by the Lee family in the 18th century. The late Marquis of Bute manufactured Welsh hock from grapes grown in Glamorgan-shire. It found purchasers at 63 shillings a dozen, nor were the buyers actuated solely by patriotism. Vineyards, attached to colleges and religious houses, were common in the England of the Middle Ages, but the grapes at Cambridge were used chiefly for furnishing vinegar, or "Verjuice," as it was then called.

Tell Us the Old

Perhaps as the result of reaction London journals for discussing good old subjects: What are the Seven Seas? Why are pocket handkerchiefs square? Is there any such thing as "bad grammar"? etc.

The civil service commission used the

phrase "bad grammar" in a rebuke. This excited the wrath of an Englishman, who wrote to his newspaper: "There is no such thing as bad grammar. Either it is grammar or not grammar." The editor answered: "If my correspondent be correct, there is no such thing as 'bad health'—which is wandering off into Christian Science and other controversial matters—but I am afraid we shall go on talking of 'bad grammar' and 'bad health,' and so my correspondent must go on signing himself 'Surprised.'" This correspondent was also answered by a purist, who said the condenser of the phrase had nodded. "A sentence can no more be grammar than a word can be orthography; for grammar is a science, not a phrase. The only adequate substitute for 'bad grammar' is 'ungrammatical.'"

"Clerkess"

We regret to say that certain Englishmen are urging the admission of the word "Clerkess" into the language. They say it is good Scots and preferable to "female clerk." (We were under the impression that the English stroke of lady clerks, lady charwomen, lady typewriters, etc.) They argue that the masculine form is of Latin derivation, and as "ess" is a termination coming through the French from the late Latin "issa," it may therefore be fitly added to "clerk." Furthermore the ending is applied irregularly to Anglo-Saxon forms as "goddess" and "shepherdess."

"Clerkess" may or may not be good Scots; we do not like it, nor do we like some other words ending in "ess." When Rosa Leland became the manager of the Leland Opera House in Albany, N. Y., she called herself "manager" and could not be persuaded to be a "manageress." Of course there is such a word, applied by some to the woman manager of a theatre, hotel, laundry, and Sir Walter Scott and Miss Braddon used it; nevertheless it is to our ears a vile word. Let no one think that Rosa Leland was of the masculine type; on the contrary she was most feminine; an attractive, generous woman. She managed her theatre admirably. Rest her soul.

A Reactionary

As the World Wags:

I find it difficult to account for the vogue of the perpetrator of free verse, the Bolsheviks of poetry, since there is nothing new or original about them. We have had them before, or at least Europe has had them, just as she had the influenza under another name.

"And out of old books in good faith, Cometh all that new science that men here." As witness, one William Hazlitt regarding certain poets of his day:

"... According to the prevailing notions, all was to be natural and new. Nothing that was established was to be tolerated. . . . Rhyme was looked upon as a relic of the feudal system and regular metre was abolished along with regular government. . . . The paradox they set out with was, that all things are by nature equally fit subjects for poetry; or that if there is any preference to be given, these that are the meanest and most unpromising are the best. . . . He who was more than man, with them was none. They claimed kindred only with the commonest of the people; peasants, pedlars and village barbers were their oracles and bosom friends. . . . They were for bringing poetry back to its primitive simplicity and state of nature. . . ." ELAINE W. GOULD.

Boston.

WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Nothing But Love," a musical play in three acts; book and lyrics by Frank Stammers; music by Harold Orlow. Cast:

Billy Marbury.....Easton Yonge
Lucy Cotton.....Betty Pierce
June Marbury.....Ruby Norton
Alynn Hicks.....Andrew Tombes
Doctor Tibbetts.....Donald Meek
"His Majesty".....Millicent Gleeman
Drake.....Robert Woolsey
Bella.....Florence Enright
Mrs. Maude Winchester.....Arlene Frederick
Liddy Winchester.....Clarence Nordstrom
Brooks.....Philip Bishop
Stacey Adams.....John Roche
Cora Marbury.....Stanley E. Ford
Fleming.....Jack McGreeley

These are the days when empires are overturned and age-long customs smashed. As a Massachusetts statesman has said: "Russia went dry and now look at her!" So now comes "Nothing but Love" and knocks into small bits all—or nearly all—the traditions of musical comedy. Strange to say, no tears were shed at the Wilbur over the cataclysm except the tears that come from excessive laughter.

Here is a brief list of some of the revolutionary things in "Nothing but Love" that shatter the ancient ideals of the musical play:

1—It tells a bright, snappy story and its hearers watch with interest the unfolding of a real plot.

2—It is full of engaging tunes that do not "make you think of so many you have heard before."

3 The best actors can sing well and they evidently enjoy doing it.

4—It is full of quips and jokes that are alive and of today, fresh and sparkling, and do not smell of the tombs of Egypt.

5—There is much dancing, and it is splendidly done and is not lugged in while every one besides the dancers stands around and looks on.

6—There is a small chorus of young girls who are actually extremely comely and their apparel, especially when they appear in etherealized bathing suits without skirts or stockings, proves it to the undraped eye.

To sum it all up, "Nothing but Love" is all that the mummified musical play is not and all that brightest and liveliest and funniest and most engaging of its kind ought to be.

If anyone doubts this let him go and be convinced by the whimsical fun of Andrew Tombes, the life saving hero who rescues from drowning and wins the lovely heroine, Ruby Norton, of engaging manner and beautiful voice; the humorous ridiculousness and fine dancing of Robert Woolsey; the fussy foolishness of Donald Meek; the grace and charm of Betty Pierce; the laughable antics of Florence Enright, and the special good work that each one in the cast performs. Above all, let him not overlook that chorus.

"EXPERIENCE" BACK

"Experience," the spectacular morality play, began its third appearance in Boston at the Majestic last evening.

The program announces this as the last Boston showing, but remembering Rip Van Winkle, East Lynne and other good old wear-well plays, there seems to be no reason why generations of playgoers should not admire the gorgeous stage setting of "Experience" and absorb its easy lessons on morals in words of one syllable.

The tabloid presentation of the follies, vices and evils which harass the upward path of youth are equally interesting whether viewed as ethical instructions in a morality play or as pretty girls decked out in exceedingly smart, but rather daring costumes.

Youth, the hero, is excellently played by D. Sterrett Scanlon. He is seen at little advantage in the first episode, where he leaves his somewhat uninteresting Love, but grows in strength throughout the less artless episode of adventure. The act in which he serves as waiter in a down-and-out cafe gives him his best opportunities, which he uses with feeling and without exaggeration.

Albert Andrus plays Experience, the mentor, with dignity. His impassioned outburst in the den of cocaine-users shows that his reticence is intentional, not temperamental.

Miss Maude Gage Fells gives a vivid and exceedingly clever representation of Intoxication and another as Frailty.

Agnes Herndon in her few moments on the stage as Opportunity is an impressive presence.

The house was well filled and applauded telling points generously.

DOCKSTADER IS KEITH TOPLINER CAMERON SISTERS CHARM AS DANCERS

Lew Dockstader is back at Keith's this week, very lugubrious but very funny. It seems that he was one of the pallbearers at the funeral of the late Rev. Dr. John Barleycorn, and he is dressed just as he was when he came from the ceremony—black gloves, black-bordered handkerchief to weep into—and he enters to the doleful strains of a dirge. But nobody in the audience follows his tearful example—except in tears of merriment.

Lew shares headline honors with the Cameron Sisters, Dorothy and Madeline, sprightly dancers. They are well paired, graceful, pretty and daintily costumed. The act is attractively staged.

The Jazzland Naval Octette proved popular. The Happy Hooligan faces which the trombonist makes are literally the equal of anything the cartoonist ever imagined.

"Two Sweethearts," the one-act play presented by Leo Kohlmar and company, is a comedy theme of a rather difficult sort that is well handled. It presents a phase of Jewish home life in a sympathetic manner, underneath the humor of the plot. William Fox, as Dave Berman, the victim of the matchmakers, is especially good.

Harry and Denis "Du-for" present some clever dancing and amusing dialogue. There is entertainment in these other acts: Piclert and Scofield, slapstick comedy and juggling; Harry and Anna Seymour—especially Anna—in "breezy bits of mirth and melody"; Elizabeth M. Murray, in songs and stories, and Camilla's trained birds. Then, as usual, there are the news pictures and Topics of the Day.

A real live post was sent to a vaudeville sketch in London—Lord Lyveden, known since 1882 on the stage as "Percy Vernon." He made his first appearance with the Bancrofts. Once he toured in the United States with a company. In 1909 he succeeded to the title. Since then he has been in turn, we are told, a waiter, actor, purser in the mercantile marine, caterer, fisherman, cab-driver, ship steward, nurseryman, theatrical manager, captain in the Highland light infantry, and a lieutenant in the royal naval volunteer reserves. He might almost say with Walt Whitman:

Of every hue and caste am I of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman,
A sailor, quaker,
A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer,
physician, priest.

Lord Lyveden has managed a "ranch" in North Carolina and he has been around the world. And to think that he is known familiarly as "Percy"!

The Two Williams

On Sept. 24, 1836, Neftzer told a story he had heard from some one that had dined with William I. King of Prussia, after the battle of Sadowa. William, half intoxicated and tearfully sentimental, asked: "Why did God choose a pig like me to hog with him this great glory for Prussia?" His grandson asked no questions during the war about his tribal deity; he was cocksure of the God of the Hohenzollerns.

B-A, Ba, K, E, R, Ker

A London journalist, in quest of "copy," bethought him of the word "ipeacuanha" and asked in print, how many could spell the word off-hand. This led many correspondents to discuss the matter of spelling and to speak of the spelling-bees in England, "where the idea was brought from America" 45 years ago. They were all the rage, and rivalled roller skating—another craze of the period, which we have seen revived—as a popular amusement. Old and young competed for prizes at public halls, and dictionary publishers and the promoters of the spelling bees made fortunes. And then they suddenly went out of fashion like "diabolo" and "ping-pong" and other recreations that have taken the town by storm. (The earliest date of "spelling-bees" given in the Oxford dictionary is 1875, apropos of a contest at Islington.)

We read that at a London club only one man out of four got "phthisis" right. "Bdellium," "Brobdingnagian," "Misogynist," vexed many, but why should anyone hesitate over "myrmidon," "acknowledgment," "acquiescence," or "withhold"?

One correspondent wrote about a sentence that he had dictated to scores of friends. Only one wrote it correctly: "In a cemetery a harassed peddler and an embarrassed cobbler were admiring the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy." But "pedlar" is preferred by many and "ancle" by some.

The journalist consoled halting spellers by assuring them that "although spelling is undoubtedly a useful accomplishment, it is not essential to success in literature; more than one of our great writers would have failed to pass even an elementary test." He cited the example of Robert Louis Stevenson, who found spelling "in a quite accurate and grown-up manner," an art he was never able to acquire. This journalist might have quoted Artemus Ward's remarks about Chaucer, "Some kind person." This was written to Punch, "has sent me Chawcer's poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spell. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of."

We believe that an irritatingly accurate speller was born so, not made. Boys in our little village dull in arithmetic, geography, history, could spell easily words that were as stumbling-blocks to those otherwise at and near the head of the class. Our first spelling book is new in our minds. Would that we had kept it, thumbed it as it was! We remember vaguely the frontispiece, picturing a man in his Sunday best leading a boy dressed in the Rollo manner up a steep hill and pointing with a grand gesture of the right arm to a shabby looking temple on the summit. In those days we all spelled by syllables. Now we are informed the words are not thus divided.

Would that we had kept all our schoolbooks, even the hated arithmetic! The geography would be good reading today. The map of the United States in the early 60s would not be the least interesting in the atlas.

"A. W." reading a proposal to revive the spelling bee contributed this poem to the London Daily Chronicle:

SPELLMANIZE!

How doth the little Spelling Bee
Betray the riddled lute,
And make me sigh and long for thee,
O Spellman Institute!

For when of fuchsias, dahlias, phlox,
Or migonette I'd tell,
Some bee within my bonnet be,
Weaveth a horrid spell.

the most beautiful picture of a man in a white shirt and a white tie, looking at the camera with a slight smile. He is standing in a room with a large window and a painting on the wall. The lighting is soft and the colors are muted. The man's expression is calm and composed. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

What has become of the picture handkerchiefs of our youth? Desdemona's fatal handkerchief was spotted with strawberries. Mr. Herkimer Johnson wishes a huge bandanna, and we suspect him of a longing for a snuffbox, one of the good, old-fashioned kind that cracked when the lid was screwed off and on. Walt Whitman sang of the one great handkerchief;

A child said, "What's the grass?"

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord.

A scented gift and remembrancer, designably dropt,

Bearing the owner's name somehow in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say "Whose?"

Caps and Helmets

As the World Wags:

It has truthfully been said that out of all evil cometh some good. The new police force now being recruited will be equipped, furnished, topped off or lidded with a cap instead of the prehistoric helmet. No more will the eyes of the visitor to Boston bulge with astonishment at the sight of the strange headpiece, nor will the thought of the male chorus of "The Pirates of Penzance" occur to us every time we see one of them.

With the helmet we will probably miss the round and flat-footed wearer of it, but there are some losses not irreparable. So far well to the helmet and the last gentleman who wore it. In his retirement he carried off his helmet. It will serve nicely for a cooking utensil, waste basket or garbage can.

Boston.

NEWTON.

To quote from George Peele's poem dear to Thackeray: "His helmet now shall make an hive for bees."—Ed.

Cruel Mockery

As the World Wags:

It is time to call attention to one of the most exasperating tricks practised on a helpless and suffering public by the Elevated. After the home-going crowds in the evening have been forced to wait from 10 to 30 minutes in the Friend street tunnel station for a south-bound train from Sullivan square, due presumably to delay caused by an open drawbridge, the train that comes at last rushes by at an express rate, tooting its whistle in derision and leaving the constantly increasing numbers on the platform to smile or scowl and shift their feet for another period. Day after day, the long, impatient wait and then the mocking flash and roar of the tardy train! It is hardly necessary to add that only during the first experience does the victim smile; then he joins the jaded majority who bite their lips, gnash their teeth, gnaw their nails, and clench their fists in futile indignation. Of course, the train is late and must make up time; but time also exists for the waiting crowds.

Dorchester.

JUNIOR.

VATICAN CHOIRS

By PHILIP HALE

The "Vatican Choirs," combining 70 singers from the choirs of the Sistine Chapel, St. John Lateran and St. Peter's Basilica, conducted by Don Raffaele Casimiri, canon of St. John Lateran, director of the Pontifical Lateran Chapel, and head master and director of composition in the Schola Cantorum, gave a concert last night in Mechanics' Hall. The program was as follows: Palestrina, Offertory for five voices, "Laudate Dominum"; Motet for five voices from "The Song of Songs"—"vox dilecti mei"; Vittoria, Response for four voices, "Caligaverunt Oculi mei"; Palestrina, Motet for four voices, "O quantus luctus"; Offertory for five voices, "Bonum est confiteri"; Viadana, Motet for four voices, "Exultate justi"; Palestrina, Motet for five voices, from "The Song of Songs"—"Nigra sum sed formosa"; Vittoria, "Ave Maria" for four voices; Casimiri, Sequence for

Pentecost for six voices, "Veni, Sancti Spiritus"; Palestrina, Motet for five voices, "Exultate Deo."

The proof-reading of the Latin texts was poor indeed. The "Ave Maria," for example, was shockingly butchered.

There was a very large audience in the huge hall, an audience that was under the spell of the music and fully appreciated the beauty and grandeur of the performance.

With one exception, the music was of the old ecclesiastical school; Palestrina representing the Roman art; Vittoria the Spanish, although as a young man he went to Rome, where he studied under Spanish teachers and was chapel-master in the churches until he went to Madrid; Viadana the Venetian, illustrious as the inventor of a frozier style of church music for a few voices with organ bass.

Palestrina and Vittoria, masters of the noblest ecclesiastical music! The former was represented by music strictly of the church and by selections of a quasi-secular nature from "The Song of Songs." It seems from the music of the two composers we have heard in this country and in Europe that the compositions of the Roman are the more mystical; far removed from earthly suggestion; music of rapt spirits; while in the music of the Spaniard there is a pathos that touches the human heart and sounds a deeper note. What could be more beautiful in its melancholy wail, in its profound expression of grief, than Vittoria's music for "Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus"? What more penetrating by its exquisite tenderness, its humble spirit of adoration, than his "Ave Maria"? The motet of Viadana is in a more worldly vein than the music of the other two; it is as if Venetian life, the gorgeous life of the pleasure-seeking folk, had made its way into the church.

The only modern composition was Casimiri's "Veni, Sancti Spiritus," in which the composer, not endeavoring to follow slavishly the old models, succeeded in avoiding that which is commonplace and any suggestion of the operatic spirit. This motet is free from pseudo-archaism; it shows scholarship that is not merely imitative; it is eminently vocal, with passages that may be called ecclesiastically dramatic; passages of genuine beauty, as the section beginning "Consolator optime," which is followed by the glorious outburst: "O Lux beatissima." It may here be said that Vittoria's music has keenly dramatic thrusts, as the first treatment of the verse beginning: "O vos omnes."

The performance by the choir was memorable. The voices of the children were ineffably beautiful in the piano and pianissimo passages, nor did they lose quality in the vigorous measures. The male voices were fully as remarkable. There was always a sense of proportion, a perfect balance, sure intonation. The many nuances were as if they were spontaneous, not too openly and laboriously contrived by Don Casimiri. No doubt the traditions of interpretation are faithfully preserved in Rome. It would be interesting to know why in the performance of this music, there is often a sudden diminution of power when the text seems to call for the utmost vigor.

Miss Clara Munger will be mourned by many, and not only by her pupils and those intimately associated with her. She had a talent for friendship. Her nature was unusually sympathetic; her generosity unbounded. Her counsel was ever ready; her purse was always open. Serious in her art, she did not take life too seriously, for she was blessed with a keen sense of humor. Critical in her musical judgment, she was not captious or malicious in the expression of it; nor was she unduly elated by success in her own chosen profession.

Laurette Taylor will appear in "The Temple of Fear," a new dramatic comedy in three acts by her husband, Mr. Manners. She will take the part of an Italian, wife of an ambassador in Rome. She told a London reporter that for the last 18 months she has been studying Italian to make the part realistic, as her broken English will be largely interspersed with native words. "Please understand, however, I am to be a 'grande dame,' slow speaking, and incisive, an entirely different type of woman from the excitable heroine portrayed by Miss Doris Keane in 'Romance.' All being well this will keep us busy until the beginning of May, when we propose to pack our trunks again, and then, hey! for Merrle England. Of course, if the run of the piece should be continued through the summer you won't see us until the autumn. But once with you we reckon to make London our home for two years. Our idea is to come to terms with some west-end manager for a theatre, as, in addition to 'The Temple of Fear,' there are several of Hartley's plays which we want to produce, with myself, please, in the leading parts. You see, 'Peg o' My Heart' made such a host of kind friends here that she is just dying to renew acquaintance with them as soon as circumstances permit."

Gerald Du Maurier talking on Sept. 3 said, apropos of Mr. Sutro's new play, "The Choice," that it contains some good after-war propaganda. He believes in making the theatre a medium for propaganda when the cause is good. Ho

city his brother's play. An Englishman's Home, and Galsworthy's "Justice."

Mr. Hichens says he was "inspired" to write his "Voice from the Minaret," reviewed in the Herald of last Sunday, by seeing from a window in a native hotel in Damascus a minaret with the Muezzin uttering his call to prayer. "There came into my mind the picture of a man and a woman passionately devoted to each other, and holding the world well lost for love. Upon their ears fell the reiterated cry of the Muezzin bringing with it to at least one of the listeners, a paralyzing consciousness of the full significance of the step they had mutually taken. There you have the starting point of the story."

I am not appealing for a purely intellectual theatre, but for a theatre in which the emotions, common to every healthy-minded man and woman, find full play. The English stage is no longer to be governed by the tastes of the sentimental, somewhat hysterical, young girl, and of the "lonely soldier," who very properly, in view of the exceptional conditions, only asked to be amused." Mr. Hichens is collaborating with John Knittel of Switzerland in two plays: one an Indian play, the other "an adventure blended with comedy." He talked to a reporter for a column while Miss Marie Loehr was eating her lunch, which the reporter tells us consisted of tea, cut bread and butter and a hard-boiled egg.

Mr. Owen Nares contemplates a Viking setting for his production of "Hamlet" at matinees at the Queen's. He thinks that some of Claudius's lines in act IV., scene 3, warrants this conclusion. "It is my opinion that he refers to the period when the Danes had more or less conquered England, and when England had to pay them the tribute known as 'Dano Geld.' At no other period in history had Denmark any sway over England, so I think there is good reason for my assumption." Mr. Nares favors a comparatively young queen—he must not overlook the fact that Gertrude was Hamlet's mother—and an Ophelia who is "a minx set on to capture Hamlet by her father."—The Stage.

The London Times said of Frank Craven, who brought out his "Too Many Cooks" at the Savoy Sept. 1: "Mr. Craven has built his play and his house round a simple, homely character that wins your liking for its very simplicity and homeliness. Mr. Craven himself plays this character with a quiet, modest, dry, delightful humor of his own. He forces no laughter, plays no antics, but is just natural and sincere."

Thirty-three performances of six plays by Shakespeare took place at the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. "Jack o' Jingles," in four acts, by Leon M. Llop and Malcolm Cherry, was produced at the New Theatre, London, Sept. 4. "It is a real pleasure to welcome a romantic drama of the old flamboyant fashion, with proscribed noblemen disguised as ballad singers and clock cases proving no less useful (though much less naughty) hiding places than those in 'L'Heure Espagnole.' As is only fair, there is not a pin to choose between hero and villain. If the one has his ballads, the other has his Irish brogue. *** Evidently the war has left untouched the natural, healthy, human craving for romance." Thus the Times. To mark the production Mr. Lion compiled a treatise on "Joy in the Theatre," in which, we read, he laments that the world shows signs of senile decay and that play will soon be regarded as the means by which young people in their spare time consider how they can increase their output. "Already the fervor of bygone days is disappearing from the stage as from life. The old swagger with cloak and sword is hard to find by the constant playgoer who still holds that 'the play's the thing,' and the chink of teacups a cheap piece of trickery for filling up the gaps where the plot ought to be. 'Jack o' Jingles' is not intended to 'improve' or to 'show life as it is.' It is intended to bring some amount of joy into the theatre by setting out the breathless happenings of a period in British history as enthralling as it is exhilarating."

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson will lecture in the chief cities of the United States this fall. The lectures will be confined to Shakespeare—the first being a general survey; the second, "Hamlet" and Shakespeare's prose; the third, "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear."

William Hurlburt's comedy, "Over Sunday" was performed for the first time in England on Sept. 1, at Liverpool. The stage called it a "rather foolish farce."

Seymour Hicks appeared at Blackpool (Eng.) on Sept. 1 in a farce with music, "Adam and Eve," which deals with the life of the modern music hall stage. The uncle of Evelyn Bird will not allow Adam Court to wed her until he has shown himself able to work. Adam buys the "act" of one Peacock, "The Great Swanko," an illusionist and mesmerist.

Frank Linds, in England, objects to "tainted" plays and deprecates the fact that "many of these pieces have—to their shame, be it said—been written by women, and are toured and acted by them."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" has been revived at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham. Eng. "Vigil Playfair" was obviously con-

fronted with the knotty problem of how far Jacobean drama could be made to imitate a modern drama without becoming without becoming a modern drama. It has achieved the effect in a manner often

sive to the scholar, as well as congenial to the mere amusement seeker." The stage was set to represent the interior of one of the playhouses of the period in which the play was first produced (1611).

The London Times Reviews Mr. Maugham's New Farce, "Home and Beauty"

"Home and Beauty," a farce in three acts, by W. Somerset Maugham, at the Playhouse, Aug. 30.

William.....Charles Hawtrey
Frederick.....Malcolm Cherry
Mr. Lecheater Paton.....Hubert Harben
Mr. A. B. Raham.....Layton Lyle
Miss Shuttlesworth.....Lottie Venn
Miss Montmorency.....Jean Cadell
Miss Dennis.....Laura Lydia
Taylor.....Doris Cooper
Nannie.....K. Somervell
Victoria.....Gladys Cooper

One is tempted to call Mr. Maugham's farce exquisite. It has style, wit, elegance, and at the same time the sheer fun that all farce should have, but fun of the choicest sort, quiet fun. It is a little masterpiece of polite merriment. Like Pope's lady who was "mistress of herself though China fall," its people, though caught in the toils of bigamy and divorce, preserve a gay composure.

When William was reported by the war office killed in action, Mrs. William wore the smartest mourning for a year, and then married William's best friend Frederick. So we learn as she lies on her sofa chatting with her manicurist. (When did we last see that sofa and manicurist scene? It was a French play and the actress was either Chaumont or Jeanne Granier.) She adores Frederick, as she had adored William, but always with gay composure. Frederick, too, is quite cool when he comes in to report that William, far from being dead, has just announced his return by telephone. It was a thoroughly modern announcement. William said Cheerio, and Frederick replied Cheerio. (What a conversation! said Victoria.) How is William to be told of the re-marriage? As he has been away for three years the presence of an infant in arms soon enlightens him. His unruffled comment is, "You seem to have been busy, Victoria," and he lights a cigarette.

The next question is, which husband shall Victoria keep? There is a struggle of generosity between William and Frederick, each offering to resign in favor of the other. Then they agree to draw lots, but Frederick cheats. Finally Victoria settles the matter by electing to get divorced from both in order that she may marry a third party, who has a Rolls-Royce. And here, in the last act, just where most farces flag, Mr. Maugham is at his liveliest. Divorce proceedings are being arranged by Victoria's solicitor, who explains that the law as to misconduct will make it necessary to engage an intervener, or lady, who is to serve as partner in the supposed misconduct. He produces a professional intervener, who has acted as such in all the best divorce cases for the last score of years; and when this lady proved, in the person of Miss Jean Cadell, to be the very incarnation of prim sisterhood, the house was convulsed with laughter. Miss Cadell's droll performance was indeed the final touch to an entertainment of rare distinction.

They have an admirable little company at the Playhouse for work of this kind. The beautiful Miss Gladys Cooper always in wonderful gowns, has now become an accomplished actress into the bargain. Where else could you find two such light comedians as Mr. Cherry and Mr. Hawtrey? And it is superfluous to say that there is only one Lottie Venn. She has little to do in this farce, but that little is perfectly done.

"Costume Plays"

There is a tradition in the film world at present that the public do not care for what are called "costume plays." It seems to have originated in the United States and is stated to represent the feeling in that country. It has now become almost axiomatic, although in this country there is little foundation for such a belief.

"The whole of our history is a costume play," said a well-known producer recently, "and it is absurd to suggest that the British nation does not want to see its own wonderful record on the screen, if properly staged. There is a great future in this country for historical pictures which are entertaining and yet accurate in detail, and the evolution of such pictures must be part of our educational progress. The success of the great Italian pictures showing life in ancient Rome ought to be enough to prove to exhibitors that statements are often accepted without being properly examined."

One of the most ambitious efforts which are being made in this direction is a film version of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" by Master Films, Mr. Percy Nash, who has just finished "The Flag Lieutenant," is responsible for the production, and Miss Renee Kelly and

A Quarterway recently accepted the leading parts in a striking contrast last week to the muddy street of a London street, a depressing stream of rain to a warmly lit Elizabethan mansion where ladies and gentlemen of the time were dancing a stately measure. To watch the scene there was always the regret that color photography has not reached such a degree of perfection that the rich contrasts of dress could be reproduced, but the effect in black and white will undoubtedly be a faithful picture of the time. Mr. Seymour Lucas is supervising all the details of scene and costume, and the play of Sir Richard Grenville's Revenge, which will be remembered as a feature of the Shakespearean exhibition at Earl's court before the war, has been bought and will be taken down to Devonshire and launched for use in the new scenes. One qualm touch about the production is that it is impossible to use Plymouth Hoe as it is today for the film because it would contain so many anachronisms, and therefore most of the outdoor scenes will be taken at Bideford. (London Times, Sept. 1)

Notes from the London Times

About the Promenade Concerts

The London Times published these notes about music heard at the Promenade Concerts for the first time in London, also about other works.

Aug. 21. "It is not always the novelty that forms the most interesting item in the Promenade program, but the place of honor last night was undoubtedly taken by the American composer, David Stanley Smith, whose overture 'Prince Hal' received its first performance in this country, though it has been done several times in America. It is a capital bit of characterization.

In the very May-morn of his youth, ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises—such is the quotation to be found on the title page, and it gives an excellent key to the spirit of the work—broad and spacious, redolent of the open air. One does not altogether approve the form, which is more or less on orthodox lines though freely treated; in this respect, one feels the composer might have borrowed without misgiving from Richard Strauss, and produced a more extended work, on the lines, say, of 'Don Quixote.' Mr. Smith has such an obvious sense of the dramatic that he should choose the form (or create them for himself) in which it will have its fullest play. His orchestration is very effective, though he is rather too fond of the toy-shop effects." On the night before (Aug. 19) Anne Thurstield sang some of Moussy'sky's "Enfances," heard for the first time with orchestral accompaniments. "Spencer

Thomas, in Lenski's too familiar aria, 'O where has fled?' performed the operation that is vulgarly known as laying it on with a trowel—quite rightly, too; such music loses its character if the singer does not let himself go. The concert opened with Glazounov's arrangement of the Volga hauling song—an extraordinary example of an overwhelming effect produced by sheer repetition and consummate orchestral management. It made everything else in the evening sound something like an anti-climax, although Sir Henry took it rather too fast, and failed to bring out that feeling of an age-long weariness that is the secret of its appeal."

Sept. 1. "George Butterworth's hand-

ful of works—the 'Cherry Tree' and the two volumes of the 'Shropshire Lad'—have endeared him to English music-lovers, and one was particularly glad to have on Saturday the opportunity to hear again his last and most finished work, 'The Banks of Green Willow.' We say 'again' because the announcement of it as a first performance in London is not quite correct; it was performed at one of the late F. B. Ellis's concerts in 1914, and again at the R. C. M. commemoration this summer. It will perhaps not make such a ready appeal as the 'Cherry Tree' prelude; its emotion is less personal, and even more restrained. But it is an equally sincere and individual piece of work, and from a purely artistic point of view more perfect; the composer has become more certain of his style and solves his problems, more especially that of form—which he was never content to accept ready-made—with a more unflinching hand." Lo is Aubert's B Minor Fantasia for piano and orchestra; "An indifferent work, composite and reminiscent in style, but full of delightful coloring."

Orchestral version of Ravel's 'Valse Nobles et Sentimentales.' These last were written as piano music, and piano music they remain; not even their composer's astounding orchestral virtuosity can reconcile one to hearing them in any other medium. They are particularly ill-suited to Sir Henry Wood's temperament and style, and they lost a good deal in the performance."

Sept. 4. "It seems to be generally admitted that composers who would get their new works accepted at the promenade concerts must be both brief and bright. If it is not applied too inflexibly, the rule is a sound one. Mr. Arnold

Bax's 'Serenade for Orchestra,' which was played last night at Queen's Hall, came well within it as far as brightness was concerned, and as to length, it was just not too long. A little more would have been too much. It is all held together by an insistent 6-8 rhythm, a rat-tat-tat which the slide drum, the tambourine, the strings, and others keep going all through the scherzo, and which one never forgets through the course of the trio. Around this there is all sorts of fun, with scraps of skillfully inter-twined melodies, pungent harmonies decorated with a variety of orchestral colors, from the light tricks of harp, glockenspiel and celesta, to the sinister tones of muted brass. It is never quite obvious, but never obscure, and if it gets two or three performances it should be a popular addition to the repertory."

Parisian Plays

"Le Temps des Cerises" ("The Cherry Season") has been brought out at the Petit Theatre des Arts. A ruined marquis has allowed an American business woman, Lina Kemp, to make a show of his castle. A millionaire and his daughter, Alice, visit the place and are invited to stay. The marquis is drawn towards Alice. Lina, in love with him, endeavors to prevent the match. When he finds out that she is trying to hold him—they have dined late together—he concludes that he must win Alice, though he has declared himself to Lina. "I regret to say," says the correspondent of the Stage, "that the authors accord the young lady's hand to this worthless person, while Lina decides that the cherry season is over for her, and returns to business. In my opinion none of the men are worthy of either of the ladies. The play has a great many naive commonplaces, but some good comedy situations turning at times to burlesque, and several pretty lines." Blanche Toutain took the part of Lina. A new musical comedy "Le Marche d'Amour" by D'Hanewick and De Wat-tyne has been produced at the Varieties.

"The scene is alleged Byzantine (a very modern Byzantine), and the plot is decidedly risqué, although it spares us the grossness of some modern entertainments. But the lines and the situations are pretty loose, and I noticed one or two English and Americans with their wives, who left after the second act." The music, by L. Pouget, is rather reminiscent of street organs. A rich Byzantine designer of costumes, Xenophon, has a too amorous wife. His friend Othius advises him to engage a special slave to make love to her. Horace, a ruined young man, accepts the position, to buy presents for Pulcherie, whom he loves. She becomes jealous. "To arrange matters Horace,

discovering that Xenophon's wife was formally Zoe, the lunatic of a cabaret, declares that he is her long-lost child. Unfortunately her child was a girl. Horace declares that he is a girl, masquerading as a man, and Xenophon promptly makes love to her. Matters reach a crisis for Horace when Xenophon, having been passionately wooed by a stranger who called him her angel, believes that she is none other than Horace, whom he takes for a girl, and he prepares to repudiate Zoe and marry the new favorite. "To save the desperate Horace, two little dressmakers, Zoe and Pulcherie, appear heavily veiled before Xenophon, in the moonlight, calling him their angel, and the bewildered man does not know which to believe. All is straightened out eventually. Xenophon finds his innamorata. Zoe consoles herself with Othius and Horace is free to marry Pulcherie. Harry Bauer is a great fantasist, and I am almost inclined to think that his Xenophon is the best thing he has done."

"Thanks to the efforts of Antoine, Alphonse Franck, Pierre Veber and Romain Coalus, the project of a law imposing a new 10 per cent. tax on the theatres has been abandoned."

Open air performances were given in August at Toulouse, Carcassonne, Orange, by members of the Comedie Francaise reinforced by a few from the Odeon.

Sunday Notes About Composers, Music, New and Old, and Artists

Mr. Emil Mlynarski's many friends and admirers in this country will join in congratulating him on his appointment to the posts of director of the National Opera and principal of the Conservatory of Music at Warsaw. The famous conductor and his family have been through troublous times in Russia under the Bolshevik regime. It was only after much suffering and the payment of a heavy ransom that they got permission to leave Moscow for Poland. No sooner had they settled themselves in the train than they were roughly ejected and placed under arrest for not having permits. Seeing the ladies of his party brutally handled, Mr. Mlynarski protested vigorously, and was ordered to be shot for his interference. By a stroke of extraordinary good fortune one of the officers recognized him, and put matters right. They ultimately arrived at Warsaw with nothing but the clothes upon their backs.—London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 30.

It is possible that the famous Scala in Milan will be closed this season. "When the theatre was built in 1775, on the site of the ancient church bearing the same name, certain of those who

contributed to the cost received a then and pro uno a share rights in their boxes, numbering 150, in perpetuity. These rights are very jealously guarded. The impresario complains that, with the rising cost of everything, it is quite impossible to run a season of opera up to the Scala standard unless he has in his hands the income derived from so large and important a part of the house. If his performances are not up to that standard, society stays away en bloc, and the theatre presents the most depressing appearance. It is true that the box holders contribute a sum of about 3000 lire apiece, but this, even with the 200,000 or 300,000 lire contributed by the corporation, is not, he says, enough. Recently the lease has been held by the Duca Visconti di Modrone, who sublet it to the impresario. The latter furnished figures which showed that he was running the theatre at a loss, which the duke, re-organizing the justice of the complaint, reimbursed. But the duke's lease has apparently expired, and the impresario wants to know what is going

to happen now. In the spring there was talk of legislative measures of a compulsory nature to oblige the box holders to surrender their rights."

O Sullivan, the Irish tenor, was singing with Mme. Kousnetzoff in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Paris Opera last month.

Musicians in a large Parisian music hall are paid \$3 a day; the leader of the orchestra \$200 a month; girls, \$100 a month; dancing girls, \$50 a month; "artists" from \$4 to \$20 a day.

Denis Ashleigh has written a song-cycle, "The Master Knot," text from Omar Khayyam, published by Collard Moutrie. "It was a bold experiment to challenge comparisons with a cycle that every singer knows by heart; and Mr. Ashleigh has increased his difficulties by beginning with 'Myself when young did eagerly frequent.' It cannot be said that he has added fresh lustre to the verse; but his music is always suave and pleasing, and the constant taint of the organ loft is unobjectionable because it adds dignity to the accompaniments."

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, who used to sing in Boston a good many years ago in oratorio, wrote to the Daily Telegraph, London, about London as a musical centre.

"Attracted by the persistent report that Berlin was the absolute centre of the music world, I spent the autumn and winter of 1913-14 there, with the sole object of studying conditions connected with student life and the advantages offered. My experience quickly convinced me that there was little foundation for the pinnacle, musically, Berlin had been placed upon. As regards the facilities it offered students and the musical public for hearing the finest music the year round, the German capital could not compare with ours. During the seven months of my stay there I was struck by the dearth of really good concerts and the enormous number of really bad ones. The Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted two or three times by Nikisch and Strauss, concerts by Battistini, d'Albert, and Kreisler stand out in relief of an otherwise deadly dull season of music. The opera was in no respect what we should call first class. Contrast this with the wealth and variety of music—orchestral, vocal, &c.—to be heard almost throughout the year in London. It is obvious that at present there is no Mecca for the vocal student. Go where he will he can have no assurance that his voice will not be ruined by getting into wrong hands. Many can recall instances of the kind, in spite of the greatest care and judgment having been used. This being the case, would it not be wise for the student to seek the place where the greatest volume of good music and the greatest number of the world's artists can be heard and there carefully make choice of a teacher? We infer from this that Mr. Mockridge is at present teaching in London.

Apocryphal of our recent notes on the relative positions of lyric writers and composers, it is interesting to find the precise point being fought out in the French law courts. The dispute arose over the French Christmas hymn, "Minuit, Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle," a setting by Adolph Adam of words by a wine merchant in the South of France. The Rouen courts decided that the royalties should go in equal shares to the heirs of the author and the heirs of the composer. This, surely, is the right principle, though most writers of lyrics would probably be content with less than a half-share of the royalties, provided that their recompense bore some reasonable relationship to that of the composer. It is undoubtedly the music and not the words that is the chief factor in selling a song, but it is equally beyond dispute that it is the words that inspire the music, except, perhaps, in the case of some ragtime ditties, in which the tune is written first and the words are fitted to it afterwards. Any author, however, who has attempted that extraordinarily complicated feat of verbal acrobatics will probably maintain that, in this case, the lyricist ought to be paid at least twice as much as the writer of the music.—London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 30.

The gross sales of the music to "Chu Chin Chow" up to the end of June, 1913—including vocal score, selections, and separate numbers—reached a total of 278,337.

A new monthly magazine, the Musician, edited by Henry Coates, has appeared in London, price 6d. The reader is told that its "keynote . . . is complete independence in expression of opinion. It is neither influenced nor controlled by any organization, trade or otherwise." John Coates writes on "The Singer and Interpretation," Albert Sammons on "The Technical Study of the Violin," and Hamilton Hardy on "The Art of Accompanying." "A Page for Professionals" deals with the questions of agents' commissions and of gramophone recording; "A Page for Amateurs" discusses the performance of chamber music. A large number of articles by writers who are regular contributors to the London daily and weekly press help to add to the general impression, which the first number of the Musician certainly gives, that there is a great deal going on in music which is susceptible of lively discussion. A caricature of 'Sir Thomas' at the conductor's desk adds a touch of vinegar to the salad which is attractive to the palate."

M. Gheusi, who lately founded the 'Theatre Lyrique du Vaudeville in Paris, is striving to attract attention to his new enterprise. He has opened a competition for French composers who have hitherto been unpublished, and is offering four prizes respectively of £10,000, £3000, £2000 and £500, the prize-winning works to be produced within a year.

A 'M. D.' complains to the Stage (London) about the salaries of musical directors on tour. He was recently offered £3 10s., "little more than a road sweeper gets nowadays." I understand that in Scotland the A. M. U. minimum for a touring M. D. is £5, but up to now, I believe, no price has been fixed for England. This should be done, as £1 10s. or £5 is not enough for a M. D. on tour, especially when playing the smaller halls, where he has to 'take' the piano and is practically the orchestra. As regards arranging band parts a M. D. on tour is expected to do this without extra pay, unless he makes other arrangements before joining the company. Sometimes opening choruses, etc., are done free, while artists' own numbers are paid for separately by the artists who sing them."

London Times, Aug. 26: "A new symphonic association has been formed as an expression of the desire of the demobilized men to continue in artistic association the fraternity begun on the battlefields of Europe and Asia. The name chosen by this association is 'The British Symphony Orchestra,' and it is composed exclusively of demobilized men who have served overseas. Some of the members have obtained commissions and decorations for special services rendered, others have been wounded. Every member is known and recognized for his indisputable talent, experience and excellence as an orchestral player. The three branches of H. M. forces, the navy, the army and the air, are duly represented in the British Symphony Orchestra. The committee and members have offered the posts of president of committee and permanent conductor to Mr. Raymond Roze, who has accepted them. One of Mr. Roze's war services was the founding of the first volunteer corps of the war, the united arts rifles, now known as the 1st London central volunteer regiment." Mr. Roze, the son of Maria Roze, a beautiful woman and an accomplished operatic singer, well remembered in Boston, was connected with the Boston Opera Company its first season.

The Cinema in Paris

M. Antoine writes to the London Daily Telegraph about film plays in Paris.

"The cinema is one of the most popular shows among Parisians at the present time, and therefore a few notes on the matter will not be out of place. This enterprise in France is passing through a period of crisis, the causes of which have formed the subject of discussion for several months past. The chief cause, in my opinion, is that these five years of war have practically annihilated here the activity of an industry which, on the eve of the war, was already beginning to feel the effects of foreign competition. It will require a little time before we can again get into our stride, and it will be indispensable to take into account the improvements and methods created elsewhere during our forced inactivity. Unfortunately, our intellectuals and artists have persistently disdained the new wonder and refused to lend it the support of their talent."

"Left too long in the hands of its first exploiters, owing to the meanness and poverty of its earliest efforts, the cinema seemed to inspire among the educated classes the conviction that this 'Theatre of the Deaf' was merely a popular amusement intended for the infantile minds of the simplest audience. In addition to this, our public powers, not immediately discerning what a powerful instrument of education and propaganda had just been created, remained indifferent, when they were not actually hostile to the new art. An economic law that was insufficient for fighting against the foreigner, and heavy war and benevolence taxes, combined to paralyze the efforts of our big producing houses, such as Pathe and Gaumont, already made timid by the raiding of our market by the much more sensational American

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I have killed nearly as many gastronomes as the small pox and scarlet fever have destroyed children."

Robert Burton, considering melancholy due to diet, caresses geese with peacocks, all fowls, as herons, cranes, coot, dappers, also teals, sheldrakes, and pecked fowls that come to England in winter out of Scandia. Moreover, Grouse, Pheasant, which half the year are covered all over with snow and frozen up." He adds: "Though these be fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites, white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat; 'Gravant et putrefactum stomachum,' saith Isaac, part 5, de vol."

If you wish to be old English, you will speak of a gaggle, not a flock, of geese. Nor did the old Englishman carve a goose; he reared it; as he lifted a swan, he carried a plover, sauced a capen, untraced a mallard, dismembered a heron, dismayed a crane, unjoined a bittern, thighed a woodcock, broke a hare, untraced a curlew, winged a quail, disfigured a peacock.

A Correction

As the World Wags:

I do not mean to do the little girl an injustice. If I make a mistake, I wish to correct it. Rose Pitoff needed no assistance at the end of her swim to Boston Light and I think she was the only one who ever made such a finish.

Boston. W. E. CROCKET.

Legitimate English?

As the World Wags:

In the newspapers I have lately seen "as well as" used instead of "and" as a correlative conjunction to the conjunction "both," as in the expression "Both men as well as women were present." Isn't that use of "as well as" a neologism? Has that use of it been long enough and frequent enough to have established itself as legitimate English? Not till lately have I seen an instance of it. The latest instance of it that I have seen was in a dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., in a Boston newspaper of Sunday, September 21, regarding the steel strike.

How long has the construction which is exemplified in such expressions as "the man the father of whom (instead of 'the man whose father') or 'the man of whom the father') and 'the house the roof of which' (instead of 'the house of which the roof') or 'the house whose roof') been in vogue? I am inclined to think that that construction is not to be found in English which is not recent, or at least modern, but it is now getting to be quite common. Can you give an old instance of the construction? Is there an instance of it in the Bible?

Brookline. INQUIRER.

GALLI-CURCI IN BRILLIANT VOICE

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her first concert of this season here yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting her were Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist. The program:

The Plague of Love (old English). Arne: 'Who'll Buy My Lavender?' German: Come Per Me Serepo, from "Sonnenhuhn"; Bellini: Lo, He re the Gentle Lark. Bishop: Fleur Fanele. H. and. Crecleras (in Spanish). Chapi: Breathe Gently. Mr. Sam. Litz: Valse, Chopin-Buzzi-Bowal. Fantasia (Mr. Berenguer and Mr. Samuels). Jue; Don't Come In, Sir, Please. Scott: Harvest Moon, Chaloff: The Little Bells of Sevilla. Samuels: Mad scene from "Lucia" (with Mr. Donizetti).

The hall was crowded in every part, with all the standing room taken and seats that filled the available space on the stage occupied. While here and there in the formal list of songs were pieces in which Mme. Galli-Curci had opportunities to display the wonderful vocal skill and delicate emotional tracery both in the most simple and the most difficult passages and thrilling sincerity of expression amid her most involved trills that set her apart from other famous singers of today—her selections as a whole were not intensely inspiring.

In "Who'll Buy My Lavender?" "Breathe Gently, My Song," the waltz song, "Don't Come In, Sir, Please," the "Lucia" mad scene and Mr. Samuels's "Belis of Sevilla," a charmingly tinkling Spanish concert that caught the great throng's fancy, the singer was at her best. She was extremely happy in her choice of extra numbers, which were liberally added in response to enthusiastic plaudits, and with the help of these the general average of the program was raised to the usual height of her concerts.

Mr. Berenguer gave much pleasure by his playing, both alone and when accompanying Mme. Galli-Curci.

You will see a refined and highly educated man nowadays, who has been to Italy and Egypt, and where not, who can talk learnedly enough and fantastically enough (sometimes) about art, and who has at his fingers' ends abundant lore concerning the art and literature of past days, sitting down without signs of discomfort in a house, that with all its surroundings is just brutally vulgar and hideous: all his education has not done more for him than that.

Vox Populi

"Yesterday," wrote one of the Goncourts on Sept. 30, 1863, "as I went away from the rehearsal of 'Aladin,' an idea came to me that has nearly always been in my mind on leaving a playhouse: that Moliere, reading his plays to his maid servant, judges the theatre. He simply put himself on the level of the theatre public."

Baths and Courtesy

As the World Wags:

Can you kindly help me out of my bewilderment after reading Jane de Chantal's letter in your column of Sept. 22? My observations while living in Europe convinced me of the strong prejudice of the majority of the inhabitants against taking baths, and their ingenuous (and "innocent") remarks on the subject were very startling to an American. Does Miss de Chantal wish to "change her spots," unlike the leopard (see Jeremiah, xlii., 23), and adopt our customs? And, in case of our returning her visit, after her enriching herself at our expense, by wages undreamed of in her native land, can she promise to include a tub in her hospitality to us?

The great unwashed, after their invasion of our shores, often use the tenement bathtubs for storing coal, and from their point of view this seems reasonable. But why a housemaid of the same family, and with no connection with coal, should demand a private and special tub, is puzzling in the extreme. Does she regard it as a sign of gentility, an "Order of the Bath," so to speak?

In Europe, so say our returned soldiers, something more active and transferable than "clay covers the bodies" of a large proportion of the inhabitants; and contagious filth diseases are constantly being smuggled into this country.

In your quotation from "Pro Bono Publico" on Sept. 25th, are remarks which surprise an old Bostonian. If "P. B. P." will closely observe the people who offend him, he will probably discover they are either immigrants or the children of immigrants. "P. B. P.'s" preference for German manners suggests that his standard is peculiar, to say the least.

Boston. ANNE DUDLEY WHITE.

"P. B. P." wrote that the politeness of Germans was only on the surface. Our correspondent does the immigrants a gross injustice. We have often seen a laboring man, evidently of foreign birth, give up his seat in a street car to a woman with or without a bundle, while men of supposed good breeding stared stolidly at her as she hung by a strap. A house in the Back Bay with a country house and an "intermediate residence," to use the jargon of snobs, is not a guarantee of gentlemanlike or ladylike behavior.—Ed.

Autumn

(Emily Dickinson)

The inorns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

Grey's Great-Grandfather

The Morning Mercury of New Bedford reminds its readers that Maj.-Gen. Charles Grey, the great-grandfather of Viscount Grey, the British ambassador to this country, landed troops in New Bedford in 1773 and burned the village. The first building to go was Capt. Isaac Howland's distillery—truly, a sad loss, one bitterly mourned by the inhabitants.

"We think we can assure Ambassador Grey that neither Col. Green or the people of New Bedford or Fairhaven harbor any resentment for the things done to us by his ancestor. There is one graceful thing that Viscount Grey might do, however, in atonement. The soldiers under command of the viscount's great-grandfather carried away the family Bible belonging to Benjamin West. It was a treasure inasmuch as it was the Bible upon which George Washington took the oath of freemasonry. The old 49th regiment, which was the Duke of Cornwall's, has since

carried that Bible on many expeditions and it has been accumulating adventures and history through the generations. We wish Ambassador Grey would get back the Bible that we may enshrine it in the museum of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society."

The great-grandfather burned New Bedford because the town sheltered privateers that were harassing British shipping. "The harbor was the rendezvous of John Paul Jones." The great-grandfather warned New Bedford. In consideration of British pluck and heroism on land and sea during this great war the people of New Bedford should give Viscount Grey an equally warm welcome if he should visit the town.

"Self-Rising"

As the World Wags:

The season of flap-jacks swiftly approaches, and here comes our proof-reader, his eye in wild frenzy rolling, to criticize the advertisement of a miller, who sings the matchless worth of his "self-rising flour." Our proof-reader insists that there is no such thing as a self-rising flour. "Nobody ever heard of a man rising himself by his own boot-straps," he says. "You don't sit yourself. You raise yourself and seat yourself." I am with the proof-reader in this matter, though all the dusty host of millers be against us. Ten to one it isn't the miller's fault, anyway. He left it to his advertising man, and the English of advertising men is one of those things that make prohibition seem so unendurable. If the miller did so express himself, let us not gird at him too harshly. His business is to make good flour. If he were very precise in his language we might suspect that he paid too much attention to his English and too little to his trade. Does his self-raising flour do the trick? That is all that we can conscientiously demand of the miller.

Boston. W. E. K.

"Self-raising: applied to a kind of flour which causes dough or paste to rise without the addition of baking-powder, etc. 1869-71 Cassell's Househ. Guide IV, 14. Richardson's Tryphena, or self-raising flour, 1875 Encycl. Brit. III, 256."

Why "Tryphena"? Turning to Romans (XVI, 12) we find Paul writing: "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord." It does not follow that these estimable women were good cooks. Many women of undoubted piety cannot make good bread. "Self-raising" is not admitted to the great dictionary.—Ed.

ARLINGTON THEATRE — "Potash and Perlmutter," comedy in three acts from Montague Glass's stories in the Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Cohen.....Beatrice Loring
Sidney.....Theodore Copp
Expressman.....Rupert V. LaBelle
Boris Andrieff.....Arthur Eldred
Abe Potash.....John Craig
Mawruss Perlmutter.....William H. Powell
Miss Levin.....Coral Ayres
Feldman.....Bert Pennington
Ruth Goldman.....Betty Barnicoat
Mark Pasinsky.....Charles A. Bickford
Miss Nelson.....Dorothy Essenden
Miss O'Brien.....Jessie Allison
Irma Potash.....Eileen Wilson
Gorman.....William Hennessy
Farrell.....Rupert V. LaBelle
Rosie Potash.....Mabel Colcord
A Gentleman.....Robert Babcock
Mr. Stoyerman.....Frederick Murray
Senator Murphy.....Charles Patterson

PURCELL MAKES HIT AT KEITH'S

Charles Purcell featured singer of many musical comedy successes, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Mr. Purcell has an interesting program. He has an agreeable tenor voice and a keen sense of humor, and there was evidence of his skill as a comedian. Many of his songs were taken from contemporaneous musical comedy successes.

A new vaudeville feature was the Blank verse sketch, "The Magic Glasses." The piece is a welcome addition in that it sounds a new idea and is pleasing in its development.

One of the bits of the bill was Bert

Baker and company in his hardy peregrination, "Prevarication." This is the fourth appearance of this farce at this theatre. To hear the uproarious laughter of the audience last evening at the spontaneous comedy style of the principal comedian would imply that there is no prospect of the piece being shelved for a long time.

Other acts were Kinney and Corinne in a dancing act; Brennan and Rule, song writers, singing their own compositions; Jack Ingalls in "Nut" comedy; the Four Meyakos, a versatile quartet from the Orient, introducing a juvenile trio that nearly stopped the show in a many-sided talent; Powers and Wallace in chatter and song, and the Three Rubens in an excellent acrobatic dancing act.

OCTOBER.

(Nora Hopper.)

I'm shod with mist and crowned with fire,
I wear the opal of desire,
As gray as water is my gown,
That rustles over leaves grown brown.

Above my head the kestrel's lung,
The wild geese go with whirr and clang
Of passing wings, the plovers cry
Above me in a yellow sky.

I have the scorpion for my star,
And all fair things my kindred are;
All dreams too sweet for man to bear,
All visions builded of despair.

I am a queen, yet govern none
That laughs or weeps beneath the sun,
I wear the opal and I wear
The desert saun amid my hair.

The Difference

It was said by some Frenchman and recorded by a diarist on Oct. 1, 1882, that the American wife always prefers her husband to her child; the French wife her child to her husband. This is epigrammatic, but we doubt the truth of the statement.

An Epitaph

"Here lies Methuselah Jones. Age six months."

Street Clocks

As the World Wags:

I was walking recently from the Back Bay station, along Huntington avenue, at 9 A. M., in front of two men. They were interested in the tower of the Arlington Street Church with its familiar clock-dials. Among the remarks that I overheard were the following:

"I want you to notice the spire. It's modeled after St. Martin in the Fields, Trafalgar square, only it is infinitely more beautiful. It's the handsomest church in America, in my opinion. . . . But isn't it a shame that it is partly concealed by the ugly, high sign on the building, this side?"

"I don't mind the spire so much, as I do the clock-dial. I'd like to know the exact time, that's all."

"Wait till we get a little nearer; maybe then that confounded sign will be out of the way."

"We are at the Berkeley building now. Guess I'll have to wait till we get to Arlington street."

"Don't be so impatient; wait a few seconds more. Now that miserable sign is out of the way! Look at your clock-dial!"

"But—what's the matter? It says 6:30. That's the third time this clock has gone back on me!"

"The best thing you can do is to let it alone hereafter and pin your faith to one of the illuminated clocks along the street. For my part, I prefer Otis Clapp's. I have always found it just on the dot."

W. A. F.
Boston.

Cilification

The following note was sent to the editor of the Herald:

"A few days ago you used a word I would like to have explained, 'cilification.'"

"9—That an organized propaganda for cilification of the American Federation of Labor, spreading rumors that the strike will be delayed and that such delay is only a sell-out."

"I do not see any sense in it as it is thus used. Perhaps I am a little obtuse," as Artemus Ward said. I suppose it is 'clia' and 'facio.' Can you spare a line or two of your 'As the World Wags'?"

"S. P. D. Topsfield."

"Cilification" is not in the great Oxford dictionary. We never saw the word before. Perhaps the proof-reader is acquainted with it. If it appeared in the Herald it must be a good word, and we will say with Bardolph, discussing "accommodated" with Justice Shallow: "By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven."

For Decency's Sake

As the World Wags:

Let us heed the remarks of "Pro Bono Publico" in the Herald. It is true, sadly, that we do not feel many of the niceties of living. At dinner we sneeze or cough regardlessly, spraying the table with whatever caused the cough or the sneeze. Expectoration in public is not as casually accepted in Boston as in New York, but many places are as foul as can be imagined because of the nuisance which, by the way, may not be entirely blamed on tobacco. And some of us are callous about this even in public dining rooms.

Let us organize against these evils. If one saw a man wearing a button which said: "I will neither spit at your feet, nor cough, nor sneeze in your face," we should probably stand or sit near that man in a public place. If those of us who are addicted to the uncomfortable habits were labeled, it would be shocking to see many of our bishops and our knights wearing the button which would say: "Avoid me! I will probably sneeze or cough in your face and will positively

at your feet? We are not too high-
reined for this, as was proved last
year during the epidemic, when even the
grading placards which begged us to
use our pocket handkerchiefs were of
light effect, and that effect contempo-
raneous only with the threat that
it laid us. Why not organize a "Guild
of the Users of the Pocket Handker-
chief?"
WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Seabrook.

Neat New Englanders

As the World Wags:
Jane de Chantal implies that our na-
tive women would tolerate slovenly
clothes were it not for the Selmas et al.
the contrary, it is difficult to keep
with the neatness of the New Eng-
lander. We have our cleaning done
in we can afford it, just as the
men of Sweden, the Lady Mayoress
Dublin, directors of moving picture
opera and other good people do. We
are happy in going it alone when
we can.
JUSTUS MERRITT,
Boston.

We then talked of those things which
should chiefly occupy mankind. I mean,
of happiness and of the destiny of the soul.

Another Jeremiad

As the World Wags:
Don't giv' a' your time tae Jane Win-
terbottom an' her servant bathtub
proposition. There's a guid sicht mair
important questions the noo waitin' for
elucidation, an' yin o' the hardest is
oor froen the H. C. L. The last time A
sent ye a line, ye were busy packin'
your valise, an' ye said A didna sign
ma name. Weel, isn't Donald Thom-
son a guid enough Scotch name, or else
no? It's a lot better soonin' than a
when ither A see tacked on tae divers
contributions, an' A liko tae send you a
wee line noo and again, because human
folk is your study, an' you need tae hear
frae a' kinns in order tae get the richt
perspective as 'twere. A didna care a
fig if ye throw this in the wastebasket
effer ye read it, but read it first tae get
the gist o't.

Since A last wrote ye A've been tae a
when movie shows, an' ma certy there
the ones that are makin' the money, or
A misss ma guess. A went tae "Open
Your Eyes," an' the man next tae me
wls fast asleep before it wls hauf done.
A didna notice him till A heard a grunt,
and goodness-goddess-Agnes, A wls
dumfounert tae think onybody could flirt
wi' Morpheus or morphine, wi' sic seri-
ousness afore their e'en. A can tell you
A got ma e'en opened. Comin' oot, a
couple in the sixties A should say,
passed me. "A fine picture," said
madame. "Yes, if you like that kind of
thing," snapped monsieur. She nae
doot had gien a black e'e tae ane o' his
favorite club meetins that night.

A next went tae "Damaged Goods,"
an' believe me there's mair o' that class
in Boston than ye can shake a stick at.
Again A went wi' an open mind,
an' wls a attention tae the unfoldin'
o' the story—sordid in some parts—
when a' at alnce a rustlin' o' paper
tae ma left distracted me a wee. Ye'll
no credit it when A tell ye that two
rules were feedin' each ither wi' choco-
lates? Can ye bate it? First he wid
feed her a nice big peppermint, and
then she wid reciprocate wi' a big ane
fu' o' nuts. An' then they threw sheep's
e'en at ik ither, an' sic a haudin' o'
bauns, an'—an'—weel, never mind, but
A'll wager, they didna ken onything
about the picture, and only by continu-
ally repeating the 119th Psalm wis A
able tae keep ma mind on the serious-
ness o't a'. On ma wey hame A saw
dolls in a window wi' "real, genuing
hair," and "diabetic bread" and "henry
eggs." A didna ken he had gono intil
the ogg business.

Weel, A did anither Steve Brodie,
an' went tae see, "The Right to Happi-
ness," an' it's nae leo A'm tellin'
when A say A'm fair disgusted wi' the
folk in this toon. Hero wis anither sick
pair, wi' the inevitable chocolates,
feedin' yin anither, squeezin' haunts,
snickerin' an' daein' everything but
what they went there for—tae see if
they had the richt tae happiness.

No, the folk o' Boston an' this
country are no serious minded yet.
They are too fond o' chaff, foam,
froth, frivolity, a' gran' in their place,
an' a' needfu'. Talk aboot H. C. L.
Wld that movie star that wis preachin'
about the bos dividin' his profits wi'
the factory help tae stave off Bolshe-
vism, he content wi' aboot one-third
less salary an' grandeur? An' they
million-dollar Chaplin screens—no a
dacent laugh in the whole affair, a'
pies, ice-cream horns and hose pipe.
An' Fatty Arbuckle—mair pies an' ice
cream, an' a bathing suit, naethin' but
the coarsest horse play. An' there are
ithers, an' the salaries they get, an'
the rubbish they turn oot, an' ye mean
tae tell me that civilization is advancin'
here, when guid plays and guid opera
go-a-beggin'. Ye hae anither think
comin' Boston is at pretty low ebb the
noo—Modern Athens—sic! Mair like
"Brammagen." DONALD THOMSON,
Boston.

A Stage Note

Oct 1—1881, our old and esteemed
friend Goncourt (Edmond not Jules)
came to the conclusion that if comed-
ians were questioned about their pro-
fession they endeavored to stuff the
questioner.

"Got today, tried to make me believe
that the intonation of a couplet, a
phrase, is not sought after by the com-
edian with his mouth, but it is a cere-
bral operation. The actor finds it only
with his brain. Then why did Rachel
search for it with her lips and her
tongue for an hour or an hour and a
half?"

Knocking the Equinoctial

As the World Wags:

About this time all the near-great
scientists are busily informing the pa-
pers that there is no such thing as an
equinoctial storm. What do you mean
—equinox? I wrote in As the World
Wags, one time back, that the W. B.
ought to get into Christian Endeavor—
"Loop up." For instance, the storm sent
to accompany the primaries was the
Gulf of Mexico hurricane, which followed
the usual course, re-curved and went
overhead. As I said, when in winter the
cold air from the pole turns back, it bo-
rns to stir up storms and hurricanes.
Then there must be equinoctial storms,
only they may not happen at the time of
the equinox, at that might say. There
are enough hurricanes which come up
the Atlantic coast at the time of the
equinox, if not one year, then another,
to keep the "line storm" green in mem-
ory, but if the phrase "storms of the
equinoctial period" be substituted for
"equinoctial storm," probably everybody
will be better satisfied. Anyway, no one
denies that West Indian hurricanes
("northeasters" along the N. Atlantic
coast generally) are fall storms.

By the way, records for 140 years
show that "as goes September so goes
the fall," to the tune of 85 per cent. in
temperature, and that's a better verifica-
tion than daily forecasts. What?

A. D. E.

Mr. Dudley Clark of London, reading
an advertisement: "10 10s Belgian Bat-
tiefelds, including 7 days' accommoda-
tion," waxed wroth. He sent these
verses to the Daily Chronicle:

BATTLEFIELD TOURISTS
Ten-guinea gapers. Come, who will be one
of them?
Seven days' wonder, and nothing to
dread.
Bring out your alpenstock, camera and
sketching-block.
Now for a tour of the haunts of the
dead.
Have in plenty and ruins innumerable
(Nothing to sicken your sensitive soul);
There where earth's wounds are fresh,
over the buried flesh,
Strut at the price of a ten-guinea dols.
Ten-guinea gapers. Come, who'll have the
boast of it?
Over the mourners who tarry at home?
Thems but the pain of it; yours be the
gain of it.
Through the grim battlefields proudly to
roam.
Chattering wisely of dug-out and parapet.
Striking a match on a shell-shattered
hutch—
Think of the thrill of it! Pay for your
all of it.
Valorous knight of the Ten-guinea
Touch.

Talkers All

It seems that Oct. 3 was a good day
for talking. Mr. Charles Giraud, for
example, in 1867, told how at Tahiti the
women anoint their bodies with a cer-
tain yellow preparation which takes
away the appearance of a solid human
body, and gives to their flesh the trans-
parency of a transparent candle, turn-
ing them into statues that are almost
diaphanous, strangely pleasing to the
eye. And on the same day Mr. Pen-
gully told a story about Marshal Le-
fevre, who took his baton to the museum
of artillery. When the curator, thank-
ing him, wondered why the marshal's
family did not preserve the baton as a
souvenir, Lefevre said: "You don't
know my family. They would be ca-
pable of using it to knock down nuts."

It was in 1375 that Goncourt asked of
the Lord first of all that he might die
in his bedroom in his own house. "The
thought of death in the home of an-
other is horrible to me." How many
Americans die in the house where they
were born? Or even in the first house
of their married life? The flat has added
a new terror to death.

And in 1887 the gallant Capt. Riffaut,
a soldier who had seen many of all na-
tions shot, maintained that the Mexi-
cans showed the most astonishing cool-
ness, the most stupefying disdain of life,
when they were led out to execution.
Arabs, condemned to death, made no
sign of fear or any emotion, except by
a nervous agitation of the Adam's apple.

Equivocal Notices

In the window of a cheap clothier in
London is this sign: "Our misfit suits
are the talk of South-end." This re-
minded one of notices on public seats on
the northern heights of London: "Hamp-
stead Borough Council Do not spit."
Which led a visitor to ask: "Then how

The great actors pass the time of the
vacant meetings? A tourist found the
answer in Cornwall.
Hand-sewn boots, Ladies made to fit
the feet."

Grammar and Titles

As the World Wags:

In common with others to whom the
English language is not native, I am
greatly indebted to your column for
many valuable hints on the proper use
of this virile, flexible, though somewhat
complicated tongue. I feel confident
that an appeal to you, sir, for assist-
ance in my present dilemma will not be
in vain.

In the Herald's report of Viscount
Grey's interview on his arrival in this
country, his lordship is quoted: "The
greatest security against future war,
and the most permanent cure for the
evils of war, lies in good will." Is
"permanent" open to comparison? Sure-
ly if a thing is "permanent" it is fixed
for all time. If we admit "most perma-
nent," why object to "most unique?"

I doubt if Viscount Grey used the
qualification. Englishmen of the caste
of Vere de Vere rarely make mistakes in
grammar. They do not learn it from
books. It is an "inheritance" in their
ultra-exclusive set. In my wanderings
through this world of care I have
been privileged to meet some of them,
and it was always a delight to listen to
their speech, either in conversation or on
the platform. It must be admitted that
they are not noted for accuracy in
spelling, which may be excusable in this
age of reform.

How careless our newspapers are in
dealing with titles! "Viscount Edward
Grey" under the "picture" of the am-
bassador, is almost as bad as that old-
standby of pre-war days, "Lady Arthur
Paget." In years gone by it was highly
amusing to the English intelligentsia
to see the French papers refer to "Sir
Stillsbury" or "Sir Gladstone." Boston,
which recent British visitors lavishly
complimented on its "English accent,"
Orleans. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

As the World Wags:

Tell "Inquirer" from Brookline to go
read his "Shakespeare" psalm, No. 46.
"There is a river the streams whereof
shall make glad the city of God, the
holy place of the tabernacle of the most
high."

This construction, the origin of which
he seeks, certainly dates back to 1611.
R. A. LEWIS.

Cambridge.

As the World Wags:

Referring to "Inquirer's" note, it
seems possible that the use of such ex-
pressions as "the house the roof of
which," instead of "the house whose
roof" may be traced back to a per-
verted application of the rule in gram-
mar that "who" applies only to per-
sons. That rule is perfectly correct,
but the practice of basing upon it an
exclusion of "whose" in relation to in-
animate objects, has a combined flavor
of ignorance and pedantry. J. S. H.
Beverly.

A WRAITH

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)
Youth stands and cries outside my door
Like any homeless ghost;
The wind blows up along the shore,
The willow-boughs are tossed
Like drowning hands despairingly.
No other ghost so sad could be
As this my youth that's lost.

She wears for jewels in her hair
The desert's ruddy sands;
And she is deadly cold and fair,
This wraith that weeping stands.
The wind is shrill along the shore,
The wind was never so shrill before;
My dead youth knocks upon my door
With cold beseeching hands.

Our Illustrators

"Her dress, too, the dancer's silky,
shimmering, clinging robe, seemed to re-
veal just enough of her white neck and
arms."

We quote from Mary Inlay Taylor's
story, "The Wild Fawn," in Munsey's
Magazine for October. The illustrator
was not satisfied with the printed de-
scription, so he pictures Panchon, un-
sleeved, bare-backed, stripped nearly to
the middle, leaning on a supper table in
the inn frequented by "the stream of
motorists who had begun to tour the
mountains and scatter gold and gaso-
line in their wake." After all, "just
enough" is a vague phrase. The land-
scape is in the eye of the beholder.

Graveyard Gold

Our friend entered in his diary on
Oct. 4, 1890: "Here is a fantastical story
in Poe's manner to be made out of the
calculation that on account of the uni-
versal aurification of teeth in the United
States there is \$50,000,000 of gold in the
cemetaries. Let us imagine many years
from now, when the millions will be a
thousand million, a financial crisis and
the impious and macabre search for
gold." The diarist forgot that crema-
tion would be more and more preferred

by our "best people" to burial. He evi-
dently had Poe's story of Berenice in
mind. Perhaps he had heard of the
English resurrectionists whose exploits
are related at length in "The Life of
Sir Asley Cooper." Dentists eagerly
bought teeth from them without thought
of dental gold. One resurrectionist—
perhaps Mr. Jerry Cruncher knew him—
his name was Murphy—cleared in one
night from teeth alone £60. Another fol-
lowed the English army to Spain, and,
drawing the teeth of wounded soldiers,
earned a clear profit of £300.

Good Mr. Coats

What a pity it is that the late James
Coats never was put up as a guest at
the Porphyry Club! Before old age pen-
sions were in vogue he gave various el-
derly persons in Paisley, his native
town, 10 shillings a week each. One
day a sneaking busybody informed him
that he had seen one of the pensioners
drinking fire-water at a public-house.
"What!" exclaimed Mr. Coats, "on 10
shillings a week? It can't be done."
And he said to his almoner: "John, see
that the old man has 15 in future."

Add "Horrors of War"

At an English seaside resort a bathing
mistress said: "We run out at times of
out-size bathing dresses. Women with
medium figures before the war now re-
quire a size larger in bathing costumes."

A Delectable Region

As the World Wags:

There is a delectable region beyant
Needham, contajus to Charles River vil-
lage and Dover, where the people own
autos, although they don't speed 'em,
and where a pleasing custom has devel-
oped. The shaded roads invite walking,
and instead of storming past the pedes-
trian with an autocratic honk and a
shower of gravel, the auto driver is
quite likely to slow up, open the door
and say: "Won't you step in and ride?"
And the walker usually does, to test the
saying: "How much nicer it is to ride
than it is to walk; than it is to walk
and think how much nicer it is to ride
than it is to walk."
The people are kindly otherwise. If a
fellow's laid up they bring him news-
papers and music and fruit and maga-
zines, and, best of all, cheerful com-
pany. I thought the automobile habit
was entirely local, but I note that a
writer on New England paths and the
"Open Roads" claims it for other re-
gions.

This is good hearing. It is inspiring
to know that more people here and
there are specializing in human kind-
ness and courtesy; that the automobile
face is no longer a universal stony glare.
Our American road manners in recent
years have corrupted our indoor man-
ners. It is right and fitting that the au-
to driver should turn him about and be-
come a teacher of better manners. The
infection of civility may even extend to
city streets—many marvellous things
are happening. A change would be as
much appreciated in the city clamor as
it is out here where the Wall of the
Lonesome Train is the only sound that
breaks the highway stillness.

Charles River. W. C. T.

A Letter from France

A broad bar of sunshine streams
through the open door of the little wood-
en shack. Seated in the shadow, a red-
haired girl is writing at a scrupulously
scrubbed wooden table.

Outside in the hot glare of the sun a
couple of lean, bronzed French soldiers
sit smoking and drinking the cafe's
worst beer.

Snow white linen flutters from a line.
A plump woman, with arms bare to the
elbow, is busily washing clothes at a
tub at the doorway.

I knew it all so well. I saw the pic-
ture again when I found at breakfast on
my plate a letter from the Cafe Duc du
Braiant, on the green slopes of Mont
des Cats. It was signed "Germaine,"
and in brackets—in case I might have
scores of Germaines writing to me—was
added just this: (Ginger Girl).

The P. S. ran: "You are good to write.
All the Tommies forgot me now." Poor
Germaine! Have they, then, so soon
forgotten?
C. E. W. T.

—In the London Daily Chronicle.

Upholstered Letters

Sixty-four letters of R. L. Stevenson,
wholly unpublished, have been sold by
an Edinburgh bookseller to an Ameri-
can. The New York Times published
the fact, and the headline man was
made to say: "Stevenson Letters Sold
American Buys 125, of Which 64 Are
Upholstered, for \$2200."

Mr. Philip Moeller was not the first to
put Moliere, actor, playwright, manager
on the English stage. Walter Frith on
July 17, 1891, saw his "Moliere" in one
act performed at the St. James Theatre,
London. He described Moliere returning
from the theatre for the last time to
find Armande, his wife, ready to enter-
tain a licentious marquis at supper. Al-
though Moliere is about to die, he is

After performances in Baltimore and Philadelphia Mr. Moeller's play went to the Liberty Theatre, New York, on March 17, 1919. The cast was as follows:

The play interested the critics and the public. Mr. Towse of the Evening Post declared that it was, at least "a piece of distinctive literary, imaginative, and dramatic qualities in agreeable contrast with the shallow and tiresome conventionalism of the great majority of the specimens of modern realism with which the stage is chiefly occupied." Nor did he find it necessary to be inquisitive about the exact accuracy of incidents, chronology or personages.

"Monte Cristo, Jr."

ence. Nowadays no classic is safe from its ravages. Last night the Winter Garden made a Sabine Woman of "The Count of Monte Cristo." In the matter of gorgeous scenes, gay gowns, and tumultuous dances, certainly the local management surpassed itself—or seemed to do so, which, after all, is the most one can expect. The harbor of Marseilles, the prison cell, the cave of jewels, the carnival at Rome, and the ballroom in the house of Mercedes provided the setting for multitudinous, gorgeous throngs of singers and dancers while the wildly raging sea, with its surges dashing over the haven rocks, afforded its moment of exciting adventure.

Alexander Dumas, in his wild
 moments, never dreamed of the d

when the products of his pen would have such picturization as the St. Bernards have provided for 'Monte Cristo' in the current revue. Had he done so, it is doubtful if he would have given the producers such an infinite amount of material with which to work.

"Describing the new Winte Gard show is like attempting to describe sunset in Hawaii, or one's first impressions of the Grand Canyon or a rain storm on the crest of the Matterhorn."

"Monte Cristo" A name to enure with 'Visions of untold millions, beside which the paltry fortunes of our Carnegies and Crookeses and Rockefellers pale into insignificance! Dreams of gorgeousness hitherto undiscovered and unexploited! Thoughts of what one might want, but what one never expects to achieve.

"You will find them in 'Monte Cristo, Jr.' in all their pristine loveliness. Galaxies of hours, in most fascinating attire, will follow you home to your dreamland couch. Mental pictures of mythical palaces, which rise and fall as the eyes reach for more, will obsess you.

"There is no use in attempting to tell you the story of 'Monte Cristo.' It is a well worn tale, but one which never grows old. Put it into silks and satins of the most expensive and ultra-modern design, fit it to tinkling music which thrills you through and through; paint it in all the colors of the rainbow and give it into the keeping of a thousand glorious maidens whose one idea is to make you happy—and there you have the Shubert Idea of what 'Monte Cristo' might have been!"

Coming down to the earth, we note that "during the 10 minutes intermission between acts I and II the public is invited to dance in the spacious lobby in the first balcony, where refreshments will be served and a Jazz band will play the most popular one-steps and fox trots."

Would that we could see Fechter again in the great melodrama! Some of us remember joyfully the "Monte Cristo, Jr.," of the London Gaiety Theatre Burlesque Company visiting the United States in 1889-90, with Nellie Farrep as Dantes, Fred Leslie as Nortier, Marian Hood as Mercedes, Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey were in the company.

"A Woman of No Importance"
Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," was produced at the Haymarket, London, under Beerbohm Tree's management on April 19, 1893, when the chief characters were thus assigned.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Lord Hillingworth..... | Berthoud 'Tree |
| Sir John Ponterfract..... | F. Hohann Clark |
| Lord Alfred Rufford..... | Ernest Lawford |
| Mr. Kellyvill..... | Charles Allan |
| Archibald..... | Mr. Kemble |
| Gold..... | Mr. Tenty |
| Lady Hunsington..... | Rose Leclercq |
| Lady Ponterfract..... | Miss To Thier |
| Mrs. Arbuthnot..... | Mrs. Bernard Boers |
| Lady Stutfield..... | Blanche Hoelck |
| Mrs. Allnby..... | Mrs. Tree |
| Hester Worsley..... | Julia Neilson |

Tree revived the comedy at his Majesty's, London, on May 22, 1907.

When it was first performed it ran from April 15 till August 16 with a break of three nights. Punch paid it the honor of a cartoon and gave the title "A Work of Some Importance." William Archer praised the comedy in no uncertain words: "It is not his wit, then, and still less his knack of paradox-twisting, that makes me claim for him (Wilde) a place apart among living dramatists. It is the keenness of his intellect the individuality of his point of view. The excellence of his verbal style, and, above all, the genuinely dramatic quality of his inspirations. I do not hesitate to call the scenes between Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Arbuthnot at the end of the second act of this play the most virile and intelligent—yes, I mean it, the most intelligent—piece of English dramatic writing of our day."

Mr. Walkley, in the Times, when the comedy was revived, discussed the question whether it was "modern." "Of course it dates; if only because it so obviously belongs to a period upon which its author set his mark and which was not quite like any other period before or since. A word constantly repeated in the course of the play is 'nowadays,' a word that always has a curiously ironic ring a few years later. 'Nowadays,' says this or that character, people do or don't do—whatever it may be. Nowadays people don't talk in plays as Oscar Wilde made them talk for one reason because there is no playwright among us capable of inventing that brilliant talk, and, for another, because playgoers would not be disposed to listen to it with enthusiasm."

The first performance in New York was at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre on Dec. 11, 1893, when Maurice Barrymore played Lord Illingworth, and Rose Coghlan Mrs. Arbuthnot. Ada Dyas Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Constance Leaven Louise Thorndyke Boucclault, Effie

Shannon, Grant Stewart, Edgar Norton, Robert Fischer, Thomas Whippen and Robert Taber took the other part. Charles Coghlan took Barrymore's place on Jan. 2, 1914, and Aubrey Boucicau succeeded Robert Taber.

The first manuscript draft, now in the British Museum, bore the title, "Mr. Arbuthnot," but this title was not intended to be permanent. It was given in the manuscript sent to be typewritten so that the real title might not be announced prematurely. In acts one and three, Gerald is named Aleck, but Gerald in act four. He is named Mal-

There being only a few written versions with manuscript correction. Meek is named Gualt in each three and four. Hester is named Mabel throughout, but at one toll there is this query "Is Ruth same nice New England name-Mary."

"I cannot claim that I have worked from the beginning for the purpose of preparing for Hamlet," said Walter Hampden in a recent informal chat, "but it so happens that all my early schooling theatrically fitted in to my present scheme of things. I have always cared deeply for the more serious drama and from the start determined to secure all the experience I could in that field. I therefore decided to join the F. R. Benson organization in England before attempting to play here at all. In all I remained for three seasons with that school, playing in that time about 70 roles in the standard drama. A great many of these, of course, were Shakespearean. From the Benson forces I went to London, first playing there in 'Pagan's romantic play, 'The Prayer of the Sword.' I was then engaged to enact Laertes to H. B. Irving's Hamlet and had my first great opportunity when Mr. Irving was ill on the eve of the opening. My Hamlet was generously treated by the London critics and I felt greatly encouraged—though I had intelligence enough to realize that my portrayal was very, very far from being a finished piece of work. After two more seasons in London, in 'Leads,' I came home to New York to support Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's 'A Doll's House' and 'The Master Builder.' Then I had the good fortune to find Charles Rann Kennedy's 'The Servant in the House.' "Many persons think I am English, but I was born in Brooklyn and attended Harvard in the class of 1900, though I did not complete my course.

"I purpose presenting 'Romeo and Juliet' shortly and am hopeful concerning it. Perhaps there is a sentimental reason as well as one of ambition, for while I was playing Romeo in Glasgow some years ago I met my wife. She was the Juliet. And she must have been a truly charming one, for we played 10 weeks, a wonderful 'run' for Glasgow. I do not wish to be considered as solely a Shakespearean actor, however, and my plans include the production of several modern American plays. One of these, a whimsical comedy by an American dramatist, I have faith in and hope to do it early in the spring."

Mr. Hampden's debut in London was in September, 1904. He joined Benson's company in 1901. He appeared at the Bijou, New York, in "The Comtesse Coquette" on Sept. 2, 1907. Born on June 30, 1873, he married Miss Mabel Moore.

Arnold Bennett's play in three acts "Sacred and Profane Love" was produced at the Playhouse, Liverpool, Sept. 15. The novel, also entitled "The Book of Carlotta," is no doubt familiar to readers of the Herald, who have found in it much more profane than sacred love. It would appear from a description of the play that the neurotically emotional Carlotta does not die, as she does in the book, but there is the same tame finish of stereotyped happy ending. Iris Hoey played Carlotta; Franklyn Dyale, Emilio Diaz, the creature and erotic pianist. The Times said that Mr. Bennett was greatly beholden to Miss Hoey.

On Sept. 15 at the Shakespeare, Liverpool. "Lord Richard in the Pantry," adapted from Martin Swayne's novel by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare brought Cyril Maude (Lord Richard) and Connie Ediss (the Cook) on the English stage after their absence in America. The chief merit of the play, it seems, a farcical comedy, is that it displays Mr. Maude as a comedy character amid farcical surroundings. Miss Ediss as an amorous and bibulous cook has a character in which her rich, ripe humor, her comfortable and her undeniable appearance, are of the greatest value." The play is "dependent for its popularity upon the principal actors."

"The Wild Widow," by Arthur Shirley
and Ben Landeck—Lyceum, London

Sept. 6, is a melodrama of surprises. The hero, shouldering the fault of another—he "positively revels in suffering for it"—is about to marry the widow and so rescue the heroine's brother from her clutches. A demobilized soldier who had been given up as dead, does not hurl his dramatic "She is another's wife" at the gallery. "The interruption

comes from the clergyman himself, who apparently was the husband of the widow before the demobilized soldier had come into her life. . . . When the ex-soldier had made all his arrangements to slay the lady he was again robbed of his great chance. This time she was able to confound him with 'my child, our child' sensation, and if you only flung a baby at the heads of the Lyceum audience they will go home perfectly happy. As a matter of fact the 'wild widow' was not a very desperate kind of villainess." The hero was assisted by his faithful Egyptian servant.

...telling in a vision what had really happened—a novel method which proved greatly to the liking of the audience." There is a happy ending for everyone.

"The Bird of Paradise" was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, Sept. 12. The entertainment was certainly out of the common, according to the Times. "Perhaps the play is just a little too ethnological, a little overladen with Hawaiian folklore, superstitions, manners and customs—so that at times it has an almost expository tone, an air of being a lecture on Hawaii and the Hawaiians with dramatic illustrations." The Telegraph called the play "fresh and piquant," but thought the passion for accuracy was carried too far. The crater of the volcano was shown in "full eruption"—a remarkable achievement of theatrical engineering.

"The Great Day," a "flesh and blood drama," broadly, but not slavishly, upon the old Raleigh-and-Hamilton plan, written by Louls Parker and George R. Sims was brought out at Drury Lane Sept. 12. The story which has at least two spies, the inside of a Sheffield steel factory with molten metal and a Parisian underground night refuge flooded by the rising Seine, begins shortly before the armistice and ends on Peace night. "Every one plays very energetically, and, indeed, Mr. Frederick Ross, as the capitalist, vociferously."

"Who's Hoopoe?" founded by Fred Thompson on Phero's farce, "In Chancery," music by Howard Talbot and Ivor Novello, was brought out at the Adelphi, London, on Sept. 13. The Times prophesies that it will run for at least a year. The old plot remains and some of the original dialogic, but in the last scene the author and adapter part company for the sake of musical comedy. The music is warmly praised.

"Afgar," an extravaganza, with music by Cuvillier, was produced at the London Pavilion Sept. 17. Alice Delais is "one of the most indefatigable workers on the stage!" was the heroine. The wives of Afgar, a rich Moor, organize union and strike. "One husband, one wife," is their demand. There is a Spanish prisoner, the eldest son of Don Juan.

"Baby Bunting," a quasi-revival of the old farce, "Jane," with music by Nat Ayer, text by Fred Thompson and Weston David, was produced at Manchester on Sept. 15.

The London Times of Sept. 16 devoted over half a column to the sale of the Everett J. Wendell theatrical collection in New York this month.

Martin Harvey will bring out Lauren Binyon's play "Arthur," dealing with the Knights of the Round Table, early next year at Covent Garden.

Mr. Bouchier will play Iago Matheson Lang's Othello in London this season. Mr. Asche will also play Othello and it is rumored that Robert Lorain has in mind a production of "Othello."

Sir Alfred Butt has decided that his future productions the free list shall be entirely suspended. Seats for the first performances will be allotted strictly in order of application.

M. Antoine of Paris contributed a long and valuable article, "Romanticism versus Realism: Influence of the War on the French Theatre," to the *London Times* of Sept. 6.

Ellie Reeves, at the Victoria Palace London, was declared to be cleverer than any other comedian on the English-speaking stage in his special lecture. "His falls are very smartly done, and there is never the least tinge of objection about his highly diverting and comically pathetic 'drunk.'"

Jean Julien, a dramatist, who placed the romantic peasants of George Sand by the naturalist types dear Guy de Maupassant, is dead.

Pierre Wolf has written a new 1 for the Comedie Francaise. The Gr Guignol has a thriller taken from story by Rudyard Kipling.

Adelina Patti sang for the first time in Boston at a concert given in Music Hall on Oct. 4, 1853, by Ole Bull, who was then farewelling the public in various cities. She was 10 years old when she sang here airs from "Linda Chamouni," "La Sonnambula," "Comte Thore' the Rye" and Jeany Lind's Echo song. On Oct. 15 she sang Wallace's "Happy Birdling of the Forest," the Echo song, "Ah, non glunge" from "La Sonnambula" and "Home, Sweet Home."

And 53 years afterwards, at her "farewell" concert in London on Dec. 1, 1901, when she was in her 64th year, she sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "with a singular personal charm," to quote from the Pall Mall Gazette's account of the concert; also "Home, Sweet Home," which she sang "to the intense delight of her huge audience."

The Boston newspapers in 1853 described the "surprise and admiration of the audience. Even the heart John S. Dwight was touched, although he abhorred the musical infant ph

from non. "The charming child actress, little Adela Patti whose voice is of the rarest beauty, purity and penetrating power. Her delivery of Jenny Lind's 'Herdsmen's song' was truly admirable, and bespeaks the greatest promise." The price of admission to every part of the house was \$1.

She sang in Boston for the first time on Jan. 3, 1860, at the Boston Theatre. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her associates were Brignoli and Amadio. She appeared that season as Amleto, Zerlina, Rosina and the Elvira of "I Puritani." At a concert she sang "Hear Ye Israel" and "With Verdure Glad." Good Mr. Dwight was anxious: "Will the voice wear well?"

And then Adeline went to Europe. She made her first appearance in London on May 14, 1861, in "La Sonnambula" at Covent Garden. The "little American girl" was then described as "a slender, fallow, dark-eyed girl, displaying a slight, childish stiffness of gait and formality of manner." So little was she known that the box office receipts amounted to only £50. Years afterwards her price was £800 for a concert in London and £500 in the provinces.

She did not return to Boston until 1871 when she sang in Mapleson's company at the Boston Theatre in February and March. Mmes. Albani, Fursch-Madi and Scalchi, and Messrs. Nicolini, Ravelli, Mierzewski, Frapollini and Gattasi were in the company. She appeared as Linda, Feb. 23; Violetta, March 3; Lucia, with Nicolini as Edgardo; Semiramide, March 8; Zerlina, March 10.

At the Boston Theatre she was heard again December-January, 1884-85: Violetta, Dec. 20; Semiramide, Jan. 2; Lady Henrietta, Jan. 6; Linda, Jan. 9. Her associates were Mmes. Fursch-Madi, Nevada, Dotti, Scalchi, Messrs. Gianni, Vicini, Cardinali, Cherubini, De Anna, De Pasqualis, Manni, Serbolini.

Her last appearances at the Boston Theatre were under Mr. Abbey, in 1887: April 28, Semiramide; April 30, Violetta. Mmes. Scalchi and Messrs. Vicini, Corsi Del Puente, Abramoff were in the company.

The Patti-Tarnagora company gave performances in Mechanics building in March, 1890. Patti sang in "Semiramide" with Mme. Fabbri and Vicini, Castelnary and Marcassa; in "Martha" with Mme. Fabbri and Ravelli, Marcassa and Carbone, and in "Lakme" with Mme. Fabbri and Ravelli, Marcassa, Migliara and Vanni.

In March, 1892, as a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company, she appeared in Mechanics' Hall in "Martha" (Mme. Fabbri, Valero, Novara); "Semiramide" (Mme. Fabbri, Vaschetti, Novara, Rinaldini, Vivilani); and "La Traviata" (Valero, Del Puente).

She had given a concert in Music Hall, on Jan. 15 of that year, with the assistance of Mme. Fabbri, Guillo, Del Puente, Novara and the Germania orchestra led by Ardit.

On Nov. 25, 1893, "Gabriella," an opera, libretto by Charles Alfred Byrne, music by Emilio Pizzi, was performed for the first time on any stage. Mme. Patti took the part of the heroine. Her associates were Mme. Fabbri and Messrs. Lely, Glassi and Novara. Ardit conducted. Mr. Byrne's speech to the audience is fresh in our memory. An imposing person, benevolently white haired, with an oratorical voice, he returned thanks, ending with this fine burst in honor of the amiable and modest Pizzi: "I have constructed only the frame. The frame will moulder; the glorious canvass will endure forever." Alas, poor Pizzi! A man of talent, but who remembers "Gabriella."

Mme. Patti gave farewell concerts in Symphony Hall on Nov. 19, and Nov. 21, 1903. Her associates were Rose Zamels, violinist; Anton Hegner, violoncellist; Vera Margolies, pianist; Claude A. Cunningham, baritone; Kathleen Howard, contralto. Mme. Patti sang "Voi che Sapete," the jewel song from "Faust," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Comin' Thro the Rye," and "Home Sweet Home" at the first concert. At the second her program included Elisabeth's prayer from "Tannhaeuser," Gounod's "Adore and Be Still," a wretched bit of trash, "The Last Farewell," by Charles K. Harris, and "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

The Envious Years

She was in her 61st year when she sang here for the last time, and her voice

showed too plainly the ravages of time. Yet when she sang in London in 1906 her middle register was described as still "rich and beautiful," her technique as "incomparable," and to "Pur Dieci" she gave "a sense of life which made one think that she must be still in her early twenties." Two years later, when she sang in Jean de Reszke's private theatre in Paris, it was said that her voice retained "the astounding purity of her early years."

Gertrude Mara sang in public when she was 70, but poverty compelled her, and her admirers pitied her. Battistini, the Italian baritone, over 60, is still singing in opera, and, according to report, with undiminished power. Pasta's voice excited pity when she was 52, and the admired Cuzzoni's voice was gone when she was only 50. The great Catalani declared herself unfit for concert work when she was 48. Few singers have the courage to leave the stage, like Mme. Ternina and Annie Louise Cary, when

the voice no longer pleases them, but still excites the applause of the crowd.

Patti the Singer

Pages could be filled with the eulogies of Adeline Patti, the singer, from 1859 to, say, 1889. Critics of many nations were unanimous in rhapsodic praise. Yet here and there was a doubting Thomas. Richard Grant White, who often wrote shrewdly concerning the opera, had this to say apropos of her first appearance in opera (New York, Nov. 24, 1859, in "Lucia di Lammermoor"): The criticism is interesting as showing the folly of prophesying.

"Her debut, it need hardly be recorded, was a very remarkable performance, considering her age—she was then but 16 years old. Her voice was a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Still, she was not even in vocalization a prima donna; moreover, her voice lacked amplitude, richness, power—and her manner, although not awkward or constrained, was that of a very young girl. But her capabilities were at once recognized by her audiences, and her future was foretold by her critics, although at that time musical criticism in New York was fallen very much below the point at which it stood five years before, and that to which it has risen since."

"I do not hesitate to express my doubts of her claims to the position of a great prima donna; she is the best of her time; but her time is barren of great singers."

That Adeline Patti sings with perfect method, the highest finish and in an unexceptional taste, is not to be disputed. What, then, does she lack to be a great prima donna? Two things of the very first importance—a great voice and a rich, impassioned nature. . . . Neither she nor either of her sisters has a first-rate voice. Hers is much the best, but it lacks largeness, power, nobility, sympathy. Nor is her style the grand style. Her method is perfect, almost beyond criticism; she is brilliant, she is exquisitely delicate in finish; but she is little. . . . As I write now

(1881), I have not heard Adeline Patti since she made her great European success; and I therefore may have to modify my opinion hereafter. But of this I have not a very troubling apprehension. Her qualities are too essential, too inherent, to be changed by time and culture. The Adeline Patti who sang in New York in 1859 and 1860 was not to be made into a great prima donna by being raised to the hundredth power. For that she needed a new voice and a new nature, physical and mental."

For a corrective, read the eulogies by Hanslick, Krebhel, a host of others. Hanslick, disclaiming her to be "a many-sided and so astonishing, no matter from which side it was viewed, that rhapsody seems to be the only language left one who attempts analysis or description of it," added: "Her voice, of unequalled beauty, was no more a gift of nature than the ability to assimilate without effort the things which cost ordinary mortals years of labor and vexation of soul. It was perpetually amazing how her singing made the best efforts of the best of her contemporaries pale, especially those who depended on vocal agility for their triumphs. Each performance of hers made it plainer than it had been before that her genius penetrated the mere outward glitter of the music and looked upon the ornament as so much means to the attainment of an end; that end, a beautiful interpretation of the composer's thought. No artist of her time was so perfect an exponent as she of the quality of repose."

So far as appearances went it was as easy for her to burden the air with trills and roulades as it was to talk. She sang as the lark sings; The outpouring of an ecstasy of tones of almost infinite number and beauty seemed in her to be a natural means of expression. Her ideas of art were the highest, and it was a singular testimony of her earnestness that, while educated in the old Italian school of vocalization and holding her most exalted supremacy as a singer of Rossini's music, her warmest love, by her own confession, was given, not to its glittering confections, but to the serious effort of the most dramatic writers, this must be remembered in the list of her astonishing merits."

Her Musical Opinions

Late in her life, going to Rome after a concert in Russia, she told a reporter of her love for Italian music. "She acknowledges," wrote the reporter, "the grandeur of Wagner, but—Gai fatigue trop. In her opinion Italian music is preferred in England. The English are somewhat romantic, and they love the pathetic. They like the 'Amico Fritz' of Mascagni and the 'Bohème' of Puccini. My personal opinion of the last! Well—really the grisette who thinks of her keys and muff just before dying! Don't you think there are other themes more worth putting to music?"

In 1907 she talked with a reporter of the Echo de Paris. She had heard Strauss's "Salome" in Paris. "What a part! I would not sing it for anything! I put up a prayer in my box during the performance. I was so much terrified by the apparition of the head of St. John the Baptist. I am a good Catholic, and nothing would have made me sing in a biblical play on the stage. Then Salome ought not to kiss St. John's lips. The Bible says it was

her mother, Herodias, who asked for John's head, not she, and that she gave it to Herodias. After hearing 'Salome,' even those who don't like Wagner will exalt him. As for me, I adore Wagner. I have never sung his music on the stage. He did not compose for my voice as Verdi and Gounod did. But I love him all the same. I never met Wagner, because he refused to know me. And the reason was that I refused to create the part of Kundry in 'Parsifal.' Wagner often heard me sing at Covent Garden, and told my brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, that he was writing the part of Kundry for me in 'Parsifal.' But I thought there was a great deal of shrieking to do in the part, and refused to sing it. Wagner was furious, and never would meet me. All of which has never prevented me from lauding his music to the skies."

She told Mr. Hoare of the Daily Graphic (London) in 1906 that her favorite role was Violetta. "There are many others that I loved—Zerlina, Rosina, Lucia and Aida being, perhaps, the chief; but there was no other in which I felt quite so happy as in this. Violetta seems to me to be the very ideal of what a part ought to be. I love singing and I love acting, and where is one given more room for the practice of both arts than in the part of Violetta? The first part affords one a chance of proving one's mettle as a floriture singer, the second part must be really lived."

"Of all the singers I ever played with I think that I liked Mario best. Poor man! He was well past his prime when I first knew him, but he was an incomparable artist. Later, of course, came Jean de Reszke, who was really quite Mario's equal, and I don't know that I enjoyed playing with him less than I enjoyed playing with Mario."

"Of course, I have never sung with Caruso, but I envy those who do."

The Actress

It was often said of Mme. Patti that she had little ability as an actress. Those who thus reproached her forget her roguishness as Rosina, her high-bred characterization of Lady Henrietta; her unaffected and sympathetic impersonations of other roles. As was to be expected, her Carmen was a failure. Henry Morley, speaking of her in 1885 in his "Journal of a London Playgoer," said that there are two kinds of good acting: "One is that in which a true artist can pass into the nature of the person represented, and the other is that in which a performer with a pleasant personality can identify the character represented with himself or herself." He thought that Mme. Patti was a delightful example of the latter kind: "For her natural perceptions are

so quick, her ways so pleasant, as to secure, for every part that has any harmony at all with her own nature, a representation more delightful than can be accomplished except by the very highest efforts of true genius in another way. Mme. Patti uses her delicious voice with lively natural expression, never jerks her arms while she is singing, after the manner of a marionette, but is always a charming little lady giving pleasure and creating sympathies. In a thoroughly congenial part, it is hard to distinguish acting of this kind from the best efforts of genius. Indeed, it is only by observing the range of the performer's art that one can rightly appreciate its character."

A graphic description of Patti was given by Albert Vizentini in his entertaining book of recollections and gossip, "Derrière la Toile," published at Paris in 1868. He was describing the singers at the Theatre Italien:

"We now come to this little marvel, this exotic flower, this incarnation of song and sympathy, this golden voice called by the whole world Adeline Patti. Petted by queens and princes, adored and flattered by all, Patti is a good comrade, mad about the art that she has wedded with mercurial enthusiasm. Very vivacious, quick-tempered but easily appeased, she receives like a grande dame, is gay as a lark; she has the smile of a fairy and the hands of a duchess."

"Do you ask me to describe her talent? Are there formulas of admiration still unexhausted in her case? I doubt it greatly. When you hear of some masterpiece consecrated by success, it is a Raphael or a Rubens. If you open a volume signed Musset or Balzac, you naturally expect a source of perfect joy that will never be disturbed by any deception. It is so with the fairy Patti. She comes on the stage; wit dominates all thoughts; you are in your seat, happy, peaceful, intoxicated, dazzled by this youthful ardor, by this joyous face that breathes out life, by this marvellous suppleness, by this pure, limpid, delightful voice which is sure of itself, by this Stradivarius that scatters the pearls of its vocal necklace. What a feast! What enchantment to applaud the gentle Amina, the tender Lucia, the affecting Ninetta, the pathetic Gilda, the adorable Violetta, the piquant Norina, the coquettish Rosina, the graceful Annetta! She does not act a role, she lives it. Now gay, laughing, reckless, pouting, moved, loving, desperate, weighed down by grief, sobbing; now hopeful, smiling, happy, she runs the gamut of these different nuances, always natural, distinguished, with the same superiority, with a perfection that is ideal. It is hardly necessary to praise the fine qualities of her performance, the generous

and velvety tones that warm the heart, the astonishing purity of intonation, the perfect proportion, her incredibly sure attack, her divine grace, all the treasures of this marvellous vocalization that would make us take Patti for a celestial bird, if her artistic soul did not assure us that she is the most charming of women."

"Byron and Wagner are the chief objects of her adoration. To read the first in a beautiful garden lightened by the setting sun; to hear the second when in the moonbeams she leans on her balcony; these are her two foremost pleasures. Play to her music from 'Tannhaeuser' or 'Lohengrin' and her eyes are tearful. Her character is contradictory; She laughs often and easily; she loves to weep. In Paris she takes great pleasure in seeing a sad, black drama, at which one moistens several handkerchiefs. This explains how, after an opera buffa, she will play a dramatic role with a lofty emotion. Speaking five or six languages with the same ease, studying for a long time her roles, risking only the surety of success, she studies the zither on her days of rest, drinks a swallow of port before going on the stage, and, after an opera when she has raised an audience to its feet, she takes returning home, a great bowl of cabbage soup with rice, so thick that the spoon stands upright in it. Nota bene. She always remains in her dressing room, never leaves home the day she sings, and rarely rehearses."

Compare with this mixture of hifalutin and journalistic gossip a passage in Raoul Touche's "Pattiana," published 20 years later.

The man that heard Patti speaks: "Of course I was there. As for Patti, simply a dream. She has a way of singing 'Tra-la-la!' And then there is a moment when she says: 'Ah! ah! ah!' that makes the tears flow."

Her Daily Life

When Patti was 64 years old, she gloried in telling her age. In Paris she said to an inquisitive reporter:

"You want to know, I suppose, how I have managed to reach such an age without appearing too much damaged? Well, I have done nothing at all. Up to 40 I stinted myself in nothing, and ate and lived as I chose. After 40, however, I took to a comparatively strict way of living. Since then I have eaten no red meat, and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liqueurs. My diet consists of light food and white meat, chiefly sweetbreads, sheep's brains, fowl and vegetables. I always sleep with the window wide open in summer, and partly open in winter, so as not to get the cold air straight on my face. I never get to bed early, hardly ever before half-past 12 or 1. A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not want to get fat. That is my only secret of health."

It was said that she employed a face doctor, a woman whose duty it was to keep her free from wrinkles. Looking at her with the glare of high noon on the singer's face, this doctor searched for any "incipient line and possible blemish." If there was one, it was removed by massage, steaming or unguents. There was talk of a mysterious laboratory at the back of the doctor's rooms, where she prepared lotions, powders and soaps for the singer; that she had responded to summons to Craig-y-Nos.

Malicious Gossip

Patti was often accused of avarice. It is undeniably true that she was unduly fond of money. Maurice Strakosch, her first manager, says in his "Souvenirs d'un Impresario," "that his first contract with her was for five years. He was to pay her \$400 a month the first year; the second \$600, the third \$800, the fourth and fifth \$1000. He tore up this contract after her successes in opera in 1859. As long as he managed her after her debut he gave her half the net receipts. It is said that until 1869 her earnings never exceeded \$300 a night. Later in this country she was guaranteed \$6000 a night with a further half-share of the receipts after they had reached \$12,000. The Pall Mall Gazette, quoting these figures in 1903, exclaimed: 'No wonder she was able to travel in a \$1200 car, fitted with a solid silver bath.' Grisi and Mario at the height of their glory did not receive more than \$250 a performance. When Patti visited the United States she agreed to sing in 60 concerts within six months. She demanded \$10,000 to be deposited with the Rothschild Brothers in London to bind the contract, and \$40,000 more to be placed with the same firm 20 days before

her tour began. Besides \$5000 for each concert, she was to receive 50 per cent. of the excess wherever the receipts exceeded \$7500. Transportation was to be furnished for her and her suite of six persons, and there was to be a private car. It has been calculated, Patti's voice earned her in all \$4,000,000.

There have been many jests about her three husbands. The first, Louis Sebastian, Duc de Chaulieu, Marquis of Aux, a favorite of Napoleon III, was hard up. The Emperor pointed out Patti to him as a profitable investment, the only one the marquis had ever made. Tired of being exploited, she looked kindly on Nicolini, the tenor, and married him in 1886 when the French divorce laws were passed. Nicolini, whose real name was Ernst Nicolas, died in 1893. Her third husband, the Baron Cedersjeld, a practical exponent of the Swedish movement, massage, gymnastics, younger in years than she, was devoted to her. There is no doubt that the Marquis of Caux was a bad egg; that Nicolini, who left a wife and five children for Patti's sake, was a mediocre singer and a singularly thrifty soul. Guests at Craig-y-Nos, so the story goes, were served wine and cigars inferior to those reserved for Nicolini at table; but Beatty-Kingston, in his entertaining book, "Music and Manners," has much to say about a delightful visit at the Welsh castle. Being a journalist, perhaps he fared better than other guests. According to Heinrich Ehrlich, Nicolini invented a hair pomade. Ehrlich tried it, at Patti's instigation; he had a bad headache and most of his few remaining hairs fell out. Any one that wishes to be amused by Patti's first two husbands should read Victorin Joncleres's "Recollections of a Musician" and the bitter book, "Fourteen Years with Patti," by Louisa Lauw, who, the companion of Patti, hated Nicolini so that she left the prima donna. The book is malicious and probably not trustworthy.

There were other subjects for jesting about Patti. Puck caricatured her cruelly as "The Everlasting Puck," all smiles and wriggles. Georges Duval in 1874, praising her singing at a charity concert in Paris for the benefit of Alsations and Lorrains—when she sings it seems as if she intoxicated herself with her own music, as those nightingales that, dazed, fall after their serenade—"sneered at her as a 'Marquise' who had refused to sing under the republic, and added that he was not authorized to believe that she sang under the empire solely for love of royalty. Yet Patti did not hesitate to accept the red ribbon of Knight of the Legion of Honor and gallant M. Loubet, as he pinned the decoration on her bodice, remarked: "I felt as much pleasure in signing the decree creating you a Knight of the Legion of Honor as I have in hearing you sing."

Artemus Heard Her

Praise was showered on Patti from her early years—witness the sonnet addressed to her in Paris by Charles Coligny in 1862, beginning "Art thou, thou nightingale, the rose, music itself, young Divinity of the Italian sky?" and ending, "O brown Adeline! As the blonde Venus drinks the foam of the wave, thou art like unto a flower that drinks a song"—until she sang for charity occasionally after her last public appearance in London; but the adoration of the great public was last expressed by Artemus Ward:

"Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man said about his wife, O. Lord! She is well built and her complexion is what might be called a Bronzette. Her hair is a dark bay, the lashes bein long & silky. When she smiles the awjine feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continer doin it 2 a inndefinit extant. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastises ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduatid frum pantulets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to read her fust compositishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her head bowd down, and made sich an effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parln bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthen or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentiments was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin demounchin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, et-settery, burst 4th & flew all over the Hall.

"Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exited frame of mind, and ef I kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dese don't do the fair thing by ye, you kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injlanney. Whenshesung Cumlin threw the Rye, and spokeof that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individoolly, I didn't wish I was that air Swayne. No I gess not. Oh certainly not. (This is Ironical. I don't mean this. It's a way I hav of goakin) Now that Maria Pickleminy has got married and left the perahun, Adeline Patti is the champion of the opey ring. She carries the Thar's no draw fite about it. Other dunnys may as well throw up the sponge first as last. My eyes don't dey my earsite in this matter."

The latest mention of Patti in London newspapers that we have seen was in the Times.

"In reply to Mme. Tetrassini's invitation, Mme. Patti has stated that she hopes to be present at Mme. Tetrassini's opening concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Sept. 20."

Oct. 2, 1919

In Mysore

I read to night that to
A son is born
Unto the Yuvrajah of Mysore
In distant Ind.
And how the Prince, uplifted in his fatherhood,
Caused performed prayers to Brahma to ascend
From all the shrines
And to the poor
Largesse of sugar sent
In cartloads bullock drawn
As token of the sweetness of the babe.
So in Mysore,
And sorer still
I thought upon my recent futile prayers
Shed fruitlessly
Across the counter of our village grocery
The while my fruits lay wasting on the ground
Their latent jams unopened
For lack of sipping.
Nor do I see wherein my faith did lie
Mundane, well nigh idolatrous.
And so tonight I too to Brahma pray
That he may send to Mr Hoover
Twins
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Stern Reproof

As the World Wags:

The Boston Herald has more than once advocated the method of canning fruit without sugar, and today says: "Up country housewives should learn that fruit can be canned without sugar and opened when sugar bowls are full." Of course we know how to can without sugar and a few, very few, things may be managed that way with some degree of success. Nearly all fruits canned without sugar mean a waste of time, fuel, fruit; they also mean disappointment to all the family. Don't tell us to can without sugar.

L. E. FARNSWORTH.

Lancaster, Oct. 1.

"Mooncousers"

No one, apparently, has revived the good old word "mooncousers" for the wreckers who disported themselves gaily in United States army uniforms after the Port Hunter went ashore last winter in Vineyard sound. "Mooncousers"—a word mouth-filling, sonorous, picturesque! It was also applied in England to a link-boy, who sometimes on a dark night lured a man to a den of thieves and cut-throats. There is a curious use of the term in the Old Farmer's Almanack of 1833. Mr. Thomas told the story of how neighbor Freeport, because he could tell a good story, crack a joke and sing a song, was welcomed at the tavern, which was his ruin. His family was wretched; he was woefully in debt. Usurers took his farm away from him. "Tom Teazer, well known at the grog shops for a dabster at shoemaker loo, old Jeremiah Jenkins, the Jew, Stephen Staball, the butcher, and all the village mooncousers came in for their portions of the wreck." For the sake of pointing a moral, Freeport "became an outcast, a vagabond and died in the highway."

By the way, does anybody today play on the piano "The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep"? It was a favorite piece of our maiden aunt in the sixties. We see and hear her now. She had deadily "excitement," but men had escaped her, more fortunate than the piano. Was the quickstep played at performances of "The Wrecker's Daughter," by Julia Dean and company, in the fifties? The play itself was seen in New York as early as January, 1837, when Ellen Tree first visited this country. Sheridan Knowles's play was produced in 1836 at Drury Lane.

The Disgruntled Diarist

Edmond de Goncourt was not feeling well on Oct. 6, 1895, although the day was Sunday. "It seems to me that the honors paid great men—even if they are all Pastors—are becoming a little excessive; they inherit, perhaps too much, what formerly belonged to God."

Useless Education

As the World Wags:

Here is an echo from my long vanished boyhood that may be pertinent to the present time when many mechanics are getting a dollar an hour for their labor, while numerous teachers and ministers are struggling to keep the wolf from the door on half that amount, or less. A group of urchins were talking about what they intended to do when they had left the high school. Most of them decided that they would go to college, where they could obtain a liberal education. There was one dissentient, however, a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle, who had known privation in his native land, and he blurted out: "What in the blazes is the good of an education if a feller have a good thrade?" BAIZE.

Dorchester.

In Darkest Cambridge

As the World Wags:

As I was coming over from Cambridge two women got on the car and took seats in front of me. One was evidently a native; the other her guest, a school teacher I judged, whom she had been entertaining. The guest said: "Mary, I have had a perfectly delightful time. I was so glad to see President Elliot's house; I wanted to see it so much." The other said: "I am so glad you could see all these places, but you know Mr. Elliot is not president now; he is only President Ignoramus." Boston. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

"Other Folkes' Hair"

Reading yesterday an old English book that would be classed by many as an "improving" one, a book of golden thoughts for each day of the year, we turned to Oct. 6.

"Strong feeling against the use of false hair is still common amongst country people, and was once almost universal; even the 'profane' partook of the antipathy, as well as the preclians, for Heywood in one place, where Sardanapalus enumerates his 'enormities,' makes him say: 'Cur'd periwigs upon my head I wore; And, being man, the shape of woman bore.'"

"And amongst the Annotations on his 'Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637,' describing the disgusting excesses to which the Japygae abandoned themselves, he remarks, 'They grew to such profuse riot, intemperance, and wantonness,' that, 'forgetting their country modesty and honesty, they painted their faces and wore other folkes' hairs.'"

"Cilification"

S. P. D. of Topsfield wrote recently to the Herald, asking the meaning of the word "cilification," which he found in the sentence: "That an organized propaganda for cilification of the American Federation of Labor, etc."

We have received the following note: "An old-fashioned proofreader who has trouble with typewriting machines and lhotypes, wishes to say that 'v' and 'c' often get in one another's way. Perhaps if you change the initial letter of this word from 'c' to 'v' you and S. P. D. can find the word in a common dictionary."

We have also received this note from "Wampus Cogner," Wrentham: "Cilia, for continuous swimming in the open or gliding over surfaces or waltzing on the substratum or for eddying in wild turns through the water. Their forms offer a most interesting variety, and the flexibility of many adds to their easy grace of movement, especially where the front of the body is produced and elongated like the neck of a swan." Enc. Brit. vol. xiv, p. 560. "Cilification" is manufacturing cilia. Yes, yes, as they say on the Cape, and "cilium", in the language of the ancient Romans, means eyelid, also eyelash.

M'CORMACK SINGS

John McCormack gave his first concert of the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before a large and enthusiastic audience such as invariably greets his appearance. The program:

Come se ti vedro (Muzio Scenola), Handel, Mio caro bene (Rodelinda), Handel, Mr. McCormack; Chant d'Amour, Volpe, Hungarian Dance No. 7, Brahms-Jochims, Hungarian Dance No. 1, Liszt, Mr. McCormack; O Like a Queen's her Hap, Mr. Wilkinson; O Like a Queen's her Hap, Mr. Tread, Graham Peel, The Red Rose, The Whispers of Passion, Arthur Marshall, A Sensitive Plant, Charles Marshall, A Birthday, Arthur Waking, Irish folk songs, Mr. McCormack; The Little Fish's Song, Mr. McCormack; Gypsy Airs, Sarasate, Mr. Arensky-Volpe, Gypsy Airs, Sarasate, Mr. Wilkinson; Only You, Edwin Schneider, Go Down, Moses (Negro Spirituals), Somewhere, I Feel Like a Motherless Child, H. T. Burleigh, Bedouin Love Song, Geo. W. Chadwick, Mr. McCormack.

In making up his programs Mr. McCormack does not show a lack of appreciation of his hearers' tastes and desires so much as a possible hint of his limit of endurance, for it is when the popular and much loved ballads are sung that the clamor of insistence is so prolonged that repeated encores become necessary. Mr. McCormack was generous, as usual. He not only sang with his usual spontaneity, and that expression which appeals to the hearts of his hearers as no other present-day singer seems to do, but he showed a vocal vigor and clearness of utterance that were appreciated by his audience. The assisting artists were Winston Wilkinson, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. Mr. Wilkinson played with skill and feeling, and added several encores to his numbers. Mr. Schneider's song, "Only You," was a charming bit of melody and met with a merited recall.

HOLLIS OPENS WITH 'MOLIERE'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Opening of this theatre for the season with the first performance in Boston of "Moliere," a play in three acts by Philip Moeller, produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on March 17, 1919.

Baron.....James P. Hage
La Fore.....Alice Gale
Armande Belart.....Catherine Calhoun Doucet
Moliere.....Harry Miller
Collage.....George Farrar
De Lauzun.....Charles Githold
Louis XIV.....David Glasfio d
Francoise, Marquise de Montespan.....Blanche Rate

La Fontaine.....Sidney Herbert
Lull.....Paul Doucet
Chapelle.....Vincent Chambers
A Doctor.....Wallis Roberts
"Moliere" is a more firmly knit play than Mr. Moeller's "George Sand," which was a string of episodes, showing amorous attacks; and faint resistance or eager surrender. "Moliere" is also a more imaginative play, more dramatic, of a finer quality.

It is true that Mr. Moeller has shown an Olympian indifference to facts; that he has accepted the ingenious theory that history at its best is only romance.

Take, for instance, Mr. Moeller's Mme. de Montespan, who is represented as being passionately in love with Moliere. At the time the dramatist pictures her on her knees to the actor-manager-playwright, she was no longer seductive; she was wildly jealous of Louis. He was wandering from her fireside, although she had borne him eight children. She had called in that old hag and sorceress La Voisin, the pupil of Brindvillieres, to prepare love philtres that she might win back the love of the King. She had even served as a living and nude altar for the infamous renegade Guibourg to celebrate the Black Mass, at which the blood of a child and the crushed bones of unbaptized infants, mingled with wine, were poured into the chalice. Indescribable potions were administered to the King; for Mme. de Montespan was torn between love and hate. (There is a curious account of her adventure with Guibourg in Jules Bois's "Satanisme et la Magie," with a picture of the blasphemous ceremony.)

Nor is there any evidence that Moliere ever made a tirade against his royal master. He was not a revolutionary; he was not concerned with politics; he certainly would never have been so bombastic in denunciation as Mr. Moeller portrays him, for he was a man who loved simplicity and directness. Where did Mr. Moeller learn that Armande forsook Moliere for a lover? Did she not return to his home long before Moliere died? As a matter of fact, Louis was surprised when Boileau told him that this dramatist was the chief glory of France during his reign. The King was a doubting Thomas.

But Mr. Moeller's chief aim was to construct an interesting play, with at least one scene that might insure success—the scene when Moliere defies Louis. Audiences always like to see a King at bay; witness "Richelieu." Mr. Moeller might say that Shakespeare was not ashamed to change wholly the characters of Duncan and Macbeth; to turn Richard III into a monster, a bogie; that the authors of King Henry VI took the life of Joan of Arc in more ways than one. He might point to the historical errors in "Disraeli" and in "Hamilton."

"Moliere," as it is, has an interesting story, well planned. Lauzun's attentions to Moliere's wife are adroitly used by Mme. de Montespan to gain the love of the husband, who thinks he is betrayed. It is wholly plausible that a king's mistress surprised by the monarch when she is on her knees to another man should turn about, after she had been repulsed, and vent her wrath in false accusations, repeating charges that had been invented by Lull, the Florentine, the court musician, the famous composer of opera. Moliere might have shared the fate of Joseph if he had shared the weakness of Joseph in the presence of the enraged Potiphar and the voluptuous, spurned Zoleikha.

The second act with the scene where Armande and Lauzun, secretly met, are in the garden below Mme. de Montespan's apartment; with the temptation of Moliere, the entrance of Louis and Moliere's spread-eagle denunciation—this is the act of the play. The third, which shows the great dramatist dying, but cheered by the presence of Armande, is of less engrossing interest. The dialogue is for the most part conventional. Only when Moliere, about to die, remembers, as if in a delirium, his joyous days as a strolling actor, is there a truly emotional touch. The first act largely one of exposition, is enlivened by the scene in which Moliere talks with his cook about "The Misanthrope" and the theatre in general. The dialogue after the entrance of the king, his mistress and the courtiers also has a pleasant flavor. Here as in other scenes the lines given to the king, some of them historical, serve successfully to characterize the Grand Monarch, as he was in his glory; not a Thackeray undressed him cruelly in the "Paris Sketch Book."

The play was handsomely mounted and well acted. Perhaps Mr. Miller did not always represent Moliere to the life according to the traditions and the

Oct 7, 1919

Miss Bates, who is always a welcome visitor, played Mme. Montepan with infinite finesse and great variety in the expression of sentiment and emotion, ranging from woman's artifice and coquetry to amorous passion, scorn, hate, revenge. There was nothing overdone; nothing left undone.

Miss Doucet pleased the eye and ear, but was too generous with conventional and unmeaning gestures. Miss Gale played Moliere's servant from the heart. Mr. Glassford was much more than a king of diamonds; his dignity was not paper-backed, there was true characterization. Mr. Farren, as the old comedian, Mr. Doucet, as the intriguing, malicious Lailli, and that excellent actor, Mr. Herbert, contributed to the success of the performance. The incidental music and the music during the waits was appropriate.

Mr. Miller made a very short speech. Miss Bates, with her delightful voice, made a longer one, in which she said things that deserve consideration at another time.

The Ideal Film Renting Company of England is preparing "to film" Thackeray's "Newcomes." And what do you think the title of this play will be? A Perfect Gentleman? Will "Romola" be turned into "A Perfect Lady"?

Tabitha's Zone

Mr. H. F. Aitken of Malden has shown us a remarkable letter written by Miss Tabitha Sugarton about 1825. It seems that some one had commented ungenerously on her costume in a newspaper.

"Mr. P. Were it not for that mager (sic) kind of consolation which the miserables are said to derive from having companions in woe, I should undoubtedly experience a mortification of pride, if, out of a heaviness of heart, from the slanderous attack made upon me by your correspondent, Jonathan. But knowing as I very well do that I am not the only lass, even in the vicinity of Mapplehill, whose costume is suspected of being perverted to the ungallant use of being made a mark, at which to aim the barbed darts of ridicule, or thrust the jeering lance, the only feeling excited by the poison of his arrows is indignant pity. Does Jonathan not know that in railing thus wantonly against my dress, he is impudently assailing the sovereign Goddess of Fashion herself? And among the post of her servile worshippers has she a more faithful subject, a more zealous follower or a more constant patron than Jonathan? Who is more ready to offer oblations at her shrine and sacrifice on her altars? Who but her potent Majesty pointed with mandatory finger to the mealbags of Jonathan's father, as a suitable pattern from which to take the cut of his son's pantaloon? And what other power could have taught the obsequious youth to support his drooping beardless chin with the bristly gleanings of a swine's tail? Our sex is but too often and too unjustly stigmatized with the accusation of being addicted to arts of fallacy and dissimulation by those of the other, who themselves are the most inclined to practice the very vices and follies of which they so bolsterously accuse us.

It illy becomes those whose dandied facings are concealed by a waistcoat (or rather by waistbands) to exclaim against the wearing of an exterior girdle, which of itself is a mark of honest frankness. Had Jonathan possessed only a smattering of historical knowledge, he would have known that in the ancient days of his great-grandmother's ancestors, belts, which then went by the more dignified appellation of zones, were worn by young ladies generally, and were held in such veneration on account of the purity they indicated, that no man except a bridegroom was suffered ever to remove one. From the acrimony and gaul (sic) which are so profusely shed from Jonathan's pen, I am more than half inclined to suspect that in some of his adventurous moments of ardent gallantry he lucklessly proffered his own brawny arms for the office of a belt, and being spurned repulsed, now is seeking revenge in the unmanly attempt to ridicule the far more inviting one of morocco."

We learn from the long letter that Miss Tabitha did not consider it "expedient or decorous" in any one of her sex, "however well qualified she may be, to intermeddle with political subjects or political characters, especially through the medium of a public press."

At the end of her letter she advises Jonathan to stick closer to the sod; "industriously cultivate and manure your fields, that by faithful exertions in the humble sphere to which your faculties are best adapted and by the blessing of a rewarding Providence, your next crop of pumpkins and buckwheat may be so plentiful that, instead of dissecting as

usual with buckwheat?"

Was Johnny cake a century ago made usually with buckwheat?

Col. Mason's Advice

While we are considering the epistolary stateliness of Miss Tabitha Sugarton, let us also heed the advice given in the will of Col. George Mason, who departed this life on Oct. 7, 1792 at his domain of Gunston Hall, in Fairfax county, Va., in his 67th year.

"I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but, if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest, or ambition, induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

Plato and Leather

Our diarist on Oct. 7, 1886: "An American journalist, brought to Magny's restaurant by Renan, told us that writing his first article for a magazine over there, an article about Plato, he was paid five dollars, with a bill of the Hide and Leather Bank." This seemed to amuse the guests, but neither Plato nor Socrates would have objected to the smell of leather.

A Discussion

(By Emily Dickinson)

Death is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust.
"Dissolve," says Death. The Spirit, "Sir,
I have another trust."

Death doubts it, argues from the ground.
The Spirit turns away,
Just haying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.

A Civilized Country

In France they post an official record of a profiteer's conviction outside the guilty man's premises and outside the town hall for at least a fortnight. They also publish the official statement, about a third of a column, in the local newspapers at the profiteer's expense.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Monte Cristo, Jr." an extravaganza in two acts and 18 scenes; dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz; stage settings by Watson Barratt and P. Strahlendorf. Produced at the Winter Garden, New York, Feb. 12, 1919; first time in Boston.

Harry Sterling.....Fernald.....George Baldwin
Mercedes.....Katherine Galloway
Julian.....Danglers.....James Moore
Matilda.....Madame Cadrouse.....Ethel Gray
Yvonne.....Haydee.....Katherine Wiley
Jameson.....North.....Ralph Herz
Monte.....Edmund Dantes.....John Squires
Mack.....Edmund Dantes.....J. Frances Dooley
Wilbur.....Gordon Dooley
Clarence.....William Dooley
Maigle.....Watson Sisters
Helen.....
Daisy.....Esther Walker
Corinne.....Corinne Sales

It was an auspicious opening of the new season for the Boston Opera House. The curtain was announced to rise at 8 sharp, and 8 sharp it was, to the second. To be sure the folks were not all there at that time; they came straggling in, as is the Boston habit, from moment to moment, even up to 9 o'clock. By then it could truthfully be said that the house was filled, and it is a fairly roomy house to fill at that. Those who came early caught the early drift of the plot—for there is quite a lot of plot to "Monte Cristo, Jr." Those who elected to make it a 9 o'clock affair still may be said to have had their money's worth, for it was long after 11 before the last jest had been uttered, the last crash of brass had sounded.

If the current Winter Garden spectacle be less varied in novelty, less imaginative in pictorial darning, less richly endowed with comedians of historically high degree, it still has abundant and diversified entertainment to offer. In one respect, at least, it excels most of its predecessors; it has a formidable roster of dancers. Adelaide—they used to call her "La Petite," and why not now? She is as tiny, as elfin as then—easily carries off the artistic honors. "Light of foot and true of step," she epitomizes all that is best in the art of Terpsichore. With Mr. Hughes to aid her, "The Toy Dance" was easily the finest thing of its kind ever seen here.

After one has viewed with more or less appreciation the series of stage settings, notably the harbor of Marseilles, the carnival at Rome, the island of Monte Cristo, the hall room at Mercedes's home and the sunken garden; after one has been satiated with endless streams of pretty girls, arrayed in the fluffiest or the most bizarre of costumes; after one has duly weighed Mr. Romberg's score and found it pleasing though none too frequently tuneful, comes consideration of that which after all is the chief essential in modern extravaganza, the comic element. Here we have sharp contrasts: the smooth, polished, character comedy of Mr. Herz, whose declamation

in Carl Carroll's "Woman and Light" was very effectively done; the pan-mimic drollery and acrobatic ability of William and Gordon Dooley; and the strictly hall quips and foolery of still another Dooley, J. Frances. Against these are set the Watson sisters, Kitty and Fanny, the one to sing "Jazz Mambo" or a sentimental ditty, the other, generously proportioned, to thrust her tongue in her cheek, lurch against arch and hack drop and bear the brunt of the other's badinage. And finally, Charles "Chic" Sales, inimitable exponent of rube characters, first as Jefferson Sap, Jr., a young man about the city, with stogie, dice and cards ever ready for a little sport; and later as Sap senior, relict of civil war days, with his asthmatic "tuby." This latter specialty is not new but it is ever worthy. When the old man, after struggling with "Marching Through Georgia," trudges off stage as the orchestra takes up the stirring measures, his bent back straightening heroically as his melody grips his soul, those out in front invariably pay highest tribute. It's a simple bit, but it is art.

Esther Walker, who first showed serpentine in song and gyration with "The Hain Tree" here last season, had a late place in the evening's entertainment, only to repeat her success as a sinuous songster. Mr. Frank Tours conducted ably, keeping both his players and his dancers constantly on the mark. "Monte Cristo, Jr." is scheduled for a four weeks' stay, and should serve in that time to make thousands of Greater Boston theatre-goers familiar with the location of the Boston Opera House.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Look Who's Here," a new musical farce; book by Frank Mandel, lyrics by Edward Paul-ton, music by Silvio Hein, extra lyrics by Cecil Lean, produced by Spiegel. The cast:

James Saunders.....William Sellers
May.....Madge Rush
Flo.....Alice McCarthy
Jo.....Mary McCarthy
Caroline Holmes.....Emilia Lea
Carlos del Monte.....Cecil Lean
Robert W. Holmes.....Cecil Lean
Rosamond Purcell.....Cleo Mayfield
Horace Bream.....George Mack
Dorothy Chase.....Silvia De Frankie
Daniel V. Chase.....John T. Morrissey

Whether this exhibit is considered as a bedroom farce with music or as a musical farce with twin beds, it is good entertainment. Niceties of classification are for highbrows, and this is not a highbrow show. The humor is almost as broad as that of the departed "Breakfast in Bed."

Carlos del Monte, described in the program as an art critic and in the play as a cushion hound, prepares to elope with the rich and pretty wife of Robert W. Holmes, popular author. Holmes puts all his romance into his books and neglects his wife, so the deceiver gets off to a good start. Holmes and del Monte have words—"My brain is on fire!" "Yes; I thought I smelt wood burning!" and so forth—and they all sing some very tuneful and catchy songs, of which "Bubbles" and "Love, Love, Love" will probably last longest.

There enters Rosamond Purcell, a matrimonial plumber, who offers to put matters right for Holmes. She complicates matters by falling in love with Holmes, and worse follows when the author learns that he has just married another lady by proxy. In the next scene we are treated to all the comical permutations possible with three women, one man and a bedroom with twin beds, innumerable and indispensable doors and a window. The curtain falls on the usual happy sorting out of couples.

It is one of the funniest shows of the season to date. In spite of the fact that hardly a Monday now passes without a musical comedy opening, "Look Who's Here" stands out. The lines quoted are not representative; most of the dialogue is very bright, though occasionally a gag reminiscent of the two-a-day sneaks in.

Silvio Hein's music has an adhesive quality, and many playgoers will wake up this morning to find that it has been with them all night.

Cecil Lean's own songs are very good of their kind. Any one of them would make his reputation. "I Know and You Know" and "When a Wife Gets Fat" may give the world catchwords. The burlesque duet with Cleo Mayfield is a delightful piece of nonsense.

Although Mr. Lean and Miss Mayfield were at their best last night, they did not monopolize attention. Miss Lea's songs and dances were roundly applauded, and the bell boys song was encored many times.

Sixty per cent. of the chorus are beautiful and all are sprightly. Nothing is left undone so far as settings and costumes are concerned, except one door which last night gaped open at an unfortunate moment. Mr. Lean having led the audience to believe he was locked in

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Oliver Morosco presents for the first time "7 Miles from Arden," a comedy in three acts by Anna Nichols, based on Ruth Sawyer's novel of the same name. Cast:

Patsy O'Connell.....Grace Valentine
M. J. Rorie Schuyler.....Winifred Bryson
Janet Payne.....Gladys Blal
Billy Burge-man.....Wm. F. Baxter
William Burge-man.....Wm. F. Baxter
Gregory Jessup.....Wm. F. Baxter
Winifred Peterson Jones.....Gerald Oliver Smith

A friendly audience, remembering her success here last season as Daisy Mahoney in "Lombardi, Ltd.," welcomed Grace Valentine and her associates and gave a kindly and indulgent hearing to "7 Miles from Arden." They saw and heard an unusual story of adventure and love unfolded in varied and beautifully staged surroundings and sympathetically followed the efforts of the actors to make the incidents portrayed seem real and convincing. That this was not quite possible was not the fault of this "Morosco cast."

Patsy O'Connell, ingenue of the "Irish Players," blessed with a charming face and figure and an engaging brogue, learns in her dressing room that the play is a frost and that she is out of a job in New York with only \$3.15 in her pocket. While she is cheering everyone up with her sunny philosophy, she overhears Miss Schuyler jilt Billy Burge-man and give him back his ring, because he has passed a forged check on his skinflint millionaire father. Patsy comes forth in time to see Billy's back as he departs. She upbraids Miss Schuyler and follows Billy to tell him that she at least believes in him, though she never heard of him before, and didn't see his face this time. That's her way.

Her quest of Billy takes her to the Brambleside Inn, where she sings in place of an expected actress, whose costume fits her. The actress's jewels are stolen by a tramp. Patsy is locked up, but escapes at midnight. At dawn, at a cross roads "seven miles from Arden," she meets Billy, whom the tramp had held up, making Billy change clothes with him. She thinks Billy is an interesting tramp, and after drinking milk that a precocious little country boy gives them, they set out together for Arden, where Patsy hopes to find Billy.

They never reach Arden, but do get to Billy's birthplace, an old-fashioned country cottage, where, after many strange adventures, Patsy succeeds in softening the heart of old Burge-man. She learns that her beloved tramp is really Billy Burge-man only when she reads his name on the marriage license he has just obtained, and she falls into his arms as the last curtain falls.

Miss Valentine's portrayal of the cheerful, warm-hearted Patsy is pleasing. She makes an alluring vision in the actress's borrowed finery at the inn and every one is inclined to fall in love with her on the long, long way to Arden and in the queer mixups at the cottage, even if it is hard to follow her erratic course in agreeing to marry the tramp, whose name, even, she doesn't know.

Warner Baxter does good work as Billy, the most human character in the story, and Wallis Clark exhibits the change of the old millionaire from flint to tenderness with skill and clarity.

Winifred Bryson is very haughty and cold as Miss Schuyler, even if she does smoke an unnecessary cigarette. All the other actors work conscientiously and hard at their up-hill tasks.

CRESSY PLAYLET HIT AT KEITH'S

Fun and Pathos Blend in "The New Store"

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, in Mr. Cressy's latest playlet, "The New Store," is the principal feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the house was crowded and the audience was deeply interested. In a later place on the program Mr. Cressy gave an account of his experiences entertaining our soldier boys in France.

Mr. Cressy's playlet is in his characteristic style. There is plenty of fun, the dialogue is sharp and pointed after the manner of the astute Yankee, and there is the nice vein of pathos to give body to the whole. The big feature of the bill, however, is the monologue of Mr. Cressy, and it is not too much to say that for its compelling interest, its pertinency, its uproarious fun, and for the excellence of its presentation, it stands isolated in a superlative sense among the contemporaneous monologues of the vaudeville stage.

Another good feature of the bill was the singing and comedy act of Emma Carus. The act is much the same as presented on her last visit. All her numbers are interesting and she excelled in the Irish song, "Everybody Loves the Irish," which she delivered with fine textual effect as well as many subtleties of "business."

Other acts on the bill were Leon Gatter's "Bricklayers," Sabine and Goodwin, in a singing and instrumental act; Luba Meroff, assisted by Sonia and Ben Meroff, in a singing and dancing act; James Leonard and company, in an old-time burlesque act; Raymond and Sehrum, in syncopated song, and Helena Jackley, in an acrobatic act.

Chinese Servants

What a waste of money! I have seen a man for years. Only the rich can afford Chinese servants. Even the best of them cost \$15 a month. I presume they charge \$125 to \$150. I have a queer impression that Chinese work cheaper than others. They are superior to us as workers of all sorts, and they demand and receive wages accordingly. They are honest, careful and intelligent. California makes a bluff at excluding Chinese, but would not part with them for anything. If she did she would lose a wholesome element of her population. If we had more Chinese and fewer southern Europeans there would be less labor trouble. L. R. ROBINSON, Boston.

Back to Starch

The triumph of starch may now be said to be complete. Schoolboys are joined with naval officers in the general ban on soft collars, and so our conservatism is vindicated.

Yet the starched collar is comparatively new, and there was a day, perhaps, when it was welcomed as a relief from the stiff and prodigious stocks still preserved more or less in the hunting field. It was supposed that the war shortage of starch had struck a shrewd blow against the stiff collar. Vain delusion—it is stiffer than ever.—London Daily Chronicle.

Prepared

In Paris 30 years ago, there was complaint over the falsification of everything that was eaten and drunk. One milkman paid an assistant 1800 francs a year to serve the prison term given him, the proprietor, for adulteration.

The Herald has received a letter from Mr. Nicholas Muss:

"In the name of all that is not silly, cannot you do something to kill the use of 'Covers were laid for—?' What is a cover? How do you lay one? Who started this frippery stuff? Another phrase about as bad as 'opened her house.' How do you open a house?"

"Cover," fair sir, meaning the cloth, plates, knives, forks, etc., with which a table is covered or laid, or the portion of these appropriated to each guest, goes back in English literature as far back as the beginning of the 17th century. In Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" we find: "Covers were laid for four." Lowell in his "Study Windows": "We get a card of invitation to a dinner of 60 covers at John Hancock's." The word came from the French "couvert." One of its meanings was given by old Randall Cotgrave as "the covering or furniture of a Table for the meal of a prince."

In France during the reign of Henry III, the dishes on the table remained covered until the guests were seated.

"In such a manner," wrote Artus d'Emery, "that it was all laden with vials, without anyone knowing what was in the dishes." For men in the middle ages, haunted by the fear of poison, thought of this precaution, which, observed for several centuries, gave rise to the phrase "to lay the cover." All the dishes served during the meal were also brought on covered.

"How do you lay one?" But how do you lay the table? "How do you open a house?" Well, certain earnest workers open it with a jimmy or a skeleton key, or by getting in through a window. The owner usually uses a key.

A Graveyard Comedy

A pleasant story was related of Auguste Comte on Oct. 10, 1879. He was a singular person, who weighed everything he ate and drank. Having married a woman from principle, because he was a philosopher, he nevertheless entertained a platonic passion for a Mrs. D. This Mrs. D. died. Comte daily put flowers on her grave. This act of devotion led to an amusing scene. His wife from whom he was separated—he did not pay her allowance—hid herself one day behind the tomb and imitating Mrs. D's voice, ordered him to be more exact in his payments. Comte, frightened out of his wits, never visited the graveyard again.

"Pop'lar Pie"

As the World Wags:

A correspondent of the health department inquires if cake-shop pies and cakes are not superior to the home article. He might as well have asked if an orphan asylum were not superior to a home. There is something about the mechanism of pie-making that eludes the cake-shop machinist. The pie needs to be prayed over. It must beseech the personal touch. Yet it must be handled, like Isaac Walton's frog, as if you loved it, and one's affection can compass no more than three or four such friends. So the cake-shop pie, neat and trim in its institution bib-and-tucker, and the cake-shop tart, and the cake-shop angel cake, too, will ever present to the discerning eye the wistful look of a company of anemic and unloved children. No tramp would think of riding a cake-shop, but a pie

set to cook in a pantry window is irresistible. The rich flakiness of Frier Tuck's home-baked venison pastry can yet make a path water, in those tired moments when, like the child at the Sunday School picnic, I crave something substantial; although 'twas doubtless made from a war flour quite barbarously black.

Persons so lacking in sensibility as to tell us that pies are not good for us should remember that Emerson and Holmes were inveterate pie-eaters in a section where no breakfast was complete without its succulent wedge of pastry. Whether transcendentalism sprang from mince or squash, or in spite of neither is, to be sure, beyond knowing, yet upon these and more it waxed exceedingly fat, and would doubtless have lived to a ripe old age had it not been for the pernicious influences of the bake-shop.

In this connection could not Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who knows a deal about divers subjects, enlighten me upon two points? Whence cometh the meringue of the dairy lunch pie, a thing whose architecture so immeasurably its composition as to provoke only a wary admiration? And why, in all the length and breadth of the pie bolt, have I been able to partake of but four really noteworthy pies, and these from the hands of, severally, a Swede, a German, an English woman, and an Arkansian?

JEREMIAH HAVERTIE

Mattapan.

Has Mr. Havertie never eaten a noteworthy pie made by a New England woman? If not, we pity him. We have never found outside of Vermont and Massachusetts a satisfactory deep apple pie; one without a bottom crust, baked in a nappy with a teacup in the middle for the juice. We yield to no one in admiration of the English damson or gooseberry tart, but New England has so many varieties, from pumpkin to cherry, from squash to cranberry! Nor do we sympathize with Charles Godfrey Leland in his abhorrence of pandowdy. It is true that restaurant and hotel pie is too often like the pie mentioned by Richard Grant White. He heard in a New York dairy the assertion, in a sharp and ather nosey voice and discontented tone, "I don't call this very popular pie." The speaker wore an inked linen coat; his hat was on the back of his head; a pen was behind his ear; his necktie was of long, heavenly blue satin, and he sported a large amethyst ring on the little finger of his right hand. He had consumed his "roast beef lean and well done na cuppa coughy" and had ordered "up place up eye." "His declaration," said White, "as to the segment of sodden dough and half-stewed 'sass' with which he was about to afflict his bowels that it was not popular, had no reference whatever to the favor with which it was regarded by the public at large. . . . He meant merely that he found it not to his taste; that it was not good; and therefore he announced his inability to pronounce it popular." As for baker's bread, there is one shop in town where better bread is found than is served on many a rich man's table.—Ed.

Oct. 11 1919

SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT

By Philip Hale

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, gave the first concert of its 39th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, a season that promises to be musically brilliant and peculiarly successful. The hall was completely filled with an audience that was enthusiastic throughout the concert from the moment it welcomed heartily the conductor. Nor was the unusually hearty applause merely by way of compliment: it was spontaneous, a willing tribute to the indisputable talent of the leader and to the equally indisputable proficiency of the superb, unrivalled orchestra.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, symphony No. 2; Franck, symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman"; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Albeniz, "Catalonia" (first time in Boston.)

It was evident at once that the orchestra, which contains some new players—among them Mr. Bedetti, the first violoncello, and Mr. Denayer, the first viola—had been thoroughly rehearsed; was already a plastic, elastic, responsive body of artists, to use that sadly abused word. As far as precision and other matters of technic were concerned the concert might have been the 24th, not the first.

Of all of Beethoven's symphonies, the second is the least interesting, the least characteristic, in 1919. The first pleases by its simplicity, by its relationship with the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart that preceded it. There are moments in the second that are unmistakably in the incomparable manner of the great Beethoven, but on the whole the pleasure of yesterday afternoon was in the reading, the performance, rather than in the music itself. Mr. Monteux's interpretation was romantically

classical, not so much as to read that it became jejune and tedious, on the other hand, it was not forced, not unduly dramatic; there was no attempt to be sensational, with the air of "Now I'll show you how Beethoven's music should be performed." The interpretation was vital, vivid, musically beautiful. Especially worthy of praise was the treatment of the introduction, the Scherzo and the Finale. In the Largo there might have been more sustained passages of truly piano effect.

Franck's symphonic poem was really heard here for the first time, although it had been played thrice at these concerts before yesterday. On previous occasions the expression of the supernatural seemed tame, almost timid. There was little suggestion of horror, terror, the demoniacal. One thought that good "Pere" Franck here, as in "The Beatitudes," was unable to express the satanic; that Weber's few measures accompanying the ride through the air of the Demon Hunter and his train in "Der Frelschuetz" were far more imaginative than the many measures of Franck. Yet this demoniacal quality is in Franck's symphonic poem. It needed an imaginative, dramatic conductor to bring it out. As the music was played yesterday, the effect was well-nigh overwhelming.

Debussy's exquisite Prelude has been a stumbling block to many conductors. Ever Mr. Weingartner chose so sluggish a pace that the music was lifeless. Even Dr. Muck, singularly fortunate as a rule in his choice of tempi, erred in the same direction. The Prelude was never so beautiful as it was yesterday, not even when Mr. Monteux conducted the performance of the ballet with Nijinsky as the Faun at the Boston Opera House. Yesterday the tonal coloring, the balance of timbres, the prevailing poetic feeling, the solo work of Messrs. Laurent, Longy and Fradkin, made the performance memorable.

"Catalonia" was heard here for the first time. The stirring reading did not conceal the inherent poverty of the musical thought and rhetoric. To put it bluntly, this music seemed common.

The piano pieces "Iberia" reveal a finer side of Albeniz's nature. Hearing "Catalonia," one is more and more convinced that the best Spanish music has been written by Frenchmen—Chabrier, Ravel, Debussy, even Bizet, although Spaniards do not accept "Carmen." We have heard records of songs sung by gypsies in Spain that have more "local color"—to use a vague phrase condemned by some, as Johannes Weber, who argued at length that there is no such thing—than is to be found in this rhapsody of Isaac Albeniz.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann's symphony in B flat major, No. 1; Dvorak's violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist); Enesco's Suite op. 9.

Closer reading of "A Rhyming Geography, or a Poetic Description of the United States of America," written by Victorinus Clark and published at Hartford, Ct., exactly 100 years ago, enlarges our appreciation of the author. Victorinus! The mere sounding of the name thrills us, awes us, as the heart of De Quincey quaked when he heard the words "Consul Romanus"; "and immediately came 'sweeping by,' in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the alalagmos of the Roman legions."

But Clark should not have followed Victorinus. It is a good name in itself, an honorable one, but the descent from the temple of Mars is too sudden. Nevertheless, Mr. Clark had this to say about the language spoken in the United States:

The English tongue predominates. Unrivalled, through these federal states. Yet other languages there are: French, Dutch and German, here and there. But these will shortly be unknown. And English will be used alone.

Another instance of the danger that lurks in prophecy.

Lakes and Mountains

Mr. Clark had heard that Lake Erie was dangerous on every side:

Here rocks project into the lake. There floats the fatal water snake.

A description of the lakes naturally led to Niagara. A footnote informs us that the word should be pronounced Nio (not a) gare.

Niagara, a famous river, Connects these eastern lakes together. This river falls in one vast sheet One hundred thirty-seven feet: Its fearful leap, and thundering sound, Majestic shake the earth around.

The name Fredonia was then proposed to be given to the territory now called by the descriptive name of the United States of America. This explains the last line of the verses about the White mountains, with the extraordinarily good measure given Mt. Washington:

The chief (Mount Washington) oft shrouds its height mysterious in the clouds. This mountain rises to the sight Eleven thousand feet in height. And is, of course, the highest found Within Fredonia's circling bound.

Concerning Character

Victorinus was not to be deceived in the matter of character. Victorinus were thus pictured:

These mountaineers are hardy, rough, Good nature and good sense enough; Their bravery is proverbial, Religion Congressional.

Rhode Island did not fare so well.

All Christians here support religion, By voluntary contribution; For contracts have no blinding force, Made with the clergy, and, of course, Reduced to very low condition. Are morals, virtue and religion, West of the Bay's a moral waste, Unknown 't improvement, science, taste, The people there are dissolute, Of every privilege destitute: The traveler sees no rising village, Improvement in the arts or tillage, No spite directs his weary way, Nor school-boys cheer him with their play. Victorinus hedged on Georgians. First he wrote:

Drinking and gaming, sloth and pride, Here pain the eyes on every side; And every virtue hence has down, Save hospitality alone.

There is a saving footnote: "This is only a general description. There are some gentlemen in Georgia whose virtues and talents are an honor to their native state and an honor to their country."

Westerly

What Bostonian knows the chief towns of Illinois in 1819?

The first town is Kaskaskia; The second is Cahokia; Kaskaskia on Kaskaskia stands, Twelve miles from Mississippi's strand. Cahokia, the second town, Upon Cahokia creek is found, Goshen (the third town), rising fair, Graces the county of St. Clair. And there was oil then.

From Pittsburg, north, one hundred miles, Out of the earth a fountain boils, Which glides off in a creek or stream, From which a healing oil is gleaned; It floats like scum, and one, they say, May gather gallons in a day.

In this geography, the population of the large towns in the United States, according to the last census, was given. To aid the memory the towns were distributed into 10 classes. The towns of the first class were these: New York, 94,000; Philadelphia, 54,000; Baltimore, 35,000; Boston, 33,000; Charleston, S. C., 24,000; Salem, Mass., 12,000.

The Sagacious Pig

Mr. W. H. Hudson in "The Book of a Naturalist," says that the most sagacious animal is the pig, not the dog, ape or elephant; and to the pig he pays this tribute:

"He is not suspicious, or shrinkingly submissive, like horses, sheep, or cattle; nor an impudent devil-may-care, like the goat; nor hostile like the goose; nor condescending like the cat; nor a flattering parasite, like the dog. He views us from a totally different, a sort of democratic standpoint, as fellow citizens and brothers, and takes it for granted that we understand his language, and without servility or insolence he has a natural, pleasant, camarados-all or half-fellow-well-met air with us."

Oct. 12 1919

Little, Brown, and Company of Boston are the publishers of "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors; Selected with Biographical Notes by Margaret Gardner Mayorga."

Miss Mayorga begins her preface by saying that this collection contains twenty-five of "the most significant one-act plays of the Little Theatre movement in America." Some of them had not been printed; others were out of print or were inaccessible. "Although the war has for a moment scattered many of the Little Theatres and stunted the growth of the new play form, it is because the art is now at a pause that it may be more easily surveyed." Miss Mayorga, then, discusses the one-act play, also the Little Theatre. She takes the Little Theatre very seriously; yet a play is not necessarily artistic because it is in one act and performed in a small theatre. She uses the phrase "dramatic episode" to designate the play that "presents a single and complete static situation, as opposed to the tragedy or the comedy which presents a series of situations or the developing situation." The "impressionistic episode" is also a play of exposition, not one of development, "but it differs from the 'dramatic episode' in that it is subjective where the 'dramatic episode' is objective. It is the play of mood; it is the 'dramatic episode' shown to us through the personality of the author." The plays selected are by Messrs. Mackaye, Walker, Middleton, Pilot, O'Neill, Kreymsborg, Hecht and Good-

Wolz, Will, Stevens, Crockett, Mortense Flexner, Jeanette Marz, Sad, Cowan, Doris Halman, Alice Gers, Rita Wellman, Esther Galt, Hulan Dix, Mary Aldis, Susan Chapell (with Mr. Cook), Phoebe Hoffman, Ivy DePue, Frances Spencer. The plays are classified: Fantasy, Poetic Drama, Impressionistic Episode, Play of Ideas, Morality, Dramatic Episode, Satire, Comedy, Tragedy, Melodrama.

St. Scaans once said of a composition by Augusta Holmes that when a woman sets herself to orchestrate a work, in order to show that she has the virility of the musical male she becomes noisy. Certain plays by women show the same desire to be as "realistic" and forcible as the male dramatist, if not more so. Here is Mrs. Spencer's "Dregs," written according to a biographical note, not from "sudden inspiration," but "in order to keep her from being bored by life in a sanatorium where she was trying to recuperate from a case of shattered nerves." Similia similibus curantur. Here we have a play that is intended to be a thriller. Nance enters and in the first sentence exclaims "What in hell?" This, of course, at once establishes the realism of the scene and puts the spectator in the appropriate mood. Nance and Jim indulge in language that is "painful and free." There is more force in their expletives than in the motive of the play itself. Mrs. Elva de Puc Matthews's "Hattie," on the other hand, while it is tragic, is more restrained in expression and far more effective.

Many of these little plays are only for amateurs and lyceum or vestry audiences. They are pleasant enough reading some should have been stories for the magazines; few have any true dramatic force either by direct appeal or by subtle suggestion. There are noteworthy exceptions, as George Middleton's "A Good Woman," and Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone," two plays that would make their way in any theatre. "Suppressed Desires," by George C. Cook and Susan Gaspell, a Freudian comedy, is mildly amusing; but there are a few plays in the book, as "Lima Beans," that are little better than foolish chatter.

Miss Mayorga's book is valuable by reason of its bibliographies of the Little Theatre movement here and abroad, of the one-act plays, and the list of available one-act plays by American authors listed according to the names of the authors. There are also biographical sketches.

"A Pelican's Tale; Fifty Years of London and Elsewhere," by Frank M. Boyd, published in this country by J. B. Lippincott, is a pleasant book of gos-

sip. Pages that refer to theatrical matters were noted in the Sunday Herald when the book came out in London. Mr. Boyd is the son of the clergyman essayist whose "Recreations of a Country Parson" and other volumes of a similar nature were widely read many years ago. This clergyman was not a Hazitt, a Lamb, or a Leigh Hunt, but he had a large public, a public that also found delight in the poetry, novels and essays of J. G. Holland, the "Timothy Titcomb" of the "Letters to the Young." Mr. Frank M. Boyd has had a freer, gay life. His portrait is a guide to the contents of his book: It shows a well-nourished Englishman, dressed beyond reproach, with hair pleasingly combed, a smile for the camera, and a flower in his buttonhole.

The book is easy reading, and the anecdotes are told without malice, although Mr. Boyd was associated for a long time with a journal that enjoyed defending libel suits. He tells of the Pelican, how it was founded, how it prospered. He also has much to say about the Pelican Club. There are interesting pages about his school days in Germany. There is a particularly good story of Bismarck, that mighty toss-pot, being flogged in London by an astonishingly strong ale. Another good story is Mr. Boyd's description of how he stood up before John L. Sullivan, but not for many minutes. Many men and some women, from Augustus Moore, the brother of George, to Laouchere, from Whistler to George Alexander, are pictured anecdotically. Mr. Boyd enjoyed life, for life treated him kindly, and his amiable recollections inspire a desire to make his personal acquaintance. There are portraits of certain persons mentioned, if even slightly; portraits that were apparently chosen at random. The lightness of the volume in the hand is agreeable, also symbolical.

"Moliere"

Miss Blanche Bates made a speech of some length after the second act of "Moliere." Mr. Moeller's play at the Hollis Street Theatre, in which Mr. Henry Miller takes the part of the great dramatist. (The death scene, by the way, was admirably acted by Mr. Miller. It was distinguished by an emotional quiet, by a simplicity that moved the spectator.)

Miss Bates, paying tribute to Mr. Moeller, and also, as was to be expected,

to the light and frivolous, also the ingenious plays that found favor in New York during the war. She excused these plays and the public favor by saying that if they amused one mother—father was more easily amused by them in all probability—whose son was in the war, they served a purpose. Now that the war is over—except in the United States senate—there should be a return to the higher forms of drama. Only in San Francisco and Boston does Miss Bates see the desire for this return. But is Miss Bates fully acquainted with the taste of Bostonians? She should know that they revel in musical comedies and bedroom farces; that they often neglect serious plays and comedies of manners, however well they may be acted. Is there, at present, a wild desire on the part of the public to see Mr. Hampden's remarkable performance of "Hamlet"? Is the small Copley Theatre, where plays worth seeing and often more than adequately performed, crowded to the doors?

While we have a lively admiration for Miss Bates, whose impersonation of Mme. de Montespan should be seen by everyone that holds the theatre in high regard, we regret that she stepped out of the frame and made a speech before the curtain. She speaks well, but Mme. de Montespan should speak only the lines allotted to her by Mr. Moeller.

George Sand wrote a curious "Moliere." It was acted at the Galette, Paris, in May, 1851, when Bocage took the part of Moliere, Mme. Lacroisniere that of Armande, and Miss Jouve, that of Laforest, originally a goose-girl. Theophile Gautier found fault with the play in a brilliant feuilleton. He could not understand the philosophic intention of the drama. The action passed in the heart of Moliere. Did George Sand wish to show that

there was not secure iron weaknesses of the heart; or did she wish to flay the woman that did not understand this noble heart? Gautier did not think that Armande deserved Mme. Sand's harsh treatment. In the play Armande's "crimes" were of this nature: She was pleased with a diamond sent to her by the Prince of Conde, whom she did not know; she snubbed young Baron because he had sent her a love letter; she married Moliere, and did not feel the beauty of his verses; she went to Chantilly, to give dramatic lessons to the daughters of the prince, who was absent; in the fourth act she gave her husband the letter of Baron that she had kept. And how shabbily, how cruelly she was treated when she came back to Moliere!

Nothing is said about her flirtation with Lauzun or de Guiche. This Armande liked fine clothes, glory, compliments; she was much younger than Moliere. If she could not appreciate Moliere, the dramatist, was she to blame? Perhaps she remembered her husband's devotion to her sister Madeleine, perhaps she was jealous, thinking of the Debrie-Eliante.

In Mme. Sand's play Louis XIV. appears only for a moment. It is needless to say that Mme. de Montespan figures here no more than she did in real life. Gautier, saying that the acts were poorly connected, found the true end of the drama in the scene where permission is given to play "Tartuffe." And he said—a curious remark for the hater of conventionalities to make: "The agony of Moliere, which fills the whole of the fourth act, is afflicting, painful to see; it would have been better to end with a happy, triumphant idea."

It appears that Bocage followed in his make-up the fine portrait of Houdon, and in his action the indications of Miss Poisson, the actress, who left a minute analysis of Moliere as a comedian.

"Monte Cristo"

We have received from Mr. A. Toxen Worm, the manager of "Monte-Cristo, Jr.," an interesting note about the history of "Monte-Cristo," the play that suggested the sumptuous spectacle at the Boston Opera House. We quote from his article:

"In 1842 the elder Dumas was in Florence when Jerome Bonaparte proposed a tour with his son, Prince Napoleon. Among other places, they were to visit the Island of Elba, where the first Napoleon was incarcerated. Dumas discovered a nearby island, which, discerned at a distance, was a rock of a sugar-loaf shape. Asking the name of the island, he was told it was the Island of Monte Cristo. Dumas was taken with the name and expressed a desire to the young prince that they visit the island. Asked for his interest in the same, he replied: 'Because I intend, in memory of this trip with you, to give the name of Monte Cristo to some novel I shall write later on.' The novel having been completed, the elder Dumas, in collaboration with M. Maquet, brought out his stage version of 'Monte Cristo' on Dec. 3 and 4, 1843. Dumas was unable to compress his story within an evening's entertainment; so it was divided into two parts; the first part was given on the night of Dec. 3, and the second part on Dec. 4 of the above year. Another version was brought out in Paris on June 14 of the same year, occupying an evening." Is Mr. Worm sure that Dec. 3 and 4 were the dates of the first performance?

Others name other days at the Theatre Historique. The "Comte de Monte-Cristo" was produced at the Ambigu, April 1, 1851, "Villefort" at the same theatre May 3, 1851. The dramatists then took the best scenes of the two first parts of "Monte-Cristo" and brought the new version out at the Galette in 1862.

The company of the Theatre Historique took the play to London. We read that "they were hooted from the stage because they had the audacity to act a drama in French on the classic boards of Drury Lane." The play and the company were forced to return to Paris. Perhaps the audience was bored, for the performance was not over until after 1 A. M.

Fechter remodelled the play and was the incomparable Dantes. Mr. Worm says that Fechter's version was "brought out in America by John Stetson in 1883, at the Booth Theatre, New York." He adds: "Charles R. Thorne, Jr., was the original Edmond Dantes, and he died the next day."

What are the facts in the case? A version of "Monte-Cristo" in English was produced on Dec. 25, 1848, at the old Broadway Theatre, New York. J. Lester, Dantes; John Dyott, Abbe Faria; W. Fredericks, Ferdinand; T. Hadaway, Caderousse; Mrs. Abbott, Mercedes; Fanny Wallack, Haydee; Baker, Albert; C. Pope, Danglars; Mathews, Villefort. There was a run of 50 nights.

Charles Fechter brought out his version of "Monte-Cristo" at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Sept. 12, 1870. The strong cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Edmond Dantes..... | Charles Fechter |
| Nartier..... | J. W. Wallack |
| Albert..... | Mrs. Chanfrau |
| Villefort..... | C. H. Vandebout |
| Fernande..... | Frank Roche |
| Danglars..... | G. H. Griffiths |
| Caderousse..... | Charles Leclerc |
| Abbe Faria..... | W. J. Lemoyne |
| Morrel..... | H. F. Daly |
| Old Dantes..... | C. Stedman |
| Mercedes..... | Carlotta Leclerc |
| Carconte..... | Melinda Jones |
| Mlle. Danglars..... | Ida Savory |

In 1883 "The Corsican Brothers," with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as the Twin Brothers, was acted on Jan. 3 at Booth's Theatre. Thorne was compelled by sickness to retire on Jan. 9. He did not play Dantes. "Monte-Cristo" was brought out at Booth's Theatre on Feb.

12, 1883, when James O'Neill played Dantes and Katherine Rogers, Mercedes.

"Marmaduke"

"The Irrepressible Marmaduke," a comedy by Ernest Denny, will be played for the first time in Boston at the Copley this week. Entitled "Marmaduke," it was produced at the Haymarket, London, on June 19, 1913, with Dennis Eadie as Marmaduke, Sydney Valentine as Mortimer Gregory, Mary O'Farrell as Patricia O'Brien and Mary Jerrold as Lady Althea.

Ernest Denny, born in 1859, the son of Henry Denny, the scientist, is the author of "Man Proposes" (New York, 1904); "All of a Sudden Pegs" (London, 1906; New York, 1907); "A Dainty Rogue" (London, 1908); "Vanity" (London, 1913).

Marmaduke loses his memory through shock. He is glad of it for he sees from hints about his past that it is better for him to begin life afresh. He is not the real Marmaduke. There is a most eccentric stepfather. "A has lost his memory and supposed by B's family"—for A and B are physically alike—"to be B finds himself installed in B's place." But B reappears. "The mistake is discovered by all save a stepfather from Australia, who has offered A (as B) a lucrative post, and who must be induced to give it to the real B. How this is brought about we will not tell."

A play entitled "Marmaduke" written by Sydney Rosenfeld and Adrian Barbusso for Stuart Robson was brought out for the first time on any stage at the Tremont Theatre, Boston in 1935. Rosenfeld re-wrote Barbusse's comedy "Light-foot's Wife" which had been produced at New Orleans Feb. 24 of that year, and he gave it the title "Marmaduke." His Marmaduke was a rich Californian who was the victim of his friends, who ate his dinners, discharged his servants, bulldozed him in every way and finally conspired to marry him. Mrs. Robson played the part of a widow. Barbusse, by the way, had helped himself to a French comedy.

A Correction

We are indebted to Mr. O. H. Woodbury of Boston for the information that Mme. Patti, having returned from Europe, sang in Boston before 1883. She was heard under the direction of Henry El Abbey at Mechanics Hall in "La Traviata" on March 20, 1882. The cast was as follows: Violetta, Patti; Flora, Mme. Dingee, Giorgio Germont, Salvatore, Alfredo Germont, Nicolini. D'Auria conducted. This company—it sang in New York at the Germania Theatre (formerly Wallack's)—was said by Mr. Krehbiel to be "a sorry one."

Did Patti sing here in concert in 1891?

STAGE NOTES

Among the productions that M. Gault is planning at the Odeon, Paris, are: "Les Deux Amis" and "Eugenie," of Beaumarchais; "Shylock," by Harau-court; "Andre del Sarto," by Musset; "Le Fils de Giboyer," by Augier; "Eu-

genie," by Maeterlinck, and plays of Sardou and Dumas.

Next month Mr. Charles Coburn makes his farewell to the variety hall stage, where he has been singing for a lifetime. If you go to a South London church you will see Mr. Coburn in another role, that of sidesman. He has many friends among the clergy, and has frequently assisted their "good causes." How far away seem the nights when crowds used to roar applause at Mr. Coburn's rendering of "Two Lovely Black Eyes!" One could compile a history of London tastes in popular songs, and in it Mr. Coburn would figure largely.—London Daily Chronicle

Mr. Antoine wrote to the London Daily Telegraph: "During the next few days we are to have first performances at the Odeon and the Athene, also at the music halls, rehearsals of winter revues are in full swing. It was at one of these houses—at Olympia, to be exact—that we had the unexpected appearance of a magnificent artist, Mlle. Raquel Meller, whose name even was totally unknown, despite her great successes in Spain and South America. M. Noziere, one of our most authoritative critics, has compared her to Duse, and for myself I must confess to an artistic thrill as powerful as it was profound on listening to her rendering of a trio of three short pieces transformed by this great actress into as many incomparable tragedies. For the moment the traditional noise and restlessness characteristic of a music hall audience yielded to a silence deep, religious, absolute. Mlle. Meller embodies the very spirit of Spain. You will not, however, find in her the familiar Spaniard of our cafe chantants, peculiar to Montmartre rather than Andalusia, but the racial yet popular 'Maja,' evoking all the splendors of the South from the sombre little streets of Burgos and Toledo to the sunbathed spaces of the Alhambra and of Seville. This gifted young woman came to Olympia by the merest chance for only a week's sojourn, during which the attendance grew steadily greater and greater and the enthusiasm more and more pronounced with every performance. She returns in January, but if, meanwhile, chance should one of these days bring her to London, I predict for her a sensational success, not alone of physical beauty, but also of artistic accomplishment."

A Serbian Conductor

A Serbian conductor, Alexander Savine, and a new contralto were described by the Times of Sept. 19:

"The announcement of an afternoon orchestral concert at Queen's Hall yesterday was the first sign that concerts in London, other than the nightly promenades, are about to be resumed. This one was given by Miss Marie Rusar, a contralto singer, who on this occasion was making her first appearance in London with the London Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Alexander Savine, a Serbian composer and conductor, also made his first London appearance, conducting an interesting program of orchestral music which included his own symphonic poem, 'Dance textile.'

"It was not Miss Rusar's fault—perhaps it was her generosity—that there were so many larger interests in the program that her own share went rather into the background. She sang operatic airs with the orchestra in a way which made one feel that she had better have made her first appearance in music which was neither operatic nor orchestral. She was tempted to put too much strain on her voice, to mistake over emphasis for dramatic style, and to reinforce the tone with vibrato. One felt that with a quiet song and a quiet accompaniment she might be able to give a very different impression of her voice and powers.

"Mr. Savine gave us Tchaikovsky's rarely heard symphonic poem 'Fatum,' his own 'Dance textile' and the greater part of Rimsky Korsakov's suite 'Scheherazade.' As a conductor he is the very reverse of theatrical. He is quite content to use his right hand to beat time, his left to turn the pages of the score, and he relies on the point of the stick or a turn of the head for the rest. He gave the impression that he must know well what he is doing to be able to do so little, and certainly the beginning of Tchaikovsky's work showed that he can grip the orchestra and get what he wants.

"Dance textile' is an imaginative reverie on the aspirations of his countrymen during the war. Hearing it immediately after Tchaikovsky, it was clear that it owes much of its plan and technique to him, but there is individual thought as well as skill in the treatment of the theme of the old Serbian war song. It is nowhere better than in its ending—a visionary dimming of great beauty, which relieves the whole from that suggestion of bombast which so constantly ensnares the writer of war pieces. Mr. Savine's composition is like his conducting. It makes its points without insisting on them."

Personal Notes, Etc.

Mme. Lilian Blauvelt was announced as the singer at the first of the Sunday Musical Union's concerts in London, led by Sir Henry Wood, on Sept. 21.

The young pianist, "Little Solomon,"

"Muffe"

The man in Congress that in a contemptibly small way inquired into the value of the presents received by President Wilson in Europe, or rather made fantastical statements about them in an equally contemptible way, is called by the *Matin* of Paris a "muffe." It is not a pretty word to apply to anyone, but here it serves. A "muffe" is an ill-bred person, boorish, stupid, who should have a snout—for "muzzle," or "snout," is the original meaning of the word—instead of a face. The slang word is also defined "blackguard"; also "imbecile." It is by no means a modern term in French slang. Eugene Sue and Gerard de Nerval used it long ago. It seems that the term in popular speech was for some time applied chiefly to stone masons; but street girls soon shouted it at workmen of any sort. Today it is used of any boorish and stupid person, whatever his walk in life. The *Matin* would undoubtedly call the mayor of Milwaukee, who refused to welcome King Albert, a "muffe" of the first rank, a Grand Commander of the order.

Henri Lavedan has drawn an amusing, if snobbish, picture. "Sunday is the day when the muffs go out. All the great doors are opened and the muffs are let loose. They go hither and thither, they do what they please. You see only ugly, badly dressed, awkward persons, who speak loudly and laugh foolishly. They have a name, the 'endimanches.' They are out for a holiday. The public gardens, the avenues, the boulevards, the cafes belong to them. They invade the museums, and in front of the Monna Lisa or Victory of Samothrace they make sickening remarks that would knock you down. Jovial brutes. The fathers and mothers put the finger in the eye; the children, in the nose."

One of the bitterest, most ferocious books known to us is Laurent Tailhade's volume of verses entitled "Au Pays Du Muffe," in which he told prominent Frenchmen exactly what he thought of them. Francois Coppee wrote sketches of life and manners in the little town of "Muffeville": "Three thousand inhabitants; I do not say three thousand souls. What one of us can swear that he has an immortal soul? Surely not a third of the Muffevillois, for the majority of them are made for digestion not for the night."

Over 60 years ago Francisque-Michel inquired curiously into the origin of the slang term first as applied to stone-masons. He thought the word might come from the Flemish "muf," for there was in the Netherlands a people known as "Moufs." He added: "One knows that in colloquial speech 'muffe' is equivalent to 'ugly face, disagreeable face.'" This expression was later applied to the whole of the person, and today people call persons whom they regard as ugly or stupid, "muffes" or "muffes." Alfred Delvau, smiling at the etymological journey to the Netherlands, was content with "muffe," meaning "snout."

Mr. Le Baron Cooke has sent a quatrain published by him in *Contemporary Verse*. In his note he hopes that we will "reproduce" it. Certainly, Mr. Cooke, with exceeding joy. Our life is a constant struggle to please. Here is the quatrain:

HEIGHTS

I climbed the heights to silent fame,
Singing my way with love and fire;
But when I sought the crowd's acclaim
I found my heart, a playboy's lyre.

Henley's Prose

The *Evening Post* of New York, speaking of Henley's poems, said that he will be known in the future only by his verses. The maker of this rash prophecy, slighting Henley's prose, asked contemptuously if any one read "Views and Reviews" today. Is there any other little book of literary essays that contains so many pages of shrewd judgment and felicitous verbal expression? These are essays without padding; of free and sometimes refreshingly audacious opinion; essays that are wholly without taint of professorial conventionality. There are other essays of Henley's than those in "Views and Reviews" that the world will long remember: the elaborate essays that serve as prefaces to editions of Burns, Fielding and Hazlitt. Death stopped Henley from writing two essays that we would gladly have read: The preface to the King James version of the Bible in the series of Tudor translations which Henley edited; the elaborate essay that was to serve as a preface to "Slang and Its Analogues." To go back to "Views and Reviews," is not George Farrow summoned up in

he opening sentence? "The borrowed ears since Borrow would have been a gentleman adventurer: he would have dropped quietly down the river, and steered for the Spanish Main, bent upon making carbonades of your Don." Or read the ending of the essay on Longfellow. Having spoken of the treatment of the sea by Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Hugo, Swinburne, Whitman, and others, Henley says of Longfellow:

"To him the sea is a place of merriments and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks and loiters among the galleys and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the cauldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldo; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song."

SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mme. Schumann-Heink was welcomed in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon by a throng that filled every possible place for sitting or standing and was received with a hearty warmth that is rarely if ever exceeded even by Boston Sunday afternoon audiences. Her program was:

Vittellia Aria (Titus), Mozart; Before the Crucifix, Expectancy, Retreat, To a Messenger, Freedom's Light Shall Never Die (written for Mlle. Schumann-Heink), La Forge; When Two That Love Are Parted, Sechi; Indian Love Song, Lieurance; The Home Road, Carpenter; Have You Seen Him in France? Ward-Stephens; Taps, Pasternack; When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy, James H. Rogers.

She was assisted by Frank La Forge, pianist, who played: Nocturne, Chopin; Dance, Beethoven; Romance, La Forge; Etude de Concert, MacDowell.

That time deals gently with those of large heart and generous spirit who do not spare themselves Mme. Schumann-Heink gives perennial and living proof. Her unnumbered admirers waste no time in critically speculating whether she sings as well as last year or some years before that; they listen and are uplifted and go away with enlarged and exalted lives. It was so yesterday. She sang with the tenderness and vigor and beauty and downright honesty of sentiment that have endeared her to her hearers, and they gave her abundant evidence of their appreciation. Particular enthusiasm was shown for Mr. La Forge's compositions, for the Indian love song and "Taps," and the singer insisted that the pianist-composer should have his full share in the plaudits.

His new song, "Freedom's Light Shall Never Die," deservedly received the greatest demonstration of the afternoon. The music is a splendidly adequate expression of the high sentiment of the words, and the great audience seemed to catch and feel their present-day significance from the opening line, "Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead," to the triumphant close:

Peace not that we have died for naught,
The torch we threw us we caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that we taught
In Flanders fields.

ELMAN DELIGHTS

Mischa Elman gave in Symphony Hall last evening his only violin recital scheduled for this season in Boston. An audience which exhausted the capacity of the house received him with enthusiastic appreciation.

At the outset there were movements and noises in the audience, due in part to the entrance of late arrivals, that were reflected in a noticeable nervousness in the artist. One of these minor disturbances occurred just at the moment of a difficult passage in Handel's sonata in D major, and naturally this was trying to Mr. Elman. However, the hearty applause that followed the number won his forgiveness and he gave of his best during the remainder of the concert.

Possibly he felt, in making up his program, that he must cater to cultivated taste in Boston. It was apparent, however, that the audience which heard him last evening welcomed especially the selections that carried melody. He might do well when he visits Boston again, to include more numbers of this sort, if only as an experiment. His program follows:

Sonata in D major.....Handel
Concerto in F sharp minor.....Ernst
Chaconne.....Bach
Paraphrase on Rubinstein's "The Dew"
Is Sparkling.....Elman
Czardas Dances.....Beethoven-Scise-Elman
Kol Nidre.....Bruch
Hungarian Dance No. 7.....Brahms-Joachim
Melodie.....Tschikowsky
Caprice Basque.....Sarasate
His extras included a nocturne by Grieg, arranged by Mr. Elman, and played from scores of his own that have not yet been published; Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Scarf Dance" (Chaminade), Josef Bonino was the pianist.

Lew Fields in "A Lonely Romeo" Convulses Au-

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Lonely Romeo," a musical comedy in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith and Lew Fields; lyrics by Robert B. Smith; music by Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers. Produced at Atlantic City, May 29, 1919.

Ananias Beebe.....Willie St. Clair
Augustus Tripp.....Lew Fields
Mazie Gair.....Frances Cameron
Marcelle Wave.....Catherine Van Pelt
Tom Thomas.....Jack Keller
Kitty Blythe.....Eleanor Henry
Gilbert Graut.....Harry Clarke
Scyll Tripp.....Eve Lynn
Alexia Tripp.....Octavia Broske
Daisy Cloak.....Lorraine Sherwood
Larry Tripp.....Herbert Fields
Madame Flambauze.....Muriel Lodge
Francis.....Lauretta Stanley
Jimmy Luck.....Nace Bonville
Ichabod Wintergreen.....Frank Doane
Sadie Little.....Laurette Stanley
Rider Loft.....Robert Gailly
Dr. Smith.....Nace Bonville
Mr. Tripp is not a senile amourist, like the senator in "Venice Preserved," or the old gentleman in "Nana." He is an elderly man, a fashionable hatter, with a handsome wife, a son and a daughter. Passionately fond of dancing, he realizes that youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity, and knowing that fair women would not willingly dance with a man well past the roaring forties in restaurants and other public places, he disguises himself at night and joyfully disports himself. One rainy morning at 4 o'clock he finds himself with his partner in a drenching rain. No taxicab is in sight. In despair he takes Mazie to his shop. Without his knowledge she enters his private room to sleep till late in the morning. He sleeps in a closet. Thus the farce starts, mirabile dictu! without a bedroom scene; yet it is joyous, laughter-provoking throughout.

As was to be expected, Mrs. Tripp, son and daughter, visit the shop in the course of the day. It is easy to see what complications arise. How is Mazie to escape from the shop without bringing down on Tripp the wrath of his wife? How is Mazie to know that her partner is now the elderly proprietor of daylight and now his son of the midnight revel? The comic situations that follow give full opportunity for Mr. Fields to display his exuberant humor, to surprise by unexpected jest, repartee, observations on the life and manners, to bustle about with a lightness and an agility that many young comedians might envy.

There are many "funny men" in farces with or without music; men that are called funny and men that think themselves funny. Mr. Fields is really funny. His humor is not forced; it bubbles as from a never-failing spring. No matter how often he has played a part, he is always fresh and untiring. He acts with gusto, with evident enjoyment of the ridiculous situations in which he finds himself. There is no resisting his smile. One laughs with him—not at him; one sympathizes with him in his predicaments, admires his resources, the fertility of his inventions, his audacious and splendid mendacity.

Mr. Fields could easily carry the show on his shoulders, but, unlike some alleged comedians, he is willing that others should win applause and he sees to it that in his company are men and women worthy of applause. Miss Cameron was sprightly and engaging in song and speech. Miss Henry and Miss Lynn, the one vivacious, the other charmingly simple; Miss Broske, imposing yet by no means formidable as Mrs. Tripp; the little and graceful Jessica Brown, who, in the second act, wore a strikingly beautiful costume in her dance with the athletic Mr. Niemeyer, who displayed the elasticity of India rubber; the dancers, Nellie and Willie St. Clair; also the Carroll Sisters were a full entertainment in themselves.

The spectator will not soon forget Mr. Fields selling a customer a hat, posing before his wife as the son of her husband by hypothetical wife No. 1, reasoning sweetly, if not always successfully, with Mazie, his son, his wife; fighting a duel—but these were only episodes in his life of joy, anxiety, hope and despair.

The evolutions of the chorus were pleasing; the stage settings were tasteful. Now and then Mr. Dore, the leader of the large orchestra, allowed the lyrics to be heard, and they seemed to be of a better quality than is customary in musical comedies. As a rule, the voices were covered. The music itself has little originality, little distinction. An audience at night that completely filled the theatre was greatly amused.

"Pic. Occurs (in Latin context) in 1340; evidently a well known popular word in 1340. No related word known outside Irish (exc. Gaelic 'pighe', from English Lowland Scotch). Being in form identical with 'Pie' (the substantive)—the word now more usually called 'magpie'."

...month at the...
...into the garden, Maurice and...
...from "Waft Her, Angels!"...
...there was a stream of call...
...Tetrazzini's hotel. The...
...donna wa... in high spirits, "en...
...with London and glad to find...
...one more here. She is looking...
...well after a holiday at Lugano...
...the next two months Mme. Tet...
...has a British tour, beginning at...
...at Leeds on the 26th. Then, in No...
...she expects to go to America...
...she sings in opera. She is now...
...before an arduous series of con...
...Daily Chronicle, Sept. 13.

North China Star recently re...
...in Boston contains a review of...
...given by Mrs. Dunlap at Fel...
...China, on Aug. 23. The program...
...Chadwick's "The Sailor," "The...
...and "Thou Art so Like a...
...and songs by De Koven, Noll...

A music school "L'Ecole Normale...
...sique de Paris" has been opened...
...Paris. The Paris correspondent of...
...America says: "This institu...
...to be run on the same lines as...
...Conservatoire, with the difference...
...there is no age limit on concours...
...entry, and that it is free to all...
...nations and to the Neutres...
...are moderate and give the stu...
...to right to follow all the classes...
...to acquire a complete profes...
...sional education (solfege, har...
...monization, history, rhythm, etc...
...idea is to replace as far as...
...the German Conservatoires...
...up to the present time have...
...such quantities of students from...

...of the world. The honorary...
...contains such names as Pad...
...Saint-Saens, Paladilhe, Th...
...Liszt, Debussy, Widor, Charpentier...
...Bard, etc. while under the list...
...are to be found the names...
...of the prominent artists and...
...of the day, such as Henri...
...Annee Mariotte, Max d'Ollone...
...Cortot, Philipp, Marcel Dupre, Nadia...
...Dallize, Blanche Selva, Alfred...
...Philippe Marcel Dupre, Nadia...
...Luigi Capet, Fernin Touche...
...Henri Cassadesus, Gaubert...

...Catherine, who conducted...
...concerts in this country last...
...season has been engaged by the Opera...
...Comique, Paris.

At the London Coliseum last month...
...the dancers appeared in...
...to the music of Debussy's...
...Third Nocturne. Alfred Dove "arr...
...the score for ballet purposes...
...The chorus of female voices intonat...
...the word "Ah" is notably effective...
...the piece itself contains little that...
...particularly striking."

In the second act of "The Gondollers"...
...Mr. Bridges Adams has decided to de...
...part from the tradition which held that...
...the second act should be...
...and of Moorish pavilion. In...
...place will be found a Baroque design...
...in black, white and gold, which he con...
...siders peculiarly in keeping with the...
...of the opera. The mounting of...
...Gibson and Sullivan he points out, is...
...rather a delicate matter. To him the...
...operas have rather the delicate flavor of...
...the 1850 Punches, and to let loose on...
...them a lot of arrogant modern 'art de...
...sign' would be the last word in vandal...
...ism. On the other hand, he feels that...
...old settings were rather 'cardboard...
...He has accordingly aimed at...
...something which shall be at once...
...modern to the most advanced of mod...
...theatre elements and at the same...
...time shall not unduly shock the old...
...Savoyard. But," adds Mr. Bridges...
...Adams, "what does it all matter when...
...to once ha'pennyworth of acting is...
...worth all the mounting in the world?"

London Times, Sept. 18.

Are the plays of Oscar Wilde improved...
...by the introduction of gags and...
...wheezes? Is not any attempt to add...
...to his wit an impertinence?

Last week the Henry Jewett Players...
...gave an excellent performance of "A...
...Woman of No Importance."

In the first act Lady Hunstanton—the...
...part was played delightfully by Miss...
...Floa Roach—says of the young Ameri...
...an visitor: "Her father was a very...
...wealthy millionaire, or philanthropist...
...in both, I believe, who entertained my...
...on quite hospitably, when he visited...
...Boston." That is all Wilde or Lady...
...Hunstanton has to say about Boston...
...in the performance was a foolish inter...
...olation. One of the guests asked...
..."What is Boston?" Another answered...
..."It's a state of mind." O venerable...
..."op-worn," not-eaten gag! Yet it was...
...aged in by the heels for the sake of...
...pushing some poor wretch that had...
...heard it. Wilde's text does not...
...flickering.

to

...with a layer of paste and ... to have been at ... doubtful or unde- ... fruit pie ... the north of ... Ireland, and ... appeared before 1631, ... "Apple-Pie." See ... Arcadia (1630). "Thy breath ... of apple-pie."

...English 'pastee, from ... from Romanic pasta, 'paste, ... made of or with paste, ... usually of venison or ... and enclosed in a ... of pastry, and baked without a ... meat-pie."

...of uncertain origin. Name for ... dishes consisting of a crust of ... enclosing different in- ... A. Obsolete. Formerly with ... meat, fish, cheese, fruit, etc., the same or nearly the same as a pie. B. In cur- ... restricted to a flat, usually small, piece of pastry, with no crust on the top (so distinguished from a pie), filled with fruit preserve or other sweet ... a covered fruit pie—in this a plaitation formerly chiefly dialect or local, now (1914) in polite or fashionable use."

We are thus prepared to read these letters of contributors:

A Second Helping

As the World Wags:

May not the "Poplar" New England people be a matter of point of view? My grandfather, who hailed from Vermont, used to say that pie was not pie unless you could eat it from the hand; if the richness of the crust and the juiciness of the filling forbade this, it was not pie, but puddin'. I do not recall that I have had anywhere but in New England pie, so to speak, cold-storage pie, the pumpkin variety of which someone—was it Peck's Bad Boy?—described with such gusto. The shells—a fitting word—were fabricated first, to the number of several dozen or more, and later filled with the highly spiced mixture, rather thickly, so that the dried pies could be stacked like Gloucester fishing dories and piled away in the cold closet for the winter. Nowhere but in New England would it be possible to sell the wire pie-racks that hold anywhere from six to twelve pies; the pie of the New England village is rarely served fresh, hot and fragrant from the kiss of the oven. Last week's pies have to be used up before this week's could be touched, and quite plain that aged and solid as they are, they can be eaten from the hand without fear of mishap. If you yearned for hot pie, your portion could be reheated, but some virtue had gone out of it, with the lost innocence of its tender youth.

If New England would only make its pie on the spur of the moment! If only they were inspired by some sudden and imperative gastronomic need. But no; there is ever that restraint, that lack of spontaneity, that too respect-able solicitude. A friend who is a famous cook tells me that it is entirely a question of personality, and that Germans as a whole make them much worse, sprinkling the top crust with powdered sugar in a sad attempt to paint the lily, and that there is a decided Prussian flavor to the filling.

One rarely has the timidity to differ with the lily, yet I would respectfully beg him to consider the world of difference that lies between "pasty" and "pastry," as he put it. Webster defines pasty as a meat pie. Friar Tuck's was, by the way, baked in a pewter dish. But even if there were no real distinction, between the two, the soul, methinks, would recognize one. One would lick one's fingers after a pasty. Pastry should be eaten with a fork, and part might be left upon the plate. JEREMIAH HAVERTIE.

An English Tart

As the World Wags:

Damon, gooseberry, red currant and raspberry tarts are sweet memories to most English born, but in all fairness to the New England woman, I think she is the queen of pie-makers—that is, the pie of segments of which Mr. Havertie wrote. The "Swede, German and Ar- ... we'll let pass. Pie is evidently a matter of geography, like lots of other things; but having passed my last 43 years of life in the Great Pie Belt of New England and known with what veneration New Englanders observe the ritual, pie for breakfast, to say

...a first American production and ... in every respect the better of the two. The players are working better, too, than in "Clothes and the Woman," which, after all, gave them little opportunity to show what they could do. Last night Mr. Olive again had the lead. He played the double part of Marmaduke and the real Duke, and so convincingly that the quick-change passages were startling. He fitted both characters very well indeed, which is saying something when one recalls that he has fitted very different characters just as admirably. Miss Merris was a charming and motherly Althea Gregory; this is the sort of part that suits her best. Miss Roach put life into a fairly colorless part. Mr. Wingfield as Mortimer Gregory was very, very much like Mr. Wingfield as Mr. Doolittle, but his interpretation of Gregory was plausible, nevertheless. He wore too much make-up, and so did Mr. Matthews, whose Irish accent was stagey. But then the part of the old doctor which he had to play was so thoroughly conventional that anything but a stage brogue might have damaged it. Miss Nancy Stewart as the Australian girl had the advantage of being a real Australian, and she got the most out of it. She was to perfection the abrupt, business-like secretary and self-appointed nurse. Nicholas Joy had a very small part this time—that of a valet—but he looked much more like a valet than most stage valets. Leonard Craske again had less than he deserved in the way of a part, but he made his interpretation of the family solicitor worth mentioning, which family solicitors in plays usually are not. There was a large audience last night and applause was frequent.

"Covers" and "Set-up"

As the World Wags:

Perhaps "covers" does sound a bit forced, as does the phrase "the guests were dressed in conventional black," but Mr. Muss probably never heard the modern American term "set-up" for the same service. In any popular-priced restaurant one often hears: "Mame, ain't you never goin' to git them set-ups ready?" The reference is to laying the cloth, cutlery, plates, napery and the like. Indeed, the grave and dignified trained male waiter in the more distinguished dining places also speaks of "set-up" or "set-ups," if there are several to be made by the lowly buss-boy.

Let me send you a loaf of bread made by a Portuguese baker. Nothing but flour, water, yeast and salt. The hideous mess called bread in New England contains lard, milk and heaven knows what else. New Englanders strive to make it light and fluffy so it may entangle their insides. I obtain my bread at noon each day, just as the baker is hauling it forth from the brick oven by means of a paddle 30 feet long.

Boston. L. R. ROBINSON. Does anyone use the word "equipage" today for the breakfast or tea china, glass and earthenware? The old novelists and essayists liked the pompous word, whose first meaning was the action or process of fitting out a ship, or providing a soldier with accoutrements. "The tea-equipage which they were then using was convenient and genteel." The novelist from whom we quote, Mrs. Sherwood, also knew the equipage that was "a little case which held a thimble, scissors, a pencil and other such little matters, and * * * hung to the girdle to balance the great watches worn by the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of people now living."—Ed.

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett

Players in "The Irresistible Marmaduke," comedy in three acts by Ernest Denny. First time in America. The cast:

Lady Althea Gregory.....Gladys Morris
Dawson.....Mary Hamilton
Lady Susan Keppel.....Jessamine Newcombe
Dr. O'Keefe.....Cameron Matthews
Mortimer Gregory.....H. Conway Wingfield
Beatrice Wyley.....Nancy Stewart
Patricia O'Brien.....Violet Roach
Marmaduke.....E. E. Olive
Christopher Deacon.....Leonard Craske
Walter.....Nicholas Joy

This is a hidden identity play as good as "The Great Adventure" and more ingenious, for Mr. Bennett, having killed one of his doubles before the rising of the curtain, was able to avoid a confrontation; whereas Mr. Denny, bravely keeping both his men alive, gives himself the difficult task of avoiding disappointment to an audience which has been longing for a confrontation scene all the evening. He succeeds in the task, and the play moves along so smoothly that there is not the slightest lapse in plausibility, and the machinery employed to keep the audience so busy laughing that it cannot ask itself questions is never apparent.

Marmaduke has disappeared, and the supposition of his mother and the rest of the family is that he is roistering, until his picture appears in the Daily Mirror with a caption explaining that he is in a hospital suffering from loss of memory. It is very important that Marmaduke be on hand, because his rich step-father, who hasn't been near the house for years, is coming to discuss making him agent of an estate in Scotland. The person in the hospital is found not to be Marmaduke at all, but the family borrows him for a few hours and he readily accepts Marmaduke's identity, gets the job and is ready to go to Scotland or anywhere else. But he will take his time about it. Making himself at home—you know he is going to turn out to be a real aristocrat by the way he wears his pajamas—he falls in love with one of the ladies of the household. At this juncture Marmaduke arrives, drunk, and is put to bed. With two Marmadukes in the house the family find it difficult to keep the step-father in the dark. Now the unknown learns that he is the Duke of Glenoc, so that when the step-father does see the two together (offstage), explanations are amiable. But the duke is engaged to be married. This is satisfactorily settled by an announcement in the Morning Post that his fiancée has married somebody else while the play has been going on. The duke becomes engaged to the lady with whom he has just fallen in love, and Marmaduke goes off to Australia with his step-father, this being highly satisfactory, not only to everybody in the play, but also to the audience.

The Irresistible Marmaduke! is the second English comedy this season to which the Jewett Players have given

...a first American production and ... in every respect the better of the two. The players are working better, too, than in "Clothes and the Woman," which, after all, gave them little opportunity to show what they could do. Last night Mr. Olive again had the lead. He played the double part of Marmaduke and the real Duke, and so convincingly that the quick-change passages were startling. He fitted both characters very well indeed, which is saying something when one recalls that he has fitted very different characters just as admirably. Miss Merris was a charming and motherly Althea Gregory; this is the sort of part that suits her best. Miss Roach put life into a fairly colorless part. Mr. Wingfield as Mortimer Gregory was very, very much like Mr. Wingfield as Mr. Doolittle, but his interpretation of Gregory was plausible, nevertheless. He wore too much make-up, and so did Mr. Matthews, whose Irish accent was stagey. But then the part of the old doctor which he had to play was so thoroughly conventional that anything but a stage brogue might have damaged it. Miss Nancy Stewart as the Australian girl had the advantage of being a real Australian, and she got the most out of it. She was to perfection the abrupt, business-like secretary and self-appointed nurse. Nicholas Joy had a very small part this time—that of a valet—but he looked much more like a valet than most stage valets. Leonard Craske again had less than he deserved in the way of a part, but he made his interpretation of the family solicitor worth mentioning, which family solicitors in plays usually are not. There was a large audience last night and applause was frequent.

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"WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of William Hodge's new play, "The Guest of Honor," a comedy romance in three acts. Cast:

Jack Weatherbee.....Graham Lucas
Mrs. Murry.....Jennie Lamont
Mr. Warner.....Scott Cooper
Mr. Wattle.....Charles W. Butler
John Weatherbee.....William Hodge
Robert Thisley.....J. Albert Hall
Rosamond Kent.....Jane Houston
Helen Kent.....Jane Miller
Mr. Kent.....Brigham Royce
Mrs. Kent.....Ethel Winthrop

Mr. Hodge's latest venture was welcomed by a theatre full of his admirers with such heartiness that it was quite natural for him to say in a speech at the end of the second act that he was so filled with gratitude that he "couldn't get it out." The warmth of the tribute paid to him and his associates was natural, too, for his assembled friends saw him in a piece excellently arranged to show him at his best. They saw a William Hodge different in many respects from the one with whom they had become familiar and yet not so changed as to disappoint the desire to behold an old favorite whose ways they liked.

"The Guest of Honor" takes him farther away from the "typical Americanism" of his earlier popularity than he has ever been before and still leaves enough of the manner of speech and action that his admirers crave for them not to feel they are making an entirely new acquaintance.

John Weatherbee is an author living in a New York garret because publishers do not appreciate him. He has adopted a golden-haired boy, whose mother died in the cheap lodging-house where his garret is, friendless and penniless. He loves little Jack above all else and the youngster is loyal to his "dad." But the author is to be evicted for a long lapse in rent-paying. He has no money because he spent his little to help others and pawned everything he possessed.

In comes Rosamond Kent, who had read one of John's poems at a club of Fifth Avenue women so that it had won the first prize. She discovers that little Jack is the child of her sister, who had been disowned by her father for making a marriage he disapproved. She falls in love with both Jack and John and wants to take the boy to her home, but John won't give him up. A battle of wits and love over the boy follows.

Rosamond kidnaps Jack and his "nurse," blind old Warner home, and then to her father's country house, where the boy captures his stern grandfather. John comes to talk the situation over all dressed up because he has sold a novel, and as Mr. Hodge must invariably circumvent some one he does it again, this time the woman he loves. He threatens her gently but firmly with an army of policemen to test her and when she breaks down and swears she will follow Jack and himself back to the lodging house—to stay—it is all over but the love-making, which the fall of the curtain hides.

Mr. Hodge is by no means the "whole show" this time. All the characters are important to the story's development and the play of human interest that fills the piece, and all are portrayed admirably. Jane Houston is tender, strong and forceful as Rosamond. Jennie Lamont, as a New York Irish-American lady, who "washed for" both Weatherbee and the Kents, is a screaming success. So is Mr. Butler as the little Cockney English lodging house keeper, whom she captures and enslaves in matrimony.

Little Graham Lucas, who took in almost as important to the play as Mr. Hodge, and makes that gentleman look sharply to his laurels as the leading man.

Scott Cooper's Mr. Warner, Weatherbee's old friend and protégé, is a splendid piece of acting, and Brigham Royce and Ethel Winthrop as Mr. and Mrs. Kent help admirably to round out the play.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare.

The cast:

Escalus, Prince of Verona.....Harry Gribble
Paris.....Arthur Elford
Romeo.....William H. Powell
Mercutio.....John Craig
Benvolio.....Bert Pennington
Montague.....Charles Patterson
Capulet.....Frederick Murray
Tybalt.....James Fergusson
Friar Lawrence.....Charles Blackford
Friar John.....William Hennessy
An Apothecary.....Charles Patterson
Lady Capulet.....Betty Barntout
Lady Montague.....Margorie Dalton
Nurse.....Mabel Cleland
Juliet.....Mary Young

SAILOR GLEE CLUB HEADS KEITH BILL

The United States Glee Club, Jerry Swinford conductor, comprising 25 formerly enlisted bluejackets, in a program of songs, is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening an overflow audience was deeply interested.

The club offered a varied program. There were camp songs, jazz numbers, patriotic selections and Negro spirituals, and several took their turn in solo numbers. The organization, besides being well trained, shows a marked versatility, and besides clever differentiation in song they all may take their place convincingly as comedians. The various choirs dovetailed nicely in musical speech, and there was snap and precision in all the ensembles. The principal solo number by the conductor was a feature of the act. Mr. Swinford, an agreeable baritone, sang with fine musical intelligence.

Other acts in the bill were Dolores Vallecita and her group of performing leopards; Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus, back again in their uproarious sketch, "Hark! Hark! Hark!"; Alfred Latell, the animal impersonator of musical extravaganza reputation, assisted by Elsie Vokes in "Pungo, the Pensive Pup"; Eric Zardo, a pianist, who graces vaudeville by the excellence of his performance and who prefers to be known as a sincere musician at the piano rather than a comedian; the laughable burlesque of old-time melodrama, "For Pity's Sake," featuring Thomas Duray as the bucolic faetotum; Helen "Smiles" Davis, in a pleasing program of types of other days in the theatre, and Burns Brothers in an excellent acrobatic act.

Oct-16-1919

To smoke while I looked vaguely at objects of art would be at present the sole ambition of my life.

Handkerchiefs Again

As the World Wags:

The other day you had quite a bit to say about handkerchiefs. Did you ever speculate on the origin of this word in its complete form? I wonder if the pronunciation were not the nearest the Saxon could come to the Norman's "Uneouvrechef." Try it with a little stress on the so-called nasal accent of the indefinite article. I say the "so-called nasal accent." Prof. Bocher used to call attention to the fact that the peculiarity of pronunciation did not arise from speaking through the nose, but in avoiding enunciation through that organ.

Some years ago (a great many, in fact) I read an account of an Englishman's experience in Holland at a performance of "Othello." He succeeded fairly well in adjusting himself to the translation of the tragedy until he heard "Othello's jealous doubt spout out" with "Der Naeswippen! Der Naeswippen!"

After all, much depends on getting used to a thing and "Mouchoir" and "Schnupftuch" are not now considered invidious words, are frequently used in poetry, and the limitation of original meaning does not trouble us.

Did Zoroaster counsel the use of handkerchiefs? I doubt it; he had so much to say of the mailion that lay in splitting, coughing, sneezing, etc., etc.

Boston.

Yes, yes. "Kerchief" came from the old French "couvrechef" or "couvrechief," and kerchief, as the French word from which it was adapted, meant first of all a covering for the head. A hundred years ago in this country women tied straw bonnets on their heads with a crimson silk kerchief; bonnets of straw were worn in winter as in summer. The color of the trimming made no difference; crimson was the fashionable color of the kerchief. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle quoted a description of a green willow bonnet. It was trimmed with orange-colored gauze ribbons and

When Helen Russell appeared as Helen at the Casino, New York, in 1893, in a production in which Louis Russell, Edna Wallace Hopper, and Thomas Q. Seabrooke addressed, to quote the heading of an article in the New York Sun of that year—the libretto had been adapted by Louis Harrison. Alan Dale spoke his mind about the adaptation: "The good old timer had been adapted by Mr. Louis Harrison, and you know what 'adapting' an opera means. It means stuffing it with vulgar gags, and asking a lot of presumably intelligent people, anxious to escape from the fargon of the day, to laugh at rollicking jests about supplementary proceedings, and jack-pots, and alimony, and gay ha-ha's, and soft-bolled eggs and other little pleasantries to which you can listen in a bar-room, thereby saving your good cash." There was additional music by Ludwig Engländer.

The adaptation, "Paris and Helen," by Molyneux St. John, was brought out at the New York Theatre in 1868 by the Worrell sisters, Jennie, Sophie and Irene.

A burlesque, "La Belle L. N.," was produced by Kelly and Leon's minstrels in New York on May 2, 1870.

On Feb. 28, 1912, "La Belle Helene," modernized by Max Reinhardt, was produced in German at the Irving Place Theatre. Grete Meyer took the part of Helen.

Saint-Saens, who has written shrewdly about Offenbach more than once, says of the first performance of "La Belle Helene": "When 'La Belle Helene' appeared, Paris became intoxicated; all heads were turned. The most respectable women sang, vying one with the other: 'Amour divine ardente flamme!' Pink and white children said gently to their mother: 'Maman, roulez vers moi un bec favorable!'" And he had this to say of Offenbach himself: "His facility, his swiftness in writing were unheard-of, he literally improvised. His notes look like fly-specks. He pushed his system of abbreviation to the limit, and his simple procedure in composition allowed him to use it frequently. A great fertility, the melodic gift, sometimes distinction in harmonic treatment, plentiful wit and invention, great theatrical ability—here was more than was necessary for success." And Saint-Saens was never more happy than when he was playing the role of Calchas in private to the Helens of Regnault or Bizet.

"La Belle Helene" was produced at the Varieties, Paris, on Dec. 17, 1864.

Helen.....Hortense Schneider
Orestes.....Lea Silly
Paris.....Duguis
Menelaus.....Kopp
Calchas.....Grenier
Agamemnon.....Conder
Achilles.....Guyen
Ajax I.....Hanninger
Ajax II.....Andof

The first performance of the operetta in America was on March 26, 1868, at the Theatre Francaise, New York—the theatre was afterward called the Fourteenth Street Theatre, later the Lyceum, still later Haverly's, and in 1895 the Fourteenth Street Theatre again. The cast was the same as at Selwyn's, with this exception: Orestes, the rounder, the frequenter of cabarets, was played in New York by Mlle. de Felcourt, who was Tostee's understudy.

Some of us remember Lucile Emilie Tostee, who died too soon. She was a Parisian, born in 1837. She had been well trained musically. In 1854 she took a first prize for singing at the Paris Conservatory. In 1860 she was a member of Offenbach's company at the Bouffes-Parisiennes. In 1861 at the same theatre she made a sensation by her florid singing in Offenbach's "Pont des Stupides." She came to New York in 1867 and was first seen as the Grande Duchesse, in Offenbach's operetta, (Oct. 24, 1867).

The company that gave these two incomparable little-great works was an excellent one. Joseph Jefferson likened Leduc to Charles Burke. It was said of the Frenchman: "He was the perfection of grace, and through all the gentle drollery of his seemingly unconscious action there ran a vein of reticent, wistful sensibility, which, without being sadness itself, produced upon others the momentary effect of sadness." I did not see Tostee until the fall of 1878, when she was singing at the theatre on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, New York. The theatre was then known as Pike's Opera House, built at a cost of about a million. When James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould bought it in 1869 the name was changed to Grand Opera House. A fine tenor and graceful actor had been added to the company, Aujac, who first appeared in the Monnaie, Brussels in 1850, and was a favorite there for 14 years. He fought gallantly in the French army in '70.

I saw Tostee in "La Grande Duchesse," and still see her, wooing the stupid Fritz, who was faithful to his Wanda, intriguing with Gen. Boum and Baron Puck, declaring her love for her army, dancing the cancan. A joyous creature, she sang "Dites-lui," one of Offenbach's many charming melodies, with a simplicity that made her amorous appeal the more irresistible. It was said that she was unduly fond of wine. It was also said that she was often found knitting socks for her family. This woman, whose mad gaiety had amused thousands, died at Pau in 1874, heartbroken by the death of her daughter.

Boston has seen other Helens in Offenbach's operetta: Aimee, Paola Marie, Judic, and, in an English version, Pauline Hall (1874). No doubt others have taken the part here. The English versions heretofore have done little justice to the sparkling libretto which is entertaining reading today. It is not easy to say whether Kenney's or Barnett's translation is the more lamentable. Take the dashing entrance song of Orestes:

An cabaret du Labyrinth
Cette nuit j'ai soupe, mon vieux
Avec ces dames de Corinthe,
Tout ce que la Grace a de mieux.
The refrain "Tzing la, la, Tzing la, la, Tzing la, la, Tzing la, la" was thus transformed into English by Kenney: "Tow, row, row! How's your poor feet, my dear!"

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The First Helen

The remarkable Hortense Schneider began her career in Paris by playing at the Palais Royal, where she appeared for the first time on Sept. 11, 1858. Angry at first because her salary was not increased, she left the theatre and swore that she would quit the stage. She gave up her apartment and telegraphed her mother at Bordeaux to expect her at once. Andre Martinet tells how her mind was changed. Offenbach and Haverly caught her as she was packing her trunks. (There are always trunks in these stories, even though the poor girl had only a small handbox.)

They showed her the libretto of "La Belle Helene"; they whistled and sang the tunes to her. She went to Bordeaux. They telegraphed her. She replied, asking \$400 a month. Her request was granted. A year afterward she received \$75 a performance. There are entertaining sketches of her career by Frederic Lollie, Roger Boutet de Monvel, Haverly and others.

Her lips were too thin, her chin had not been rounded by the Graces, her thumb was poorly defined and it would almost disappear in a rapid movement of her hand. Singing with great aplomb, she was a mistress of the art of gagging, her gestures were daring and original—she had a certain marvellous movement of her hips—and her face was intelligent and mobile. She was capricious, hard to manage, brusque, disdainful, but she could be companionable at supper, especially when a ruler had travelled from afar and left his kingdom to see her. Her dressing room at the theatre was always crowded. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Orange, Provost Paradol, Ludovic Haverly were constant visitors. The sovereigns of Europe in 1867 hastened to make her acquaintance, and Alexander II escaped from his box at the theatre to call on her at her home in the street which an envious woman, Esther Guimond, had dubbed the "Passage des Princes."

Lollie tells two good stories about Hortense. Her friend, the Duke de Gramont-Caderousse, was pestered by the people of his village. They wished him to marry, to bring to them a duchess. He finally pretended to yield to their desires, and he promised that he would show them a grand duchess. He had given to the village church a bell which was awaiting baptism. Gramont sent word that he would attend the ceremony and bring with him the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. Hortense appeared to the joy of the villagers. She played the part of the benevolent godmother to perfection. Her blonde hair was crowned with fillets and

white lace. No wonder that it gave her his blessing. Is it not possible that this incident suggested to Maupassant his "Maison Tellier"?

The other story is this. The Khedive of Egypt at Vichy remembered the theatres of Paris. He said one day to his steward: "Write to Miss Schneider that the Khedive has ordered rooms for her at the Grand Hotel of Vichy, and that her presence will be as sweet to him as the discovery of an oasis in the desert." By some mistake the steward wrote to Schneider, the iron man, that the Khedive was anxious to see him. Schneider packed his valises and hurried to the train. A carriage and a servant waited for him at the Vichy station, and he was conducted with pomp and ceremony to the hotel. The rooms were adorned with flowers. The air was heavy with perfumes. The bath was awaiting his convenience. Hardly was he in the water when there was a gentle knock at the door. The Khedive's head appeared discreetly. No one knows just how the steward was punished, but the Khedive was a good prince, and he continued to order from the forges of Mr. Schneider.

Mlle. Schneider's glory waxed steadily. She had no rival. An enthusiastic person called her the "Malibran of operabouffe." War was declared against Prussia. With the empire fell the reign of Schneider. It was no longer the fashion to be gay. The fashion in the theatres changed. She endeavored to queen it at the Palais Royal, at the Varieties. Discouraged, she left the stage. There was vague talk about her: from time to time there were rumors, gossip. Jewelry was sold; there was a lawsuit of an intimate nature. Hortense married and rejoiced for a time in her husband's coat-of-arms. Then there was a divorce. She went into retirement, grew fat. Some years ago she was living in a fine villa on the way to Versailles. She has devoted herself to farming and charity. She is very religious. Not long ago she was speaking about revivals of Offenbach's operas in Paris and deploring the coarseness, the lack of finesse, in the performances. In her day she said there was no vulgar appeal, no undue emphasis.

The Original Orestes

Hortense Schneider never visited this country. Lea Silly, the original Orestes, did. Her real name was Delval. She began by appearing "lightly clad, and therefore the more appreciated" in fairy pieces. At first she was a dark brunette. After the Empire, when Lollie talked with her, she was a striking blonde, still firm of flesh, still lively, eager to revive the memories of the past.

She came to this country with Celine Montaland in an opera-bouffe company of which Carlo Patti was the musical director, and first appeared at the Grand Opera House, New York, in the fall of 1870 (Marie Aimee, whose real name was Tronchon, made her appearance there in January, 1871). Lea was engaged for six months at the rate of \$2400 a month.

Lollie's account of the "extraordinary manager Fisk" is amusing, partly by reason of its inaccuracy. This manager, it appears, was a colonel, merchant, financier, impresario; he had purchased a regiment, railways, boats, a theatre. Elegantly dressed, he drove with four horses through the avenues of New York and passed willingly under the window of Mlle. Montaland, the "captivate, generous, accessible" Montaland. But the chief mistress of the impresario fell in love with his secretary. Fisk had left compromising papers in her hands. She endeavored to blackmail him. He complained to the courts and the judges pronounced a severe sentence against the secretary. Knowing that he was about to be jailed, the latter waited for Fisk "in Fifth avenue," shot him and killed him. Thus is the story told by the ingenious police.

The operetta company was disbanded. Lea took a vacation. She went as a tourist, but not alone, throughout the country. She called on Brigham Young, as "the founder of the true, the only religion, the Christian restorer of polygamy." When she had said this to him, "the peaceable man nearly leaped for surprise and pleasure." She sang to him an eccentric Tyrolian ditty with a "la itou," and told him it was by Mozart. "Ah! Does he live at Paris?" "No, on an island, the Island of Frogpond." Brigham blessed her and she went on her way rejoicing.

When she was back in Paris she joined the company of the Varieties. Her most brilliant part was that of Orestes. By her freshness and mockery she angered Hortense Schneider. Lea could imitate any one. She was imprudent, and burlesqued Schneider, who was the most intimate friend of Lollie, one of the managers; she was also the most intimate friend of Melhae, one of the librettists of the theatre, and she was the dear friend of Offenbach. Lea imitated her on the stage. There were rough words between them behind the scenes, and many of the charges then made on either side were undoubtedly true. The women grabbed each other by the hair. Of course Lea was the one to leave the theatre. The journalists took up the quarrel. Academicians corrected the letter of Hortense for the press. No less a man than Francisco Sarcey aided Lea in her letter to Figaro. An extract will show its agreeable character: "You

allow it to be understood, sir, that I have addressed Mlle. Schneider in the words of a fishwife. On the contrary, the beautiful Helen overwhelmed me with epithets which I should not dare to repeat. They prove that if she was recognized later as the daughter of Agamemnon, king of kings, she had not been reared in his palace. I have always observed toward her the compassionate respect due her age, her large fortune so laboriously acquired by works which would have made women of less firm courage shudder and recoil, and the procession of illustrious and useful protectors who escort her, a procession that lengthens incessantly as she advances."

Lea went to the Porte Saint Martin, and there Ismail, viceroy of Egypt, sitting in a box with Bravala, the Nabob of Alphonse Daudet, saw her. Her slight figure and opulent corsage, her scarlet mouth, and eyes, now sparkling, now languorous, impressed the visitor. "That woman pleases me. Invite her to supper for tomorrow at Rignone's. Do this, I beg you, without naming me. There will be a dozen guests."

Lea went, and she was seated where Ismail could see her at his case. Conversation became intimate, and Lea promised to see his apartment the next afternoon. She called, and was looking at the objects of "bigotry and virtue" when a servant rapped and brought in a card on a superb salver. The impudent Lea took up the card and read the name of Hortense Schneider. Before the servant could recover himself, Lea had given this order: "Say that we are not at home." Ismail smiled and applauded.

Miss Van Dresser

Miss Van Dresser, who will take the part of Helen tomorrow night, is known in Boston. Born at Memphis, Tenn., she began as a singer in light opera with the Bostonians. Sixteen years ago she was engaged for small parts at the Metropolitan Opera House. Feeling the need of further study, she went to Munich. In 1907 she made her appearance at Dresden as Elisabeth in "Tannhauser." She was soprano at the Dessau Court Theatre (1910-11), at the Frankfurt City Theatre (1911-12). In 1915-16 she was a member of the Chicago Opera company. Her latest appearances in Boston were in concert in March and November, 1916, October, 1917, for the army relief; March 3, 1918, when she took part with Eugene Ysaye in a Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall.

At the Copley

Mr. Jewett has already in the season of 1919-20, which began at the Copley Theatre Aug. 28, produced two English comedies for the first time in this country and revived Shaw's "Pygmalion" and Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." The comedies new to Boston were "Clothes and the Woman," by George Paston (Miss Emily Morse Symonds), and "Marmaduke," by Ernest Denny. It is not easy to see why these two plays escaped the attention of other managers; for, if they are light—and "Marmaduke" is fantastical—they are entertaining and provide alluring parts for capable comedians.

Furthermore, these plays have been well acted. We hold in grateful recollection Miss Viola Roach as Eliza Doolittle in "Pygmalion," an impersonation that was far more realistic and at the same time imaginative than the portrayal by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who took the part when the comedy was first performed here. Miss Roach's Lady Hunstanton in "A Woman of No Importance" was a delightful characterization by reason of the irresponsibility, the unconscious malice, the triviality portrayed. Her Patricia O'Brien in

"Marmaduke" is a spontaneous characterization, wholly without the alternating pertness and the sentimentalism that too often disfigure the work of an actress playing the ingenue.

The return of Miss Morris to the Copley was warmly welcomed. Her Mrs. Pearce in "Pygmalion" and her Lady Altonby in Wilde's comedy, two widely different characterizations, were alike admirable.

It is hardly necessary to praise the work of Miss Newcombe, whose versatility has long been tested. Miss Hamilton, who has often been miscast, and has not always been at her ease, was entertaining as Wilde's Lady Caroline and a sympathetic figure as the true Marmaduke's adoring old servant, Miss Stewart, a valuable acquisition, at once made a favorable impression. She comes of an Australian theatrical family. Miss Ediss, who takes the part of a young girl, should chasten her propensity to smirk and giggle on all occasions. There is no need of her thus marring what might otherwise be a pleasing performance.

Any company would be fortunate in Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Clive; the former a well-trained, experienced actor, an actor that has the quality known as distinction; the latter, a comedian that has the rare gift of wholly sinking his own personality, and shaping an individuality for each character he plays; and Mr. Clive is not only a dexterous comedian; he has shown genuine ability in more serious work. Messrs. Craske, Mr. Ross, Matthews, have contributed

...the ... of the ...

Mr. Jewett has other unfamiliar plays ...
... by Elizabeth Baker,
... of "Chains" ...
... "Widowers' Houses."

New Music Heard at the "Proms" and ... in London

The Times said of the second set of Malpiero's "Impressione dal Vero," played at the Promenade concert Sept. 11: "Sir Henry Wood gave the first set during the last season. The three numbers of this set are called a 'Colloquy of Bells,' 'The Cypress Trees and the Wind,' and a rustic festival. In all three there is a good deal of realism, but it is realism controlled by musical considerations; it never becomes merely imitative. The bells, for example, may jangle in half a dozen different keys, but yet they produce a musical result and the tunes they ring true. One may feel that a great deal of detail is compressed into the score which passes unheard at first, but that is only to say that there is more to come at a second or a third hearing. Each piece at once produces a consistent and complete impression, which further hearing should intensify. After Pratella the other night it was refreshing to hear Malpiero." The Daily Telegraph said that while there was nothing surprisingly novel, the treatment of the themes was decidedly novel and decidedly brief. "Malpiero is a master

of telling and reticent effect. What he wants to express he expresses vividly but without overstatement. His music is essentially arresting and never dull. It carries conviction all the way, and its many-colored variety springs from a genuine inspiration and not from a mere fertility—within the reach of every experienced musician—in orchestral resource. The boisterous jollity of the final section was irresistible, and all the more so because the author had economized his resources and had omitted the commonplace one has learned to expect from the conventionally pictorial musician."

Pratella's "La Guerra" played on Sept. 9 was described as "The last word in futility from Italy." On the 10th, "Lamia," by Dorothy Howell, "Showed extraordinary promise both in the actual musical matter and in the handling of orchestral effect. Granted it is immature and imitative, it is free from the affectation of the other, and a genuine piece of music." Thus the Times. The piece was repeated on Sept. 13. Miss Howell is a native of Birmingham and is said to be a fine pianist. She is 21 years old and has already over 150 compositions to her credit. She showed her talent for composition when she was 9.

The Times concerning the Rumanian Stan Golestan's orchestral rhapsody performed on Sept. 13. "It was a good work for a Saturday night—food, that is, for an audience which wants rhythmic tunes and bright colors, and does not want things that are difficult. One swift upward scale serves for introduction to a brightly woven tissue of themes, some labelled as folk songs, others the product of the composer's own inventive or derivative power. The whole reminds one of the gaudy emeralds in which all the Balkan races seem to delight; sometimes their combinations of color are fascinating, sometimes they are crude to the Western eye. In the same way Stan Golestan's music strikes the Western ear as a mixture of simplicity with sophistication, which is instantly effective, though when there is time to think about it, its material is found to be cheap. In this concert there was also the second performance of Dorothy Howell's 'Lamia,' first produced last Wednesday. It was so unusual to read a new work immediately, that the fact deserves remark. It would be an admirable thing if it could become the rule to give a second performance to any new work which, as this did, aroused real interest at its first hearing. The practice would set a premium on the discriminating appreciation of the audience. Moreover, what occurred in this case was what might be generally expected. 'Lamia' was infinitely better played on Saturday than on Wednesday. There was all the difference between a rough trial and a finished performance; and anything which can succeed on its first trial is worth finishing."

The Times said of Widor's organ symphony performed on Sept. 17: "The combination of organ and orchestra presents a problem which has never been satisfactorily solved. Perhaps it is incapable of complete solution, but composers have not quite satisfied themselves on that point. Charles Marie Widor was among the most assiduous of the French composers of the last generation who were determined to 'find a way,' and one of his later efforts, a 'Sinfonia Sacra' for organ and orchestra (Op. 88), was the principal work in last night's program at the Queen's Hall. Dr. Stanley Marchant was the solo player. It was not very clear why it should be called a symphony rather than a concerto, or what gave it its sacred character except that a good

deal of it was the story of a man who, when organists hasten the departure of the congregation after a cathedral service. A rhapsodic opening on the organ holds hope of interesting developments, never quite fulfilled, and the fugue climax of the finale is certainly imposing. But at the end we have the feeling of having been imposed upon, and not having had any real music to speak of in spite of all the fuss. The practical difficulties of the combination are twofold. They include that of keeping organ and orchestra together in the matter of time and of hiding as far as possible the fact that they can never be together in the matter of tune. The latter is the really baffling problem, but the former baffled the utmost efforts of organist and conductor at several points in this performance."

The Times of Sept. 19: "The wonder that nobody has done before what Mr. Roger Quilter has done in his children's overture, which Sir Henry Wood played at Queen's Hall last night. All good children have been brought up on 'Baby's Opera,' and quite a number of composers must have been good children once; yet no one of them, so far as we know, has taken the tunes of his first classic, with his memories of Raudolph Caldecott's inimitable pictures, and woven them into a piece of continuous music. However, Mr. Roger Quilter has done it now, with a delicate sense of orchestral color

which rivals the fresh tints of Caldecott's palette. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed it, though of course those whose knowledge of the original had not grown too rusty must have missed things. For our own part we missed the pig most. 'There was a lady loved a swine,' Mr. Roger Quilter has given us the impassioned appeal of the lady, but where is the swine's monosyllabic reply? 'Hunk,' said he. Altogether one feels that the composer might have made more of a picture of each tune if he had had fewer tunes to play with. But we have no wish to complain. The overture was a delightful refreshment of childish memories, and full of the sort of innocent gaiety of which we get too little in modern music."

How Producers of Film Plays Strive to Excite Attention

Mr. Alder Anderson, writing for the London Daily Telegraph, discusses hifalutin in announcement of film plays, also the destroyers of illusions.

"The theatre owner is himself being angled for by the super-psychologists, who wish to draw his attention to their wares. A very amusing book might be written on this subject. In order to drown the voice of their competitors, the owners of the films must continually raise the diapason of their announcement, and are always racking their brains for a new phrase that will secure attention. When some scores of people are engaged in this attempt, the resultant cacophony is not to be wondered at. Words cease to have their ordinary significance. A film on social unrest is recommended as 'a real whale of a picture.' A drama is described as 'a production that towers like a Goliath over the average feature production.' A story of a dream of colossal power that came true with a gripping twist in the ending that sends your audience away talking—talking—talking."

"Another quite ordinary filmed novelette is 'a story of power and punch, the compelling drama of a woman who followed the dim pathway of sacrifice out through the shadows to the sunny highways of Love and Trust.' Still another is 'a whirlwind of action and a real mine of supreme heart interest.' An actress is described as 'a star of tremendous achievements. What she has accomplished has made her name a household word, a synonym of rare excellence. What she is yet to accomplish will be the fruition of her earlier efforts, her harvest of genius.' A serial picture is 'filled with unbelievable deeds of daring, with every episode electrical with thrills, and with a constant succession of breathless climaxes.' A new film-producing company announces that it enters the field with 'the goods,' is-carat money-getting stars, and sure fire plays and stories, framed in unlimited magnificent productions. There are but a few of some dozens of similar published descriptions of current picture plays. Little does the ordinary member of the audience dream what subtle picture plays he is seeing."

"In view of this grandiloquent phraseology, it seems rather surprising that the film producers are not at greater pains to practise that elementary maxim of showmanship which counsels shrouding in mystery what goes on behind the scenes. So far from doing so, nothing apparently gives them greater satisfaction than to throw open their doors to all and sundry, and explain exactly how it is done. This way of looking at things prevails from California to London. In reality, to see a film in the making is about as depressing and wearisome an experience for the casual onlooker in the studio as can well be imagined. The studio is a big barn-like structure, in which a number of persons in tawdry finery, their faces heavily plastered with paint of cadaverous hues, appear to be wandering aimlessly about for hour after hour. Now and again, a

little group gathers in front of a camera, the great electric lights are switched on, the director gives a few brief orders, and the camera man, after what seems an interminable delay, begins to turn his crank, in an unimaginative, business-like way. He is 'shooting' a scene, which may or may not be satisfactory. Usually it has to be repeated several times. As the scenes are not 'shot' in the sequence in which they occur in the play, it is out of the question for the spectator to attempt to follow the story. All he sees is somebody, a man or a woman, making apologetic, a man or a woman, making apologetic, a man or a woman, making apologetic. When the film has been finally completed, after passing through heaven knows how many hands and processes, these grimaces may be discovered to be proofs of histrionic genius, but at the moment it is very rare indeed that they appear so to a visitor. A friend of mine who recently saw a noted 'star' in a Los Angeles studio declares that, so long as he lives, he will never willingly look at the film in which that particular lady has a part. At the present moment a series of films, 'The Stars as They Are,'

is being shown in England. One wonders whether the object of these pictures is to carry out one of the great desiderata of the film manufacturer to-day, that of robbing the 'star' of value and concentrating attention on the production."

The Few and the Many

"The Theatre" is from Herbert Trench's "Poems, with Fables in Prose."

"Art's function is to please."

"But whom?"

"The Few."

"The Few won't fill the Theatre, my good man!"

That by a different function earns its due."

"And what may be its law?"

"Please Caliban."

Oct. 20 1919

This question has been put to us: "Did you ever have your shoes (or boots) 'foxed' in the seventies? Is it done now?"

We had heard of books that were "foxed." Their leaves stained with brownish-yellow spots. Of beer turned sour and from its "evil stinking scent" called "foxed"; of human beings overcome by wine or strong waters and therefore "foxed." Thus old translators of Plutarch's "Moralis," "Why Women are hardly, old men easily, foxed."

We are tempted to discuss this question, if only for the purpose of quoting Plutarch's reason drawn from Aristotle: "For he affirms that those who drink fast, and take a large draught without drawing breath, are seldom overtaken, because the wine doth not stay long in their bodies, but having acquired an impetus by this greedy drinking, suddenly runs through; and women are generally observed to drink after that manner."

No. We never heard in the Seventies or in the Sixties the word "foxed" used by cordwainers or cobblers. It appears that to fox a boot is to repair it by reupholstering the upper leather; or to ornament the upper of a shoe with a strip of leather. A foxed cloth boot is one that has a binding of leather on the cloth all round next to the sole. "Fox," to mend a boot by capping it." In a great slang dictionary we read that "fox," meaning "to play truant," is an Americanism. In our little village we played hooky.

Nor did we ever speak of the artificial sores made on hands or fingers as "fox bites." There were foolish youngsters in the district and intermediate schools who rubbed the skin off fingers between the joints by the friction of their thumbs. The boy that could show the most raw spots was reckoned the bravest, the most worthy; for the judgment of boys, as that of men, is seldom sound or infallible.

Was "fox-day," a single fine day followed by rain, ever heard in New England?

Sir Joshua Reynolds: "That style of Titian, which may be called the Golden manner, when unskillfully managed, becomes what the painters call foxy," is that term ever used today, even by painters of sash and blind?

Dorothy

Miss Dorothy Mac Kaye of the "See-Saw" company has changed her name to Dorothea Mackaye, giving as a reason that the "See-Saw" company contains "a whole mess of Dorothy's." We read on the same day in a London newspaper that the Christian names of English girls are becoming prettier. "Just think, for instance, of all the charming Dorothy's you know, who seem to have graced this planet for the first time somewhere round about the year 'ump-teen.'" The journalist also says, accounting for the prettier names: "No doubt a factor in the change is that parents no longer feel bound to pass on to their offspring names that have been family heirlooms for generations, while some of our dramatists may now fairly claim a share in setting the fashion with 'girls' names. The heyday of a 'top-hole' musical comedy invariably reflects itself at the christening font, and later on will often help you to make a rough guess at a woman's age."

For the benefit of the curious we will

state that "Dorothy" was produced in London in 1885. We remember how charming Marie Tampest was in the part. She was not the first to play it in this country. That honor fell to Lilian Russell at the Standard Theatre, New York (Nov. 5, 1887), when Harry Paulton and Marie Hulton as Lurcher and Phyllis respectively, made their first appearance in the United States. But "Dorothy Q.," the most famous of the Dorothy's, was named years before Alfred Cellier translated his music for "Nell Gwynne" to the libretto of "Dorothy."

THE BOYCOTT

(We are advised not to buy new clothes.)

In better times,
When wool was cheap
And tailors' crimes
Less dark and deep,
I changed my raiment twice a day
And wore an aspect mildly gay.

But since my princely
Circles are strong
Against all in-
expedient wrong,
I struck and swore to buy no more
And overwear the "worn before."

And now, alas,
No more I may
My lutelet pass
(At least by day).
And oh, I dread—low be it said—
Nude martyrdom in clothesless bed.
—A. W. B. in the London Daily Chronicle.

An Alternative Bill of Fare

Let us again speak of victuals, a good old word now out of fashion and voted a low term. When the 210th anniversary of Dr. Johnson's birth was celebrated at Lichfield, Sept. 18, the bill of fare consisted of beefsteak and kidney pudding, venison and toasted cheese. Thus fortified, stalwart Britons could listen to an address by Sir Sidney Lee. It was suggested at the time that a more appropriate bill of fare could be drawn up from Goldsmith's description of the fare that befel a present of venison sent to him by Lord Clare. A part of the venison was to be used in a pasty, Johnson and Burke were invited to the feast, which consisted of liver and bacon and tripe, with spinach and hot pudding for side dishes, and in the middle of the table was a place left for the pasty, which, however, did not arrive, as the baker forgot to put it in the oven. But the other items were considered good enough for the great doctor himself, and might, therefore, be fitly served to his disciples." Johnson was a gross feeder, while Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a light eater. Young students of literature should not confound the two eminent sociologists.

Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," addressed to Lord Clare in 1765, is still amusing, and informs us how the meal was served:

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging treen;
At the sides there was spinnage (sic) and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.

Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion;

And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;

So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,

While the bacon and liver went merrily round.

KREISLER BACK

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, after two years of retirement, was welcomed back to Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall by a throng that was limited only by the size of the place and law's requirements.

The demonstration given him at his first appearance on the stage, between his selections and at their close probably never has been exceeded here in warmth and earnestness.

The Program

His program was:

Sonata, G. minor, G. Tartini; concerto C-major, A. Vivaldi; concerto, A-minor, G. B. Viotti; melodie, Gluck; ballet music from "Rosamunde," Schubert; hymn in the sun, from "Coq d'Or," transcribed by Kreisler; Rimsky-Korsakoff; La Gioconda, Kreisler; tambourin chinois, Kreisler.

The skilled sympathy of Carl Lamson's piano accompaniments helped greatly in the remarkable impression made by the violinist.

Mr. Kreisler, though evidently moved by the reception given him, firmly but kindly refused to yield to the demands for extra pieces until the tremendous outburst that followed the "Hymn to the Sun." He repeated this and his other two regular numbers and was extremely generous with added selection at the close.

Improved in Retirement

The violinist during his retirement has apparently accomplished the impossible. He has improved and embellished the manifold characteristics of his playing that for years have made it unique. The audience yesterday heard the old Kreisler and, astonishing though it seems, something more. His breadth is broader. His strength is stronger. His poise is surer. His tenderness is tenderer. The delicate tracery of his emotion at subtlety is finer. The beauty of his tone is intensified. The poignance of

And I am troubled with a multitude of
 ere we have much wood quire
 so the natural heat with in-
 g strange in the body, I'm
 is a cold and insatiable one
 A terrible punch is a pernicious
 stain of all diseases, both of
 And yet for all this
 apparently follows surfeiting and
 we see how we luxuriate and lag-
 I'll do's ghost walks still, and
 to sup in Apollo. The
 are best, and 'tis an ordinary
 twenty or thirty pounds upon
 thousand crowns upon a dinner
 1, King of Fez and Morocco, spent
 hands on the sauce of a capon; it
 our times, we scorn all that is
 'We loseth the very light (some of us,
 as Sene a notes) be cause it comes free, and
 offend with the sun's heat, and those
 so! boasts, be cause we buy them not."

At the World Wags:

Here is a problem in gastrorithmetic which has puzzled me: A gallon of molasses contains about eight pounds of sugar, a small amount of vegetable gums and three pounds of water; good molasses costs about \$1.20 a gallon, which is at the rate of 15 cents a pound for the sugar contained therein. Good molasses is simply cane juice boiled down. With most of the three pounds of water boiled out of it, the molasses would be ready to be refined and crystallized into sugar. Now, with the finished product, white sugar, selling at 11 cents a pound, why do we have to pay 15 cents a pound for crude raw material? It is either that, or else we are charged more than 10 cents a pound for the water in the molasses, which seems a high price even taking into consideration the increased demand for water, due to the Crime of July 1.

Of course there are cheaper grades of so-called molasses, clear down to black and tarry settlings, skimmings and general waste and residue from sugar refinery, but I am talking about genuine cane juice molasses. Why the price and why is it so hard to get at any price? Also, why is it impossible to get old-fashioned home-made sorghum molasses? Don't the farmers ever plant a patch of sorghum in a corner of the garden or cornfield?

The people of these United States have had curious struggles with the problem of eatables. Useful foods were long ignored, but nowadays chemical synthetics are eagerly snapped up and swallowed down. Up in Maine they used to boil fine 1-inch lobsters, crack them and give them to the chickens. ("Same here today in Boston," says some irreverent youngster, but there is a difference; it costs a dollar a pound to do it, and the "chickens" are not plain Plymouth Rocks, either.) Down in Maryland terrapin used to be fed to slaves only, and they reviled it if they got too much of it. Now it costs a dollar a plate and up.

People all over the country eat squirrels and rabbits freely, but have no idea how delicious their cousins are, young musk-rats, woodchucks and possums, if judiciously frozen and then parboiled and baked with sweet potatoes. It is the same with the universal snapping turtle of country mill ponds and creeks; people don't know what a delicious soup or stew he makes. People down South see tough and tasteless dried apples for pies, but ignore elderberries as poisonous, not knowing that they rank only inferior to blueberries as pie filling. And by a much broader and more important inappropriateness of diet, the South eats great quantities of heating and carbonaceous fat pork and corn, while frosty New England ignores these foods even for winter and demands super-refined white flour. The name "hasty pudding" had something to do with this; you can't cook corn hasty and cook it right. It demands time.

World-waggers may provoke snorting and snifflings from the supercilious; but no man living ever saw a time when the whole world was compelled to devote more anxious thought than at present to the prosaic commonplace question of "What's all we eat?" W. C. T. Brookline.

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that correspondents of the Herald are pitching into the practice of allowing tradesmen on certain streets to use the sidewalks for the display of their goods and for the transaction of their business. To allow the

"I have used it as described by the Council, and have found it upon pedestrian crossings where use is a footway the lawfully and properly intended. One of the worst instances of such use and obstruction of the sidewalks by tradesmen is furnished by the stretch of sidewalk on the southerly side of Dock square, which extends from Exchange street to Panel Hall square. To such an extent is that stretch of sidewalk often barricaded by obstructions of this kind that pedestrians are obliged to take to the carriage roadway in order to make their way along. Do storekeepers who are privileged to thus use and obstruct the sidewalks pay anything to the city for the privilege or do they get the privilege gratis?"

OBSERVER.

The Eastern Argus of Portland, Me., published this paragraph on Oct. 15, 1819:

"There may be seen at the Union Hotel, between the hours of 10 and 4 on Friday, two Eggs, upon one of which the appearance of a young girl, dressed in a yellowish blue gown, with a comb upon her head, a candle in her hand, and in the attitude of throwing her leg forward to strike a Cock, having at the same time her head turned to defend herself from the attack of the Hen, may be distinctly traced; upon the other there is the representation of two small animals, resembling a rat and a mouse, struggling with a cat. Price of admission, 2s. 6d."

Mr. S. P. Ridly of Roslindale writes about Pelton's outline maps, 82x82 on rollers that were in use when he was a schoolboy in 1852. These maps were marked in squares and each square was numbered. There were no words on the map, but the boys had a key to learn the location. "All the political divisions were in verse and chanted." There were seven of these maps. Here are some of the verses as Mr. Ridly remembers them.

Vermont. Munneller there presides,
Our minstrelsy employs
By manly folks inhabited,
The brave Green Mountain boys.

Then Massa Busetti comes in place,
An enterprising land,
There Boston holds supremacy,
Right worthy to command.

And now the Southern States
And Maryland are spied.
We reached the capital Annapolis
On Severn's placid side.

The District of Columbia
With Washington is graced,
The national metropolis,
By brown Potomac placed.

Virginia is by Richmond rated
A region highly praised
Tobacco there and Presidents
Abundantly are raised.

Mr. Ridly writes: "It is likely that this will meet the eyes of some who were the scholars of the fifties."

Mr. A. B. Walkley of the London Times welcomes with a feeling of unalloyed gratification the return of the stage villain, one of his oldest and dearest friends.

"Like the rest of us, he has suffered from the war; indeed, rather more than the rest of us. From August, 1914, until the armistice, or even a little later, he was condemned to one weary treadmill—the secret service of an enemy state. His old comrades the hero and heroine remained British to the core, and signified the same by winking the union jack, while he, poor fellow, was compelled all the time to be a German spy. He was restricted to broken English. His revolver always missed fire, and his deadliest poison was at the last moment replaced by harmless substitutes. Among all his stage fellows he was the one who was never for one moment allowed to forget that there was a 'war on.'"

But the stage villains of 1919 are no yet the old, thorough-paced, hard-shell stewards, "scowling, writhing, malignantly plotting, behaving with ferocity all the time." Mr. Walkley finds a new element of dijetantism in their composition. "They seem to have only a half belief in themselves, and to be saying to us: 'Oh, yes, we are quite intelligent enough to know all about the change in public opinion, we know that the villain of the old school has acquired a certain touch of the ludicrous; so please note that we begin by smiling a little at our selves, just to show that we enter into the joke. Besides, we have some accomplishments that are morally irreproachable.' Thus Mr. Gerald Lawrence, who is a villain disguised as a musician, actually gives a quite creditable performance on the violin, so that our sense of his villainy is for the time being suspended by our appreciation of his virtuosity. Miss Rhoda Symon, as his companion, strikes one as an accomplished woman, pretending to be desperately wicked, but with her sense of humor obviously tickled by the extravagance of her adventure. The conclusion is melancholy. Nobody believes in stage villain any more, not even the villains themselves."

And the chief of the villains is Harry Sullivan, who will be the one in "The Sign of the Cross" who will discover the curtain raiser for the poison by means of a hypodermic syringe, into the grapes on a trellis so that the little hair may eat them and curl up. I see a villain of English melodrama no longer a nobleman with a shiny plug hat, an endless succession of etiquette, and an adoring but sady-eyed brunette as his accomplice and his tool? There are admirable villains in Pearl White's films, men of mystery and appalling deeds.

As the World Wags:

What has become, you ask, of the picture handkerchiefs common in the Sixties? I do not know, but I saw only recently, in the Mexican quarter of San Antonio, silken handkerchiefs, wildly chromatic, on which were set forth brave scenes from the bull ring, raging brown bulls with multicolored banderillas pendant from the neck, matadores and pleaders in blue breeches, white socks, canary jackets and vermillion sashes, calmly posing in the face of death. Clearly, these handkerchiefs, if not the identical ones of the Sixties in New England, were at least of the same genus. Old customs do linger on in places, and time is measured in miles as well as in years. W. L. P.

That Boothbay, Me.

(By Emily Dickinson.)

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it:
The mighty merchant smiled.
Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way:
"But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show today?"

Those of us who, like Mr. Lew Field in his comedy, have trouble in spelling a word over the telephone, might consider the example of British army signallers. As there are only a few letters that give trouble—A E B P are named—a number of letters have been given new names. Thus ex-soldiers understand that "Ack, Beer, C, Don" are A B C D renamed. An ex-soldier wishing to say "S A M," says "Sack enma."

"As thgs are at present you will hear, say, Mr. Smith trying to spell his name out to someone on the other end who cannot catch it. He proceeds something like this: 'S for sausage, M for mousetrap, I for ippecacuanha, T for Tbermory, H for Heaven.' And by the time he's got through, a voice from the other end says: 'Will you repeat that please!' How much easier to say 'Essex, Emma, I, Tock, H.'"

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison in Jordan Hall—Ad-

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, assisted by a small orchestra from the MacDowell Club, led by Mr. Longy, gave a concert of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Concerto for two pianos (with orchestra); Ropartz, piece in B minor; Saint-Saens, Dans Macabre; Debussy, In Black and White; Schuett, Impromptu Roccoco; Aubert, Cradle Song; Arensky, Scherzo; Iljinsky, The Orgy.

Mozart's concerto was first played by the composer and Josephine Auernhammer in 1781. When it was performed in Vienna in 1861, the question was asked, how many concertos 70 or 80 year old would share this one's happy fate. Yesterday the orchestra was composed of about 20 young women (strings and two horns) assisted by two oboes, two bassoons and two double basses from the Symphony orchestra.

Mozart in his letters gave a frank account of Miss Josephine. He said she was "a sight"; that she was technically proficient, but did not sing melody and was in the habit of unravelling a composition. Probably she never saw this description, for after Mozart's death she looked after his sonatas and arias at a publisher's. She gave annual concerts in Vienna—for she, too, was a hardy annual—until her playing was described in 1813 as correct and cold; worst of all, a reviewer spoke of her as "formerly a leading pianist in the city." Poor Josephine! Yet she had the consolation of knowing that she had once played in public with the great Mozart and had shared the applause with him.

Messrs. Maier and Pattison have deservedly won a high reputation here as soloists in cities of France as ensemble pianists. They played the concerto as if they bore constantly in mind Mozart's definition of an excellent pianist. The music flowed like oil; due proportion was observed; the tonal quality was agreeable; the phrasing was musical. And so was the concerto and in the other selections they gave much pleasure to an audience that nearly filled the hall.

The orchestra, under Mr. Long's direction, gave valuable assistance.

Allesandro Gabrielli, male soprano; Luigi Gentili, male contralto; Ezio Cecchini, tenor; and Augusto dos Santos, basso, the four Sistline Chapel soloists from the Vatican, gave in Symphony Hall last evening their second and final concert here, with Albert Cammetti, pianist and organist. Cardinal O'Connell, who was present, gave them a brief audience after the performance.

Their program included some interesting numbers by old composers: "Exultate Justi in Domino," written by Grossi (known as Viadana) about 300 years ago; "On the Border of the Tiber," composed somewhat earlier by Palestrina, and considered his best madrigal; Jannequin's "Spring Song," Castaldi's "The Merry Humor," and "Let Us Escape the Game of Love," by Lasso—these dating from the period 1475-1650.

The vocal imitations of sheep bells in "Il Ritorno del Gregge" (Muller) and of stringed instruments, in Morcau's "Gallant Song" were clever. Other selections were Meluzzi's "Adoramus-te-Christe;" "Praise to the Virgin Mary," by Lorenzo Perosi, present director of the Sistine Chapel choir and perpetual director of the chapel; quartette from Gounod's oratorio "Mors et Vita;" and "Invocation to God," composed by Ernesto Boezi, director of the choir of St. Peter's in the Vatican. The closing number was "The Star Spangled Banner" in Italian.

D'Indy's Work on French War Given First Time— Brilliant Performance

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, Short Symphony Concerning the Gallic War (first time in America); Beethoven, Overture and Ballet No. 5, "The Creatures of Prometheus"; Wagner, "A Siegfried" Idyll; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes." The title of D'Indy's symphony is in Latin. Did he consciously or unconsciously borrow "De Bello Gallico" from Julius Caesar? It matters not: the symphony, composed in 1916-18 and first performed in Paris last May, was inspired by the war; the two chief themes of the first movement are intended to typify the French and the Huns; there is the attempt to portray in music the suspense, the anguish, the heroism of the French; and at last there is the triumphal march, the apotheosis of victory, with the fanfares and the salvos of tumultuous rejoicing. In other words, this symphony is a "piece d'occasion."

The fate of these pieces has usually been unfortunate, like that of many "prize compositions." A new work from Vincent d'Indy is awaited with more than ordinary expectation. The composer of the *Symphony on a Mountain Air*, of the noble *Symphony in F-flat*, of the gorgeous *"Istar"* variations—not to mention other works orchestral of another nature—is nevertheless hurried, restless; an experimenter in the pursuit of his art. Yet there are emotions so deep, so mastering, that they are not to be fully expressed even in music, which has been said to be the language of the inexpressible. It would seem that in this symphony flaming patriotism has consumed purely musical thought; that the Frenchman dominates the artist. Perhaps d'Indy and his fellow-countrymen would have it so. The symphony is therefore interesting as a vivid outpouring of patriotism; as purely a work of art it cannot be ranked with the works above named.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Symphony is technically engrossing for d'Indy is an acknowledged master. There are pages that are fully worthy of the musician that wrote the Symphony in B flat and "Istar." The introduction portraying the peace and calm of France before the ruthless invasion of Belgium is singularly beautiful. There are brilliant measures in the Scherzo. The first section of the slow movement is profoundly emotional, but what is the significance of the abrupt, perplexing, disconcerting change in mood? We say "significance," for although the score has no printed argument, there surely was a "program" in the composer's mind. The Finale, inspiring chiefly by reason of its dynamic force, is rather commonplace with the possible exception of the pages in which, according to Parisian critic, the theme of St. Michael is proclaimed victoriously by the little trumpet in D while massive chords punctuate after an old fashion approved by d'Indy's predecessors.

Beethoven's little ballet overture has not been heard at a symphony concert for 10 years. The Adagio was a favori

The Harvard Musical Association's series from 1909 till 1932. It is gracefully music, which served yesterday to display the talent and taste of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt in solo measure. Mr. Monte gave a dramatic reading of Liszt's familiar "Preludes," and it for the most part from the charge of sentimentalism and the reproach of bombast. The great audience was most appreciative, distributing applause with impartial hands. The new symphony and Beethoven's music were especially well received. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Haydn's Symphony "The Lion of France" (first time at these concerts); Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto in D minor No. 3 (first time in Boston); Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird" (first time at these concerts); and Rachmaninoff will be the pianist.

Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy of the Museum of Fine Arts has contributed to "The Modern School" these verses: In early spring, the birches here, In early snow, and dry brown bracken, Unclouded sky, and summer air, No breath of wind, untroubled earth.

Between the stems a white fawn flits, Unclouded, sudden, fearless, gay; She seems to say to me, "Be still—He only finds who does not seek."

"My breasts and feet are fair and fine, And my eyes say to you, 'I am the birch, And not more fragrant than a flower—Do not desire me more than these."

"As you love trees or clouds, love me For you may come, or stay away, But I like these, move on forever— I am not changed by love or hate."

Now and Then

Reading in a newspaper about divorces granted here and in the neighborhood, we recalled a passage in Harriet Martineau's "Society in America," published about 50 years ago:

"In Massachusetts divorces are obtainable with peculiar ease. The natural consequence follows: such a thing is never heard of. A long-established and very eminent lawyer of Boston told me that he had known of only one in all his experience."

The Child Novelist

We quote from the London Times of Sept. 22: "Under the auspices of the British Drama League, Miss Daisy Ashford has consented to give the first public reading of her novel, 'The Young Visitors,' at the Aeolian Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8.30 P. M." (Note that the reading will be on "Thursday evening" at 8 P. M., not at 8 A. M.) Yet there are some who will still labor under the delusion that Sir James Barrie wrote the book and accuse Miss Ashford of being an accomplice in a fraud.

Society Note

Gorgophone, the daughter of Perseus and Andromeda, after the death of her husband, Pericles, married Oebalus. They belonged to the "first families," the "best people" of Greece. Pansanias informs us that she was the first woman to marry a second time; for before her, persons of her sex made it a religion not to marry twice. For being the first "to relax the practice of severe morality," Gorgophone was censured by some, who thought it no wonder that her children came to a disgraceful end. Yet the justly celebrated laws of Peru would have approved the decision of these children.

H. B. Irving

The New York Evening Post, commenting on the death of H. B. Irving, the actor, said that five or six years ago he "was, or was about to become, the undisputed artistic leader of the English stage." Other tributes have been paid Irving, the actor, but we have read little or nothing about his interest in criminology, an interest that amounted to a passion. When he was in Boston his first visit was not to the Public Library, the Museum of Fine Arts or Bunker Hill—no, he wished to see the church where the Piper murder took place. He wrote several books about criminals, and in at least one of them discussed criminals as portrayed by Shakespeare. His life of Judge Jeffreys, the "hanging judge," is in a measure a corrective of Macaulay's diatribe. Irving was an agreeable, modest man; an interesting talker, but not a monologist; willing to discuss anything and anybody except himself.

His Welcome

Mr. Wilkie Bard, an idol of the London music halls, appeared in a New York hall last Monday. The audience soon became bored and showed boredom by leaving or "razzing." In London they had razzing, "hooning." The name mat-

ter, which is a Welsh name, is given for his failure. Mr. Bard had a severe cold, etc. but it seems that his repertoire was made up of early English jokes, gags, wheezes, tricks, as a long scene on the unpronounceability of Welsh names. Mr. Bard was naturally disturbed. "I am sorry you don't like me. This is the first time this has ever happened to me in my stage career, and I am truthful when I say my heart is broken." Recalled, he came on the stage weeping.

It is the old story. The Comedian Toole, worshipped by London theatre-goers, failed miserably in this country. He was too local; as Edward Harrigan in a Mulligan comedy was fully appreciated only in New York. Mr. Bard is shrewdly characterized in Mr. W. R. Titterton's book "From Theatre to Music Hall," published seven years ago. He is contrasted there with Mark Sheridan. "They should hunt in couples; that burlesque, swashbuckler dignity, that dry, rollicking abruptness would find so exquisite a foil in that sympathetic, confidential oiliness, that comfortable, generous self-complacency." And again: "Wilkie Bard comes from a Lancashire village, or a Lancashire town. He is not a peasant, because there are no peasants in Lancashire, but he is a star to the peasant as the humorous Lancastrian can come. He loves the types he creates, and they are all leisurely. You cannot dream of bustle while he speaks. And all his types are sunny—at peace with all men and in hopes of a bright hereafter. When he makes fun of people—as he sometimes does of those who are supposed to help him in his song—the ridiculous sounds like a benediction."

"Leisurely." The New York music hall public does not like the word "leisurely." It demands speed, "pop."

By the way, what has become of Mr. Titterton? Some years ago he reviewed music halls for the Pall Mall Gazette. His book is good reading, if only for his article on the Rabelaisian spirit as exemplified by Marie Lloyd.

A Guide to Spenser

"A Subject-Index to the Poems of Edmund Spenser" compiled by Charles Huntington Whitman, professor of English at Rutgers College, published under the auspices of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, bears the imprint of the Yale University Press. Spenser's "Faery Queen" is a poem that is more talked about than read. The poet is known chiefly to readers by his superb "Epithalamion," which in some instances was being prudishly cut by compilers of anthologies, and by his "Prothalamion," but this index is for all the poems.

Allegorical interpretations are admitted, and there is a detailed analysis of the progress of the various figures in "The Faery Queen." "It is an index," says Prof. Whitman, "in so far as it includes the names of persons, places, animals and things, whatever, in fact, has a function and definite meaning—whatever, in the compiler's judgment, would be likely to prove of interest to the student of Spenser and his age." It might also be said that this index will be of use to the folklorist and to the sociologist. The cross-references are many: Thus under "Medicine" we find Antidote, Balm, Charms, Cordials, Corrosives, Drugs, Herbs, Liquor, Nectar, Oil, Ointment, Physic, Plasters, Restoratives, Salve, Spicery, Tobacco, Waters, Healing, Wine. The task was a laborious one. Prof. Whitman undertook it and accomplished it with gusto.

"The Gibson Upright," a play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, which was first published in the Saturday Evening Post, is now published in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City and New York. The play, dealing with labor problems, co-operative work, "the only piano produced by tollers not ground by capital," is of timely interest. The stage production of the play is in the hands of Stuart Walker.

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CECIL FANNING

By PHILIP HALE

Cecil Fanning, baritone, assisted by H. B. Turpin, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Gretry, Air from "Anacreon"; Monsigny, Air from "Le Roi et le Fermier"; Mehul, Air from "Joseph"; Duparc, "La Vague et la Cloche"; Bemberg, "Partout ou l'amour a passe"; Debussy, Christmas song for houseless children; Loewe, Archibald Douglas; Cadman, The Doc-Skin Blanket; Beach, "I." Vanderpool, Then Speak; O'Hara, To You I Send My Heart; Yon, Gesù Bambino; Rogers, The Time for Making Songs Has Come; Homer, The Last Leaf; De Leone, March Ball. Mr. Fanning wrote the verses for the

music by Cadman, Mrs. Beach, Vanderpool, O'Hara.

Following tradition, Mr. Fanning, who had not been heard here publicly for several years, began with songs from early operas, and put songs in English by American composers at the end of his recital. Some day a singer will perhaps have the courage to reverse this order, or at least arrange a program without regard to chronology. Mr. De Gogorza has familiarized audiences with airs from old French operas, as Mr. Henschel did, long ago. Gretry, who was often a shrewd and fair critic, declared that Monsigny was the most "songful" of the contemporaneous French opera writers, and Baron Grimm, although he said that Monsigny was not a musician, that his compositions were full of faults and passages in bad taste, admitted that he wrote pleasing airs and was fortunate in his librettist Sedaine. When "The King and the Farmer" was produced—the libretto was based on an old English comedy "The King and the Miller"—some found fault because the supper in the cottage was "off stage," whereupon Grimm wrote that these strictures were not judicious: "I have never seen a meal on the stage that was not a cold and boring sight." Yet today whenever comedians sit at table, the audience at once sits up; it observes, comments, and is ready to pardon any preceding dullness. But we are wandering from the consideration of an agreeable singer.

Mr. Fanning as an interpreter is more interesting than he was when we last heard him. He no longer sings solely "to the ladies." His style has broadened; he has a greater range of expression. At times yesterday he was too dramatic, more of an elocutionist than a singer, as in Debussy's "Noël" and in Loewe's ballad. In these two songs his intensity, one might say his mimicry of strong emotions, often did harm to the musical line. He may yet learn to gain true effects by a skilful use of tonal color, not by mere vocal impact. His interpretation of Mehul's air was legitimately musically dramatic. In the songs of gentle or tender sentiment voice and art were happily combined. In the French songs he sometimes mistook nasal tones for "nasal resonance." No experienced French singer, male or female, "signs through the nose."

The audience of good size applauded lustily.

"The Theatre Through Its Stage Door," by David Belasco. Edited by Louis V. De Foe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London.

Certain chapters of this book were previously published in magazines and other periodicals. Mr. Belasco, in his preface says that his friend Mr. De Foe, the dramatic critic of the New York World, has edited, revised and rearranged the articles as they now appear in this volume.

Mr. Belasco might have chosen as a motto for his book the explanation of "The Belasco Technic" offered by Mr. George Jean Nathan: "It is the general producing technic of David Belasco first to pick out as poor a play as he can find and then assiduously to devote his talents to distracting the audience's attention from its mediocrity." Not that this explanation is wholly just. Mr. Belasco has more than once chosen a drama that had true dramatic qualities. Sometimes he has weakly yielded to what is vaguely known as "American taste," as when he needlessly changed the effective ending of "The Lily," by Wolff and Leroux. But the success of the greater number of plays that he has produced has been due chiefly to his skill as a stage manager, not to the ability of the dramatist.

This book will greatly interest all those that are curious about the activity behind the scenes; curious also about the development of a comedian, or as Mr. Belasco might say, "The creation of a star." "Star" is an absurdly overworked term. After all, there are very few stars of the first magnitude in the dramatic firmament; nor does a young actress suddenly become one simply because Mr. Belasco at the end of a play leads her before the curtain, pats her on the shoulder in the face of the audience, and says with an air of solemn conviction: "Ladies and gentlemen, this girl is a star."

Sound advice to all young women that wish to enter the stage door is given in the first chapter. The allurements of the theatre is treacherous. "In that so many times the novice is attracted to it by its superficial and misleading glamour, rather than because of the real inducements which a career in it offers." Hardly one applicant has the faintest idea of what will be demanded; yet no one should be summarily discouraged by a shrewd manager. A hasty word may rob the theatre of "a future Modjeska, Clara Morris, or Mrs. Carter." This anti-climax shows a pardonable weakness of Mr. Belasco. Having fashioned Mrs. Carter into shape, he bows down to the idol of his hands. Mrs. Carter and Modjeska in the same sentence! Mr. Belasco is pleasantly anecdotal, relating his adventures in the development of

a comedienne. "Thus Ruth St. Denis came to him in 1893 as Ruth Dennis, when she was about 16, 'tall, thin, angular, very awkward, not at all prepossessing, and her face was spotted with freckles.' He saw the latent possibilities and allowed her to dance in 'Zaza,' later in 'Du Barry'; he helped her in every way. 'Her career is proof of the chance which is open to every woman in the theatre, provided she has ability, an honest desire to succeed and the patience and perseverance to win recognition.'"

There are young lawyers, doctors, even ministers whose emotional tendencies have outgrown the limitations of their pulpits, who having failed, think that they can succeed on the stage. There is the minister: "but to be a holy man and to compel a theatre audience to believe you are a holy man, are two quite different things." Amateurs, flattered by friends, have a bitter awakening when they are judged by the standards of the professional stage. What avail a handsome face and a fine figure if they are expressionless?

"The shop girl, the milliner, the girl in any vocation which serves as a school of experience, will be better equipped, if she also has fair intelligence and ability for a career in the theatre, than the society girl who is the graduate of a finishing school. Drawing-room manners never bring as much to the stage as the unconscious manners of the girl in whom grace is born. One has grace God-given, the other has grace acquired. I can deck my stage much better with girls from the milliner shops than from the schools where polite deportment is taught." Education is not indispensable. Beauty is not indispensable. Great actors have not been handsome men. Romantic actors have had physical disabilities, as Robert Taber, one of whose legs had become shortened. Next to ability, patent, or waiting to be developed, is sincerity. Illustrating these propositions, Mr. Belasco dwells on his labors with Mrs. Carter, Miss Starr, Mr. Warfield and others. Matrimony is a dangerous experiment; there are plenty of happy marriages on the stage, but long separations are inevitable. "No woman can be the mistress of a home or the mother of a family, and at the same time devote the time and attention to work in the theatre which success demands." If her husband is also an actor, then there is the rivalry that may lead to jealousy.

The question of a woman's moral welfare is sensibly discussed. There will necessarily be foolish, often malicious gossip about her. Newspapers lead the

outsider to think that the normal life of an actress is a gay one. "The victims of the daily routine of the police courts are always ready to classify themselves as 'actresses.'" A woman cannot be a prude in the theatre; she must take a broad and liberal view of the unconventional life.

Mr. Belasco then discusses at great length the evolution of a play from the time it is accepted. Charles Frohman once told him that among the thousands of unsolicited plays sent to him during more than 20 years, he had never found one that he could accept. He did, just before he was murdered by the Germans, accept "The Hypocrite," a spy play, which had "dropped in on him out of the nowhere." It failed in two weeks. Mr. Belasco relates entertainingly his own experience in the choice of plays, in his minute criticism of his own work as a playwright; how the scenes are planned with reference to stage values, after the manuscript is ready—"It is never advisable to stage comedy scenes, which depend for their interest upon the witfulness of the dialogue, in exterior scenes, for the surroundings suggest too great an expanse." The scene painter and electrician are consulted. Especially interesting are the pages in which Mr. Belasco dwells on the importance of expressive lighting, of which he is an acknowledged master, and tells of his many experiments for certain plays and the effects he gained, as in "The Darling of the Gods," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Du Barry." There is the important matter of costuming. There is the all important choice of comedians for a particular play. If there are foreign characters, actors of these nationalities he sought for; Japanese, in some instances, were employed in "The Darling of the Gods"; the Uhlans in "Marie-Odile" were real Germans. Then comes the reading of the play to those engaged; then follows the painstaking rehearsal. The pages in this chapter—they are about 50 in number—tempt frequent quotation. There is, for instance, the matter of mannerisms; should they be corrected? "One of the most frequent errors of dramatic criticism is to condemn the peculiarities of manner, gesture and elocution which are really the distinguishing signs of histrionic ability." Mr. Belasco preserves idiosyncrasies in his actors, when they are not so pronounced that they seem to be affectations. "I direct them so that such personal peculiarities will be put to effective uses. This is one of the reasons why I always work with the company before me." He has never directed a second company. "If I did, I fear I would change all the business of

He also hunts for the things he
in auction rooms and antique
shops, and sent to England for the
little for "Sweet Kitty Bellair", to
for "Du Barry"; to Japan for the
the paraphernalia of "The Darling
the Gals". For a scene in "The
et Way" he went to a mean
lodging house in the Tender-
ment and bought the entire in-
terior of one of its most dilapidated

know how to appeal to the imagination of their public through their own imaginations. It is no less true of the concert stage. John McCormack, standing alone on a platform, is equally able to stir the imagination of his hearers. I believe had denied any of these geniuses a singing voice, all would still have become great actors or actresses. How does Mr. Belasco account for the fact that Victor Maurel, one of the greatest actors in opera of the last century—witness his Iago, Falstaff, Lescart—failed utterly when he took part in a play in Paris; failed lamentably that he wrote a letter of confession to the journals, and promised to write an essay on the essential difference between opera and opera-comic?

The problem of the child actor thoughtfully considered. Mr. Belas abhors the child that is conscious of own precocity. Because a child a

"Is it more harmful for a child to appear in the theatre in Massachusetts or Illinois than in the state of New York? And why?"

The remaining chapters are devoted to the "Movies—the drama's sleek bogey"—and "Holding the Mirror up to Nature." Mr. Belasco does not be-

Bara." Tribute is paid to Mr. Griffith. "His ability to handle massed crowds amounts to positive genius and he has raised the picture spectacle to what believe to be its highest point of interest."

This interesting and informing book has 31 illustrations; half of them portray Mr. Belasco or introduce him prominently. It is a pity that the book is without an index.

Foreign newspapers have been usually slow in arriving of late. Friends of Jean Juillien in Boston have just learned of his death at Ville d'Avray "the moment," as a Paris journal puts it, "the papers were losing their leaves."

He was a conscientious, proud sou his dramatic work, never trimming sails to catch the wind of popular In this respect he resembled Becque modest man, he was surprised where was praised. He said one day to a turer who had extolled him: "You not make a go of the back of a spo Thus he hid his pleasure at having understood and appreciated.

Leo Dittrichstein will bring out his version of Henri Lavedan's play in its acts, "The Marquis of Pricla," at Tremont Theatre tomorrow. He deputed it at Baltimore on Jan. 6, when the chief characters were thus signed: The Marquis, Mr. Dittrichstein; Pierre Morain, Brandon Tynan; Berconno, Orlando Daly; Mine, de Vall Jane Grey; Mme. Lecherne, Lily C. Mme. Savieres, Katharine Emmet. V. Miss Emmet was obliged to go to Iowa on account of family reasons in the month, her part was taken at Liberty Theatre, New York, by Elaine Grey.

Lavedan's study of a cynical, self-old ruse and the revulsion of feeling the breast of his natural son, thinks himself only an adopted when he fully realizes the character the marquise, was produced at the *Comédie Française* of Feb. 7, in 1902. Le Barry took the part of the mother. The play was fiercely discussed, truthfulness of Lavedan's portrait denied, for it was said that this marquise was of a mediæval type, not of the 19th century. There were

It is said that some of playing this many years dreamed that Le Bargy. part. It is also said that Le Bargy, who played the part only three times a week, "used to sit in his dressing room for three-quarters of an hour before he could change his clothes, so severe is the strain of the last act. We have read that the late Sir Charles Wyndham purchased the rights of the play for England but did not venture on a production. It is not easy to think of him as the Marquis even in the actor's earlier years. Le Bargy appeared as the Marquis at the Royalty Theatre, London, in January, 1907. When the Pall Mall Gazette described the play as a "sermon on immorality, à la Ibsen, with heredity as a motive and physical deterioration as a conclusion," it should be known that the Marquis at the end is condemned to a life of poverty and penury.

On June 6, 1919, it was announced that Eugene Walter's new play, "The Challenge," would be produced at Long Branch and Asbury Park early in August. The announcement was made on July 30 that the play would be produced at Stamford, Ct., on the 31st.

"The Challenge" arrived at the Serwyn Theatre, New York, on Aug. 5. It was then described as "made up of bits of taking 'actuality,' cleverly compounded. There are echoes of the war in it, phases of the eternal strife between capital and labor brought up to date, touches of the I. W. W. and bolshevism, a dash of politics, a glimpse of a newspaper office, a lot of declamation." The acting was praised. "There could be no doubt where the sympathies of the great heart of the

people, as represented by the audience were given. The tirades of the Socialists were listened to in pitying silence. But when Harry Winthrop (Mr. Blinn) assented with a tremendous thump on the table that the thing to do 'was not to be destructive, but to 'build,' the house rose at him."

Another critic wrote: "Mr. Wall wants to lift his eloquent voice in warning to those who, from their homes yearning for social justice, would summon the proletariat to leadership—warning that they are calling in power men unfit and untrained for leadership, men bringing in their train a very swarm of ignorance and violence and destruction, men ushering in a day when the little chap who asks only for 'a little home and two kids and a nickel trolley ride on Sunday' won't have a chance."

"The Truants," a comedy in three acts by Wilfred T. Coleby, which will be played at the Copley this week for the first time in Boston and probably the first time in the United States, was produced by Lena Ashwell at her Kinema Theatre, London, Feb. 11, 1909. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Diek Chetwood..... | W. M. Hall |
| Bent..... | Margaret Mu |
| Lord Strelland..... | Norman McKi |
| Rev. Phillip Preston..... | Ernest Y |
| Mrs. Collins..... | Gertude S |
| Lord Camrasy..... | Frances S |
| Janella Gray..... | Athene S |
| Bill Chetwood..... | Dennis E |
| Freda Sallie..... | Lena Ash |
| Jack Carstairs..... | Miss |

The Daily Telegraph began its review of "Young men of free life and uncreed are no new discovery. We whose freedom of thought does not affect the precision of their morality have been familiar for at least a century. It is these two classes that Mr. Colby has gone for the two chief characters of his new comedy." There is a woman in an innocent past, for Freda, a girl unmarried an officer who forgot to mention the fact that he was already married. The child is given the name of friends. Freda took to "some variety kind of free-thinking," and is the guardian of her own child. Of course, the fact of her motherhood is generally known. The play, however, is conceived chiefly with the love of Pamela for Chesterwood, "the free-living, natural man, the strong beast with an Old Testament creed." Pamela is influenced by him for bad and for good; Bill attempts to bear Pamela away from her bedstead, these and other scenes stand out in play described by the Times as a "clever and engaging work."

Mr. Coleby, who was born in Glasgow, saw his first play, "Likes o' Me," produced in 1908, but it was his "Swallow Boat," brought out on Oct. 9, of the same year; a singularly powerful and sombre tragedy, that made his name familiar. (A sway boat is in English dialect a swing boat, popular at country fairs. The dramatist represents his characters as, in the game of life, being up in the air, now almost on the ground, as fate may determine.) Mr. Coleby is the author of other plays: "A Bunch o' Stuff" (Glasgow, 1910); "The Real McCoy" (1911); "The Point of View" (1912); "Aunt Bessie" (1912); "The Master" with Mr. Knox, which

(On May 13, 1919, the announcement was made that "Scandals of 1919" would be produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on June 2. The production in New York took place on the date named, but the first performance was at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on May 25.

On June 2 Walter Hast, who brought out Cosmo Hamilton's play, "Scandal," instituted an action in the supreme court, New York, asking for an injunction restraining Mr. White from using the title "Scandals of 1919" and for \$50,000 damages. The New York Sun by an amusing misprint stated that Mr. Hast asked for "\$50,000 dimes," which would lead a visiting foreigner to infer that these "dimes" came high.

Mr. White's revue went merrily on. The dancers have kept on dancing in spite of Mr. Hast and Mr. Hamilton.

George White, still in his twenties, a press agent informs us, was born in Toronto. He ran away to join a racing stable, drifted to New York, became a messenger boy, who one day, seeing money thrown to boys who were dancing, determined to dance, and dance he did in music halls, burlesque shows, musical comedies, in the "Follies," and again in vaudeville. Now he has his own show, which is, first of all, a show of dancers.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mme. Adelina Patti sang at an afternoon concert at Boston Music Hall Dec. 10, 1881. She was assisted by Sig. Nicolini, Sig. Salvati, "baritone", M. Sevil, "baryton" (sic); Mlle. Castellani, "vocalist", and Sig. Gorno, "pianist". There was an orchestra conducted by Sig. F. d'Auria. Mme. Patti sang "Un Voce Poco Fa" and "Kathleen Mavourneen." The fourth act of "Il Trovatore"

was given in costume and with scenery. Azucena was taken by Signora Bettina, not otherwise named on the program.

I was in the audience, but I heard
Mme. Patti so many times later that my
recollection of this first time is not very
distinct.

I also saw her in "Faust" at Mehan Hall on March 25, 1882, but could hear only an occasional high note.

on Aug. 30 of this year. He won a scholarship at the Milan Conservatory when he was 12 years old. He directed orchestras in New York and Philadelphia for Rubinstein's tour. His "Vocal Method" was dedicated to Patti. In the last 15 years he had been teaching in Vancouver and Victoria.

SUNDAY Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M.

Rachmaninoff's piano recital. See *Sp*
notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. 1884
 edial by Miss Marion Carley. MacDow
 Sonata Eroica; Bach, French Suite
 major; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 48. No
 Etudes, op. 10. Nos. 8 and 4. Fantaisie
 49; Ravel, Jeux d'enfants; Paganini,
 Night; Rosenthal, Papillons; Gabrilow
 Caprice Burlesque.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15. Orchestral by Rulon Robinson, tenor, assistant. Ora Larthard, violoncellist, and Stuart M. pianist. Songs by Gretry. Bassani, Can Lalo, Puccini, Hahn, Fouldrain, Pold Charles Bennett, Stuart Mason, Chac

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Howard Goeding, pianist.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. by Toscha Seidel, violinist. See special
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition
Symphony Orchestra's fourth concert.

been
s to
to

Let him have but a good outside, he
 rises it, and shall be adored for a god.
 Cyrus was amongst the Persians ob-
 sidium apparatus, for his gay at-
 now most men are esteemed according
 of their clothes. In our gullish times,
 you peradventure in modesty would
 placo to, as being deceived by his
 and presuming him some great wor-
 for me believe. If you shall ex-
 his estate, he will likely be proved a
 ing-man of no great note, my lady's to
 his lordship's barber, or some such a
 Fastidious Brisk, Sir Petronel Flash-
 more outside. Only this respect, I
 him, that he never comes, he comes,
 for that he will, and take place
 reason of his outward habit.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson received

very shock last week, so severe that a few days his friends were alarmed. Feeling the need of clothes for the winter he went to a tailor who, many months ago, made for him a swallow tail coat, and trousers that have been admired, for Mr. Johnson at the time ordering had collected subscriptions for his colossal work, as yet unpublished, so that he spent money freely and commanded the best. The tailor greeted Mr. Johnson again with a smile. Mr. Johnson said: "I wish a good business suit," and he added in another manner, "How much will it cost?" The tailor, still smiling,

...the conversation of early years in a village.

As he had regained his breath Mr. Johnson asked, "Who in the world buys suits at such prices?" The tailor, "Our business was never better. Our clients seem to have plenty of money."

As Mr. Johnson was on his way to a ready-made clothing shop, he remembered that Italian laborers during the last year were satisfied with only the poorest, coarsest silk shirts for their Sunday best; that at Magnolia in his summer shop a New York jeweller was selling necklaces worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000 to the suddenly rich Westerners who were splurging on the North Shore, that vulgar housewives in and near Boston were boasting of the abnormally high wages they were paying domestic servants. "One hundred and forty-five dollars for a business suit." "Only a fool or a vulgarian would pay that price," was Mr. Johnson's sour conclusion. For once impudence and folly did not amuse him.

Senatorial Nuts

Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes of the Meriden Bird Club, Meriden, N. H. received an extraordinary letter, which would lead any intelligent foreigner, say a visitor from Mars, to infer that the United States Senate was interested in the pecan-nut industry. The letter is as follows:

Ollivedell Pecan Grove
Mrs. Joseph E. Ransdell, Lake Providence, Louisiana.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 2, 1919.
Honorable Ernest Harold Baynes, Plainville, New Hampshire.

Dear Sir—Mrs. Joseph E. Ransdell, wife of Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, has requested me to offer you large soft-shell pecans from her grove at Lake Providence, Louisiana, at 80 cents per pound delivered. These nuts will be ready for delivery during Nov. next. I assure you that Mrs. Ransdell will appreciate any order that you may give, and I hope that I may receive a reply from you.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) JOS. M. JACKSON,
Secretary to Mrs. Ransdell, Room 345 Senate Office Building.

Mr. Baynes sent on Oct. 8 this reply to Mr. Joseph M. Jackson, secretary, etc.

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter of October 2. No matter how much inclined I might be to buy pecan nuts, I certainly should not patronize any concern which showed an extremely bad taste to use the United States Senate as an advertising medium, and the Senate office building as its headquarters. It is such practices as this which bring our great public offices into disrepute at home and abroad, and make the men who fill them laughing stock of the world.

I am, sir, Yours truly,
(Signed) ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

On Finding Fault

The World Wags:

Have you ever reflected on the exasperation of finding fault with other people? It is one of the purest and greatest pleasures of which humanity is capable, for the simple reason that ministers to one's self-esteem, which most people is synonymous with self-respect. The logic of it is perfectly simple. To find fault put the finder, by implication, on a higher level than the object, and is therefore the simplest and easiest way of asserting one's own superiority to other people, which of course, what we all want to do. There are, various gradations and additions which give attenuated piquancy to this fundamentally simple pleasure; as, for instance, scolding. You may find fault with or without scolding, but the joys the scolder are necessarily keener than those of the mere fault-finder. Again, there is nagging—returning to the raw spot, not with any idea of amending the other person, but from the sheer joy of doing a thing you feel you can do well, which latter, as is well known, one of the highest of human life. Another beauty of nagging is that it requires nothing to start on. My doctor tells me that there is a thing called a bed-sore, produced even in perfectly healthy flesh by the pressure of lying too long in one position. So with nagging; you can make anybody tender at any point if you will keep pegging away at it long enough. A man may be driven crazy by mere perseverance.

These suggestions are respectfully offered to young and rising fault-finders who are ambitious to excel.

Yours for the amelioration of the race, UPLIFTER.

"To nag" is a good word, originally a dialect word, meaning at first to know or nibble. It is not 100 years old in English literature. The form "Knag" appeals to us. It gives one the idea of a keener annoyance and irritation. To convey this idea Thackeray in that strange novel "Lovel the Widower" used

...the mouth of the bachelor that tells the story these words "It is pleasant to go to bed after a long hard day's work, and have your wife nag-nagging you because she has not been invited to the Lady Chancellor's soiree, or what not?" We find an ungallant illustrative quotation from the Saturday Review in the great Oxford Dictionary: "Man was formed to bully, as woman was formed to nag."—Ed.

Industrious Haytians

On Oct. 21, 1894, good old "Doc" Michtaut talked about the skill of poisoners in Hayti, describing a white powder made by the natives blown by thieves into a room to benumb the inmates. He told this story: A European whom he knew went to bed with his purse and other valuables under his pillow and a revolver on his night table. He saw a thief enter, pick up the revolver, draw his purse and other things from under the pillow, while he was unable to move or cry out for eight or ten hours afterward.

RACHMANINOFF

Sergei Rachmaninoff, Russian pianist, gave his first concert for the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. All the regular seats were filled and all standing room was occupied. If chairs had been placed on the stage, they, too, would have been taken. His program:

Sonata, Op. 31.....Beethoven
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Ballade, F-Minor; Impromptu, Op. 29;
Waltz; Scherzo, Op. 31.....Chopin
Waltz, Op. 10; Etude Tableau, Op. 39,
Rachmaninoff
Liszt-Gounod
Waltz, "Faust".....Liszt-Gounod

Mr. Rachmaninoff exhibited again the astonishing manual skill and dexterity, the remarkable beauty and sensitiveness of tone, the wonderful control of each note's value no matter how loudly or softly or rapidly he sounds them, the exquisite delicacy of his expression, the fineness and the artistic finish of all his work that never fail to rouse the most spontaneous and vigorous expressions of approval and admiration from his hearers.

Rarely, if ever, has music been listened to in Symphony Hall with keener or more nearly breathless attention than was that of yesterday. No one wished to miss a single tone or shading. The silence was strikingly marked every moment while the pianist was playing. Each time that he finished a piece a storm broke. He was extremely generous with extra numbers, both during the concert and at its close.

Few cared whether the Sonata or the Rondo sounded like Beethoven or Mendelssohn. They were intensely wrought upon and immensely pleased with Mr. Rachmaninoff's interpretation of the music and his wonderful way of playing it and that was enough. It made still less difference with the Chopin selections, for every player has his own way of aiming at the subtle, baffling evanescence of Chopin, and Mr. Rachmaninoff seems to come nearer to

catching the feeble beauties of the composer's musical imagery than almost any pianist except De Pachmann.

It was in Rachmaninoff's own pieces that his spell was most effective and these roused the greatest enthusiasm of his hearers. At the close of the program the demands for more were not appeased until he played the always asked for Prelude in C sharp minor and its first resounding chords were greeted with applause.

1919
DITRICHSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE
TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Marquis of Priola," a play in three acts by Henri Lavedan. Produced at the Comedie Francaise on Feb. 7, 1902. Mr. Ditrichstein's version was produced at Baltimore Jan. 6, 1919.

Marquis de Priola.....Mr. Ditrichstein
Pierre Morain.....Brandon Tynan
Brabecorne.....Orlando Daly
Doctor Savieres.....Earle Mitchell
Francesco.....Clyde Vaux
First Gentleman.....Gaston Pillori
Second Gentleman.....Gustav Bowhan
Madame de Vallerol.....Ann MacDonald
Madame le Chesne.....Lilly Cahill
Madame Savieres.....Josephine Hamner
Femme de Chambre.....Margaret Sutherland

Mr. Clayton Hamilton thinks that Lavedan is "more sincerely and emphatically moral in his work than anyone of his French contemporaries with exception of Brieux"; he characterizes Lavedan as "the French equivalent of Henry Arthur Jones," a comparison that would probably not please either Mr. Jones or Mr. Lavedan.

"The Marquis of Priola" has what is popularly known as a moral ending. The Don Juan of modern days suffers from a paralytic stroke. He will be helpless until death at last takes pity on him. The marquis also knows that his son, an adopted son in the eyes of

his world but really his natural son, despises and detests him, having been disgusted by the contemptible action of Priola in sending back to his divorced wife, now married, a burning love letter which she had written to him long before; having found out that his mother had been the mistress of Priola. The marquis had wished that this son Priole should follow in his footsteps; win the love of all women, but love no one of them; avoid marriage as if it were pestilential; lead a voluptuous, useless, cruel life.

The play is a study of character; of the marquis, who boasts that the blood of the Borgias and other titled reproaches is in his veins. Three women in the play are fascinated by him. Mme. de Vallerol, voluptuously curious, is persuaded to visit his parlor to look at licentious prints, with equally licentious texts. Ready to yield, she is insulted by the refusal of Priola, who tells her that he respects her and demands only friendship. He longs to reconquer Mme. le Chesne, the woman that was once his wife. She is still in love with him, a modern Donna Elvira toward this modern Don Juan. She, too, is ready to submit to his spell, but is saved by Mme. Savieres, who, allowing herself to be tempted so that the wife may know the baseness of Priola, is almost lost through her devotion to her friend.

When the play was produced in Paris, some cried out against it, insisting that the Marquis was of a far-off century; that as far as the 20th century was concerned, he was a legendary character, one that might have figured in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" or in a romance of the detestable Marquis de Sade. Yet creatures not unlike Priola are described in memoirs and diaries of the 19th century. The play's the thing. It is not likely that Lavedan was eager to point a moral, to sermonize on the compelling influence of heredity. Don Juan in his re-incarnations has fascinated many novelists, playwrights, even grave essayists. Lavedan knew that his Marquis would interest audiences, as it would excite skilful comedians to play the part. Nor is the play for only one comedian. There is the son who, in his revolt, has with the Marquis the great scene. There are the three women, the ex-wife, still fascinated by the man that wronged her; the woman, ready to be tempted; the woman that, against her will, narrowly escapes enrolment in the long catalogue of victims.

It is not a "pleasant" play, in spite of the fact that the Marquis is punished at the end. It is not to be taken as an

illuminating study of contemporary French life and manners. No sociologist will argue seriously from it any more than he will from the novels and plays of that bitter writer, Abel Hermant. As a theatrical piece, it interests by its dramatic situations, by its dialogue, and by the cynical portrait of the of the cynical rone. Artificial as the play is, it is nevertheless of an engrossing character.

The part of the Marquis naturally appealed to Mr. Ditrichstein, who for some years has deservedly won success by his impersonation of ray and jaunty rakes of high and low degree. He has played these roles with the appropriate lightness, with the requisite fluency of compliment and repartee, with delicious insolence.

The Marquis is a far more complex character, one that makes greater demands on the equipment of an actor. The gift of appearing to be irresistible with the women is not enough, nor is the effective delivery of a cynical epigram. More than episodic brilliancy is required; there must be a steady crescendo of bitterness that finds relief in heartless action as in cynical speech; a crescendo that ends in the outburst of impotent rage, a mad contempt for all that is good and holy, a satanic spirit undaunted even by the thought of morose and crippled years, a lingering death-in-life. Mr. Ditrichstein, admirable in the opening and lighter scenes before the Marquis wholly reveals his nature, played with his customary ease and grace, with his characteristic authority and poise; but he later displayed a dramatic intensity, a compelling force, and at the end a realism in action that preceding plays have not called forth. He has furnished much more than a commentary on Lavedan's psychological study of arrogant sensuality; he has vitalized and made plausible a character that acted with less shrewdness, subtlety and power would only be a shocking example in a zealous tract, not easily distinguishable from a bogey.

The company gave fair support. It is easy to think of Mme. de Vallerol being played in another manner. We think of her as sensuously sly, not so conventionally coquettish as Miss MacDonald represented her. Miss Cahill was more firmly within the frame. The three women are not easily impersonated by English-speaking actresses.

A large audience was eager for a speech from Mr. Ditrichstein. Having respect for his art, he did not yield to the demand.

...the art of government consists in having with you the non-law-abiding element.

...Let me tell you, Don San lago, wit in a governor is entirely out of place.

A London Academy

Journals of London that have come to us show that sane Englishmen find other questions worthy of earnest discussion than those pertaining to Irish home rule, the high cost of living, the spread of bolshevism, the final and proper disposition of William Hohenzollern and other subjects that prevent the more mentally restless from sleeping.

It appears that passengers on the tops of omnibuses and sometimes in trains are irritated by the sound of nuts cracked by the teeth. For there are strong-toothed, hardy Englishmen that thus work their way imperturbably through a big bag of nuts.

There is a question of umbrella etiquette. If two persons meet with raised umbrellas and find difficulty in passing, which one should be the first to lower, or shut, or hold his umbrella at one side? Thus do the English take life seriously. Mr. L. H. Savin writes to a newspaper that it is "the place of the taller man to raise his umbrella, simply because he wouldn't have such an uncomfortable stretch as the short man."

A Daniel come to judgment! Another writes: "Wait for the other man to raise his umbrella, and if you find he won't, then raise yours." In this way good ink and valuable space are wasted.

A keen observer asks why kite-flying is not so popular a boy's sport as it used to be. "Is it because kites, like everything else, have gone up in price?" I am sorry to see that the tailless kite is ousting the tailed variety." In our little village we made our kites or called in the aid of an older boy who had established a reputation for skill. We did not buy them. Did interest in this neighborhood die, or, at least, slacken, when boys were told that the kite was used in scientific research? "I have seen," says the observer quoted, "one fine tailless kite in the form of a great bird—not flat, but modelled, apparently, over some kind of framework. And it looked almost like a real bird."

A tobaccoist in the West end, London, told a reporter that most men encourage their wives to smoke. "We sell almost as many cigarettes to women as to men. Frequently customers come in whom we know to smoke only pipes or cigars to buy cigarettes for their wives. We have clergymen here who ask for a hundred Turkish for their women folk." Yes, and we have seen women in tobacco shops telling the clerk loudly that they wished cigarettes for a husband or a brother, with a strong emphasis on the word "brother" or "husband" as a personal disclaimer.

Strikes and Corns

The strikes in England have furnished rich material to sociologists. The wonder is that Mr. Herkimer Johnson has not written to the Herald his deductions from published facts and ingenious theories. Strikes of railway and street car men necessitate walking. The Londoner asks whether a walking stick is a help or a hindrance. Hear him reason: "The soldier is allowed only a cane, too short to reach the ground, and, therefore, only useful to occupy the hands. And many experienced walkers maintain that a glove or a dog-lead is all you want. Something to occupy the fingers without upsetting the poise of the body." Some think that the "flappers," if they are compelled to discard high-heeled boots, will breed cornless men and women, for Mr. Bunting, the president of the Society of Chiropodists, declared pontifically a few months ago that "men inherit corns on their feet from high-heeled mothers." Do they? Or is this statement to be dismissed with "corn come from indigestion"? Did you ever try the remedy of the learned Rhases: A composition of red arsenic, quicklime, quicksilver killed, with the ashes of acorns and oil? This mixture thoroughly rubbed on the corn should do the business. If a shoe frets your skin, apply the lungs of a lamb, a swine or a goat. "The burnt leather of old shoes," says Paulus Aegineta, "does not answer when there is inflammation; but when the inflammation is over it answers well. Or apply onions with the grease of a fowl; or sprinkle the part with burnt gall; or dissolve acacia in vinegar and anoint with it." How many of our bright-eyed boys, or even college graduates, can tell the difference between a corn, myrmecia, and acrochordon? We are all superficially educated.

The Gentleman's Express

During the railway strike in England noblemen and commoners filled the place of the disgruntled. "A. W." related his experience in these verses published in the London Daily Chronicle:

I hurried through the wicket,
The Marquess clipped my ticket

There is more in Chopin's Nocturne than is brought out by Miss Carley, but the Etudes, especially the second, were deftly played. She has an agreeable voice, a smooth and even mechanism; she phrases musically, and has a polished, often observed, in a young pianist. No doubt with the years she will gain in depth of emotional expression.

Vex not thou the poet's mind;
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.

First Aid to Poets
We make no apology for quoting an article, written by "E. R.," which was published in the Daily Chronicle of London:

GOOD NEWS FOR ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

Looking at it entirely from the point of view of a poet—and with Shakespeare and Milton both dead, those of us who survive should be encouraged—it seems to me that there is a very real need for what I may call a Poets' First Aid Agency.

It happened only today that I was riding on a motor bus—"Famous Poets Who Hide in Buses" may suggest itself to you as a good subject for an article—when I was suddenly inspired by an idea for a poem. You may like to know how these things come. Well, I imagined a man, whom we will call Mr. Austen, greatly exercised in his mind by the high cost of living. He takes beer, as an example. It further happens that he likes beer in a rather large receptacle. So the poem first shaped itself in my mind like this:

There was a young fellow named Austen,
Who paled at what beer was causten,
He diddle dum doze,
For the glass that he chose,
Was the size that a whale could get lausten.

So far, so good. But you will notice that the third line is only roughly sketched in. I want something to express the consternation and despair experienced by my friend Mr. Austen on discovering the cost of filling the glass which, after weighing the matter judiciously, he considers the proper size.

Now, of course, for a busy man like myself, it is a great nuisance to be suddenly held up, in the middle of a poem for which my public is waiting, by a little difficulty over a few words. So I suggest that the need for a Poets' First Aid Agency is very clearly indicated.

I want to be able to send my somewhat incomplete poem to such an agency, and say: "Dear sirs—You will notice that there is something to be detailed about line 3 of the inclosed little masterpiece, which I wish to include in the proposed collection of my complete works. If you have anything in stock that will fit, kindly send by bearer."

No doubt such an agency will advertise and issue a prospectus. I expect to see something like this:

Poets! Poets!! Poets!!!
You need not mutter in agony!
We have the goods!
Lines to any length, rhyme and pattern,
or would be cut to fit.
Don't get busy in spring till you have seen our remnant lengths.

Have your rejected poems turned, patched and pressed. They will look like new, and will please any editor.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, I meet a lady named Ethel and wish to pay her a compliment. I get pen and paper and set to work. At the end of a few hours—the time naturally varies according to the pressure of inspiration—I have produced:

I dum di dum, di dum, di dum,
When dum di dum, di dum, di Ethel.

Now, of course, although the idea is there, it is not quite clear, except to the elect. So I simply send it along to the P. F. A. A., asking them to patch and turn where necessary, and by return I get back my completed poem, with the following letter:

Dear Sir: We thank you for your esteemed order, and in reply beg to state that we are out of the Ethel pattern at the moment, but have a very good line in Florence, of various shades and temperatures, and have pleasure in inclosing a length, which we trust will be satisfactory.

The lines inclosed are as follows:

I was sad you know
Until I met Flo;
For myself so sorry
Till I met my Florrie;
Petulant and cross I
Was till I saw Flossie,
Blessed health restorer
Is my charming Flora.

So, while preserving the virginal freshness and bird-note of the original, and merely requiring that I sing it under another lady's window, you get the added charm of something that quite ordinary people can understand. And if you get dull ordinary people to understand enough to print your poem, you are a successful poet.

Power of Imagination
On Oct. 22, 1862, a curious story was told of the fright produced by the thought of a zouave on the German imagination. Mr. Danremont of the French embassy at Hanover was one day walk-

ing with a friend who was dressed as a zouave. The blind King of Hanover heard the child in his arms brought to him and took him in his arms, but he dropped him suddenly to the ground when the aide-de-camp told the King how the boy was dressed. It is needless to say that this story was related by a Frenchman.

The same man observed on Oct. 23, 1863, that the Englishman as an individual is honest; that England is a thieving nation; while France is honest as a nation, but the Frenchman is a thief.

While we are in anecdotal mood, is a story told by Sir Edwin Lutyens really funny. A man paid a week-end visit to a futurist artist. He was, of course, obliged to look at his host's pictures, which adorned the rooms. "Being a stout fellow, he 'carried on,' and at the conclusion of his visit was asked which he considered to be the most remarkable. 'I think,' he replied, 'I prefer the picture of your wife in the bathroom.' 'My wife!' gasped the artist; 'that's a plan of the drains.' 'Unfortunately this story reminds me of at least two bathroom anecdotes that are indisputably amusing. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, by the way, informs us that the house painters in Clamport are futurists; i. e., they are always about to do a job agreed upon, but they don't do it.'

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Common Clay." Drama in prologue, three acts and an epilogue. By Cleves Kinkead. The cast:

Penelope Gail.....Mary Young
Judge Samuel Filson.....John Craig
Hugh Fullerton.....Charles Eickford
Richard Fullerton.....Harry Gribble
Arthur Coakley.....Arthur Eldred
W. P. Yates, attorney.....Bert Pennington
Edwards.....William Hennessey
Judge of the Police Court.....Robert Babcock
Balliff of the Police Court.....Theodore Copp
Clerk of the Police Court.....Owen Hewitt
Mrs. Richard Fullerton.....Betty Barnicoat
Anne Fullerton.....Beatrice Loring
Mrs. Neal.....Mabel Colcord
Ellen Neal.....Mary Young

From its first performance on the stage of the Castle Square, now the Arlington Theatre, in January, 1915, the success of "Common Clay" was assured. It ran for 17 weeks, and after the close of its Boston season it was produced in New York. Soon several companies were travelling through the leading cities of the United States with such eminent players as John Mason and Jane Cowl in the leading roles. The Craig Players are reviving "Common Clay" for the final production of their current autumn season. Last evening it proved itself again a powerful and absorbingly human story. Its successive scenes are veritable sketches of real life, and the audience follows with never failing interest the fortunes of Ellen Neal.

Mr. Craig, Miss Colcord and Miss Barnicoat were seen again in the characters they acted in the original production. Mr. Craig portrays the personality of Judge Filson with a sincere convincingness, and Miss Young has never had a part which draws so completely upon her resources and to which she responds so vividly. Mr. Gribble plays the elderly Richard Fullerton with a faithfulness that reveals his understanding of character and his ability to carry his ideas into effect. The entire cast is realistically effective.

Next week "Common Clay" will be continued for the closing performances of the Craig autumn season. The Craig Players will return in February for a spring season.

The system of cataloguing the books in the Brown room of the Boston Public Library is singularly and inconveniently pedantic. Here is an instance. The Symphony orchestra will play this week a Suite derived from the ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu." Suppose one wishes to see the orchestral score. He looks in the card catalogue under Stravinsky for the title. He finds the title, but it refers only to a pianoforte version, and he would naturally conclude that the score is not in the library. The orchestral score is there, however, but it is catalogued under the Russian title. There is no cross-reference on the card bearing the title "L'Oiseau de Feu"; no card reading "L'Oiseau de Feu" or "Fire-Bird" and referring to the orchestral score. Now, although bolshevism may be spreading in this country, the Russian language is not read by the great majority that consults the Public Library. Nor is this a single instance. Many compositions of Russians are indexed with the Russian titles first. Thus much time is wasted in consultation. Something might also be said about the arbitrary transliteration of Russian proper names into English. After all, the object of a catalogue is to assist a reader. The cataloguing department of the Boston Public Library seems to take pleasure in putting obstacles in his way. How long is it since the books and scores in the Brown room have been dusted? At present dust is thick on shelves and books. Any one consulting

the shelves are low, and the room with filthy band. Who Mr. Brown was alive and personally caring for his magnificent gift to the city, the shelves and books were not so neglected. Gabriel Peignot, in one of his books, which Anatole Franco dismissed as not books—yet they are full of curious information and show indefatigable and intelligent research—says that a library has ordinarily three dangerous enemies: Worms, dampness, rats. Some wretched jokers add "borrowers." Discussing the ravages of worms, he dwells on the necessity of great cleanliness, "and especially continual attention in guaranteeing the books from dust, which tarnishes the bindings, takes away their freshness, and favors the development of insects. The volumes should be shaken or beaten at least once a year." All this is known to every lover or mere respecter of books. The warning of the good old bibliophil of Dijon is hardly necessary. Peignot added that the libraries of the Jesuits at Salonic, Scio, Naxos, Constantinople, were ruined by dust. Even parchment manuscripts shared this fate. "And so one finds in Christian Europe, in England and at Paris, Greek manuscripts much older than those at Mt. Athos, Patmos, and in all other Levantine libraries examined by M. d'Ansse de Villolson."

With Auk and Dodo
As the World Wags:

In a certain Boston business house, the precise name and address of which may not be divulged out of consideration for the advertising columns, there is upon the main floor a little railed enclosure something like that in which the late Augustin Daly was wont to exhibit his gigantic hat and other characteristic traits in the lobby of his New York theatre. Inside this enclosure is seated a lad of 15, simply, but neatly dressed, and carefully protected from theft or other depredation. He is a genuine office boy—the only surviving member of a class of employes now almost extinct. He works for this house for the obsolete wage of \$4 a week, and is here seen in a state of perfectly characteristic idleness.

The house maintains him in this unhelpful job chiefly to attract the curious and thus indirectly to advertise their place of business, but they well appreciate the fact that in thus keeping him during his first experimental year in a position where he cannot possibly do any harm, they also make a definite saving. It has doubtless been forgotten in these years of famine, when this class of help is eagerly sought for at absurd prices, that during his first year the average office boy is not only useless but by dint of his costly carelessness and innumerable mistakes even a definite expense to his employers.

This lad, pursuing into oblivion his fellows, the dodo and the great auk, suggests to the philosophic mind the possibilities of a new calling hitherto wholly overlooked. No one greatly misses the dodo, and the auk is great only in that strange thing, a name, and is in common practice the mere drudge of the professional humorist, but the passing of the office boy might endanger the orthodoxy of commercial life. Why may not, then, the popular science of eugenics be extended to cover this special case? Selected accountants and scrub ladies of the highest note might be brought together systematically, under conditions, of course, of the holiest sort of wedlock, but still under strict scientific supervision, and their probable progeny, well started through heredity, be specially trained in the not very difficult arts practised by the average office boy. Thus might there come into existence in time a class of helpers in the minor responsibilities of business life that might possibly deserve in part the exalted wage now demanded in this field.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

THE FUNERAL
(Emily Dickinson.)
That short, potential stir
That each can make but once,
That bustle so illustrious
'Tis almost consequence.

Is the eclat of death,
Oh, thou unknown renown
That not a beggar would accept,
Had he the power to spurn!

"Good Night"
As the World Wags:

Much discussion has arisen as to the origin of slang phrases. While the general public considers them new, we often find them used in practically the same sense in old books. For instance, in "Tristram Shandy": "A daughter of Eve, for such was Widow Wadman, and it's the character I intend to give her." And here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing some of her own goods and chattels along with him till by reiterated acts of such combination he gets foisted into her inventory. And then Good Night."

Westminster. S. H.

Pattiana
For B. S. S. Adeline Patti's last appearance as a singer in London was at

William Ganz's benefit concert in June, 1911, in the great Albert Hall. She was then in her 69th year. She wrote a few songs. Among them: "On Parting" ("Il Bacio d'Addio," words by Byron) and the waltz "Flor di Primavera." Her operatic repertory was not a small one. It included 42 operas, and she took part in 37 of them. No, she never sang in one of Wagner's operas, but she attended the Bayreuth festivals when she was able. She "created" several parts—in Campana's "Esmeralda," Ponlatowski's "Gemma," Lenapveu's "Velleda," Pizzoli's "Gabiella." A week before she died—heart trouble brought the end—she went to the Albert Hall to hear Mme. Tetrazzini and to talk with her.

RULON Y. ROBINSON

Rulon Y. Robinson, a lyric tenor, assisted by Miss Ora Larthard, violoncellist, and Stuart Mason, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Mr. Robinson sang arias by Bassani and Puccini, a group of songs by Gabriel Faure, Hahn and Fauriol, a group of Serenades by Poldowski, Griety, Bassani, Campion and Lalo, and songs by Charles Bennett, Loud, Stuart Mason, Crist and Chadwick. Mr. Robinson has an agreeable voice. There were a few times when, in order to gain rhetorical emphasis, he failed to concentrate his tones. His phrasing was musical. On the whole he made a pleasant impression. Miss Larthard played pieces by Bruch, Servais and Popper. It was surprising to find on a Boston program the name of Bruch, who, still living, showed during the war his virulent hostility towards the allies. Mr. Mason's accompaniments gave support and, by the taste displayed, were a feature of the concert.

Oct 31 1919

GODING RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Howard Goding, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Schumann, Fantasia (first movement); Debussy, L'I joyeuse; Scott, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and the Snake; Scriabin, Etude op. 8 No. 12; Chopin-Liszt, Printemps, Petit Annuaire, Bachanale; Rachmaninoff, Polka on a theme by W. R.; Moszkowski, Caprice Espagnol.

Mr. Goding's performance of Schumann's music was singularly interesting. It was thoughtful, but never dry. It was individual, but not whimsical or capricious. While the episodes were finely contrasted, there was no lack of continuity; they were not chopped, detached, they were part and parcel of the beautiful fabric. There was no abuse of strength; on the other hand the pages of sentiment, however delicate, were not flabby; there was body and substance. Pianists of high reputation have often turned these "sleep-chasings" into a nightmare. They have pounded and roared; they have ogled and bleated. And all was done by them with a triumphant flourish. Mr. Goding in a modest manner played as a poet for whose verse Schumann had dreamed music.

Not that bravura is foreign to Mr. Goding. This he proved by his reading of Debussy's Impression of a joyous island. Where is this island today in the storm-racked, desperate world? Probably yet unbroken save to Debussy, and he was content to leave it uncharted. Let us embark for it, even though it be in some far-off sea, undiscovered even by Herman Melville as runaway whaler, man-of-war's man, or pursued in his canoe by the strange three in "Mardi." For once Debussy's music was really joyous, and the form of the fantastical piece was clearly revealed. For once it was something more than a few ravishing measures constantly interrupted by a charivari. So, Debussy's Isle of yesterday was that of Prospero's—there were "sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Equally delightful was Mr. Goding's reading of Cyril Scott's musical illustration of a story in Kipling's "Jungle Book," music that at times in the realism of the narration and in the calm epilogue reminded one of Richard Strauss's prankish hero, Till Eulenspiegel. The performance of Scriabin's Etude was brilliant. The etude itself seemed to us a complimentary but weak imitation of Chopin.

Mr. Goding has more than a future; he has a present. He has the desirable attributes of the virtuoso-musician.

I know too well that sinful wealth disdaineth holy poverty; yet Augustus, a great man, and a great example in many things, as I have told thee, though not without blame, he used to wear none other garments, but such as were spun and wrought by his wife, his sister, his daughter and nieces. . . . Costly apparel, both by suspicion of diligent trimming and sel-

ride Post through the sandy Deserts, where they meet not with any thing that's Potable or Edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small Balls, or Pills or Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture, and takes off the Edge off the Appetite for some days."—James Howell, Jan. 1, 1646.

Queen and Housewife

As the World Wags:

Since this is pickling and preserving time, the following anecdote may not come amiss to some of your readers. I quote it from John Thomas Smith's delightful book of gossip, "Nollekens and His Ties," and Smith had it from Col. Phillips, one of Capt. Cook's companions on the voyage round the world: "By some mistake the Queen (Charlotte) was announced to Mrs. Garrick at her house at Hampton, without the usual notice previous to a royal visit. Mrs. Garrick was much confused at being caught in the act of peeling onions for pickling. The Queen, however, would not suffer her to stir; but commanded a knife to be brought, observing that she would peel an onion with her, and actually sat down, in the most condescending manner, and peeled onions." How many ladies of Mrs. Garrick's social standing would today be caught in so humble and so necessary a household occupation? Cambridge. ACADEME.

Mr. G. J. Nathan Remarks—

"That a rich low-speaking voice generally bespeaks generations of cultural breeding and background is one of the commonest of American-held social and critical fallacies. The so-called rich low-speaking voice is found in America to be regularly less the inheritance of aristocracy than the inheritance of an engagement in 'The Lady of Lyons,' a medical specialization in women's diseases or a waiting on table in a first-class restaurant. The speaking voice of Mrs. Astor is infinitely less 'aristocratic' than that of a third-rate Broadway actress. The speaking voice of Hamilton Fish, compared with that of a Ritz headwaiter, sounds like a foghorn."

"QUEEN OF FRANCE" BY HAYDN SCORES

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, "The Queen of France" (first time at these concerts); Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3 for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Stravinski, Suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird" (first time at these concerts). Mr. Rachmaninoff was the pianist.

It is a surprising fact that this orchestra played Haydn's Symphony for the first time; nor have we been able to find the record of performance by any orchestra in Boston at a public concert. Haydn's Symphonies were heard here often in the last years of the 18th century, and it is more than probable that "The Queen of France" was one of them; but there is no means of identifying any one of these Symphonies, for they were entered on the program as "Grand Symphony," "Overture" or "Full Piece."

Buelow once spoke of "The Queen of France" as "a miniature symphony to be performed in a miniature room by a miniature orchestra," and he referred sarcastically to a performance of it by "60 fiddlers and six tooters." Now Haydn wrote "The Queen of France" for Paris, a city that was accustomed to large orchestras. He wrote it for the "Concert de la Loge Olympique," a society that replaced the "Concert des Amateurs," and this orchestra numbered 40 fiddles, 12 violoncellos, eight double-basses, and the usual number of wind instruments. It is not likely that "The Queen of France" was first performed by a little orchestra.

Yesterday the string section was somewhat reduced and the wood-wind was doubled. Would the symphony seem fresher, more sparkling, if it were performed in a little hall by small orchestra? We doubt it. As it was played yesterday the first movement and the trio of the Minuet gave special pleasure. The variations on the pretty French song of old time do no stray so far from the theme itself as to relieve the movement from the reproach of monotony.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played his third concerto 10 years ago in New York. The performance was the first one. The prevailing mood of the music is one of sadness, a melancholy now subdued, now defiant; hardly relieved until the final

outburst of hope, joy, what you will, by capricious episodes, as if one forced oneself to take a more sanguine view of life and then sank back, resigned to fate, or rebellious. The first movement is the most imaginative, the most impressive. We know of few first movements, if any, in the repertoire that equal it. The attention of the hearer is at once riveted; the mood is at once established. Low mutterings as of "the complaining millions of men" under a leaden sky; the sadness of it; the thought of a brooding, slither Fate, not quite ready to deal the final blow—thus the music may be characterized without extravagance, without any laborious attempt at fine writing. The intermezzo, while it is interesting, often poetic, falls below this Allegro. Nor is the Finale, in spite of the exciting moments, the contrasting episodes and the thrilling apotheosis, equal in musical and psychological importance or in technical construction to this constantly sustained, firmly knit, inevitable first movement. Yet the two last movements in another concerto would make their irresistible way. It would be a pleasure to speak at length of the workmanship displayed, of the character of the melodic and harmonic schemes, of the skilful orchestration. The performance by the pianist was a remarkable one, remarkable even for Mr. Rachmaninoff. The pianist and the composer were one and the same being. Thoughtful, imaginative, brilliant as this performance was, the virtuoso did not allow one to forget the music or regard it as merely an opportunity for the display of the pianist. The orchestra played as if inspired, with even more than its customary elasticity, tonal strength and beauty in solo passages and in ensemble. The great audience recalled Mr. Rachmaninoff again and again. Seldom has a pianist received so flattering a tribute in Symphony Hall.

Information in the program book about first performances of Stravinski's works was gained from contemporary French and English journals, and from supposedly authoritative annals. Yet, in some instances, this information is inaccurate. Thus there was a performance of "The Fire-Bird" in London, led by Mr. Monteux, before Rhene-Baton conducted it. Mr. Monteux also conducted the first performance of "Petrouchka" in Paris, and the first performance of the opera "Le Rossignol" at the Paris Opera. How the contemporary journals could be so mistaken is not easily comprehended.

The performance of the suite from "The Fire-Bird" brought pleasant recollections of the ballet. To anyone that has seen this ballet, the music in concert form, however detachable it is, is less significant. On the other hand, seeing a ballet, one necessarily too often disregards the music. In this Suite the sport, the fascinating dance of the Princesses, and the charming Lullaby—which, by the way, Mr. Monteux interpolated—are the most effective as concert music. The "Danse Infernale," away from the stage, suffers the most severely of all the movements. The performance of the Suite was exceedingly brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Nov. 7, 8 is as follows: Berlioz, Symphony "Harold in Italy"; Chabrier, "The Angel of Death"; Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree Fantastique. Mme. Povia Frijish will sing an air from Franck's "Redemption" and these songs with orchestra: Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Bloch, Psalms 137 and 114.

JORDAN HALL—First appearance in Boston of the Theatre Parisien of New York. "Main Gauche," comedy in three acts, by Pierre Veber; "Chonchette," opera-bouffe in one act, by Caillevet and de Flers. Music by Claude Terrasse.

"MAIN GAUCHE."
Simon Laverde.....Gustave Degreziane
Bridier.....Felix Barre
Garrigue.....Lucien Weber
Rhobius.....Andre Franck
Francis.....Jean Nel
Colette Laverde.....Germaine Grattery
Madame Bridier.....Lili Rito
Madame Feverolles.....Henrietta Delannoy

"CHONCHETTE."
Chonchette.....Lucienne Debrennes
Saint-Guillaume.....Robert Casadesus
Charles.....Lucien Weber
Le Vicomte.....Felix Barre
Le Baron.....Gustave Degreziane

Neither one of these pieces is new. Veber's comedy was produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, in November, 1900, when Antoine took the part of Bridier, Mlle. Bellanger that of Colette and Dumcny that of Laverde. The story is a simple one. A young husband is obliged, through fear of a scandal, to renew his acquaintance with a petite dame known as Hortense. Mme. Bridier acquaints the wife, Colette, with the enforced liaison. The henpecked Bridier threatens divorce, but when Simon reads to her his diary, in which he had noted the joyous days of betrothal, she relents, greatly to the rage of Mme. Bridier, who typifies the woman of the bourgeoisie, whose self-appointed mission is to throw discord into happy households. Hortense is handed over to Garrigue, a friend of Simon.

"Chonchette," originally brought out at the Theatre des Capucines, was transferred in 1903 to the Varietes, where Max Dearly impersonated Saint-Guillaume and Jeanne Saulier, Chonchette, the laundress, who, courted by Charles, a vicomte and a baron, urged to go on the stage by Saint-Guillaume, remains

a laundress and wed, her Charles. It is an amusing trifle.

The company plays in an animated manner, with the lightness and dexterity characteristic of French comedians. Mlle. Grattery and M. Degreziane acted the scene of reconciliation with delightful simplicity and genuine sentiment. M. Barre as Bridier was especially good in his advice to Simon in the first act. All indulged in English and American audiences often superfluous and by constant employment without significance. Mlle. Grattery and M. Degreziane were most effective when they were the least animated; as in the reminder of the early days. Mlle. Grattery's reading of the line: "There is no fire there" when her husband reproached her for having angrily thrown his letters to her into the grate was delightful in its archness.

"Chonchette" also gave pleasure to an audience that was much smaller than it should have been. Perhaps plays of a more dramatic nature would have been a stronger attraction.

The bill at the matinee today will be that of last evening. Tonight the play will be the farcical comedy "La Gueule du Loup" by Maurice Hennequin and Paul Bilhaud.

A Discussion of Lord Dunsany and His Plays by Edward Hale Bierstadt

By PHILIP HALE

Dunsany the Dramatist, by Edward Hale Bierstadt. New and revised edition. Little, Brown & Co.

More than two years have passed since Mr. Bierstadt's biographical account of Lord Dunsany with a study of his philosophy dramas and stories appeared. In this new edition Mr. Bierstadt has included fresh material. He has not revised his critical opinion on account of any strictures that have been made, "because," as he rather defiantly says, "in many instances those criticisms have been too footing and have proceeded from too unimportant and unknown a source to be considered seriously." He has added notes made by Lord Dunsany on the first edition, many letters taken from a correspondence between the dramatist and Mr. Stuart Walker, who has brought out some of the former's plays at his Portmanteau Theatre. Perhaps there is more of Mr. Walker than the dramatist in this correspondence, but what Mr. Walker wrote about the productions is often interesting.

Some are in doubt as to the proper pronunciation of the dramatist's name. He relieves them of this doubt. "As a matter of fact, I pronounce it (the name) Dun-sa-ny, with the accent on the second syllable, which is pronounced as 'say,' the first syllable rhyming with gun." He has something to say about the war, in which he received a bullet wound. "Sometimes I think that no man is taken hence until he has done the work that he is here to do, and looking back on five battles and other escapes from death, this theory seems only plausible."

But in case I shall not be able to explain my work, I think the first thing to tell them is that it does not need explanation. One does not explain a sunset, nor does one need to explain a work of art. One may analyze, of course; that is profitable and interesting, but the growing demand to be told that What It's All About before one can even enjoy, is becoming absurd. Don't let them hunt for allegories."

Lord Dunsany wrote in January of this year: "For too long I have looked forward to the time when a victorious England would shine forth after the war with the splendor of a reanimated civilization. The disappointment is almost crushing. I look to our theatres, which surely are the temples wherein civilization should first be invoked, to return from exile by the highest achievements of men, and I need not describe to you what I see there, but I realize that before my work can be of any value to my countrymen, before it can even be seen by them, I must wait till a patient people are slowly driven by sheer disgust to revolt against the mean and cynical business men who insult their intelligence and decent feelings by giving them What the Public Wants. Who told these fat men with little eyes and low foreheads that England wanted indecent jokes that aren't funny to be given in place of drama in the land that knew Shakespeare?"

It appears that Dunsany values first of all his "Alexander." Next to this play he puts "The Laughter of the Gods" and "The Gods of the Mountain." "A Night at an Inn" comes eighth on his list of 16 plays.

The second appendix contains a list of first productions with casts. Now that Lord Dunsany is in this country, this revised edition of Mr. Bierstadt's book is, indeed, timely.

"Standish of Standish," by Jane G. Austin, dramatized by Annie Russell Marble, is published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Miss Marble says that she has endeavored to preserve the historical atmosphere and the significant

The Only Remedy

As the World Wags:

Like the eminent Mr. Herklmer Johnson, I set out last week on the quest for reindeer. Be it known that I am neither a maker of shoes, seller of pork products, steel riveter nor dealer in automobiles, being merely a humble user of such brains as have been given to me in an occupation whose ultimate rewards are nervous indigestion, baldness and flat back. But I thought I needed a pair of shoes, a hat, and a suit of clothes.

My first visit was to the shoeman. He smiled and offered me my usual shoes for \$17.50. My last purchase of the same shoes was at \$12.40. I asked him why the increase of \$5.10 in three months. He said leather was scarce. I told him to keep his shoes. I believe he has them yet if you want them. I next went to the hatter. He smiled and offered me the usual \$5 hat for \$12. He said wool or something that goes into hats was scarce. I told him to keep his hat.

My last visit was to the tailor. I told him not to smile, but to inform me of the price of a suit of clothes of a material as unlike a fairy gossamer web as the market affords. Despite my earnest injunction, he did smile and told me lightly and jauntily that \$150 would buy a business suit of some reliability, whereto I consigned him, his clothes and his smile to an undesirable place and departed.

So that evening I assembled my wardrobe and debated its condition with my wife, who, be it said, is a person of resource and unbounded capacity. Most fellows' wives are, you know; if they were not, it wouldn't be safe to say so. It was decided that with a few patches discreetly placed, a little turning in here and some letting out there, a judicious use of scissors for fringes, and the expurgation of foreign substances, such as mementos of bygone meals, road oil, etc., etc., I could get by this winter without undue exposure to the elements.

To those who, like myself, through some kink in their make-up, or through quaint old-fashioned honesty, have been unable, or unwilling, to capitalize their country's and the people's necessities these past few years, I recommend my program. It is really not quite so hard to do without as we used to think; it may be that if enough of us who may be termed middle-class folk, neither capitalists nor unionists, persist in not buying at these prices we may be able to deal these predatory beasts a blow that they will feel.

GEORGE OF NEWTON.

American Jaws

As the World Wags:

Did the Babylonians or even the Scythians chew gum, rags, snuff or tobacco? This curious gum habit seems to have extended of late by the urgencies of war—its trying conditions at home and abroad.

The subject has wide ramifications and suggestive points that incline one to the humorous reflections. The same may be said of cold cucumbers and ardent love. When the jaws of a witness in court are at work other than testifying our local magistrate often remonstrates, for even jurors offend in this way. The habit is old and widespread. In Upper Canada our schoolboys used to chew the store gum, tar, pitch, rosin, wheat, slippery elm, licorice, wax candles, pine and spruce exudations, rubber tobacco pouches, printers' ink rollers and even rubber from railroad car springs. Truly, we were a raw lot, and even today, if we could all see ourselves in cars and sitting rooms as others see us, we would save ourselves from criticism and humiliation. They say that South end association of young ladies, the Ugiggles, all chew; and, of course, tons of gum were sent across to the boys in and about the trenches—our army of masticators. Men say that gum-chewing whitens the teeth and lessens the craving for cigarettes, cigars and pipes; I find it so. Vulgar as the habit is, no doubt, in times of peace, it has perhaps some advantages to a man or woman working in a shoe shop or cotton factory or doing like monotonous work all day long. The Boston police used to chew. W. B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

"In Barbary and other parts of Africa, 'tis wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do, for those who use to

of the... She has... and unity." John and... and Rose. Mistress Brewster... Chilton (the patron saint of the... Club). Bradford, Howland... into, a more or less comic Indian... and Desire Minter, the villainess of the... are the characters. They all talk... are supposed to have talked in... 21. "And tell my girls we were... favored to find here blackberry... and sassafras whose roots are... worth their weight in gold to chiru-... ons" is a fair sample. "Aye," "me-... thought," "perchance," "hilt," "enow,"... albert" give the requisite flavor. The... play is for use by schools, women's... clubs, and is recommended by the... dramatist for celebrating the tercen-... tenary of Plymouth.

SEIDEL PLEASES

By PHILIP HALE
A Seidel, violinist, assisted by Kaufman, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, A. D. major; Saint-Saëns, Concerto No. 1; Chopin-Auer Nocturne; Pader-...-Kreiser, Minuet; Sarasate, Zap-...-Abdon, Sicilienne; Wieniawski, A. D. major.
The program followed the conven-... order: Something by Bach or... then a concerto; then groups of... pieces, transcriptions, arrange-... d arrangements, revisions and... car-tickers and "gum-... ending with a display of pyro-... But what is a poor fiddler to... who he gives a concert unsupport-... It is true that a concerto without... orchestral accompaniment is like cold... on the third days after the roast... matter how carefully and strenuous-... the pianist attempts to give orchest-... alone, force and contrast. As for... groups of little pieces, Mr. Kreiser... ly applauded, has set a bad exam-... pling the concert hall into a par-...
Seidel has played here before. The... no need of an extended analysis... characteristics. He is one of the... Russians that fiddle nimbly and... He has great facility, and what... to be desired he has warmth... to him. In piano passages his tone... beautiful. In passages demanding... tional strength and breadth his... too often has a curious and not... other pleasing quality. One might... him if he were a singer. "He... focus his tones," and at times... is a thread in his voice."
... a dence, at first small, grew... little by little, strolling in uncon-... and thus delaying the appear-... of the violinist. This audience ap-... enthusiastically.

... Jacinto Benavente: Second... Translated from the Spanish... with an introduction by John Garrett... Published by Charles Scrib-... ner's Sons.
The volume includes these plays: "No... Smoking," "Princess Bebe," "The Gov-... nor's Wife," and "Autumnal Roses." "No Smoking," a little farce in one act, pictures a garrulous, foolish woman, ac-... companied by her daughter. The wom-... an bothers by her chatter a man in a... railway car seated in a compartment... labelled "No Smoking." It is a light... sketch, amusing in its delineation of a... character that is, unfortunately, seen... and heard elsewhere than in Spain.
"Princess Bebe" has for a sub-title: "Scenes from Modern Life arranged in... four acts." The heroine seeks for truth. Adventurous, emancipated, daring, she... hunts the truth that will bring hap-... piness, having left her husband and the... court, associating herself with one... Rosmer, her husband's secretary. She... does not find it among theatrical folk, nor in Bohemia, not even in the under-... world. Rosmer himself is conventional, hypocritical. At last she falls in love... at least for a day or two—with her... cousin, Prince Stephen, who is in dis-... grace because he married an operetta... singer. This morganatic wife disap-... points the Princess, who finds her... ashamed of her stage life, pretentious, snobbish. The play is a study of vari-... ous characters, nearly all of them more or less contemptible, poseurs, humbugs, hypocrites; even the criminals, except that wretched woman with the Scar, disillusionize the restless Princess. The dialogue throughout is witty and bit-... ter, constantly tempting quotation for a review.
One of the most amusing episodes in the book is the description of the Wilf cult. "Wilf" was an extraordinary genius who died in a madhouse, raving because nobody appreciated his music." He left a widow Clemencia and a son Gottfried, named after one of the father's symphonic poems. The Countess Diana tells the story: "The son and widow, together with a little group of enthusiasts, made up their minds that Wilf's music should be admired and appreciated by everybody, so they or-... ganized a company and began giving concerts, some of them conducted by

Wilf—Have you never heard of Wilf?—others by Gottfried Wilf. Nobody paid any attention at first, some even went so far as to throw potatoes, but little by little, a change for the better set in, and soon all fell at the feet of Mme. Wilf. People lost their heads, the number of admirers increased. * * * The widow, the son, and the conductor, not to speak of the musicians, understand perfectly how to take advantage of persons who are perfectly willing to be taken advantage of, so long as they appear superior to others who do not understand and appreciate the music of Wilf." After Diana has told the story, how she worked her way into the "smart set," how she is preparing her entrance into the fashionable circles of Paris upon the arm of the Comte de Tournelles and the wings of Wilf's music, this scene follows. A party come in from an operatic performance: Diana—Is the opera over?
Mme. Wilf—We were able to endure only the first two acts out of sympathy for the artists. Opera? Imagine calling such a thing opera!
Wilf—Mankind has suffered a long time under the imposition.
Wilf—Yet there are persons who sit there and actually listen to it as if it were music.
Diana—Well, is there any news? Has the concert been arranged? Has the Casino accepted our proposition?
Wilf—It has in the abstract; we have only to discuss the details. We anticipate a great sensation.
Elsa—I am charmed with your program.
Wilf—As the audience will be intel-... ligent, we need scarcely give that fea-... ture consideration.
Wilf—It comes fully prepared.
Mme. Wilf—It is no longer a ques-... tion of initiating a brood of neophytes, but of appealing to a chosen circle of the elite, who are already believers.
Wilf—You will realize that you have never before listened to music. We shall play the three great symphonic poems: "The Slumber Poem," "The Poem of the Idea," and "The Poem of Silence."
Mme. Wilf—On the whole I consider the last the greatest work of Wilf.
Wilf—Nobody has been able to under-... stand it as yet.
Wilf—It ceases to be what it is the moment that it is understood.
Mme. Wilf—It had only one perform-... ance in London, but five ladies fainted. Two of the first violins committed sui-... cide after taking part in the concert.
Wilf—I never conduct the work with-... out—shall I say religious?—preparation. I confine myself to my rooms during the week preceding the concert; I speak to no one—I bury myself in the rare, the divine pages bequeathed to us by the Master. I receive whatever food is necessary in order to support the or-... deal, and at last rise to a state of mystic exaltation, without which it is idle to aspire to a proper interpretation of the sublime masterpiece. After the concert is over, Mme. Wilf will tell you the condition I am in.
Mme. Wilf—Unfortunately. We apply a cold compress, and bring him to with a strong punch, reinforced with rum. It is a work which can be performed safely only now and then. My son is not able to conduct it as yet.
Wilf—Although I have studied since the age of six. My interpretation dif-... fers radically from that of Herr Wilf.
Wilf—But you are not able to justify your readings. For example, why should the second movement of "The Poem of the Idea" be lento, while you take "Silence" vivace? The ideal inter-... pretation would be one in which "Silence" was not heard at all, while the "Idea" should be passed over as rapidly as possible, with the swiftness of thought. I hope and pray to find an orchestra some day which is capable of catching the idea.
Perhaps the whole argument of the "Princess Bebe" is summed up in the speech of the Princess to Rosmer: "Why this insane desire to shut ourselves off from each other, to ticket and class-... ify ourselves, to create distinctions be-... tween us, and fancy that we are su-... perior to our fellows, when we are all equal and all belong to the same race, the poor, despised human race, which spends all its time dividing itself and hating itself and marking itself off into classes and castes and individuals, when all the sympathy and all the love in our hearts which might bind us together would be too little even then among so many to alleviate the sorrows of life?"
"The Governor's Wife" is a biting satire on the political life of the Spanish provinces. It also touches caustically on human frailties. The translator calls attention to the wealth of details, one heaped upon another, so that the effect is due chiefly to "the absolute veracity and minute photo-... graphic property of the incidents them-... selves by cumulation, as they follow each other in the bustling sequence of a provincial holiday." He adds that this play, the most negative and corrosive of Benavente's works, "confirmed the im-... apprehension of Benavente at one time prevalent, as a purely destructive, ma-... liciously clever writer."
Mr. Underhill calls "Autumnal Roses" a serious drama of positive intent. It is a comedy of Madrid life and manners, one might add, morals. The husband, Gonzalo, is a pursuer of women, or one willing to be pursued and captured. His wife wishes that he was bald, gray-

... and a punier to make him respect-... so old that no woman would ever look at him again, so fully that they would all laugh when he attempted to pre-... sume. "Then at last I could say: He is mine, thank God, all mine!" Yet she is not jealous of her friend Carmen with whom Gonzalo had had an affair be-... fore he was married. Isabel, the wife, talking about disillusionment of a young married woman, exclaims: "Nobody can learn through the experience of another. We sat at our mothers' feet and lis-... tened, precisely as you do to ours, and our mothers listened to their mothers, yet we have all confided our hearts to a man with the same love, the same faith, and the same illusions as they. Life would be even sadder than it is if we were to realize upon its threshold that we do no more in living than re-... incarnate the sorrows of those who have passed before us through life."
These plays are not to be read care-... lessly. They repay reading again and again, for their wit and satire, but also for their portraiture of universal types, for the keen analysis of character. Cer-... tain maxims and observations of Ben-... vente upon the stage follow the trans-... lator's prefatory remarks:
"The public demands that serious things be treated frivolously, and that nonsense be taken seriously. What it will not tolerate is serious treatment of serious things, or speaking flippantly of nonsense."
"Everything that is of importance to the proper understanding of a play must be repeated at least three times during the course of the action. The first time half of the audience will under-... stand it; the second time the other half will understand it. Only at the third repetition may we be sure that everybody understands it, except, of course, deaf persons and some critics."
"All of us are shocked once a year by what goes on about us for the rest of the year without shocking us, or, indeed, attracting our attention at all."
"With very notable exceptions, the prepossession of good actors for bad plays is as general as it is deplorable."
There are other maxims that might well be pondered by playwrights, actors and theatregoers. Perhaps some day an American manager will have the courage to put these plays on the stage. "The Governor's Wife" is not too local; "Autumnal Roses" is not too pessimistic. We believe that Benavente's "Bonds of Interest" has been played here by an amateur society.
Apocryph of the Sothern-Marlowe Engagement of Two Weeks
Mr. Ray Henderson sends to the Herald these notes about "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night," which will be performed at the Boston Opera House this week:
"The Taming of the Shrew" was first acted by Shakespeare's associates at the Blackfriars, the theatre in Newington Butts, and then at the Globe toward the end of the 16th century.
On March 13, 1734, David Garrick pro-... duced his version of the comedy at Drury Lane under the title of "Kath-... arine and Petruchio," an arrangement of the play which has, perhaps, been even more frequently acted on the English and American stages than the piece at-... tributed to Shakespeare. In fact, it was Garrick's version which was first seen in America at the Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia on Nov. 21, 1766. It was not until Augustine Daly made his produc-... tion of the play at Daly's Theatre in New York city on Jan. 18, 1857, that the Shakespeare comedy was seen in its original form.
The Garrick version was offered as an after-piece to the tragedy of "Jane Shore." Henry Woodward played Petru-... chio and Mrs. Pritchard was the Kath-... arine. In 1756, Kitty Clive acted Kath-... arine to the Petruchio of Woodward. Other famous co-stars seen in this com-... edy on the English stage are: 1738, Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble; 1836, Helena Faucit and Charles Kemble; 1836, Ellen Tree and Charles Kemble; 1844, Mme. Vestris and Benjamin Web-... ster; 1857, Ellen Terry and Henry Irving; 1885, Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Forbes-... Robinson; 1888, Ada Rehan and John Drew; 1897, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Herbert Beerbaum Tree, and in 1913, Nina de Silva and Martin Harvey.
At the first production of Garrick's version of "Katharine and Petruchio" in Philadelphia on Nov. 21, 1766, Lewis Hallam and Margaret Cheer played the two chief roles. They brought it to New York on April 14, 1768, at the old John Street Theatre.
In 1827, Macready and Mrs. Darley appeared in America in the play and other noteworthy players seen here in Garrick's version are: 1832, Fanny Kemble and her father, Charles Kemble; 1841, Fanny Wallack and James R. Anderson; 1857, Susan Denin and James E. Murdock; 1859, Mme. Jonisi and Barry Sullivan; 1871, Clara Morris and Louis James; 1881, Kate Forsyth and John McCullough; 1894, Jane Hading and Constant Coquelin.
Edwin Booth, who also used the Gar-... rick text, played Petruchio to the Kath-... arines of Ada Clifton, Isabella Pateman, Rose Eyttinge and Fanny Davenport. Otis Skinner at one time played Petru-... chio to Ada Rehan's Katharina, but as this was in the Daly production, the Shakespearean play was used.

... T. H. Sothern and James Marlowe first acted together in "The Taming of the Shrew" in Cleveland, O., on Sept. 18, 1905. On Oct. 16, of the same year, they appeared at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York for the first time as Petruchio and Katharine. Novelli and Signora O. Giannini were seen in an Italian version of the play at the Lyric Theatre in New York on April 13, 1907, and Margaret Anglin, who had played Katharine in Melbourne on Oct. 10, 1908, for the first time, made her first New York appearance in the role at the Hudson Theatre on March 19, 1914, with Eric Blind as Petruchio.

"Twelfth Night"
Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," the second play in the Sothern and Marlowe repertoire at the Boston Opera House this week, was given in the Mid-... dle Temple early in 1601, but previous to this had been seen in 1599-1600 at the Globe Theatre, Southwark, London, where the Lord Chamberlain's com-... pany acted it with Shakespeare prob-... ably in the cast.
In 1663, Betterton appeared as Sir Toby Belch to the Malvolio of Lovell and the Viola of Mrs. Davenport. Though it is not definitely known that Mrs. Davenport acted Viola at this time it is thought very probable. On Jan. 15, 1741, Hannah Pritchard played Viola at Drury Lane to the Malvolio of Charles Macklin and the Olivia of Kitty Clive. Macklin again acted Malvolio on April 15, 1746, at Drury Lane, to the Viola of Peg Woffington, her first ap-... pearance in the role.
On Dec. 10, 1771, Thomas King was seen at Drury Lane as Malvolio and Mrs. Abington as Olivia. Mrs. Spranger Barry played Viola at Covent Garden on May 17, 1777. On Nov. 11, 1785, Mrs. Dora Jordan acted Viola to the Malvolio of Bensley and the Sebas-... tian of John Bannister.
Ellen Tree, another famous Viola, was seen in the role at the Haymarket in London on Aug. 31, 1836, to the Malvolio of Benjamin Webster. Samuel Phelps played Malvolio at Sadler's Wells on Jan. 26, 1848, while Ellen Terry as Viola and Henry Irving as Malvolio made their first appearance in the play at the Lyceum in London on July 8, 1854. An interesting and perhaps unique perform-... ance was that given at the Olympic Theatre in London on June 7, 1895, when Kate Terry doubled the roles of Viola and Sebastian.
"Twelfth Night" was first given in America on Feb. 3, 1794, at the Federal Street Theatre in Boston with Snelling Powell, Miss Harrison and Mrs. Abbott in the cast. The first performance in New York City was on June 11, 1804, at the old Park Theatre with John E. Har-... wood as Malvolio and Mrs. Johnson as Viola.
Some of the famous actresses who have appeared in this country as Viola are Fanny Davenport, Marie Wal-... nwright, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Adelaide Neilson (at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on May 7, 1877), Ellen Terry (with Henry Irving as Mal-... vollo at the Star Theatre in New York city on Nov. 18, 1884) and Julia Mar-... lowe (at the Star Theatre on Dec. 14, 1887, with Joseph Haworth as Malvolio). Viola Allen acted the role on Feb. 3, 1904. Edith Wynne Matthison appeared in the part to the Malvolio of Ben Greet during the same season, while Annie Russell was seen as Viola at the New Theatre in New York on Jan. 26, 1910, with Oswald Yorke as Malvolio, Ferdi-... nand Gottschalk as Sir Andrew Ague-... cheek and Mattheson Lang as Orsino. Margaret Anglin first played Viola on Oct. 24, 1908 in Melbourne and brought the comedy to the Hudson Theatre on March 26, 1914. Phyllis Neilson Terry essayed the role in New York City in 1916. (?)
E. H. Sothern first played Malvolio at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York city, on Nov. 13, 1905, with Miss Mar-... lowe as Viola. It has been one of his greatest Shakespearean characteriza-... tions. Henry E. Dixey acted the role at Daly's on Nov. 27, 1894.
Probably the finest Sir Toby Belchers in American stage history are those of William Evans Burton (1804-60), William P. Davidge (1814-88), James Lewis, William F. Owen and Rowland Buck-... stone, now with Mr. Sothern.
As far as the American stage is con-... cerned, the most beautiful, and no doubt the most pleasing, of Olivias is Maxine Elliott, who was in Daly production of "Twelfth Night" during her first years on the stage.

Notes About Orchestral Music; Also About Musicians
Mr. E. L. Bainton's "Elegy" and "In-... termezzo," played at the Promenade Concert on Saturday, are two slight and delicate pieces in a reflective mood—the mood of Catullus's Sparrow with the workmanship of Whittier's lines, on the death of S. O. Torrey. Being written in a German prison they form a document of pathetic interest; but they raise, in-... cidentally, the terrible question whether it is possible for poets or musicians to put their feeling into words or tones at the moment of experiencing it, or whether they must not rather wait and make it retrospective. They both sug-

But not in art. Cries, for when it is real, it creates one single passion without any relief, as in the *Elegy* did, but music lives only by contrast and relief. And if there were tales in Windsor Forest, as the *Internum* pretended, they were not of the kind that upset jointstools and cussed the stream, but too much like those that somebody's song says are at the bottom of our garden in plain, uneventful monotony—that we don't see, but have to take his word for. The merits of the music lay in the courage with which it said very simple things very simply, in its appropriate means and clear plan, and these are capable of development on a larger scale, and with subjects of more vital interest.—*London Times*, Sept. 22.

Bainton's *Internum* was written for performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Ruhleben, where he was interned. The *Daily Telegraph* thinks his *Internum* may account for the "prevalent wistfulness" of his music. "That wistfulness was qualified by a frolicsome element entirely in keeping with the principal theme."

The *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 22 said of Mme. Tetravzini, who sang in Albert Hall, which was crowded on Sept. 20: "In a slight but only occasional hardness in the upper register, Mme. Tetravzini's voice showed faint signs of wear. Otherwise she proved conclusively that she still retained the premier position among living coloratura singers. Her vocal agility is as great as ever it was. Every note she sang rang clear, clean and true, and the evenness and clarity of the florid passages were astonishing."

Mr. Lamond's playing is like the rain which falls on the just and the unjust. It fills us with a glow of health—we always seem to get more ozone into us on a wet day—it clears the outlook and freshens the spirit. It is full like a stream where salmon leap, and it sparkles like grass blades after a shower. And yet the lights and shadows are not quite as Nature gives them; there is not quite the spontaneity, nor the instantaneousness. They are a little as Constable seized and went on seizing them in a studio. We

are made abundantly aware that Beethoven's Sonata in F major contains these sounds and no others, but we do not get the atmospheric effect that we feel sure hangs about a great musical picture. It is correct like Canaletto and formal like Claude. But ample sweep and glitter and correctness and formality are great virtues, too, and none too common just now. We may add to them reverence for the text, also a rare virtue. And if there is a touch of hardness now and again, as in Chopin's A flat Polonaise, there is also that hard discipline without which no player was ever great. The program was trite, but no program is trite to everybody; and most of us must have been glad to hear Skiabin's Sonata. Fantaisie and Rubinstein's Barcarolle again—the former filled with a childlike wonder at the beauty of sound, the latter built on a real affection for the instrument.—*London Times*, Sept. 22.

Mme. Tetravzini's invitation to Mme. Patti to be present at her concert recalls an incident of some years ago. Mme. Patti consented to come from her retirement and sing for a charity at the Mansion House. Mme. Tetravzini had never heard the great singer, so asked if she might be present. She came, unknown to the audience, and sought out Mme. Patti after her first song. The meeting was quite pathetic—the new generation saluting reverently and enthusiastically the singer of a generation ago.—*London Daily Chronicle*, Sept. 22.

Miss Loie Fuller's school of dance, in its season of ballet, continues to provide one of the most popular features of the entertainment. The dance of the veil and the "Peer Gynt" dances are particularly effective; the only blot in our opinion is the "orchestration of light" interlude in which a number of dissolving pictures are thrown upon the screen. They seem to have no particular bearing on the matter which precedes or which follows them, and they really remind one of the illustrations of a medical textbook more than anything else.—*London Times*, Sept. 22.

Let us today consider the life of a simple and learned man, whose walk and behavior should teach us modesty of living in these hectic and wasteful times.

A Shining Example

Feeding an improving book, we came across the life of John Fransham, an Englishman (1730-1810). Scholar, cooper, weaver, soldier—he was soon discharged because he was bandy-legged—he became a strolling actor. The manager paid his company with turnips. Fransham was happy with turnips and water until a fellow actor told him by way of joke that the former were stolen from a neighboring field. Fransham immedi-

ately left the company. He tutored for a time, wrote for attorneys and authors, studied mathematics and natural philosophy. He visited frequently a farriery, where he was so shocked by sights he saw that he denounced in his writings "the English, but brutal and barbarous, customs of horse-docking and horse-nicking." His income was not equal to his wants. "Every day he bought a farthing's worth of potatoes and having previously purchased a farthing's worth of salt, he reserved one potato from his daily stock, as a compensation for the salt which he ate with the remainder." This dinner was his only daily meal. He amused himself by playing with balls and marbles, beating a drum and blowing the hautboy. When he opened a school, he substituted for the neighbor-disturbing drum a cane chair. "Which equally served to exercise his muscles and his skill in timing the rat-tat-too." He broke his hautboy one day, lacking fire to brew tea for a headache; but he found pleasure for many years in playing with the bilbo-catch, or cup and ball, and, resolving to excel, he soon could catch the ball on the spiked end 200 times in succession. He went further. "Every man," he wrote, "has some great object which he wishes to accomplish, and why should I not have mine? I will choose such a one as no mortal being ever yet chose, and which no one less than the gods would ever think of attempting. I will get a bilbo-catch, and I will catch the ball upon the spiked end 666,666 times."

Afraid of fire, he kept a ladder in his bedroom and practised daily running up and down this ladder to the ground, carrying a small box which contained his five precious manuscript volumes. Thus he furnished innocent amusement to the passer-by. Believing that the value of health could be estimated only by a comparison with sickness, he would occasionally stuff himself with tarts, cakes and fruits until he procured a raging headache, so that he might have the felicity of curing it by a quantity of strong tea. He thought that only an effeminate man had his bed made daily.

His diet was chiefly bread; butter and tea. He never drank strong waters. If the butter turned out to be bad, he threw it into the fire, for he would not offer to a fellow-creature what he could not eat himself. He preferred a garret. "It is the quietest room in the house; there are no rude noises overhead; all is calm and serene; nothing is to be heard, but the delightful 'music of the rolling spheres.'"

He could not abide dogs: "Dogs," he would say, "are noisy, snobbish and vulgar." Next to the horse, he liked cats. He would fondle them and discuss matters with them.

This simple and learned man finally took to his bed. The account of his ending is pathetic. "On the morning of the first of February he requested his nurse to remove him from his bed to his chair; he told her that he should exceedingly dislike to be buried alive, and would therefore be obliged to her, when she perceived him without motion, to shake him well, then place him by a large fire within the scent of a hot apple-pye; if these expedients did not succeed, to ask some beautiful woman to sit by his side; and if this experiment failed, then she might safely conclude him dead. In a few minutes after these directions, his nurse, not hearing him cough, approached his chair and found he had expired."

His epitaph in a churchyard of Norwich is in Latin. He probably would have preferred these lines in English: "His life was blameless. He was not ashamed of being or appearing poor—went without shoes rather than he would run into debt—lived upon a farthing a day rather than he would beg a half penny—and thus exemplified that real knowledge can afford the means of independence, under the pressure of extreme indigence. He never suffered inclination which he could not gratify grow into a want."

Pride and Work

On Nov. 1, 1871, old Giraud told of talk he had one night with a rag-pick in Paris. The rag-picker exclaimed: "A trade is the finest of all trades, the king of trades." "Is that so?" said the painter ironically. "I thought so." "You, sir, are not a hunter; you were, you would not be astonished by what I say: When we attack a heap of fortune; and that begins again with each new heap."

The Age of Camouflage

(Do women still live longer than men is a topic of the hour.) Back in the age of the early Victorian, "Lives of the Ladies" were "long in the land." Shielded from blizzards and blasts that were Boreas; Wrinkles were banned. Care that is carping and toil that is strenuous. Frazzle the youth of the maid of today. Hardened the hand, but its lifeline is tenuous. So the sex say. Yet at the risk of apparent discountenance. Women, I hold, live as long as of yore. Ladies there are who twist twenty and thirty see Birthdays a score. —A. W., in the *London Daily Chronicle*

MISS FARRAR AT SYMPHONY HALL

Gives Concert, with Arthur Hackett, Tenor

Geraldine Farrar, Rosita Renard, pianist, and Arthur Hackett, tenor, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Claude Gottlieb was accompanist. The program:

Adelaide, Beethoven, Mr. Hackett: Etude No. 5, Op. 10, Nocturne, Chopin, Toccata, Schumann, Miss Renard: My Mother, Brahms, No. 5, Op. 10, No. 1, Brahms, For Music, Franz, Summer Fields, Brahms, New Love, New Life, Beethoven, Miss Farrar: Tes, Yes! Rens, Brahms, Nocturne, Cesar Franck, Mandoline, Gabriel Faure, Nocturne, Cesar Franck, Dances la Cigale, Polowksi, Mr. Hackett: In the Meadow, Rubinstein, Eastern Rite, Rinsky-Korsakov, In the Silent Night, Bachmann, The Wounded Birch and The Snowdrop, Grotchen, Miss Farrar: Etude de Concert, Liszt, Blue Danube, Waltz, Strauss-Schulz-Eyler, Miss Renard: Absence, Berlioz, An Printemps, Renard: Si J'etais Jardinier, Chaminade, Ouvre Tes Yeux Blues, Massenet, Miss Farrar: Dream Tryst, Cadman, Fair House of Joy, Quilter, Sea Lark, George C. Vieux, O Cool is the Valley Now, Louis Koennig, The Eagle, Emil J. Polak, Mr. Hackett.

Symphony Hall never held a larger crowd than the one that heard these 29 regular selections because it couldn't. Uncounted extra numbers were added because the throng was explosively demonstrative in enthusiasm and recalls and the musicians were extremely generous; so the concert stretched its brilliant course well along toward 6 o'clock and still there were fingerers asking for more.

It was an uproarious afternoon of song and piano and "a good time was had by all"—by the audience, which heard copious quantities of music it liked, and by the artists, who evidently enjoyed making the people happy. There were expensive and handsome flowers for Miss Farrar and Miss Renard, and the former, tossing aside formality, played her own accompaniments as she sang "Conin' Through the Rye" and "Annie Laurie." Could anything more be asked at a Sunday afternoon concert?

Miss Farrar's gown, what there was of it, was a "dream" and her necklaces and rings and bracelets were extremely brilliant, as also was her complexion. It should not be understood that these extraneous matters formed the chief part of the afternoon's entertainment, for they did not. Yet they were important.

There was abundance of good singing by Mr. Hackett and also by Miss Farrar, particularly in the lighter French songs and the extra ballads. Miss Renard delighted the music-lovers present by the brilliance, sympathy and emotional appeal of her playing and there was not a little regret that she had so small a part in the program, five short selections out of 29.

GAETIES OF '19

By PHILIP HALE

Majestic Theatre—First performance in Boston of the Shubert Gaeties of 1919. Dialogue by Edgar Smith; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; music by Jean Schwartz. Louis Gress, musical director.

This is, indeed, a gorgeous show; gorgeous by reason of the costumes and the beauty of the women that wear them; women fair of face and of graceful carriage. Generous in their bodily display, like our first mother they are unashamed; they move serenely as though unconscious of an audience. The more sprightly, the speakers of lines and the singers of ditties do not ogle or leer; there is at no time on the part of the "show-girls" a too deliberate appeal to the susceptibilities of the male.

But the show is not merely one of exquisite colors and radiant beauty. There are singers among whom Mr. Stewart Baird is easily the first. He is one of the very few comedians in entertainments of this nature who wear evening dress as though it had not been hired for the occasion. He speaks his lines clearly and without any local twang or accent; he hears himself easily and like a man; he sings freely and agreeably the music allotted to him, which with the exception of the borrowed air of Massenet for "My Tiger Girl" has little significance. Of the women singers the piquant Miss Farrell bears away the honors.

There are comedians of various sorts and quality. Mr. Davis is often amusing; Mr. Jessel is very busy and sometimes humorous; Mr. Fox is grotesque; Mr. Darnell excited much laughter; but the most genuine comic scene is that of the two Negroes, the Klein brothers, with the wild questions propounded and the sternly logical answers.

There is some excellent dancing. Miss Gladys Walton is a charming apparition, graceful in every posture and evolution, and she is ably assisted by Mr. Lorraine. The Glorias are also a feature of the entertainment, agile and dashing.

Nor should Miss Tea Whitcomb be mentioned, or Mesers. Clayton and White.

The stage settings give a fitting background for the costumes, conspicuous as scenic effects are, the Cherry Blossom Grove, the Revels of Neptune, but all the settings show taste, not merely gaudy splendor. There are certain episodes that might be shortened. A little less of Mr. Jessel would lighten the entertainment. The stummy finale of the first act is neither voluptuous nor amusing, nor do Miss Sophie Tucker's strenuous efforts add greatly to the enjoyment, although her bolsherois delivery of the cheap shimmy song evidently pleased many last evening.

The Gaeties of 1919 are good for any year. For once the title is not a misnomer. The show is gay.

November

(Nora Hopper)

Few love me and but few I love,
Yet I am fair;
Turquoise my broad skies bend above,
In rose and opal fair to see
My sunsets die in freezing air.

I hush the birds, and last year's nest
I fill a-brim with frosty rain.
I make upon the window-pane
A wonder of white tracery.
The stream is dumb at my behest.

I am the bringer of the snow,
I lay the old year's splendor low.
Yet none of them
Whose feet I slog forget that I
Bring Advent nigh,
And the dear Babe of Bethlehem.

An Appreciation

Last week a young pianist, who, it was stated, came from Boston, gave his first recital in New York. A critic praised the performance of a prelude and fugue by Bach, saying, "He played with exceeding clarity and clarity of sound." This is, indeed, praise, on which the pianist may plume himself. We envy the critic his power of expression.

In Memoriam

As the World Wags:

Today I was looking about in a so-called antique store when I came across an old lithograph which made up in vividness of color what it lacked in delicacy of design. It represented a graveyard scene, and was evidently intended as a memorial to a departed one. Flanked by two luxuriant weeping willows of intensest green, stood a marble monument of expensive design. On its front was printed in Roman type: "Sacred to the Memory of." To this had been added in manuscript the name of the defunct, age, and date of death, "Nov. 7, 1847." In the background was represented a church building, in architecture mildly suggestive of St. Paul's of New York. Gazing at the mourners was a gentleman in a modern looking claw-hammer and the trousers that were wont to be known as elastic cuffs safely strapped down under his boot soles—I say "safely" for the effect whenever these straps parted was rather ludicrous. By his side stood a lady whose costume—excepting perhaps her big sugar-scoop bonnet—would compare favorably, for modesty at any rate, with the prevailing feminine dress of today. With them was a comfortably clad little girl, the most striking part of whose attire were her long pantalets which reached quite down to her heels, recalling to mind the sweetheart of Mr. Sparrowgrass's son. The expressions of the trio were of marked resignation, doubtless due to the costliness and elegance of the monument.

I have in my time been assigned to "spare rooms" where mural decorations included silvered coffin-plates and sometimes daguerreotypes of corpses, but I never before met the above described memorials, which on the whole I consider quite cheerful by contrast.

Perhaps the Sage of Clamport may know something regarding these matters.

I. D. LEMAN.
Cambridge, Oct. 29.
It is a pleasure to learn of a man who has read "The Sparrowgrass Papers." They were written by Fred S. Cozzens, and, if we are not mistaken, were first published in Putnam's Magazine. We still remember Mr. Sparrowgrass's experience in having a drain constructed. We also remember the lines addressed by his son to his big sweetheart. We quote from memory, and our memory, like the price of food and clothes, is not what it used to be; but even imperfect recollection will make Mr. Lemman's allusion clear.

Chocolate drop of my heart,
I dare not breathe thy name,
Like a peppermint stick, I stand apart
In a sweet and secret flame.
And when you look down on me
And the tassel (button?) atop of my cap
I feel as if something had got in my throat
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there
On the clothesline hung a few
Pantalets and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate,
In the cold by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hearth and bed
But the bitter keeps on and on.

History Repeats, Etc.

As the World Wags:
The following extract from "America's Politics," by Andrew Johnson, is of present interest:

the President of the United States felt that a treaty of some kind (with England) was necessary, and that better one could then be obtained, therefore signed it. Hitherto criticism on Washington's policy had not been uncommon, but his action in signing Jay's treaty brought out aspersions on his private character, which were carried so far that he declared 'he would rather be in his grave than in the presidency.' He was charged by the extreme Republicans with usurpation, treason to his country and hostility to their interests. The continued sufferings of American prisoners in Algiers were ascribed to his criminal indifference. He was accused of having shown incapacity during the revolution and of having embezzled the public funds while President. He was threatened with impeachment, with assassination. Even the honored epithet so long given to him was burlesqued, and Washington was for a time known to the Republicans as 'the stepfather of his country.' And yet within a year his unyielding common sense was justified by a revival of trade which gained friends for Jay's treaty even among its formerly bitter opponents."

Beverly. GEORGE F. BOLIVAR.

"Alas! What Boots—"

As the World Wags:

Yes, in my boyhood days—I was born in 1849—it was a common thing to see cobblers foxing boots; shoes never. Boots in those days were long legged, all leather nearly to the knee, like the present day common rubber boot. The "fox" was practically a new front upper. The sole was softened, ripped from its fastenings, turned back out of the way, while a new piece of upper leather was neatly sewn on by hand, beginning at any point in the hollow of the foot, between the front of the heel and back end of the top, then swinging over the instep in a graceful curve to a like point on the opposite side. The old leather was then removed, the new front was neatly "lasted" down, the sole brought back into place, and pegged or nailed, and "presto" there was your hoot, neatly "foxed," "75 cents please."

Shoes were not worth foxing, but most any pair of good, long-legged leather boots would outlast two sets of sples and front uppers, barring accidents. No patch was a fox unless it extended over the foot from sole to sole.

In 1862, after enlisting, I had a pair "made to measure," best selected, calf fronts, split backs; best old-fashioned bark-tanned soles, heels and tops, warranted one year; cost five dollars. I wore them dry shod one year through snow, hail, rain, shine, Louisiana mud, bayou slime, into hell and out again, and, lastly, home again, without a rip, crack or hole of any kind, and they were my "dress-up" boots for six years after that. This is no pipe dream.

West Rockport, Me. F. S. P.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—E. H.

Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "The Taming of the Shrew." The cast:

Baptista.....Frank Peters
Vincentio.....Hixon Baird
Lucentio.....Frederick Lewis
Petruchio.....Mr. Sothern
Horensio.....V. L. Granville
Gremio.....J. Sayre Crawley
Tranio.....Henry Stanford
Biondello.....Colvin Dunn
Grumio.....Rowland Buckstone
Katharina.....Miss Marlowe
Bianca.....Miss Norah Lamson
Widow.....Miss Alma Kruger

Mr. Sothern's and Miss Marlowe's admirers gave them a hearty greeting last night on their first appearance here since their return from France. Many times they were called before the curtain, and the audience would not be satisfied until Mr. Sothern had made a speech.

To play Shakespeare in the Opera House, especially with such inelaborate settings as those of this production, is something of a venture. It is the theatre for "The Tempest" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "Lear," or even "Henry VIII," but hardly for "The Shrew."

Mr. Sothern's Petruchio and Miss Marlowe's Katharina are well known in Boston. Mr. Sothern differs from some interpreters in making Petruchio a braggart from the beginning, but the lines do admit of that reading, and Mr. Sothern shows at the end that there is no evil in the man. Miss Marlowe, in her opening lines, the passage with Bianca, makes Katharina more the spoiled child than the woman of the world that some would have her, and this, too, is justified, being in keeping with the tone of this production as a whole.

"The Shrew" is perhaps the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays to make plausible to a modern audience, for it postulates a world ignorant of "non support" and "cruel and abusive treatment" as legal terms. Nevertheless, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe make the story acceptably probable by enlisting the sympathy of the audience for both the husband and the wife at the right times.

Every line of every part could be

heard in the back rows of the hall, but the effort was often noticeable. Perhaps this was responsible for the slow tempo of every scene but those in which Petruchio cracked his whip.

This dragging was also partly due to the fact that many members of the cast were too conscious that they were playing Shakespeare, and appeared to think that a funny scene in Shakespeare had to be handled differently from a funny scene in a modern play. Some of the humor retained in the acting version of "The Shrew" is as weak as the weakest stuff in "Breakfast in Bed," and some of that which is left out of the acting version is better than Bernard Shaw ever did.

Nearly everybody nowadays leaves out Sly, a more truly Shakespearean character than Grumio, and akin, indeed, to Falstaff. Perhaps the theory is that a modern audience can stand an "induction" from Raymond Hitchcock, but not from Shakespeare. "The Shrew" is not a long play, and with judicious cutting and faster tempo the whole volkicking "induction" could be retained. Sothern and Marlowe are not to be blamed for the omission, for nobody plays the induction now, but every time one sees the Shrew one hopes to meet Sly.

Thursday night, "Twelfth Night." Mr. Sothern's Malvolio has been highly praised.

KEITH STAR SHOWS UNDERWORLD TYPES

Mlle. Nita-Jo Heads Interesting Vaudeville Bill

Mlle. Nita-Jo, impersonator of types of French women of the underworld and singer, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the theatre was filled and the audience was deeply interested.

This is her second appearance at this theatre and her act is practically the same. She excels as an interpretative singer; she is an agreeable contralto and there is a certain elegance in all her work. She sang in both French and English and was repeatedly encored.

One of the big features of the bill was the act of William Caxton and company in "The Junior Partner." The piece is an uproarious farce of frenzied finance and is played with much snap. Mr. Caxton is always interesting.

Other acts were Page, Hack and Mack, acrobats; Phil Baker, comedian and instrumentalist; Carlos Sebastian and company, in a dancing act; Jack Allman and Maretha Nally, in chatter and song; Noel and Maynard, in a comedy of jazz rhythm; Masters and Kraft, in a dancing act, and Jack Hughes Duo, instrumentalists.

A stage direction in "The Gibson Upright," by Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson—a play that might be read with profit by all workmen declaiming against capitalists—describes Mr. Gibson as "well but not clubbishly dressed."

How do the dramatists think that a "clubman" should be dressed? Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for example, has been an active member of the Porphyry for many years. He is not ashamed to wear ready-made clothes, old suits, in fact, that have been carefully mended by emigrants from Russia; trousers that are shiny as to the seat; trousers that bag at the knees and, with the fleeting years, show a tendency to hang at half-mast. The fit of his coat is not irreproachable, for the coat, in the warmth of a friendly discussion, climbs over his shirt collar; the sleeves pinch at the armpits. Yet he is not disconcerted, nor is his flow of sociological, ethnological and anthropological information and misinformation checked because he does not change his clothes for afternoon tea. Yes, tea. It is a pathetic sight—that of Mr. Johnson brewing tea, which he formerly scorned, and looking sorrowfully at a pewter mug that rests on a shelf in idle mockery.

A Busy Man

We read in a London journal—why did no American newspaper deem the story worthy of the first page?—that our old and esteemed friend Mr. David Bispham recently at a music school in Chicago during 20 working days in five weeks taught for 221 hours, during which he gave 635 lessons, or an average of 107 lessons a week; furthermore, that at one of his recitals the police had to be called in to clear the passages—not to keep the hearers in their seats after the first song.

In the Film World

The London Times, seeing "The Unpardonable Sin," made bold to say that English audiences have grown a little weary of the picture in which it is always the American citizen who accomplished 'deeds of derring do.' In this film, whenever there is a tight corner to be got out of, it is an American citizen

who comes to the rescue, with the "star and stripes" dyed in the background and, we presume, the "Star Spangled Banner" played by the orchestra. The Times complained of horror heaped on horror, and asked if it was not high time for the film censor to step in after the scene where one of the two daughters is searched by "a Hun of animal appearance."

Nor did the Times care for the screen version of Guy Thorne's novel, "When It Was Dark." Frankly, one is rather repelled by the idea of a film play based upon a plot to destroy Christianity by the pretended discovery of a new Holy Sepulchre, with scenes showing newspaper boys rushing through the streets with such posters as "Resurrection Proved a Myth"; and though the end of Mr. Thorne's story leaves Christianity in a stronger position than ever, one feels that the theme could have been well left untouched. But in fairness it should be said at once that the idea is treated with the utmost reverence, and Mr. A. Bocchi, who was responsible for the production, is entitled to every credit for having evolved a picture of real beauty.

Both the government and the railway-men have taken advantage during the past week of the new method of propaganda which the film affords them. On many occasions in the past few months the possibilities of the film in this direction have been urged, especially when it was a case of "telling the workers." The screens of the picture theatres in this country are seen by about 20,000,000 people every week, so that as a means of communication it is probably unrivalled. A few weeks ago the prime minister expressed his gratitude to the cinematograph industry for the help which it had rendered to the national cause during the war, and when the strike began he again called the industry to his aid. He prepared a message for the public explaining that the government were not fighting trade unionism, but the wild action of the extremists, and it was arranged that this message should be thrown on the screens of all the picture theatres in this country. The result was undoubtedly most valuable, so much so that Mr. Thomas found it advisable to circulate a message in reply by the same agency, but whether it received the same publicity is a doubtful matter. But the incident has shown that if the public has to be consulted in a hurry there is no more effective or simple method than that which the cinematograph theatre affords.—London Times, Oct. 6.

"The Soul of Chopin"

Some of us remember Tamara Swirs-kaya dancing in Boston and recall the fact that she was first a pianist. Last month she "presented" her "artistic creation" entitled "The Soul of Chopin" in London. Impersonating the soul of the composer, she left the tomb, played one of his nocturnes on the piano; thence after a dance to the Valse Brillante, and back again to the tomb.

"The piece seems to attach altogether too much graveyard mawkishness to the soul of Chopin, who saw only beauty and nothing sepulchral in the solemnity of death."

For Export

We are assured of an abundant and fairly cheap supply of fruit during the winter, because very soon the growers of Canada and the United States will be shipping their supply to this country.—London Daily Chronicle.

Yes, and apples will be still higher in the Boston market. Gone are the days when the barrel invited frequent visits; when the boy, all confused, drew a red apple, warm from his pocket, to give to his sweetheart at recess. Where now are the Pomme royale, Greening, Northern Spy, Spitzenberg, pippin, russet, of our youth?

All gone! Afay mit de lager beer—
A fay in de ewigkeit!

Long Runs

On Oct. 17 "Chu Chin Chow" was played for the 1467th consecutive time at His Majesty Theatre, London. The poster announced that the piece had, been played on more occasions than any other production "in this or any other theatre, in this or any other country, in this or any other world." "Charley's Aunt" was played at two smaller theatres, the Royalty and the old Globe, 1466 times. The total cost of producing "Chu Chin Chow" was £530. His Majesty's has a holding capacity of 3000 every week. For renovating costumes £100 a week is put aside. Mr. Walter Winans admits without blushing that he has seen the show 70 times. In this country some were satisfied with a single view.

Lady Astor, electioneering in her own behalf, joked with the fishermen of Plymouth. Long before the late prelate left America in disgust and struggled for social honors in England, a duchess electioneering for Fox kissed a butcher in exchange for a vote. Lady Astor has not as yet gone so far. Nor has she been so fortunate as this Duchess of Devonshire, who stepping out of her carriage was thus addressed by a dust-

Miss Vera

This Miss Vera Janacopoulos, who will sing next week Thursday at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Cambridge, is a "Greek-Brazilian." Whether the Greek went to Brazil or the Brazilian went to Greece is not stated but no less an authority than the New York Evening Post said boldly on Nov. 3 that Miss Vera is "the most beautiful girl on the concert stage." This was no the ecstatic outburst of a passionate press agent, but the solemn opinion of an editorial writer. We see a long line crossing Harvard bridge on Nov. 13, all armed with opera-glasses. How Miss Vera sings is, of course, a minor matter.

The Immortal Bard

Local "Uplifters" of the drama will rejoice in the fact that there is lively interest in plays of William Shakespeare in London. The Daily Telegraph has been discussing gravely the important question: Should Roderigo in "Othello" wear a beard? Cassio sported one because Iago declared that he saw Cassio wipe his beard with just such a handkerchief as Desdemona had lost. At the Court Theatre, Mr. Moscovitch's Shylock, highly praised, has started a fresh inquiry into Shylock's character. The Times says that as Mr. Moscovitch portrays him, he is "neither a Minor Prophet nor a Public Monument * * * rather greasy, snuffling, with a strong sense of humor and not a shred of dignity. * * * You might call him an adenoidal Shylock, but whatever you call him you won't forget him in a hurry. He is overwhelmingly alive and grotesquely deadly, an obsession, a nightmare. Ugh! (An interjection, which, in the circumstances, is the highest possible compliment). The Christians are fools to him. * * * We do not excuse, but begin to understand pogroms." The Daily Telegraph says that this Shylock is "most uncomfortably human."

Another critic has much to say about the first Hamlet, Richard Burbage, actor, who died 300 years ago.

In this country, Mr. Hampden wishes to play Romeo and Mr. Dietrichstein Iago. Meanwhile, Shakespeare at the Boston Opera House comes after "Monte Cristo, Jr.," and will be followed by Al Jolson, a succession that gives commendable entertainment to "high brows" and "low brows" alike.

Laurent Tailhade

Something has been said in the newspapers about Laurent Tailhade, whose death is reported, but the few lines are perfunctory and vague. He was as strange character: mystic and satirist, poet and translator, Latinist, duellist, Anarchist. Was his anarchism merely a pose? At least, he went to jail for it. In 1896 no less a critic than Remy de Gourmont called him "one of the most authentic glories of French literature today." Tailhade had then written poems, delicate, also mystical, as "Vitruvius," a volume of exquisite prose and the cruelly savage collection of versified satires entitled "Au Pays du Mufe," in which he attacked the suddenly rich, humbugs of all sorts, popular, also insignificant, authors. As Gourmont said, these verses were not of the sort that set charming women dreaming as they waved their peacock fans. Many of the satires are unquotable. In 1902 Tailhade published a remarkable translation of the "Satyricon" of Petronius, dating the introduction from the Prison de la Sante. Jacques de Boisjolin contributed a learned preface in which he said: "It is true that a translation is never so good as the original, especially if you believe those who read neither the one nor the other." He also said: "In romantic times, history, not being known, looked for itself in fiction. In one sense, the great Walter Scott created history; his epic genius divined the difference in the ages." Three years later Tailhade's translation of three comedies by Plautus was published with a defiant preface. The two translations are not easy reading, even for those well versed in French, for Tailhade's vocabulary is extraordinary, as fantastical as that of Sir Thomas Urquhart translating Rabelais. Tailhade did not disdain the slang of the gutter and the underworld, nor did he shrink from coining words to suit his purpose. These translations, however, are singularly vivid, faithful, and it is hardly necessary to say, absolutely unexpurgated; indeed, Tailhade sometimes underlines for emphasis the original.

Change of Name

The San Francisco Bulletin informs us that Mr. Roy Charles Smallbone, automobile salesman, has petitioned the superior court for permission to change his name to Roy Hamilton, and for this

The "Paderewski" of the auto-
mobile business is one that in order to
keep a prospective customer's mind
concentrated on the purchase of a car
all outside influences must be removed.
Whenever my name is mentioned it
creates giggles and spoils the sale. It
has been suggested that Mr. Smallbone
may be descended from one of the Nar-
roprat Indians of Rhode Island.

Paderewski's Flight

(By A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.)

Down through the chill October skies
Tumbled the liquid melodies
As though the music of the spheres
Were running down its long arrears
My dull companions deemed the tone
A Handel, Paderewski's heavy drone
But my imagination soared
To Gabriel with a harp-orchestra
Mistaken the sweet angelic band
Had commandeered a lady grand,
So fast a cadence floated down
When Paderewski flew to town.

Obsolete Slang

Now that nearly every one dies, and
now are anxious to have at least one
foot on the ground, an Englishman sug-
gests that there is need of a substitute
for "skivvies" as a nickname for a
clergyman.

W. H. Richardson and Mrs. Maud Hare in Concert

By PHILIP HALE

William H. Richardson, baritone, as-
sisted by Mrs. Maude Cuney Hare,
pianist, gave a concert last night in
Jordan Hall. The songs were as fol-
lows: Caldara, "Sabbato Crudele";
Händel, "Hear Ye Winds and
Waves"; Hahn, "L'Heure exquise"; Ben-
etti, "A Ti"; Buzzi-Peccia, "Morenita";
Grieg, "At the Brookside, A Swan, A
Vision, Afro-American, John's Gone
Down on de Island, and By an' By";
Creole folk songs: Belle Lattaye, Garde
Plat Milat La, Marie-Clemence; Milde-
berg, "Her Fyes"; Gillette, "The Devil's
Love Song"; Spross, "I Know."

Mr. Richardson has a rich and re-
sonant voice of generous range; a voice
that accommodates itself easily to
lyric measures and to dramatic ex-
pression. He is inclined to sing too
much with full force, and thus his
power of interpretation is limited. He
should strive after a greater command
of nuances. One of the agreeable fea-
tures of his singing was his distinct
enunciation, especially in English, a
language that many of our native
singers clip and mouth and utterly dis-
tort.

It would have been a pleasure to hear
more of the Afro-American and Creole
Folk Songs. Mrs. Hare has made a
study of the latter, and has edited with
notes a volume of them for publication.
Did not Lafcadio Hearn and Henry E.
Krehbiel once think of a similar vol-
ume? Hearn left behind him a collection
of Creole proverbs, a curious and
entertaining book, in which there are
allusions to songs of Louisiana and the
West Indian islands. As on a former
occasion, Mrs. Hare talked pleasantly
last night about the songs. She also
played Moszkowski's Spanish Caprice.
There was an appreciative audience.

It is said that the soviet government
of Russia purposes to forbid the giving
of Christian names to children, because
these names are "reminiscent of the re-
actionary system." And so three chil-
dren of Mr. Poschetikoff, for example,
will be known as Poschetikoff One, Two,
Three, respectively.

There was no soviet government in our
little village of the sixties, although at
town meetings there was desirable equal-
ity. The hired man in a smock frock
would get up and argue against the law-
yer or the banker. He would talk for-
cibly and often carry his motion. Never-
theless in this little village there was a
blacksmith whose "front name" was
Martin, and a fellow-townsmen was
named Tertius.

Was it not Henry James who said,
discussed by the many numbered streets
of New York, that in future the esti-
mable John Jones of that city would be
known at home and abroad, at the polls
and at the postoffice as 47, No. 196, 179th
street? In hotels for many years promi-
nent citizens have lost their individuality.
Tell No. 144 that a Mr. Ferguson wishes
to see him in the dining room.

Vermont Folk Songs

The pursuers of folk songs in this
country are still busy. Miss Loraine
Wyman was the first to put, with the
aid of Mr. Brockway, songs of the Ken-
tucky mountians into a shape available
for concert use, and she is imitable in
the singing of them. Then came other
pursuers in the vineyard, as Mr. Cecil J.
Sharp, Dr. Collinsman, who, having col-
lected and edited English folk songs,
came to this country apparently for the

purpose of collecting the folk songs of the
Southern Appalachians, which are all of Eng-
lish origin. Incidentally he endeavored
to permeate the "peasantry" of New
England to induce themselves in morris
dancing.

Vermont is associated in the minds of
many with maple sugar, quarries and
beautiful scenery rather than with song,
yet Edith B. Sturgis collected the texts
of folk songs in this state, and Robert
Hughes collected the tunes, supplied ac-
companiments for the piano, and added
historical notes. In gathering the ma-
terial for these notes he was aided by
Prof. George L. Kittredge of Harvard
University. Miss Sturgis in her pre-
face, agreeably worded, tells of James
and Mary Atwood, and their friend,
"Aunt Jenny" Knapp, who, in a little
village, far from the railway, gave to
her and Mr. Hughes the songs now pub-
lished in an attractive form by G.
Schirmer.

James sings the songs he heard in his
boyhood and makes up verses of his
own to suit every occasion. Although
he is no longer young, his voice is true;
he "never quavers or hesitates, whether
it be in the strange old minor ballads in
the ancient modes or in the early Ameri-
can songs—may we not call them Ameri-
can folk-songs?—which have been
handed down from father to son in this
country." He and his wife have a keen
sense of humor. Each of the characters
in the songs has for them a distinct
personality. When he sings about "Lord
Thomas and Fair Elcanor," he will say
at the end: "I wonder now if he'd 'a'
been as happy if he'd 'a' married Fair
Eleanor from the start as he thought
he would. You know, I kinder think
she wasn't all she might 'a' been, after
all. She had a pretty sharp tongue, I'm
thinkin'." So interested are James and
Mary in their songs that "they do not
need moving pictures or vaudeville to
amuse them."

Miss Sturgis felt it her duty to chas-
ten some of the older ballads. "In our
generation we do not deal quite so
frankly with all subjects as writers for-
merly did, and certainly we could not
sing the original versions of some of
the ballads with the unconscious sim-
plicity of James and Mary." James oc-
casionaly prepares the hearer by say-
ing: "There ain't nothin' bad about this
song, so far ez I can see, 'ceptin' its
criminality." It is a pity that Miss Stur-
gis felt herself obliged to expurgate.
A folk-song should be published as it
was sung, or it should not be published
at all, except in some form for the more
hardened folk-loreists.

"Songs from the Hills of Vermont"
are thirteen in number. Mr. Hughes has
not been able to find "The Warranty-
Deed" and "The Half-Hitch" in print,
either in Great Britain or in this coun-
try. The latter song, delightful indeed,
is too long for quotation. We must be
content with

THE WARRANTY DEED

A lawyer there was I will call Mister Clay;
He had but few clients and they didn't pay.
At length of starvation he grew so afraid
That he courted and married a wealthy old
maid.

At the wedding the bridegroom made one sad
mistake;
'Twas not in omitting the cards nor the cake.
The ring was well chosen, the parson well fed,
But the groom didn't apply for a warranty
deed.

That night in her chamber the bride she arose
And began to prepare to retire to repose.
Her husband sat by her admiring her charms
That gave him such pleasure to clasp in his
arms.

Her husband he saw with amazement and grief
A curious performance of hers with her teeth;
She took them all out with her fingers and
knives;
Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my
gums."

She went to the mirror to take down her hair,
And when she had done so her cranium was
bare.
'Twas not to be frightened to see my poor
head;
I will put on my cap when I get into bed."

The groom had been sitting in stupid amaze
To see such strange doings before his own gaze.
He quickly jumped up and ran out at the
door.

And poor Missis Clay never saw his face more.

Mr. Hughes's accompaniments are well
invented for concert use. Interesting as
they are musically, it is a question
whether they always suit the simplicity,
the frankness of the tunes and the
words. This is a debatable question
among musical folk-loreists, one not to
be answered rashly.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—E. II. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "Twelfth Night." The cast:

Orsino..... Frederick Lewis
Sebastian..... Henry Stanford
Antonio..... Frank Peters
A Sea Captain..... V. L. Granville
Sir Tony Belch..... Rowland Buckstone
Sir Andrew Aguecheek..... J. Sayre Crawley
Malvolio..... Mr. Sothern
Fabian..... Vernon Kelso
Feste..... Cecil Dunn
Maria..... Miss Alma Kruger
Viola..... Miss Marlowe
Mariana..... Miss Nora Lamson

If the excellence of Mr. Sothern's
Malvolio and Miss Marlowe's Viola
were not already well established, last
night's performance might have sur-
prised those who saw "The Taming of
the Shrew" in the early part of the
week.

The contrast is great. This is a fin-
ished production; the other was not.

The simple scenes that seemed odd
and inadequate for "The Shrew," has
grace and dignity in "Twelfth Night."
Of course, the contrast is mainly due
not to the scenery or the costumes or
even to the difference in the character
of the plays, but to the players them-
selves.

Here is a different Sothern and a
strikingly different Miss Marlowe. She
gives Viola romantic charm and used
her greatest gift, her full, round voice,
to add beauty to a scholarly reading.
He makes Malvolio a living character,
and in the end enlisted sympathy for
him—a very difficult feat.

And it is a different Mr. Buckstone.
He plays Sir Toby, a truly Shakespear-
ian character, with spirit. Mr. Craw-
ley, Miss Kruger, Mr. Dunn, Miss Lam-
son and all the others play as if they
enjoy it. The duel scene and the let-
ter scene are exceedingly well done.
Their humor is of a type that is uni-
versal and for all time, and they caused
roars of laughter last night.

There are some beautiful lighting ef-
fects. At times the impression is that
of a painting by Maxfield Parrish.

WERREN RATH

By PHILIP HALE

Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, gave a
recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan
Hall. Harry Spier was the pianist. The
program was as follows: Bach, Recita-
tive in Aria from "Watch Ye, Pray
Ye"; Caldara, "Come Itaggio di Sol";
Legrenzi, "Che fiero costume"; Falconieri,
"Occhiette Amati"; Peri, "Invocazione di
Orfeo"; Ravel, "Sainte"; Duparc, "Le Ma-
noir de Rosamonde"; Poldowski, "L'At-
tente"; Fauré, "Promenade a Mule";
Keel, "Three Salt Water Ballads—Port
of Many Ships, Trade Winds, Mother
Carey"; Peel, "In Summer Time on Bre-
den"; Forsyth, "Tell Me Not of a Lovely
Lass"; Manney, "Consecration"; Egan,
"Top of the Mornin'"; Rogers, "The Time
for Making Songs."

It was said of Jacobo Peri, whose name
was on the program yesterday, that
singing the music of Orpheus in the first
opera, "he found the marvellous manner
of reciting in singing that all Italy ad-
mired." Peri would have been the first
to praise Mr. Werrenrath, and not only
for his noble delivery of the superb air
from "Euridice"; for Mr. Werrenrath
has the intelligence to grasp the signifi-
cance of text and music, the voice and
the control of the voice to convey what
he knows and feels. There are in-
terpreters of songs that move and thrill
so that the hearer forgets the inherent
vocal poverty and even certain technical
imperfections. Mr. Werrenrath is for-
tunate in having an expressive organ;
a voice that in itself is musical and
virile; the voice has been admirably
trained. This might be said of other
singers who, nevertheless, leave one
cold. But hearing Mr. Werrenrath, one
is almost unconscious of this technical
proficiency; the voice is the willing in-
strument; but the ruling pleasure comes
from the singer's aesthetic differentia-
tion from the appropriate, unerring,
compelling expression of sentiments and
emotions.

The program called imperatively for
variety in the interpretation. Bach's
recitative "Ah, When on That Great
Day" and "Blessed Resurrection Day,"
is a dramatic cantata in itself. The
singer must express stupefaction, hope,
trust, and, above all, religious belief
and exaltation. Note the striking con-
trasts in the aria, with its lyric opening,
its realistic middle section, its reas-
suring close—a strange compound in all
of tenderness and Gothic grimness. The
first three of the old Italian arias, beau-
tiful in themselves, were delicately
"nuanced," the antique spirit was pre-
served but without any attempt at
pseudo-archaism, as though a modern
composer were attempting to put him-
self back into the seventeenth century.
We have already spoken of the im-
pressive reading of Peri's air.

The songs of Ravel have been neg-
lected by our singers. "Sainte," the first
he wrote—it is over 20 years old—is an
exquisite reproduction of the poet Mal-
herme's mood. Duparc has been slowly
coming into his own. He must be num-
bered among the leading contributors
to the literature of song. The art of
the singer glorified the music of Pol-
dowski. New to us were the sturdy
ballads of the sea by Keel—an appro-
priate name whose music to Masc-
field's verses might have been dictated
by the poet himself, so thoroughly is it
in his vein.

Mr. Spier's accompaniments were
sympathetic, tasteful. The audience was
enthusiastic. Mr. Werrenrath will give
at other recitals in Jordan Hall on Sat-
urday afternoon, Jan. 17.

By PHILIP HALE

The Principles of Playmaking and Other
Discussions of the Drama by Brander
Matthews; Charles Scribner's Sons.

'It is needless to say that Prof. Mat-
thews writes well, although he persists
in spelling through, "thru"; that his
opinions are entertaining, especially

when the invite contradiction that his
criticism is often acute, sometime in-
comprehensible; that his remarks are
often instructive, when they are made
by way of digression and not in pontif-
fical vein. He seems to have an un-
bounded admiration for "Onkel" Sarcy,
who did all he could to retard the de-
velopment of the drama in France and
looked contemptuously on all plays
that in his eyes were not purely "the-
atrical"; also on plays of foreign origin.
He refers to Mr. William Gillette as "one
of the most adroit playwrights of our
own time," and says that if a school
of playwrighting were to be opened Mr.
Gillette and Mr. Augustus Thomas
would be the proper instructors in this
country; for "if playwrighting is to be
taught with the same success that paint-
ing has been taught, this can be ac-
complished only by the older play-
wrights instructing the younger and
laying bare before them the art and
mystery of the drama." But why Mr.
Gillette? Why not Mr. George M.
Cohan?

Having discussed the principles of
playmaking—Mr. Matthews is professor
of dramatic literature at Columbia Uni-
versity—having discussed the laws and
the successful violations of laws, also
the question whether literature should
be injected into the drama; having
classed Sarcy with Aristotle and Less-
ing as "a theorist of the theatre," Prof.
Matthews asks what Shakespeare would
think about his commentators and his
critics if he were to revisit the earth.
He would be astonished by "the efflu-
gence of his fame"; the huge library
of Shakespearian criticism would not de-
tain him, for modest and unassuming—
this Prof. Matthews takes for granted—
he would soon weary of praise. "If he
might be agreeably surprised by the
praise lavished on him as a poet, he
would be frankly bewildered by the
commendation bestowed on him as a
philosopher . . . he might well be grati-
fied to be recognized at last as a most
accomplished craftsman, ever dexterous
in solving the problems of dramaturgic
technic."

Pleasant as this essay is, the one on
Shakespearian stage traditions is more
valuable. No commentary on Hamlet
would be more useful as an aid to a
fuller understanding of his character
than "a detailed record of the readings,
the gestures, the business employed in
the successive performances of the part
by Burbage and by Betterton, by Gar-
rick and by Kemble, by Macready and
by Forrest, by Booth and by Irving."
Yes, and Prof. Matthews might have
added "by Davenport, by Rossi and by
Fechter"; and in a later edition "by
Walter Hampden." The late Henry P.
Phelps in his "Hamlet from the actors'
standpoint" (New York, 1890) performed
this task in a measure, but Prof. Mat-
thews apparently is not acquainted
with the book of this modest but ex-
cellent critic and historian of the
stage; at any rate he ignores him in
this essay. What Prof. Matthews con-
tributes to our knowledge of the tra-
ditions is interesting. He discusses—
not sympathetically—Fechter's Hamlet,
although he does not mention him in
the list given above. He describes him
as fundamentally an emotional rather
than an intellectual actor. We all
know what an "intellectual" singer is,
the one dear to the Germans; he is a
singer that has almost or wholly lost
his voice, or whose voice is still un-
pleasant, but he has a "fine conception"
of a role, though he may sing atrociously.
Was Hamlet an intellectual
rather than an emotional person? Did
Ophelia and Horatio love him for his
intellect? Did his intellect control his
behavior with the ghost, Ophelia and in
the play scene? Are the soliloquies
solely intellectual outbursts? Prof. Mat-
thews is happier when he views the
character of Jacques and the proper
reading of his lines.

A pleasant essay is the one about "The
Pleasant Land of Serbia," the land of
strange historical events that never
happened, a land wholly unknown to
prosaic geographers, inhabited by men
and women of no country, no century.

Agreeable, too, is the account of plays
in which characters that are not seen
on the stage are most important: Sar-
dou's Mme. Benoiton; Daudet's Arle-
sienne; Ibsen's Beata; the first Mrs.
Tanqueray; the invisible visitor in Mac-
terlinck's "Intruder," of which Prof.
Matthews says it is perhaps the simplest
in its story and the strongest in its ef-
fect of all Macterlinck's dramas; of
Hennequin's Napoleon who never comes
on the stage in the "Death of the Duke
of Enghien"; of Zeus in "Prometheus
Bound."

Other essays that are well worth read-
ing are "Situations Wanted"; "The
Playwright and the Player"; "Irish
Plays and Irish Playwrights"; "The
Conventions of the Music Drama"; "The
Simplification of Stage Scenery"; "The
Vocabulary of the Show Business"—
would that Prof. Matthews had pooh-
pooed the vocabulary of the passionate
press agent, his misuse of the word
"pretentious," his jargon that includes
"offering" and "vehicle"; "Matthew
Arnold and the Theatre" and "Memories
of Edwin Booth."

In "the Playwright and the Player,"
there is allusion to the paradox of
dramatic criticism—"that on the first
night of an unpublished play, the pub-
lic and the critics have to take the

... of the play from the... of the playwright. The... of the value of the... only from that single per-... and they can form their... of the value of the individual... actor only from the impression he has... made at that performance. Now it is... a matter of common knowledge that... sometimes good parts are ill-played... and bad parts well played. But... the first night, how are the public... and the critics to know in advance... which are the good parts and which... are the bad parts? There are parts... which seem to be showy and effec-... tive and which are not so in reality." Then there are parts that play them-... selves. There are actor-proof plays... as "Tartuffe," "As You Like It," "The... School for Scandal." Some of Ibsen's... plays might also have been named.

It has been said that English comedy... has either been written by Irishmen or... also adapted from the French. Prof. Matthews put into the mouth of a har-... and cynical critic: "Sometimes English... comedy has been both written by an... Irishman and adapted from the French." Perhaps the reason why Irishmen long... refused to utilize Irish material is to... be found in the fact that to gain a... living wage they were obliged to writ-... for London theatres, where the audi-... ences took little or no interest in the... land or the Irish. There is not an Irish... part in Wilde's comedies: "there is only... one of Mr. Shaw's pieces the scene of... which is laid in Ireland." (This was... written in 1914, before "O'Flaherty, V... C." was published). Of the Abbey The-... atre plays, it is said that their fun de-... pends upon a subtle humor tinged with... melan choly. "They were no longer con-... tented with an external indication of... superficial Irish characteristics, but... sought an internal and intimate expres-... sion of the essential. These new Irish... plays were not Irish by accident; they... were Irish by intention, Irish in char-... acter and in action, Irish in motive and... in sentiment, Irish through and through... unmistakably Irish."

In "The Conventions of the Music-... Drama," the inherent absurdities of... opera are treated. As for scenery, the... dominating principle is that "Every... play ought to be provided with the... specific background which will best... serve to bring out its own special... quality." Prof. Matthews's essay on... Arnold as a theatregoer and a critic is... finely appreciative, while his remi-... niscences of Booth include anecdotes... that throw a new light on the actor and... the man.

This book, which should have been... provided with an index, will entertain... the general reader in spite of the title... that suggests academic discussion of... technique. An ironist, having purchased... the volume, will put it on a shelf be-... tween Mr. George Jean Nathan's... "Comedians All" and Mr. Edward Gor-... don Craig's "The Theatre-Advancing,"... books by two amusing Ishmaelites, of... the playhouse.

In a comedy played here recently an... Englishman coming into a drawing room... is outed for a bootjack and slippers. The... demand took us back to boyhood, when... a bootjack was regarded as neces-... sary in every household. These boot-... jacks were of wood or iron, plain or... ornamented. Slippers were also indis-... pensable. Leg boots were universally... worn, not regarded as merely "for gen-... tlemen only." Common men also... sported them. A few years ago we were... told that these boots are still worn by... certain western statesmen. In English... houses there were slippers ready for... guests, nor did a long succession of... unknown feet dismay the last comer.

In what year or in what years did... leg boots go out of fashion? Were... Congress gaiters instrumental in driv-... ing them out? A gaiter in England is... a covering of cloth, leather, etc., for... the ankle, or the ankle and the lower... leg. The word was also applied to leas-... of stockings without feet. With us it... came to mean a kind of shoe consisting... chiefly of cloth and covering the ankle... and later to be a shoe still covering... the ankle, with or without cloth, but... with an insertion of elastic on each... side. Why were these gaiters with the... elastic on each side called "Congress"?... Were congressmen supposed to wear... them? One might as well have said... they drank Congress water exclusively. The... fat and the lazy welcomed these... shoes, which were unknown when Oliver... Wendell Holmes in 1846 addressed the... Boston Mercantile Library Association. The... pairs of boots one pair of feet demands... to be polished daily by the owner's hands;... the dark menial's visit save from this... Have twice the number, for he'll sometimes... miss.

One pair for critics of the nicer set... Close in the instep's clinging circumference... Long narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love... A kind of cross between a boot and glove... Compact, but easy, strong, substantial, square... For native art compile the mediocrity pair... The third remains, and let your tasteful... feet show some relics of affection still;... Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tann-... No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan... Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet... Though yellow torrents gurgled through the... street.

Congress gaiters gradually fell into... disrepute and shared the fate of cloth... shoes. The elastic was often frayed;

Are there any boys... of red hair with a tab on the upper... part of the leg and a copper to... band still made for boys? In our little... village no boy was complete without... them. We shall never forget the dis-... may of one little wretch when his... father, returning from Boston, present-... ed him with a pair of corduroy boots. The... fond father had read somewhere... that they were waterproof, sanitary... Indestructible, etc. The credulous man... listened, open mouthed, to the sales-... man, and was won. But what did we... not do to that boy, who, sorely against... his will, appeared the next day at the... intermediate school booted in corduroy? Nor... was that boy unmolesed throughout the... winter.

Igor Stravinsky

Igor Stravinsky is known here chiefly... by his remarkable ballets, although other... music by him has been performed. When... it was reported that this interesting mu-... sician was in need; that the war and the... chaotic state of Russia had made him... penniless, admirers in this country, many... of them living in Boston, raised the sum... of \$263.65. He, at first, was unwilling to... accept it except as a loan, but when the... committee asked him to look upon it "as... an evidence of our belief in and admira-... tion for your music rather than as a... personal gift," he changed his mind. The... following letter from Mr. Stravinsky will... interest the local subscribers to the fund:

"Madam: I have, indeed, received your... very kind letter which has profoundly... touched me, and I thank you most heart-... ily for it. I permit myself to say to you... in all frankness, that, in spite of my... statement of which I wrote you in my... previous letters as to the generous gifts... of my known and unknown friends in... America, I am obliged to retract my... words. These friends by their sponta-... neous and delicate deed, have given... proof of such disinterestedness and... devotion to my work that I never should... be able to return their obligation, and... see clearly now above all that I could... not do this by reimbursing them. I feel... that it would be ungrateful on my part... to reply to the sentiment which my... friends have testified in my behalf, by... an act dictated if not entirely at least in... part by pride. Pride seems to me of a... paltry nature in comparison with that of... these sentiments, and as I know that in... renouncing my first decision, I sacrifi-... ce my pride and thereby respond to the... desire of my generous friends. I do this... willingly."

"In thanking you again for your gen-... erous support, I beg you to accept, madam, my respectful homage."
(Signed) "IGOR STRAVINSKY."

Tennyson and Nature

Mr. William North Rice, professor of... geology, has paid tribute, in an address... to Tennyson's scientific accuracy in his... treatment of nature. This accuracy is... indeed, famous; nevertheless Tennyson... was, after all, mortal. In "Oenone,"... first published in 1833, are these lines:

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.
The cicada is loudest at high noon
when the heat is greatest, but Tenny-... son allowed the line to stand until 1884... when he substituted "and the winds are... dead."

In "Locksley Hall" the young man... looked from an ivied casement before he... went to bed "on great Orion sloping... slowly to the west," whereupon Omar... Khayyam Fitzgerald asked Tennyson if... he ever did see Orion sloping westward. But this was not so much a reproach for... inaccuracy as was Mr. Babbage's letter... to Tennyson about the couplet

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

(The lines originally had "minute" for... "moment.") Mr. Babbage, strong in... mathematics, the inventor of the calcu-... lating machine, wrote: "I need hardly... point out to you that this calculation... would tend to keep the sum total of the... world's population in a state of per-... petual equipoise, whereas it is a well-... known fact that the said sum total is... constantly on the increase. I would... therefore take the liberty of suggesting... that in the next edition of your excellent... poem the erroneous calculations to which... I refer should be corrected as follows:

Every moment dies a man,
And one and a sixteenth is born.

I may add that the exact figures are... 1.167, but something must, of course, be... conceded to the laws of metre." There-... fore Mr. Babbage must be ranked with... the world's great humorists, conscious... or unconscious.

Doctors' Jargon

It is satisfactory to hear that Presi-... dent Wilson's "kidneys are functioning... normally," but regrettable that the good... news has not been conveyed to us in... better English. There are approximately... 1000 words in our language with the ter-... mination "tion," and barely half a dozen... of these have the sanction of classic... writers for use as verbs. Among these... latter are "question," "apportion," "sta-... tion," all of them verbs active.

But "function," a verb neuter, has no...

... of the medical profession. It is... happy, it is forcing it into gen-... eral use.—London Daily Chronicle.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Out-... rageous Mrs. Palmer." Drama in four... acts by Henry Gribble. First time on... any stage. The cast:

Rowena Herrick..... Betty Barnicoat
Carlton..... Mabel Colcord
The Hon. Charles Cardigan North.....
Robert Babcock
Brandon Sullivan..... John Craig
Leble..... William Hennessey
Miss Tripp..... Beatrice Loring
Mrs. Charles Cardigan North..... Mary Young
James Holden..... Arthur Edred
Philip Michael Palmer..... Charles Hickford
Mrs. Herbert Rollins..... Bertha Blanchard
Miss Clara Beebe..... Marjorie Dalton
Mr. Guy Dunn..... Bert Pennington
Mald..... Jessie Alison
Natalie Thompson..... Maud Meagher

The new play with which the Craig... Players end their autumn season at the... Arlington Theatre, the first performance... of which was given last evening, is by... Henry Gribble, a member of the com-... pany. As shown by the play, Mr. Grib-... ble has a strong sense of character, an... ability to write vital and significant dia-... logue, and a constructive technique that... enables him to invest a plausible story... and weld it into four acts of vigorous... narrative.

The heroine, the "outrageous" Mrs. Palmer, is an actress, and Miss Young... interprets the character with skill and... charm. To her playing of the part Mr. Grib-... ble owes no small portion of the... success of his play. Mr. Craig has the... role of an established playwright and... makes him interesting and lifelike.

The other members of the company... were well cast, and the scenery, especially constructed for the play, gave... the right atmosphere. The final per-... formance of "The Outrageous Mrs. Pal-... mer" will be given this afternoon and... evening.

NOV 9 1915

"Comedians All," by George Jean Nathan, is published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Mr. Nathan might be likened by some... to Shimei, the son of Gera: "He came north, and cursed still as he came; and he cast stones at David (Belasco) and at all the servants of King David; and all the people and all the mighty men were on his right hand, and on his left."

We prefer to think of Mr. Nathan as Artemus Ward described his kangaroo: "a amozin little Raskal—t would make you lart yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal."

Over 30 years ago the unfortunate but... able Wilhelm Tappert compiled a little dictionary of rude remarks that had been made about Richard Wagner and his works. A dictionary of greater size could be drawn from Mr. Nathan's "Cook," a dictionary containing impolite remarks made by him about comedians, dramatists, in fact, all theatrical folk. Yet how readable he is; how often he tells the truth; how often it is a pleasure to disagree with him!

Reading him, one should remember his statement that it is much more difficult to dispraise intelligently and forcibly than it is to praise. "Destructive criti-... cism, as the jay misnomer has it," calls for an exhaustive knowledge of the sub-... ject, "an original and sharply inventive analytical turn of mind, and thirdly, for a wit and power over words that shall make them whiz through the printed page." Mr. Nathan certainly has the knowledge. He knows the date of a pro-... duction in Budapest, Kief or Tokio; the pedigree of every dramatist and the catalogue of his works. He is original; the Archduke in Offenbach's operetta would hug him for his originality; he certainly "whizzes" through the printed page, nor does he disdain slang, the foot-... pads and loafers of speech, to use Mr. Whitley's characterization of "language in the making." Mr. Nathan is dis-... tressed because "slating" in New York is not one of the fine arts; "generally little more than a faint barking of amiable dachshunds suddenly disguised as ferocious bloodhounds—with Eliza already 20 miles away." The "perspira-... tions" of the N. Y. Globe, for instance, are "approximately as destructive as the eruption of a Kivala cardboard vol-... cano." He gives many examples, as the "flapdoodle" of Mr. Clayton Ham-... ilton, discussing Lavedan: "A mass of gushing inexactness progressing with a gay, jazzy crescendo to a sweet-sour whack on the cowbell."

Note this description of the actor-... manager:

"At 50 still vastly intrigued by his personal beauty—given to presenting himself in sentimental drawing-room comedies wherein, by virtue of an elegant morning coat and a gift for polite repartee, he succeeds magnificently in winning the affections of the lovely in-... genues from the juvenile. The second stage finds him—nearing 60 and now re-... luctantly intrigued somewhat less by

... beauty than by his cosmic... character—given to presenting himself in... biographical plays wherein, by virtue of... an illustrious historical name, a gray... wig, a red plush suit, and alternately... witty and heroic sentiments culled from... the mouth of the dramatized deceased, he succeeds in winning for himself all the plaudits withheld from the poor... dead genius in his lifetime. And the... third stage finds him—beyond 60 and fat, and hence perforce brought to abjure his mirror and think of himself prima-... rily as an actor—given with but minor... excursions for old time's sake, to Shake-... speare."

Mr. Nathan thinks that if, as a show-... maker, he would remark in a play that... it is uncomfortable to eat dinner with-... out a napkin or that there is "always... something that sounds drunk about a... hansom cab late at night," he would be

applauded as a keen observer. He de-... votes nearly a dozen pages to the de-... molishment of Maeterlinck, "the de luxe... Sunday school superintendent of the... modern drama; an amalgam of a Euro-... pean John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and... Charles Rann Kennedy." In his heart... "there is only a silk badge and a high... hat," this "Maeterlinck of the carefully... mussed gray hair and the sad Marie... Doro look carefully cultivated in his... eyes." "He is not a voice in the wilder-... ness; he is a wilderness in the voice. Words, words, words—many of them... singing and lovely, but still mere words, words, words." His technic is "the... technic of the futurists and other such... current liberally spoofed art culits."

"Numskullery" is an essential attri-... bute of the actor. "Imagine an intelli-... gent man—a man like Lincoln or Glad-... stone, say—rouging his lips and cheeks, blackening his bald spot, beading his... eyelashes, dressing himself up like the... top of an old-fashioned mantelpiece, and thus arrayed, swelling proudly at the handclapping of a houseful of yokels when with a tin sword he stands at the top of a papier-mache stairway in a J. Stanley Weyman opus and, yelling 'For the glory of La Belle France!' at the top of his lungs, chases three nervous col-... lege-boy supers back into the wings. . . . The eight most effective actors on our American stage graduated to that stago from the respective positions of shoe clerk, valet, dog trainer, dry-goods salesman, circus acrobatic clown, cloth-... ing-store sidewalk puller-in, race-track tout and haberdasher's clerk."

There is a glowing eulogy of Arthur Hopkins as a producer, "whose efforts have been met with many a face-mak-... ing from the kind of critic whose finger was trained by President Lowell to thumb his nose where God designed that it should only pick it." Harry Watson, Jr., is "one of the finest comic artists of the American stage." A lec-... ture by Prof. Brander Matthews before the students of Barnard College was "uniformly entertaining, if uniformly in-... accurate." Mr. Nathan lists the pro-... fessional conventions and answers them. Speaking elsewhere of the college pro-... fessor school of criticism, which main-... tains that dramatic art and validity and integrity of thematic idea are insepar-... able, he says that this critical ethic would ask us to believe that art and fact are indissoluble, "that no man may work out a beautiful tapestry from a premise unsupported by the Magna Charta, the law of gravity and the Mann Act."

Apocryphal of roof shows: "The sensual horsepower of a music show is obviously diminished in the degree that the girls are brought into proximity with the gentlemen sitters." The roof move brings "the pseudo-lovely one within such close range that the Louisville and Allentown admirers may cruelly assess the mirage in terms of devastating grease paint, moles, gilt teeth, loud perfumery, stock-... ing seams and hooks and eyes. The most beautiful woman's beauty dimin-... ishes in the degree that it comes toward the male eye."

The potboiler-makers are discussed; the drama of ideas, hogum, the star system are sarcastically considered. Women in the audience of star-worship-... pers fall into classes: "Those who thought that James K. Hackett was too grand for words, and those who thought that James K. Hackett would be too grand for words if he got his hair cut."

"The drama of Augustus Thomas is the condensation of the protagonist's life time into hours and the expansion of the theatre-goers two hours into a lifetime. . . . The evening reveals it-... self as a mere lecture by Thomas on 'How to Write a Play,' a laboratorial evening proving to the further satisfac-... tion of the students of Prof. George Pierce Baker that, with protracted schooling and practice, one may become sufficiently proficient in what is termed dramatic technic to write anything for the stage but drama."

On aesthetic dancing. "A bevy of women running half naked around Cen-... tral Park is not nearly so intent upon enthroning Terpsichore in her niche in the temple of the beaux arts as upon watching the effect on the park police-... man out of the corner of its eyes. The unmoved woman with legs gnarled and

George Arliss should be America's most expert character actor, "for he has been acting that character for longer than I am able to remember." Otis Skinner's characterizations "vary only in the tint of grease paint with which he adorns his face." Mr. Towse of the Evening Post is a typical doctor of the "what's-inside-the-doll school of journalistic criticism." Mr. Barrie is "the triumph of sugar over diabetes." Bert Williams, now an "inept and unimaginative performer," is applauded the more and more "merely because he happens to be a Negro." There is a little melodrama in Eugene Walter's manner. J. Harter Manners is "the sort of dramatist who pours the sugar on the coffee instead of the coffee on the sugar." His philosophy, as "typically revealed in such of his plays as, for example, 'The Harp of Life,' has all the efficiency of a bloodhound with a cold."

The wrapper of "Comedians All" bears this endorsement: "George Jean Nathan—The best of all theatre critics to my mind—Gordon Craig." Mr. Craig, who, we regret to say, has been seriously sick, is something of a Shimei himself; also not unlike Artemus Ward's kangaroo: but his literary style is not so "flip" as Mr. Nathan's.

"Dear Brutus"

Barrie's play "Dear Brutus" is very long in coming to Boston. It was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on Oct. 17, 1917, when Gerald du Maurier took the part of Mr. Dearth. The play derives its title from the lines in "Julius Caesar": "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." The hero has been described as "merely the dear public, all sorts of people prone to reflect upon what they are and what they might have been." The problem proposed is this: Would people, if given a second chance in life be any happier for it? The play was brought out at the Empire, New York, on Dec. 23, 1915, with Messrs. Gillette, Sam Sothern and Louis Calvert as Mr. Dearth, Mr. Purdie and Matey respectively. Messrs. Stewart (Mr. Coade) and Brewer (Lob) also took part. The women were Mesdames Spang, Tannehill, Wainwright, Risdon, Cooper, Hayes.

Dr. Arthur W. Jenks's sermon, "St. Paul and 'Dear Brutus,'" has been published in pamphlet form. Dr. Henry Nepmann, leader of the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, lectured on the play last April. Dr. Smith E. Jellicoe, a "psycho-analyst," contributed an article about the play to the New York Medical Journal.

On Jan. 23, 1919, Barrie wrote a letter in which he said, apropos of an invitation to visit New York and make an address: "The play of 'Dear Brutus' is an allegory about a gentleman called John Bull, who years and years ago missed the opportunity of his life (like Bacon when he did not write Shakespeare). The Mr. Dearth of the play is really John Bull—as Mr. Gillette cunningly indicates by his figure. Margaret, the Might Have Been, is really America."

The play shows how on the fields of France this father and daughter get a second opportunity of coming together; and the nightingale is George Washington asking them to do it on his birthday. Are the two now to make it up immediately or forever to drift apart? Second chances come to few, and as for a third chance, whoever heard of it? It is now or never. If it is now something will have been accomplished greater than the war itself; democracy

will have sown its noblest seed, the fruit whereof America was created to give forth, that every child born into the world should have an equal chance. The future of mankind is listening for our decision; if we cannot rise to the second chance, ours will be the blame, but the sorrow will be posterity's. We shall have to say sadly enough:

"The fault, dear Jonathan, is not in our stars. But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

For the statement of intended propaganda, he was taken roundly to task by the N. Y. Sun. "Against that unimpeachable testimony of Barrie the Poet, the words of Barrie the Politician fail harmless."

"Three Wise Fools"

"Three Wise Fools" is another play that is at it arriving here. It was produced as "Three Wise Men" at Hartford, Ct., on Oct. 13, 1917, but it seems

that there was a change of title. It was produced at Stamford, Ct., in May of that year for the enlightenment of Winchell Smith, one of its producers. In the original version Crawshaw, the father of the

heroine, was introduced into the story and he then appeared. In the revision he clears up the mystery at the end.

The comedy was produced at the Criterion Theatre, New York, on Oct. 31, 1918. Worthing, England, saw it on July 7, 1919. On July 12, 1919, the play was brought out at the Comedy, London where it was thankfully received by the public and the critics.

A performance was given for the blind at the Criterion, New York, on June 3, 1919.

At the Copley,

It has been said that Shaw's "Widowers' Houses" has not been performed in this country. The comedy was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, March 7, 1907, with these comedians: Messrs. Kealey, Kolker, Lawrence, Davis, W. F. Hawley, Gottschalk, Mmes. Effie Shannon and Adele Wexley. Mr. Towse of the Evening Post described the comedy as "one of the best" of the dramatist's more serious plays, but Mr. Winter was bored,

as he usually was whenever a modern play that led an audience to think was performed, even when one of his pets was in the cast.

"Widowers' Houses," Shaw's first play, was produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, under the auspices of the Independent Theatre, on Dec. 9, 1892. It was played again at the Coronet Theatre on June 7, 1909, and in May, 1912, by Miss Horniman's visiting company.

Shaw classes the comedy as one of his "unpleasant" plays, putting it in a volume with "The Philanderer" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He found in 1892 two acts of a play he had begun in 1885 in collaboration with William Archer. The original scheme was for "a sympathetically romantic 'well made play' of the type then in vogue," but he "perversely distorted it into a grotesquely realistic exposure of slum landlordism, municipal jobbery, and the pecuniary and matrimonial ties between it and the pleasant people of 'independent' incomes who imagine that such sordid matters do not touch their own lives." Mr. Archer perceiving that he had played the fool, both with his plan and my own theme, promptly disowned me, and the project which neither of us had much at heart, was dropped, leaving me with two abortive acts of an unfinished and condemned play. Examining this seven years later, I saw that the very qualities which had made it impossible for ordinary commercial purposes in 1885, might be exactly those needed by the Independent Theatre in 1892. So I completed it by a third act; gave it the far-fetched mock-scriptural title of "Widowers' Houses," and handed it over to Mr. Grein, who launched it at the public in the Royalty Theatre with all its original tomfooleries on its head. It made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits or even its demerits, and I at once became infamous as a dramatist. . . . In "Widowers' Houses" I have shown middle-class respectability and younger son gentility fattening on the poverty of the slum as flies fatten on filth."

Mr. Jewett, producing Wilfred T. Coleby's "The Truants," which went off the stage of the Copley last night, added to his list of plays performed for the first time in this country. "The Truants," as a comedy, does not amount to much either in situations or in dialogue, but it introduced Mr. Waram, who played the cave man vividly. It gave Miss Roach an opportunity for adroit characterization. Mrs. Collins unfortunately is a woman met in daily life. Miss Roach evidently has met her and heard her malicious gossip. Mr. Joy was at ease in a pale part and showed sound sense in not attempting to give it undue prominence. Mr. Clive was on the stage only a few minutes, but those minutes were well worth while. Mr. Waram, who is a valuable acquisition, if he is to be judged by his performance as Dick Chetwood, is, we are told, of a family long connected with the theatre. His great-grandmother, Julia Glover (1779-1859), was applauded as Mrs. Malaprop and was one of the women that have appeared as Hamlet. Mr. Waram's mother and his grandmother were also on the English stage.

Sothern and Marlowe

The Shakespearean plays at the Boston Opera House this week will be "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night." There should be curiosity to compare Mr. Sothern's Hamlet with Mr. Walter Hampden's. Apropos of the Burbage tercentenary Mr. H. C. Bailey recently contributed an interesting article, "The First Hamlet," to the London Daily Telegraph. "It is against the spirit of the evidence that he (Burbage) ranted. Hamlet's advice to the players cannot have been meant for the man whom all the critics praise for his power of interpreting words and part. He made things understood; that significant was secure in the

play, and it is of the evidence of the title of the play. Nothing is said of remark of dignity, which was what the admirers of Kemble always talked about, or of power of inspiring terror, which is what makes so many

stories about Kean. Impersonation and interpretation are the theme. The Burbage actor may have been a better than we are pleased to think. . . . It was not only short but stout. A dubious tradition ascribes the line 'breathing the physical peculiarities of the actor' who took the part. In the picture of him at Dulwich, which some say he painted himself, we see a grave, rather melancholy, rather stern face, in which the mouth seems curiously small and insignificant compared with the strength of the other features. An odd characteristic in an actor. We know little of his life and of what manner of man he was, apart from his business capacity, almost nothing. He worked in partnership with the more important of his fellow-players, Shakespeare and others, but he seems to have taken care to keep the lion's share for himself. Tradition ascribes to him good comradeship and a taste for jolly living and heavy drinking. A dubious story and rather dull story is all that we have upon record of the relations between Shakespeare and the man who first played Hamlet, Lear and Othello."

A London critic writes: "I believe that actors do not as a rule care for a too literal subservience to the text. There is the case of Hamlet, for instance. I think Sir Herbert Tree was the only interpreter of Hamlet who ever wore a beard, and yet Hamlet's own words are clear when he asks in one of his soliloquies, 'who plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?' As we remember Pechter he had a certain amount of hair on his upper lip and on his chin. A photograph taken before his powers failed so represents him."

"Oh, What a Girl!"

"Oh, What a Girl," a musical farce, book and lyrics by Edgar Smith and Edward Clark, music by Charles Jules and Jacques Presburg, was put on at the Shubert Theatre, New York, July 28, 1919. It had previously been known as "Oh, Uncle," in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Harry Kelly who took the part of the uncle, Deacon Amos Titmouse, met with the approbation of even the gravest critics. "He achieved a real characterization imbued with a sense of humor and his performance convulsed the audience with storms of laughter." There was much dancing, by Renee Adoree, Lewis Sloden, Ma-Belle, Nancy Fair, and an acrobatic taccabahan by Kathleen O'Hanlon and Theo Zambouni. Hazel Kirke, Sam Ash, Lew Cooper, Ignacio Martinetti were in the company.

Walters in the largest cafes of Paris protest against the order to shave the moustache or quit. It will be remembered that they went on a strike last April and the employers then agreed that the waiters could wear whiskerage as they pleased. The waiters now say: "Whether through snobbishness or in the hope of appearing original, customers choose to make their faces as glabrous and depilated as that of the Americans; or aim to copy the two commas on the upper lip of a well-known moving picture actor, that is their business. We must insist that the conventions entered into at the time of the strike be respected, that the moustache has always been in vogue in France and to suppress it is an indignity and diminishes the morale, value and patriotism of the personnel of the cafes."

Moustaches in France

But has the moustache always been in vogue in France?

The Franks were them. Sidonius-Apollinaris, who lived in the fifth century, wrote of them: "Their face is entirely shaven, if you except the upper lip, on which they allow two little moustaches to grow"; but beards disappeared in the time of Philip II—he died in 1223. Faces were shaved clean, and the hair of the head did not come below the middle of the neck. There was a timid reappearance of the beard under Philip VI and John II, but Charles V and his successors were clean shaven. Facial hair came back with Francis I in the 16th century. Louis XIII and Richelieu wore thick moustaches, but the melancholy monarch soon shaved his and wore only a little chin tuft; while Richelieu persisted in wearing his moustache. About 1640 the moustache was in the form of an eyebrow or it was a "moustache a coquille," that is to say, the points of it were turned up. There was a little instrument, a "bigotere," to pinch it so that it would not droop in the night. After Louis XIII no French king wore a beard. Louis XIV had merely the suggestion of a moustache, but it disappeared in 1680 and the courtiers followed his example, although the king allowed them full lib-

erty in this respect. The latest portraits of Corneille and Moliere represent them as clean shaven.

In 1903 the Gaulois of Paris asked 100 men, in the interests of society and science, why they wore moustaches. Here are the answers: Sixty because women did not like clean-shaven men; 2 to please their wives; 17 to please themselves; 7 for the sake of their health; 3 because it improved the air they breathed; 1 to hide his long nose; 3 to avoid colds; 1 to hide his teeth; 6 because of the trouble of shaving. Some of these answers admit of pleasing academic discussion. It was in 1906, by the way, that an Italian orchestra, visiting a foreign city, wished to return home rather than sacrifice moustaches, and in that year at Rome 2000 valets in a solemn meeting refused to remain clean shaven.

Early in the great war an army order was issued in France that the men at the front must shave all facial hair except the moustache. This order brought out protests from Istand, Bergson, Rodin, Barres, Batallie and others; but Gen. Cherfils answered that the beard of a trooper weighed on an average 60 grammes. With 2,000,000 men at the front the aggregate weight would be 120 tons. The staff thought it necessary to relieve the army of this useless weight. In 1906 Gen. Lord Grenfell reminded British officers of the regulation that the chin and under lip must be shaved, but not the upper.

Moustachiana

There are appropriate names for various moustaches: Inverted eyebrows, walrus, soup strainer. According to the English lexicographers "lip whiskers" is an Americanism. We never heard the term. Was not Cleveland the first moustached President and Roosevelt the second? In August, 1912, a Londoner, "a well known member of the hair dressers committee," said that a committee of French hair dressers set the fashion once a month. This committee, before a blackboard, judged sketches of facial adornment.

The word "moustachio" in the singular is now obsolete. We regret this. It is the proper word for a fierce and bristling upper lip. Wellington in one of his dispatches wrote: "Almost all the artillerymen wore moustachios, which I think is contrary to your order." Defec in "Robinson Crusoe" seems to regard "moustachios" and "whiskers" as synonymous. Here is a question from Greene's "Upstart Courtier" (1592): "The barber asketh if it be his pleasure to have his moustachios fostered to turn about his ears like the branches of a vine." "Moustache" is applied by some to one-half of a pair. As far back as 1603 Holland, translating Plutarch, wrote: "The Ephori cause proclamation to be published that no man should wear inoustaches or nourish the hair on their upper lips."

A Soupomaniac

Now for a pleasing anecdote: On April, 17, 1918 Mary Jenks in Seattle, Wash., asked the Superior court for a divorce from her husband, Shehezerde Jenks, on the ground that he was too fond of soup, vegetable soup especially; for it was his custom to apply it to his hair. On every other subject Mr. Jenks was sane and practical, but when soup was set before him, a wild light came into his eyes and reason fled: He dived into the plate or tureen with both hands and rubbed his hair with the soup. Mary told a pathetic tale; how for years she had borne with Shehezerde, denied herself soup, guarded him as far as possible; yet in spite of her wifely care, he would frequently come home with carrots, minced potatoes and shreds of cabbage in his hair, showing that he had dined with thoughtless friends. We have heard that spinach is an excellent pomade for the hair on the top of the head, also whiskerage, but "our best people" do not apply it at the dinner table.

MME. GALLI-CURCI'S SECOND CONCERT

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her second concert this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to an audience that filled seats, platform and standing room. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist.

The program was: My Lovely Cella (Old English), Monroe; Dardanis A-Blowing, Edward German; Caro Nome, from "Rigoletto," Verdi; Varsazione (with flute), Proch; L'Heure Exquise, Hahn; Calvellos (in Spanish), Valverde; I Saw Thee Weep, Samuels; Sempre Libera, from "Traviata," Verdi; Pan Et Les Oiseaux, Mouquet; Scherzetto, Tafelberg; Mr. Berenguer; and four Berenguerettes of the 18th Century, arranged by Weckstein; Mad Scene from "Hamlet" (with flute), Thomas.

Mme. Galli-Curci continued acknowledgment of applause only by smiles, undisturbed after the fourth number, gave hope that another concert this season might have its program carried out without interruption; but the marvelous quality of the singer's voice shown so effectively in the aria from "Traviata" brought forth such enthusiastic applause, long

...d, the opening was the extra number doubled those of the regular program.

A custom at these Sunday concerts has been steadily growing is for assistants to rush toward the platform at the close of the last number on the program, filling the centre aisle by so doing. The rush was so great yesterday afternoon and the people were so densely packed that it became necessary for ushers to force back the throng from the centre aisle near the platform. As a possible suggestion to the audience, which seemed determined not to go home, Miss Gillingwater sang "Home, Sweet Home," playing her own accompaniment. This proving unsuccessful in dispersing the entranced music-lovers, "Robin Adair" was sung as doubtless many will never hear it again, and the house was darkened.

AT THE TREMONT

"Three Wise Fools" Ming-

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "Three Wise Fools," a comedy in three acts by Austin Strong. Produced at Hartford, Ct., as "Three Wise Men" on Oct. 13, 1918, by Messrs. Smith and Golden.

Mr. Theodore Findley.....Charles Gillingwater
Dr. Richard Gaunt.....Harry Davenport
Hon. James Trumbull.....Howard Gould
Miss Fairchild.....Helen Menken
Mrs. Saunders.....Minnie Remaley
Gordon Schuyler.....Charles Laite
Benjamin Suratt.....Samuel E. Hines
John Crawshaw.....Homer Hunt
Peggy.....Millard Vincent
Gray.....Harry Fossman
Clancy.....Wallace Fortune
Douglas.....Herbert Saunders
Policeman.....George Spelvin

One of Charles Reade's heroes exclaims in a fine burst that the Americans are the most generous people in the world. He might also have said that they are the most sentimental. Mr. Strong is not the only dramatist that knows this national characteristic. His "Three Wise Fools" would be intolerable by reason of its sentimentalism if it were allowed to run its sugary course for three acts. Just as the sentiment is beginning to pale, melodrama enters. Presto, an escaped convict sneaks in bent on "doing" the judge that sentenced him. As Mr. Alfred Jingle would describe it: "Desperate fellow—sweet little Miss Fairchild knows him—peculiar circumstances, by the way—tells him he really mustn't—brave girl stands in the way—blows a police whistle—then helps convict to get away—giving him a key to the roof—Then she lies to her old adoring friends like a trooper—Rum girl—rum case—how does she happen to know the convict? Demme if I can tell."

Three old bachelors, who all had loved the same woman, kept house together and were in ruts. Mr. Findley was rich, cranky and profane. (Seldom have we seen a play in which we have heard so much swearing.) Dr. Gaunt, a "psycho-analyst," thought the three needed a shock of some kind. Judge Trumbull had less to say, but he was the one that caught the girl in a lie. This girl was bequeathed to the three by her mother, their sweetheart of years ago. They became "dotty" over her. There is no other word for it; or if one prefers a more genteel term, say that they exhibited all the symptoms of senile adoration. Even Mr. Findley was more guarded in speech. But Miss Fairchild fell in love with Findley's nephew, Gordon.

The dramatist sounded his note of warning in the first act. One Poole, a detective, told the three that Benny the Duck was ready to kill the judge; so the house was watched. The spectator was then sure that something was going to happen in the second act. Happen it did. The curtain fell on Miss Fairchild out of the house, under arrest, and the three grieved and disconsolate.

But Gordon knew she was innocent, for he had "looked into her eyes." He "fixed" Poole; Benny the Duck was brought in; Crawshaw, who had been unjustly convicted of forgery—incidentally he turned out to be Miss Fairchild's father—was cleared; the lynx-eyed psycho-analyst said that Benny should go to a hospital; the three were again happy, and Miss Fairchild and the faithful Gordon were left alone.

The comedy is a pleasant one, and not in Bernard Shaw's sense. While there is little that is original or novel either in the sentimental or the melodramatic section, the play holds the attention, chiefly by the introduction of the testy, profane, crotchety, contradictory, fundamentally good-hearted Findley.

This part was acted vividly, without undue emphasis by Mr. Gillingwater. His delivery of the lines and his facial play amused greatly the large audience, whose laughter was of the hair-trigger order, and often the loud laugh or the giggle anticipated the line on the stage.

Mr. Davenport had the honor of having bed-side manner as Dr. Gaunt. Ten to one he enjoyed a lucrative practice as a nerve specialist for ladies. Mr. Gould was a disunited judge, but he really had no business to play the mean trick on Miss Fairchild. He then acted more as a prosecuting attorney than as an ornament of the bench. Mr. Laite as the manly high-spirited nephew proved that he belonged to the family by swearing in a manner that excited the admiration of his uncle, Miss Menken, exciting sympathy in the first act, not to sweet and grateful at the beginning of the second, was too intense in her chief scene for melodrama; she she not only wept and stormed; she blubbered. The other parts were adequately taken. We were pained to learn that a vigilant New York sleuth could be so easily worked by a passionate lover. With this exception, the evening was enjoyable.

It is the day of Martinmasse,
'Tupper of ale should freely pass;
What though Wynter has begunne
To push downe the summer sunne
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoye the crackling brake,
Never heeding Wynter's face
On the day of Martinmasse.

Of Martinmas

Yes, we read in an improving English book that the Feast of St. Martin is "a day of debauch among Christians on the continent; the new wines are then begun to be tested, and the saint's day is celebrated with carousing." Alas, there is not even cider in the flat, nor can we lay in Martinmas beef for the winter, as there is no chimney to dry it in. We have read that on St. Martin's night boys exposed vessels of water, which they supposed would be converted into wine. Their parents deceived them by substituting wine. But we have neither the childlike faith, and even if we had parents, where would they procure the wine, unless, like the virgins wise in the matter of oil, they had laid in a stock against the time of need and distress.

Thrifty George

As the World Wags:

A wise man writes me from New York, or rather Brooklyn, which some people say is the same thing, only different. He had read my communication in your column, Oct. 31, and his comment thereon, weighty and fraught with good counsel, should carry comfort to those oppressed ones who like myself have faced the smiling seller of raiment masculine and been confounded thereby. He writes:

"By and large, your remedy is working automatically to an extent. In the matter of shoes, it is to be presumed that each of us has one pair of shoes. One pair of shoes with an occasional heel straightening, with new soles adjusted at the psychological moment, will help to bear the shoe market."

This advice is good, but trite. I merely repeat it for the benefit of those rockless ones who have thrown away lopsided shoes.

On clothes he writes: "I have had my last winter's suits overhauled by the tailor, who with great dexterity has so drawn in those parts that transparencies have been minimized and a fairly complete composite achieved. But in these efforts we must avoid the danger pointed out by the late lamented Hon. Tim Sullivan of cultivating a deckle edge on our sleeves and pants, for such is the sure sign of non-success. A brilliant lustre or a chamelon-like change of color may be due only to age, assiduity in study or preoccupation, but a deckle edge is indicative of financial stress. We must avoid this."

The hat he says is a matter of indifference. "Many a rich man is known to wear the veriest plug of a hat, in fact a bum hat is very often a token of affluence. It is only the fop, the near dandy, who delights in sporting dinky new hats. India ink is useful in toning up fading parts of the binding. Many good receipts of this character can be found in the Scientific American Encyclopedia of Formulas (at all libraries). Such impedimenta as gloves, neckties and walking sticks are easily dispensed with. Skin doctors claim we coddle our skin too much and that we do not allow nature to do her work. Hence no gloves are better than gloves, no pajamas are better than pajamas, no underwear is better than underwear—the list is endless. There is a prejudice in favor of shirts that may be indulged, but not copiously. Two shirts equally arranged will provide all the comfort desired, especially in cold weather."

Thus speaks the sage of Brooklyn Heights. I gratefully acknowledge his valuable contributions to my campaign and hope that all my fellow sufferers of the submerged middle class will see and take comfort from it.

GEORGE OF NEWTON.

In the Theatre

In a review of the performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" by the Sothern-Marlowe company, this statement was

made: "Woody plays the induction now." Mr. John Craig writes to the Herald as follows: "As a matter of fact, the play has been given by me in its entirety, induction and all, at the Arlington Theatre, within a few years, recently enough. I think, to come within the scope of your representative's 'now.' If I had given it again during my last season of Shakespearean revivals a few weeks ago I should certainly have retained the induction, and it will remain a part of my production if, as is likely, I include 'The Taming of the Shrew' in my repertory when I return to the Arlington toward the end of the winter."

The Dublin correspondent of The Stage evidently approved the performance of Miss May Craig in a new and grim play, "Queer Ones," produced at the Abbey Theatre: "Miss Craig played with unerring touch on her ductile temperament, much as a maestro plays upon the violin, producing subtle harmonies in a delicate minor key."

Mme. Hopekirk

It was generally thought that Mme. Helen Hopekirk had returned to Scotland, her native land, to rest from her labors; that the only music she would hear and enjoy would be that of the skirling piper; but an Edinburgh newspaper informs us that she is still busy as a teacher and a pianist. She gave a recital on Nov. 7, and on Feb. 2 she will play her own concerto with the Scottish Orchestra, led by Landon Ronald.

Black Maria

The news comes from London that the "Black Maria," also known there as "Sable Maria," will be superseded by a motor vehicle. The Daily Chronicle thinks the familiar name of the prisoners' coach came from America. "Tradition has it that the original Black Maria was a gigantic negress who kept a sailors' lodging house in Boston. So renowned was her strength that it became quite the custom for the police, when called upon to tackle a refractory case, to send for Black Maria, who invariably knocked all nonsense out of the prisoner in a trice, and led him off meek enough to the lock-up." Is there any truth in this story? It has been said that the term originated in Philadelphia in 1833, but no evidence has been given in support of the statement. Matsell's "Vocabulary, or Rogues' Lexicon" (New York, 1859), does not contain the term. Mr. Julian Marshall some years ago suggested that "Maria" may be allied to "Marinated," "transported to some foreign plantation, and 'married,' persons chained or handcuffed together in order to be conveyed to jail." This seems to us far-fetched. We prefer to think that Maria was a living woman, black, perhaps comely.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Dear Brutus," a comedy in three acts, by J. M. Barrie; produced by Charles Frohman. The cast:

Mr. Dearth.....William Gillette
Mrs. Dearth.....Hilda Moore
Mr. Furdie.....Thomas A. Bralder
Mrs. Purdie.....Anne Morrison
Mr. Coade.....Grant Stewart
Mrs. Coade.....Marie Wainwright
Lola.....William Podmore
Joanna Trout.....Fred Russell
Lady Caroline Lancy.....Frances Anderson
Margaret.....Violet Kemble Cooper
Margaret.....Madge Bellamy

Whimsical comedy takes the place of whimsical comedy at the Hollis theatre. "Dear Brutus" is as fantastic in construction as in theme. It breaks rules of play-making and proves that the rules are made to be broken if it pleased Barrie to do so. It is unclassifiable Barrie has taken material from which George Hobart might have made a spectacular allegory and has produced something as far above a Hobart allegory as "Peter Pan" is above "Dei Tag." Fantasy is Barrie home, and this play is Barrie at his best.

The first act, which, by the way, is one of the best first acts that has been written for a long time, shows us a normal set of upper-class Englishmen and women at an abnormal house party. They are the guests of Puck himself and they don't know it. The program says that the locale is "in the north England country," presumably meaning the north of England, which, by the way, is not the home of Puck; and a reference in the play to the Downs shows that the program is wrong and that the actual scene is not far from Pook's Hill. These eight people should know better than to make experiments in that spot on Midsummer night. That they find themselves in an enchanted wood in the second act is a natural consequence. In the wood they are each given a second chance to choose a path through life. What each does with this second chance leads to Shakespeare's conclusion: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." The man who has philandered before goes on philandering in the wood and makes love to his own wife; the dishonest butler becomes a dishonest financier. But we are most interested in the case of a Mr. Dearth, an artist, and his wife.

In the last scene, which is a masterpiece of a reason for all of them. And Puck, kicks his heel.

The first act is a gem. Brisk a brilliant dialogue and a clever bit of the action. At times a single word carries a tremendous significance. This was particularly so last night when the word was from the mouth of Miss Hilda Moore, a remarkably clever actress from England. At the end of the act is a breathless moment.

The second act is not so bright a gem. Were it not for the fact that Miss Madge Bellamy is wonderfully beautiful and that Mr. Gillette is worth watching by the hour, the lone dialogue between father and daughter would drag. As it is, it is often stickily sentimental, but that is one of the things one has to put up with from Barrie, and it does not lessen his lovely qualities.

The best moment in the second act is that in which Miss Moore is on, for then the sentimentality disappears and there is refreshing reserve.

Gillette is as good as ever, his quiet style being especially suitable to such a play as this.

Fred Russell gives us a butler who fits that strange household admirably and his Cockney is perfect. Every player has a great deal to do and does it well. It is not a case of "star" and "support."

COPLEY THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Widowers' Houses," a play in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw.

Walter.....Nicholas Joy
Dr. Harry Trench.....Percy Carne Waram
William De Burgh Cokane.....Leonard Craske
A. Walter.....Herbert Gardner
Sartorius.....H. Conway Winfield
Blanche.....Viola Roach
Porter.....Sharlund Bradbury
Parlor Maid.....Marg Ediss
Lickchese.....E. E. Clive

This is one of the plays which Shaw himself has termed unpleasant. Blanche Sartorius, the daughter of a man who has made his fortune by renting frightful slum houses to the hopelessly poor of London, becomes engaged to Dr. Harry Trench. Her father wishes to give his daughter an independent income. Trench, however, learns from an agent of Sartorius, one Lickchese—a miserable, forlorn creature who hounds the poor to get money for his master—the source of the Sartorius wealth, and will not touch a penny of it. There is a fearful row, in which Harry also learns that his own income is derived from a mortgage on the same property. The engagement is broken. But later, when Lickchese, now prosperous and independent, proposes a scheme whereby they may all virtuously cheat the city, they are all reunited and the curtain falls on a happy family.

Between covers this play is, indeed, unpleasant. The company last night, however, played it in a spirit of comedy, in which the playwright one moment holds up the wrongs of the poor and the next moment voices logical arguments to try to prove that "the more one tries to help the poor the worse off they are."

While he proves nothing about the poor, he very cunningly shows up the inverted snobishness of a typical daughter of the middle class. Blanche is ashamed of the fact that her honest grandmother was a poor washwoman, and Blanche's father believes that her being ashamed is "the ladylike view of the matter." There is no snobishness like that of the middle class; none so conventional as those who are one generation removed from the total lack of conventions. Miss Roach, as Blanche, gave a splendid performance of the uncontrolled, ill-hred girl, to whom money has given a thin veneer of social grace.

Dr. Trench, when one reads the play, appears to be a young man extremely lacking in character. In Mr. Waram's hands he became a natural enough young man, not too greatly concerned over the source of his own income. Mr. Waram's acting is so excellent that it ceases to be acting; nothing could have been more artfully artless than the scene in which he pretends indifference to Blanche's tigerish overtures.

Mr. Clive, as Lickchese, gave a remarkable performance—one of the best of his career. Mr. Winfield handled the role of Sartorius with good sense; he declined to make him a villain; he was simply unpleasant, as we think Shaw intended he should be. Mr. Craske was amusing as the officious and interfering friend, Cokane.

The performance was followed by the one-act play, "How he Lied to Her Husband," in which Miss Newcombe was the delightful, irresponsible wife, Mr. Matthews the sturdy husband, and Mr. Ross an altogether charming and amusing lover.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Faust." Opera by Gounod. First appearance in Boston of the Boston English Opera Company.

Faust.....Joseph P. Sheehan
Valentine.....Stanley Deacon
Mephistopheles.....Dillon Shallard
Marguerite.....Hazel Eden
Siegfried.....Alice May Carley

Other speeches were made by the company, and the audience was most interested in the play.

SR
Theatrical—The Boston Opera House production of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," with the following cast:

Hamlet.....V. L. Granville
Claudius.....Mr. Sothern
Polonius.....Frank Peters
Gertrude.....Henry Stanford
Ophelia.....Frederick Lewis
Laertes.....Vernon Kelso
Reynaldo.....Boyd Clarke
Bernardo.....Malcolm Bradley
Francisco.....Colvin Dunn
Marcellus.....Boyd Clarke
Second Player.....Arthur Ames
First Gravedigger.....Charles J. Sims
Second Gravedigger.....Vernon Kelso
Ghost.....Colvin Dunn
Fortinbras.....C. P. Heaton
Gertrude.....Rowland Buckstone
Ophelia.....Leon Cunningham
Polonius.....Savre Crawley
Claudius.....William Adams
Laertes.....Miss Alma Kruger
Reynaldo.....Miss Marlowe
Bernardo.....Miss Norah Lamson

An audience that would have been very large in any other Boston playhouse, and which well filled several parts of the opera house, greeted E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe last evening and hung intent upon a performance of "Hamlet" that began promptly at 8 and ended 10 minutes before midnight. To keep even within these limits it was necessary to eliminate portions of the drama, although nothing of essential significance was missed. The five scenes of the first act were rendered almost entire, the two scenes of act two became one and the three of the third act were reduced to two. All seven scenes of the fourth act were merged into a single scene, but in the original six of these take place in various rooms in the castle at Elsinore, and these were blended without the obtruding of joints or jars. The last act offers little opportunity for abbreviation. The scenes were shifted rapidly for the most part, certain portions of the stage frame being kept for the entire play. All that could be done to present the famous tragedy as the dramatist planned it, and yet keep within tolerable limits of time, was done.

Late arrivals in the audience were not quite so considerate; one heavy-footed individual came down to a front seat in the midst of the great soliloquy, and the audience upon the ear felt the familiar phrases and speeches, delivered with dignity, emotion, passion, yet with graceful restraint. Many memories

Many memories of the Sothern and Marlowe version of the play with the heads of the actors of other days. The audience was warm and responsive, but not vociferous in applause; the classic soliloquies were heard in a most absolute silence, curtain calls were numerous and the responses were fittingly embellished.

Opinions will vary as to the merit of this bit and that; the justice of this indictment and the other; there will be argument as to whether this rendering intends to show the unhappy Dane as teeming madness, as really mad, or as shifting, from mood to mood and dominated always by the mood of the moment. The power of the rendering will not be denied.

Miss Marlowe in her two great scenes was admirable. Others in the cast balanced well the principals. Miss Kruger as the Queen won high approval, as did the Laertes of Mr. Stanford and the Polonius of Mr. Peters.

The gravediggers should have a paragraph by themselves; their "action" was excellent and afforded agreeable relief from the sombre tone of the tragedy.

BILL AT KEITH'S

"Extra Day," a musical comedy by William B. Friedlander, employing a large company of comedians and dancers, is the headline feature of the bill at R. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Charles Mann conducted.

The piece is an old idea in a new dress and the story merely serves the purpose of introducing the various dancing ensembles. The company is fortunate in having two good comedians in the persons of Jack Fairbanks and Gertrude Mudge, who struggle hard to put over mediocre lines. Mr. Fairbanks is decidedly funny in a flippant way and Miss Mudge excelled in her convincing simulation of the jagg.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Miller and Mack, "The Bing Boys," in comedy, singing and dancing. The comedians are masters of the old-time style of horseplay and their delightful bits of burlesque are of the kind seldom given vaudeville lovers of the present day.

Other acts on the bill were Athos and Read, whirlwind dancers; Joe Lauris, Jr., appearing for the first time at this house in a "single," in chatter; Santos and Hays, the physical opposites, in a comedy sketch; Mabel Burke, assisted by Sidney Forbes, in songs of yesterday and today; "Mrs. Wellington's Surprise," a clever playlet, nicely interpreted; Countess Verona, instrumentalist; and Martyn and Florence, in a juggling act.

Nov 12 1919

Ah, the romance of words! Does professor C. Alphonso Smith's dictionary of "new words self-defined" contain the word "Char"? A man has a right to part his name in the middle, but by some curious mental caprice Alphonso always reminds us of Alonzo, the Peruvian. Charles Alphonso Smith is the learned professor's full name.

Not that "Char," with many meanings is a new word. An English judge was told not long ago that it means ground-up bones used for refining sugar. In the old years it meant a chariot—"Phoebus 'Chare"—cart, wagon, cart load, a charred substance. There is the fish, the char. "Char" in dialect means ordure, the yellow sediment in water flowing from peaty soil. It also means "chore," and good New Englanders today are caught saying "Quite a chore," nor need they be ashamed. "The hired man has done his chores." Did the New Englander ever write, "The door stood a char"?

But in the new vocabulary "Char" is the word given by English soldiers to tea. It came from the East where our garrison troops adopted it, and perhaps corrupted it, with such words as "rooty" for bread, and "buckshee" for—well, any old thing. It is said that French villagers now say "Char" for tea. But have French villagers fallen victims to the pernicious habit of afternoon tea, with luted toast, jam, marmalade, muffins, or clogging cake? Perish the thought. This would indeed be an English hostile invasion.

Add "Mixed Metaphors"

"I have no fellow-feeling with those placid souls who, like a duck pond, live the life of cabbages."—Lord Fisher's "Memories."

This reminds an English reviewer of the old definition of phenomenon: "A bull is not a phenomenon; nor is a thistle, nor a lark. But if you see a bull sitting on a thistle and singing like a lark, that is a phenomenon."

Mr. Howson

The stage music for Sothern and Marlowe's production of "Hamlet" was composed for them by Mr. Frank Howson, the director of the orchestra. Musicians and Shakespearean scholars may have noticed that in the entr'acte before the graveyard scene the old traditional air sung by the digger of graves is used by Mr. Howson as his chief

theme. Mr. Howson should write his memoirs, for he has seen many cities and many stage people. He comes of a celebrated theatrical family. Emma Howson, his sister—she is still living in Brooklyn—and John, his brother, were for a long time favorites with the American public. We still see and hear John as the terrible Mourzouk in "Gil-rolle-Grolle." When he first played in "The Sorcerer" in New York he made himself up to resemble Talmadge, the acrobatic preacher so bitterly caricatured in Puck. If we are not mistaken Mr. Howson's aunt was Emma Howson Albertazzi, an opera singer, who sang in England, Italy, Spain, France and in concerts. She died in 1847. His father, Frank, an actor, brought out Verdi's "Ermioni" at Sydney in 1857, the first Italian opera seen in Australia. Emma and her brother Charles were born in Tasmania. The Howson now at the Boston Opera House, when he was the musical director of Clara Louise Kellogg's English opera company, was known as "the boy conductor." We should like to read his reminiscences of Miss Kellogg, also of the piquantly charming Alice Bates, for whom he also conducted. He wrote the music for Salvo's "Samson," for "The Prisoner of Zenda," for plays in which Modjeska was the heroine, for many plays produced by the Frohman. Anton Seid brought out in concert one of his compositions.

At Colchester

It was a joyous day, October 21, at Colchester (Eng.) for the Oyster Feast was revived. The war had put it aside for five years. There was sad and reminiscent talk in the mayor's parlor before the Feast, which, according to tradition was celebrated by the earliest of early Britons. We quote from the Times: "Old friends had departed; great performances at the Feast. Men who in their prime thought nothing of four or even five dozen. And, moreover, it was feared that the oysters were not quite up to pre-war standard." Then came the feast. "There are, one has heard, common, base people who squeeze lemon on an oyster, who sprinkle it with vinegar and pepper, with horror on those who, so ignorantly, spoiled their oyster. Waiters, with long traditions of Feasts behind them, tactfully refused to hear demands for vinegar, and kind friends hid cruets behind plant pots. For, least of all oysters, the Colchester oyster requires no help. The stout, too, was mellow, milk-like, a temptation, and a fitting nector. There was for the weaker brethren white wine, but it is only in salad days, when judgments are green, that wine is poured on oysters."

"Five dozen." Grenville Jenks, the Cicero of the Brooklyn Bar, thought nothing of eating 100 Blue points as a whet for dinner, but Grimod de la Reyniere in his "Almanach des Gourmands" (1803) rebuked diners who through pride put oysters by the hundreds into their "foolishly vain" stomachs. "An enjoyment doubly insipid, for it does not procure any real pleasure and it often grieves an estimable host! It is proved by experience that beyond five or six dozen oysters cease to be a delight." At one Colchester Feast 450 guests made way with 12,000.

George Augustus Sala thought even two dozen too many. He believed that oysters should be eaten at least 20 minutes before the repast; but he preferred oysters eaten in an oyster cellar. We regret to add that he mentioned favorably the "unpretending pepper castor and the vinegar cruet with the perforated cork." He too insisted on accompanying foaming pints of brownest stout—"pale ale, save in bottles and of the friskiest description, is, with oysters, a mistake."

Away with the sauces, away with condiments! we are for the oysters in its naked beauty—with the slightest "squeeze of a lemon."

Nov 13 1919

ELSHUCO TRIO

By PHILIP HALE

The Elshuco Trio—Phoebus, what a name!—at present composed of Elias Breeskin, violinist; Willem Willeke, violoncellist, and Aurelio Giorni, pianist, gave its first concert in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, op. 100, E-flat major; Lekeu, Trio in C minor; Arensky, Trio in D minor.

When this Trio was first organized, Mr. Epstein was the pianist, and Samuel Gardner, if we are not mistaken, was the violinist. The pianist and the violinist were cool players, well fitted to temper the warmth of the violoncellist. Mr. Epstein died. Mr. Gardner is fiddling and has boldly taken to composing. Mr. Breeskin and Mr. Giorni are not unknown here, and Mr. Willeke is an old friend.

Three trios in a row make a strong dose. After all, the best way to hear chamber music is not to sit in a concert hall, formally, as in a church pew,

but to lounge or sprawl at ease in a studio or in a music room of a private honso; with tobacco to cheer the labor of listening; with freedom to groan when the music is tiresome, to shout "enough of that; go on to the next movement," or to demand the immediate repetition of a pleasing page.

There is Schubert's trio, for example. There are ravishing melodies; there is the peculiar Schubertian melancholy alternating with the Schubertian gaiety. Viennese gaiety, music that reminds one of verses by William Blake; there are surprising modulations, surprising by their apparent simplicity, yet daring in fact; and, alas, there are endless repetitions, there is the garrulity that spoils so much of Schubert's music. Surely here, if ever, one is tempted to cry out: "Yes, that is beautiful, but you have already played it a half dozen times."

And so one might well have said after a few pages of Lakeu, episodic, with pretentiously portentous measures—in the name of the prophet—Eggs—"Let us hear something else." The showy trio of Arensky has been performed here many times.

The Elshuco Trio went conscientiously through the appointed task. Mr. Giorni played glibly, and his runs in Schubert's music ended as with the flourish and the crack of a whip. Mr. Willeke was not too sentimental, but sometimes spasmodic, in Schubert's Cantatas. Mr. Breeskin's tone in forte passages was rather coarse. On the whole the performance had life.

A Duke of Norfolk about 75 years ago, at the time of a potato famine, was laughed at because in a letter to the Times he advised the farmhand to swallow before going to bed a pinch of curry powder infused in hot water. "At all events, it will send him to bed warm and comfortable."

George Augustus Sala, recalling in 1883 this incident, probably having consulted a scrap-book, remarked that the Englishman had grown more tolerant in the matter of dietetics.

"Any beverage that is not alcoholic finds supporters; and I am in hopes yet of finding a decanter of tar-water at my side at a City dinner, or hearing a butler whisper over my shoulder, 'Sarsaparilla or molasses and water.' Pending this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, a gentleman writes to the leading journal to suggest that we should drink hot water at dinner. The water should not be warm, but produced in a boiling condition, and drunk as hot as possible. The beverage is, adds the gentleman, cheap and easy of digestion. The gentleman will not—or, at least, should not—be laughed at. He may find followers and disciples. He may succeed in forming a sect of 'Thermohydrops'."

It is a pity that Sala is not alive and a visitor in Boston to describe the social conditions now prevailing. He would find sarsaparilla, bottled, not yet on draught, at the Porphyry, where he would surely be a guest. Would he enjoy a white grape-juice cocktail? Would he not prefer honest molasses and water to what has been recently held as ale and beer? Meanwhile, the friends of Mr. Herkimer Johnson regret his suddenly developed passion for strong tea. They point to the melancholy example of William Hazlitt, who substituted tea for gin. They urge him to read William Cobbett's advice to young men and repent before it is too late. Even now the eminent sociologist shows signs of irritability; his hand shakes as he holds the poisoned cup; he is given to wild assertion and rude contradiction. What is more deplorable: he is tempting younger members of the Porphyry to sit near the samovar. Let him remember the saintly John Wesley, who abandoned the drinking of tea, lest a weaker brother in the Lord might fall by the way and perish miserably.

Concert Rudeness

Advertisements give the hour of a recital by Mr. Boanerges, the merciless pianist; Miss Pollyglott, the distinguished interpreter of lyric and dramatic songs, and Mr. Pogrom Stringgutavitch, the Ukranian violinist, as 3 P. M. The hardened concert-goer, reigned, prepared for the best or the worst, is punctually in his seat. The recital begins anywhere from 3:15 to 3:30. A hearer that runs his daily course on schedule time is thereby debarred from the pleasure of hearing the final "group." The excuse for the delay is that there are many, chiefly deadheads, outside, in line for the payment of the war tax; that at Jordan Hall the settlement of this tax at the box office is exasperatingly slow. But before the war too many concert-goers were unpunctual. The singer's first group of songs was punctuated by the boot heels of late comers tramping down the aisles and by the slamming down of seats by tshers.

Late comers are a nuisance at the

Symphony concert the season as in the past. It is true that by reason of the wholly inadequate street car service on Huntington avenue tardiness in some times unavoidable, but it is more courteous to conductor and those seated to be too early than late. Mr. Montoux is in the habit of putting the symphony first on the program. Nothing is more disturbing than the entrance of many after the first movement of the Symphony. The enforced long pause lessens the effect of what has been played and dampens expectation of what is to come. And some of the tardy saunter down the aisles, nodding amicably to friends on the right and the left, and finally seat themselves with the air of saying: "I am here; now let the performance go on." If the rule that no one should be admitted until the symphony is over were made and enforced, there would be a greater degree of punctuality.

Is This True?

The London Daily Chronicle of Oct. 20—English journals are still late in arriving—publish this paragraph: "In one week we had Mr. Frederic Harrison celebrating his 88th birthday; Mr. Sydney Gedge, ex-M. P., tricycling gaily on his 90th birthday, and Dr. Clifford 'going strong' at 83. It is curious how few famous Americans attain the seventies, and still fewer have lived to be 80, while a celebrated nonagenarian is almost unknown in American life."

Now let some one with time and patience plod through "Who's Who in America" and confute this rash writer. There are others than ex-President Eliot, able after 70 years.

A False Definition

Cassell's new English dictionary contains some new words that the lexicographer thinks will be included in the language, as of good and regular standing. It thus defines "hot stuff": "an unscrupulous or formidable person." This reminds one of some singular definitions in John S. Farmer's dictionary of American slang and colloquial expressions.

Too Easy

A Peruvian singer sang recently in New York. The critics were comparatively courteous. They made no allusion to Peruvian bark.

The English Stage

A Frenchman, Mr. R. D. de Maratray, contributed an article to the Daily Telegraph (London) of Oct. 13 about the English theatre and actors compared with the Parisian. He wrote in French, a language with which all the readers of the Daily Telegraph are, of course, familiar. Mr. Maratray admits that there is nothing in Paris like the London Christmas pantomime; that the Chatelet is inferior to Drury Lane. He was greatly impressed by John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." Apropos of this he quotes a jest of a Parisian: "What a pity that Boileau was not named Drinkwater. We would then have been encouraged to read his writings."

Having seen "Potash and Perlmutter" in Paris, Mr. Maratray, rather bored by the chatter, "was prejudiced against American humor on the stage," but "Too Many Books" delighted him in spite of the fact that there was not a "raw" line, or one that might be understood in two ways. He found Frank Craven "irresistible." He thought that Max Dearly in Paris would find the part a fat one, "but in French the savory spice of the Yankee accent, so diverting, an accent that may be likened unto our accent of Bordeaux or Marseilles would be lacking." We fail to see the justice of the comparison. The so-called Yankee accent is dry, nasal, crackling; that of Southern France, oily, one might say greasy.

Under a Dollar

As the World Wags:

When a designing trust company in a more or less maniacal process of extending its list of depositors has succeeded in roping in another school-girl or some other possessor of exiguous funds and has given her a check book and turned her loose upon the community, it should also give her a conspicuous badge bearing the plainly printed legend: "I have a bank account." Then it would not be necessary for the satisfaction of her vanity for the unaccustomed possessor of this distinction to write checks in payment for car-fares, glasses of soda and other wholly inappropriate things. An inner brotherhood of bank clerks devoted to the secret extermination of people who write small checks needlessly might be criticised but they would undoubtedly accomplish a world of good.

Boston. ALONZO SWETT.

Mimicked Grandeur

A famous man has figured again on the stage. Herbert Trench's "Napoleon" was produced last month in London with A. E. George as the hero about whom, as Mr. Walkley puts it, we know all beforehand. "We look to him to 'do his little owl,' as Fitz-Gerald used to say; to show us in turn Napoleon intime, Napoleon dominating or cajoling the men about him, Napoleon rude to women, Napoleon with his arms crossed behind his green-coated back, and Napoleon marshalling his legions. He punctually and completely does his little owl. The familiar lives, impresses, amuses." But the other chief figure is an Englishman, Wickham, maker of charts and nautical instruments, who tries to turn Napoleon from the slaughter house into the meadow of peace. He fails, naturally, and is stabbed. This Wickham is a talkative idealist. In a sloop's cabin he expounds his world-theory. "We only know that it is something sonorous in blank verse which begins again (like a sermon) just when you had hoped it was going to leave off."

BERLIOZ FIRST

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Symphony, "Harold in Italy"; Franck, the archangel's air from "The Redemption"; Chadwick, Symphonic poem "The Angel of Death" (first time in Boston); songs with orchestra: Duparc, Invitation au voyage; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Bloch, Psalms 137 and 134; Beethoven, overture to "King Stephen." Mme. Povla Frijsch was the singer.

The symphony of Berlioz goes back to 1834. It is not easy for us to understand those romantic years. Even pianists today, as a rule, go to the barber once a month. They no longer wear a sombrero; their cravats are not flowing, but as formal as those seen in the street car and magazine advertisements of collars encircling the necks of orthodox young men. Only a little while ago a London critic wondered at a composer for setting music to an early poem of William Morris and wondered still more at the courage of a Mr. Mullings in singing it. But romanticism, Byronic romanticism, was in the Parisian air when Berlioz wrote this symphony, "Anthony" and "The Tower of Nesle" had only recently been played. Honest

Mozart, as well as artists, tried to resemble Berlioz, the actor; sombre, melancholy, mysterious, amorous, ferocious passion, a man with the "air fatal." To wonder that Berlioz, wildly romantic throughout his life, was romantic in his music until he dreamed of Virgilian classicism, writing his "Trojans."

"Harold in Italy" was a remarkable work in 1834; it is remarkable in certain ways in 1919. It is true that some in London, Oxford and New York can see Berlioz only as a poorly equipped musical poseur. They say the same of Liszt; but no man was more terribly in earnest. The "March of Pilgrims" is not the only movement of this symphony that has preserved its strange and haunting beauty, with the still famous constant interruption in the rhythmic flow. The introduction is still poetic; the Serenade is still poignant. For the first time at these concerts one heard the "Orgy of Brigands" played with the fitting wildness and recklessness, and Berlioz's reference to "brazen throats belching forth blasphemies" did not seem mere hifalutin. The whole symphony, in fact, was played romantically, as Berlioz understood that word, as far as the orchestra was concerned.

Mr. Denayer, the new first viola played the solo measures in a thoroughly artistic manner. That was expected, for his reputation had preceded him. His tonal purity, his technical skill, his phrasing—all these were to be highly praised. Yet his performance could hardly be called romantic; it was rather academic. There

was a lack of abandon. The player of this music should be a man, "a panache," to borrow a term from the French actor's slang.

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem was first played in New York at a concert in the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by the Symphony Society, led by Walter Damrosch to whom the work is dedicated. It was suggested by Mr. French's bas-relief "Death and the Sculptor." The music expresses what the musician saw and felt in the sculpture. The opening, in fiery Straussian vein reminds one of the sculptor's towering ambition. Even in the height of his power, there are orchestral hints at the staying hand of relentless death. The hand is stayed. "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight." After the lamentation comes the apotheosis, or as Mr. Chadwick himself says: "It may be that the last part suggests eventually the artist's ascent to the Parnassus of which he dreamed. But it might also be a memorial for every artist who has given his life during the war—although not so originally intended." The work is firmly knit, soundly constructed, sonorous, and as such it was warmly received by the audience.

After Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture we have already had this season the overture to "King Stephen." Let us hope that Mr. Montoux will not think it his duty to exhume other long buried overtures of Beethoven. Mr. Gericke, by nature a kindly soul, had a fatal passion for the "Dedication of the House." This "King Stephen" overture is frankly theatre music for an occasion. The King Stephen is not as some might think the thrifty English monarch sung by Iago, whose breeches, according to the old song, "cost him but a crown. He held them sixpence all too dear. With that he call'd the tailor, down." No this Stephen was of Hungary, the Apostolic King, who for his pious work was canonized. The overture is part of the stage music for Kotzebue's play "Hungary's First Benefactor," produced at the opening of a new theatre at Budapest over 100 years ago. It is said that a little joyous theme in the overture is of a Hungarian gypsy nature; but this gypsy was corseted and most discreet; she never danced for the officers and wandering Englishmen.

The exquisite art of Mme. Frijsch, who last season was Mme. Frisch, has often been applauded in this city. In a hall of reasonable size, she is a most interesting singer, by virtue of her interpretative skill. In Symphony Hall, intimacy is not easily established. We have yet to hear any music from Franck's "Redemption" that is fully worthy of that great master. Perhaps a woman with a clarion voice might make the Archangel's air impressive. One of the chief features of the concert was Mme. Frijsch's singing of Duparc's beautiful "Invitation au Voyage," music that out-views even the beauty of Baudelaire's verse. The enchanting orchestral accompaniment was heard here for the first time, according to our recollection. The delivery of "Hopak" was roguish rather than rowdy, and this song should be sung with a touch of vulgarity. The woman of the song was not conspicuous for archness or refinement. And what shall be said of the strongly individual "Psalms" of Ernest Bloch? His music is his own; there is no music like it. "By the Rivers of Babylon" is a mighty wail. "When Israel Went Out of Egypt" is changed with the spirit of fanatical exultation. Strange and overpowering music! We know of no more original composer. Mr. Bloch has been quoted as saying that, superficially, his music is not Jewish at all; yet these "Psalms" are the full expression of characteristics that have long been associated with the race that worshipped the one God in the desert and in the Temple; the warlike, fiery, persecuted, oppressed, yet hopeful, race from which sprang the poets of the Psalms and the prophecies. Only a

woman imbued with the artistic spirit would have dared to sing this extraordinary music before a miscellaneous audience. She sang it as though she were the voice of the race. To hear these songs is worth a pilgrimage.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Handel, Concerto for strings, No. 5 in D major; Balakireff, "Thamar," Symphonic Poem; Dukas, overture, "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Schmitt, Suite, "The Tragedy of Salome."

HEARTBREAK HOUSE AND WAR PLAYLETS

A Discussion of Half a Dozen of the Latest Works That Bernard Shaw Has Written.

By PHILIP HALE

Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War, by Bernard Shaw, Brentano's, New York.

The "Playlets" are "O'Flaherty, V. C.," a Recruiting Pamphlet; "The Inca of Peru," an Almost Historical Comedy; "Augustus Does His Bit: a True-to-Life Farce"; "Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress: a Revolutionary Romancelet." There is yet no record of a performance of "Heartbreak House." "O'Flaherty, V. C." was written for the Abbey Theatre in London. It was suppressed, and properly, by the censor in November, 1915, although Mr. Shaw now says the play was a recruiting poster in disguise. The other pieces have been played in London, two or three of them in this country. "Great Catherine" has been performed in Boston. Gertrude Kingston, the original Catherine in London, gave a vivid impersonation of the famous woman aptly described in one line by Byron, a line of Biblical frankness. "O'Flaherty, V. C." is an Irish soldier who does not dare to meet his mother because she thinks, and is proud to think, that he has been fighting the English. Inidentally Mr. Shaw uses O'Flaherty as a mouth piece for his views on the war. "The Inca of Peru," performed in New York and in English provinces before it was staged in London, was announced as "By a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature," but it is unmistakably a Shaw play and is witty without being sardonic. The best part of it is the conversation between the Inca, i.e., William Hohenzollern, and an archdeacon's daughter who is supposed to be a lady's maid pretending to be the princess destined to marry one of the All-Highest's sons. The egomania of William is deliciously treated. Mr. Shaw is unnecessarily careful in stating that the play was written when the emperor was not down. Certain lines that offended the English when the piece was on the stage have been cut out in the printed version. Here is an allusion to America:

The Inca—Look at the American President. He is the All-Highest. If you like me, madame, help me, there is nothing like democracy. American democracy. Give the people voting papers; good, long voting papers, American fashion; and while the people are reading the voting papers the government does what it likes.

Emyntrude—What! You, too, worship before the Statue of Liberty, like the Americans?

The Inca—Not at all, madam. The Americans do not worship the Statue of Liberty. They have erected it in the proper place for a Statue of Liberty—on its tomb. (He turns down his moustaches).

Emyntrude (laughing)—Oh! You'd better not let them hear you say that, captain.

The Inca—Quite safe, madam; they would take it as a joke.

Mr. Shaw in a note to "Augustus Does His Bit," produced in London early in 1917, says that some "innocent and patriotic critics" were scandalized by the showing up of Augustus; "but our government departments knew better: their problem was how to win the war with Augustus on their backs, well-meaning, brave, patriotic, but obstructively fussy, self-important, imbecile and disastrous."

"Annajanska" is described by the author as a bravura piece, written for a variety theatre. He sees himself, Miss McCarthy, the actress; and Mr. Hicks, the artist, unbent as Mrs. Siddons, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson might have unbent, to devise a "turn" for the Coliseum Variety Theatre. "Not that we would set down the art of the Variety Theatre as something to be condescended to, or our own art as elephantine. We should rather crave indulgence as three novices fresh from the awful legitimacy of the highbrow theatre." The play is inferior to the others in the volume. A variety theatre audience had a right to expect more amusing fooling.

"Heartbreak House" is a play in three acts. For it Mr. Shaw has written a preface of nearly 50 pages—an irritating, in some respects incredible, preface. It is written in a cruelly witty manner, one might say in a Mephistophelian spirit. Heartbreak House is "cultured, lechered Europe before the war." The inmates were nice, futile persons, who hated politics; they wished to realize their favorite novels and poem.

When they could

12/14/1919

Nov. 14, 1879, Mr. Edmond de Goncourt noted in his journal that the bed belonging to the Princess de Lamont had been placed in her country seat had been placed to him. "When I saw my room in order at last in its coquettish place, my first thought was: Where the undertaker's men place the bed when they come to look for me?"

The court was not necessarily morbid. He entertained the thought or the entry. No less a personage as Mr. Herkimer Johnson once informed us that every night for many years when he got into bed he stretched his legs and wondered whether the bed would be a close fit; whether it would be borne down the stairs—if he died in town—without injury to the walls; whether it would not be better after all, to lower it from a window like a piano to the sidewalk.

Thus does Mr. Johnson—for he still hears his legs—foresee the inconvenience to which he will put his sister and the undertaker's men—if the rope should break he would not be the passers-by on the sidewalk. Mr. Johnson adds to Jeremy Taylor's "Considerations Preparatory to Death" and "Exercises Preparatory to Death," being the first and second chapters of the eloquent divine's "Holy Dyings" a book that should be on the night stand of every sleepless and nervous person. If only for the gusto, for the smacking of the lips, with which Taylor relates the adventure of the Ephesian matron.

A Husband Dramatist

The announcement that Pauline Frederick, the play actress, has brought suit for divorce against Willard Mack, dramatist and actor, did not startle us, for in the theatrical world, as in the world of "our best people" these transfers and promotions are not uncommon. The day the announcement was made Miss Hambaud, who happened to be for a time Mr. Mack's second wife, was playing cheerfully in New York in a play partly written by Mr. Mack. We refer to these incidents of stage life because Mr. Mack is quoted as saying that he has sulked his wives as a dramatist better than as a husband. Here comes in the pride of authorship. Mr. Mack might paraphrase an old saying: "As long as I write the plays for my ex-wives, I care not who marries

Mr. Newman was welcomed back last night by a large and greatly interested audience. His audiences are as personal friends. They have been won by the excellence of the pictures shown in past seasons, by the instruction pleasantly

The founder is no more; the orchestra is still, and will be, a glory of the city. Never has it been in a finer musical condition. It remains for us who are left behind to take up the burden gladly; to do all that is within our power to make for musical righteousness; to insist upon having the best; to have it, to maintain it.

Things vital to the ancients, dancing pantomime, marionettes, masks, have been turned into a joke. "Dancing" straight too like a bicycle, strapped in like a "Lambino" in an over-pink tight something on the top of it like a powder puff, and the whole thing set whirling at an enormous rate like a teetotum: if is the modern public dancer—or when it be not this, it is in every case, and make no exception, merely a parody of the magic of Isadora Duncan. Or two persons like Icarus hugging one another and slowly and heavily as bears grow

The London Times of Oct. 13 proposes of a Queens Hall Symphony concert (Oct. 11) that lasted two hours and a half—"The concert began with Debussy's *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, robbed of most of its poetic mystery by the hard colors of the orchestral array, and everything else, except the songs which Mme. Kirkby Lunn gave us, was the work of clever young people. There are those who say that Wagner was a worn-out old man when he wrote *Parsifal*. Perhaps that was why the *Herzeleid* song (even though Mme. Kirkby Lunn was not in her best voice) was such a relief; at any rate, it has the mellowness of age. It separated the work of a clever young woman from that of a clever young man, Dorothy Howell from Hector Berlioz. For Berlioz was very much at the stage of youthful cleverality when he wrote his *Symphony Fantastique—Episode de la vie d'un Artiste*, about 90 years ago; he devoted a burning enthusiasm to side issues and spent the most strenuous energy on details; he was the first infant terrible of music. Even such an infant effort as Miss Dore by Howell's *Lamia* sounds mature by comparison because a century of Berlioz and his kind has fashioned the tools of descriptive music and laid them ready to the hand. She has also had the luck on her side in having her work played four or five times by the same orchestra in as many weeks, so that in this performance it was handled with even more certainty than the elderly young Berlioz. After the interval came Mr. Molselvitich, making the most vaporous passages of Tcherépnin's *Piano Concerto* glitter with amazing brilliance, and so at last we reached the *Dithyrambo Tragico*, the new work by Malliéro—a thing of striving rhythms and stressful dissonances without the picturesque background of his *Impressions dal Vero*, indeed without any back-

Wilhelm's Moustache

As the World Wags

In your remarks about moustaches and what not, you said nothing about the one finor moustache of Wilhelm. Allow me to call your attention to a page in Bernard Shaw's "The Inca of Peru." By the way, "Peru" must be a stumbling block in the composing room of my conservative newspaper. If the linotype flows copy scrupulously, does not the proof-reader change "Perusalem" to "Jerusalem" without asking himself whether Incas were, or are, among the inhabitants of that sacred city? But to Shaw's comedy. The Inca (Wilhelm), as Capt. Duval, calls on Ermytrude.

Ermytrude. When I marry the Inca's son, Captain, I shall make the Inca order you to cut off that moustache. It is too irascible. Doesn't it fascinate everyone in Perusalem?

The Inca [leaning forward to her ear confidentially]. By all the thunders of Thor, madam, it fascinates the whole world.

Ermytrude. What I like about you, Captain Duval, is your modesty.

The Inca [straightening up suddenly]. Woman do not be a fool.

Ermytrude [indignant]. Well!

The Inca. You must look facts in the face. This moustache is an exact copy of the Inca's moustache. Well, does the world occupy itself with the Inca's moustache, or does it not? Does it ever occupy itself with anything else? If that is the truth, does its recognition constitute the Inca a coxcomb? Other potentates have moustaches, even beards and moustaches. Does the world occupy itself with these beards and moustaches? Do the hawkers in the streets of every capital on the civilized globe sell ingenious cardboard representations of their faces on which, at the pulling of a simple string, the moustaches turn up and down, so—the makes his moustache turn up and down several times? No! I say No. The Inca's moustache is so watched and studied that it has made his face the political barometer of the whole continent. When that moustache goes up, culture rises with it. Not what you call culture, but Kultur, a word so much more significant that I hardly understand it myself except when I am in specially good form. When it goes down, millions of men perish.

Ermytrude. You know if I had a moustache like that, it would turn my head. I should go mad. Are you quite sure the Inca isn't mad?

The Inca. How can he be mad, madam? What is sanity? The condition of the Inca's mind. What is madness? The condition of the people who disagree with the Inca.

It should be remembered that this play was written when Wilhelm was a terror and a menace; in fact, the little comedy was acted in London in December, 1917.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Iago's Taunt

As the World Wags

Reading Henry Adams's account of life in Washington during the first year of Grant's administration, I came across this passage: "Even Adams admitted that Senators passed belief. The comic side of their egotism partly disguised its extravagance, but faction had gone so far under Andrew Johnson that at times the whole Senate seemed to catch hysterics of nervous bucking without apparent reason. Great leaders, like Sumner and Conkling, could not be burlesqued; they were more grotesque than ridicule could make them; even Grant, who rarely sparkled in epigram, became witty on their account; but their egotism and factiousness were no laughing matter. They did permanent and terrible mischief, as Garfield and Blaine, and even McKinley and John Hay, were to feel. The most troublesome task of a reform President was that of bringing the Senate back to decency."

Cambridge. HUGH BULSTRODE.

Bertha Kalich Gives Strong Performance in Play Adapted from Jakobi

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Riddle Woman," a play in three acts adapted by Charlotte E. Wells and Dorothy Donnelly from the play of the same name by Rudolf Jakob. Produced at name by Rudolf Jakob. At the Washington, D. C., Sept. 23, 1918; at the Harris Theatre, New York, on Oct. 23, 1918. At these performances A. E. Anson took the part of Count Erik; Albert Bruning played Otto Meyer; Robert Edgson, Lars Orik. In New York Chrystal Herne took the part of Kristine; Beatrice Allen played Marie Meyer. On Nov. 1, 1918, it was announced that Lee Baker would succeed Mr. Edgson.

Mr. George Jean Nathan informs us in a breezy manner that this play was written about 10 years ago by Rudolf Jakob, the Hungarian dramatist. A manager in this country wishing to exploit a Danish actress, Betty Nansen, ordered a translation. To give the play the suitable "atmosphere" for a Danish actress, the translators changed the locale from Austria-Hungary to Copenhagen and also changed the names of the characters. The actress did not come; the play was shelved until Miss Kalich decided to produce it. But the great war was on; Jakob was an "enemy dramatist." "Rudolf" was dropped, for it was "suspiciously beery." Jakob was changed to Jacob; the play was announced and produced as a Danish drama. The New York critics, thereupon, had much to say about the "Scandinavian characteristics."—"The story is the volcanic emotions of descendants of the Vikings." One critic saw in it "all the seriousness and solemnity that are to be found in most of the drab, gloomy and sombre plays which find flavor in the Northern countries." There was plainly the influence of Ibsen. All this was nuts to Mr. Nathan, who headed his article, "The End of a Perfect Dane."

The play should have been allowed to tell of Hungarian life, for according to the learned and pious Dem Calmet, vampires are common and very busy in that country, and Count Erik was a he vampire of the deepest dye. Lilla had been one of his early victims, but she married the richest man in Copenhagen. Kristine, unmarried, was another victim, and she wished Lilla to adopt her child. Erik systematically took hush money from the two women, Kristine also was rich. Finally Kristine killed herself.

Lilla had written to Erik compromising letters before her marriage. These letters gave him the opportunity for blackmail. In spite of her entreaties he refused to return them; yet at the end he would exchange them for her promise to aid him in winning little Marie Meyer, the daughter of a banker; for, as her husband, he would be re-instated in society, and lead a decent life. Yet while he was making this proposition, he was overcome by Lilla's beauty and was proceeding to woo her in his sensual fashion when she, disgusted, choked him, snatched the letters, and handed them to her husband, who happened to enter the room at the time. He, noble man, though a millionaire with a gruff voice and an imperious manner, threw them into the fire, exclaimed "Ashes," and embraced Lilla.

This Lilla, outwardly cold, was a fiery creature. Her husband likened her to a tiger, and on a journey she had shot a tiger when Lars had missed him and the others were afraid. The wonder was that she did not choke Erik in the first act, but she did not know of his outrageous treatment of Kristine or his plan of ensnaring Marie until later; besides, if she had throttled him in the first act, there would have been no play. As it is, the drama is only a study of one woman's character, and this study is not subtle. Erik is the most contemptible of cads. It would not be easy for an English or American dramatist to imagine such a cur even for melodramatic purposes. Kristine is not an interesting victim; the young lovers are the conventionally noisy couple; no one can really understand Lilla's devotion to her bow-wow husband; only good old Meyer is a sympathetic character.

As performed at the Park Square Theatre Miss Kalich is the play. Mr. Millward gives a plausible impersonation of Erik, but the dramatist does not allow him to show his power of fascination. Fascination he must have had, for his two victims gave no real excuse for their yielding, and the little Marie is ready to meet him daily and anywhere until she is warned solemnly by Lilla. Mr. Burbeck plays well the part of Meyer.

Miss Kalich is a striking apparition, and not merely by reason of face, figure and costumes. Her dead white face is eloquent in repose and in the expression of emotion. Quietly she suggests intensity of feeling. One awaits the thunderstorm that follows the ominous calm, and awaits it not in vain. Her voice is also eloquent, though at times she is given to chanting instead of speaking, in either case with tonal beauty. When she pleads with Erik, she is not lachrymose; when she flames in rage or laughs hysterically in a fit of fear, she does not step beyond the boundary of nature. Listening to her husband's talk about Kristine, she is apparently as unconcerned as Lady Dedlock hearing the old lawyer's story or the chatter of the young man by the name of Guppy; but even Lady Dedlock gave way to wild outbursts when she was alone. "The Riddle Woman" is worth seeing on account of Miss Kalich. Was Lilla a riddle? No more than Kristine; no more than any woman that has lived, loved and suffered. It is better not to solve the riddle. Lars was a wise man when he destroyed the letters without reading them and took the riddle in his arms.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Forever After," a play in three acts by Owen Davis.

Ted.....James L. Crane
Jack.....John Warner
Jennie.....Alice Brady
Mrs. Clayton.....Mrs. Russ Whytal
Mr. Clayton.....Frank Hatch
Nan.....Dorothy Betts
Private Nolan.....Ewing Nagel
Tom Lowell.....Frederick Manett
Miss Webb.....S. K. Fried
Doctor Chautard.....Virginia Huppert
Williams.....Gustave Rolland
.....Charles Lark

This is the play in which Alice Brady returned to the speaking stage last season, and which had such a phenomenal success in New York. It has all the good old ingredients which go to make up a sentimental romance.

Jennie Clayton and Ted Wayne are sweethearts from their kindergarten days, and the years make no difference in their love for each other. Jennie is the daughter of the town's richest citizen, while Ted's father is a poor country doctor. Money doesn't matter between them; naturally, even in a small Vermont town, while they are, respectively, in knickerbockers and pinafores. But when they grow up—well, Jennie's mother simply can't see Ted as a prospective son-in-law.

He goes away to college, makes a great hit as the stroke on the winning Cornell crew, Jennie is very proud of him, and it seems as if all might be well. But no, his father dies; the boy comes home to shoulder the dead man's debts, and Jennie takes her rightful place as belle of the town. And how does the brave boy set about paying off these debts? By getting a job in the town drug store, mixing sodas, and being very tragic about it withal. So of course the village belle and the poor mixer of sodas can have nothing in common; he renounces her, goes away to New York—at last—to make his way in the world; the war breaks out and he goes to France. Jennie goes, too, as a nurse, and finally, in a ruined chateau in France, where he is brought in to her, badly wounded, they are reconciled, and the last curtain falls as the audience is reassured that they will live happily "forever after."

The story of the play is told by means of the "flashback" device, popular since "On Trial." Ted lies wounded on the battlefield, and in his delirium he lives over again his past life. As the important events are mentioned the curtain falls, and the scene of which he speaks follows.

Whether or not the fact that we are one year removed from the once familiar jargon of "No Man's Land," "trenches," etc., has anything to do with it, the battlefield scenes in the play leave us cold. And the action which takes place in the little Vermont town is no more convincing. Not all Miss Brady's superb acting or Mr. Crane's equally excellent performance can make the play seem other than much ado about nothing. For a young captain to lie wounded in No Man's Land while he and his private make pretty speeches seems simply silly. And for the same young man to moon around behind a soda fountain and curse his luck instead of getting out and doing something about it seems equally silly. And that overcoat of his! It was shabby, and a button was missing; and both Ted and Jennie were dumpy miserably over it. Any young man brought up in a Vermont town would have known how to sew that button on, and you can't make us believe he wouldn't!

Miss Brady is such an able actress, she is so lovely to look at, and weeps with such consummate skill, that it is a pity she can't have something better to weep over. Both she and her young husband, Mr. Crane, gave an excellent performance. Her supporting company is extremely capable. Mrs. Russ Whytal as the mother, and Frank Hatch as the father, were convincing, while Mr. Warner and Miss Betts as the boy and girl chums were delightful. Miss Brady's admirers were out in force and she received much enthusiastic and well deserved applause.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Il Trovatore. Opera by Giuseppe Verdi. The cast:

Manrico.....Leonard Sanford
Leonora.....Hazel Eden
Azucena.....May Barron
Count di Luna.....Dillon Shalard
Ferrando.....Harold J. Geis
Ruiz.....Lynn Griffin

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Return of "Sinbad," with Al Jolson; libretto by Harold Atteridge, music by Sigmund Romberg and Al Jolson.

The cast includes Virginia Smith, Irene and Constance Farber, Kitty Doner, Helen Eley, Franklyn A. Batie, Forrest Huff, Lawrence D'Orsay and Ernest Hare.

There are now three revues in town, and this one has been here before, but nearly every seat in Boston's biggest theatre was filled last night. Some came because they hadn't seen "Sinbad," and a great many because they had.

The show is in all essentials unchanged since it was here in the spring. There is the same large and competent cast, the same gorgeous settings and the same Al Jolson. Only on has some new and peppy

songs, and one heart-winger, called "Mammy Chloe," which is accompanied by much quivering of the Jolson lower lip and a certain amount of clasping of the Jolson hands and bending of the Jolson knee. After this number last night the house was in the deepest silence for two seconds, and then the applause came with a bang, proving that people who go to a show to laugh are peculiarly sensitive to the opposite emotion.

It is not strange that one of the greatest of American comedians should also be an expert in the manipulation of heartstrings. Humor and pathos are close kin, as Puccini knew well, and as Al Jolson, in another field and another day, knows just as well.

Jolson sang some of last season's favorites too, and snapped his fingers and shrugged his shoulders to "I'll Say She Does" and "N Everything." And at intervals he came out and thanked everybody and made some local allusions that were new and topical.

The old story of Sinbad, brought up to date, was told with the aid of gorgeous lights and color, a golf course, a Sultan with a Mayfair accent (you need not be told who that was), a realistic shipwreck in which Al Jolson was found pretty near a watery grave, a multitude of pretty girls (a few of them too big, according to Winter Garden taste) and some performing dogs.

Bothwell Browne and his Bathing Beauties, assisted by the Browne Sisters and a large company of dancers, in a 20th Century Revue, head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

The piece has the merit of variety, and while the dances are commonplace, they serve to introduce a group of beautiful young women in colorful costumes and studied undress. The act concludes with Bothwell Browne in "The Dance of Jealousy," which affords him an opportunity to display his talent as a female impersonator. There was no interpretative significance to the dance and for the most part it consisted of a succession of convolutions and gyrations. Nick Brown conducted.

Other acts were the Ramsdells and Deyo, in a series of dancing novelties; George M. Rosener, in "The Anthology of an Old Actor," the story of a "ham" who "came back"; Mullen and Francis, in an uproarious act of "nut" comedy; "The Cat," an interesting story of an obtrusive vampire, convincingly interpreted; George Yeoman and Lizzie, in a travesty; "Clubmates," a sketch, introducing a quartet of good singers in a novel manner; Lucy Bruch, fiddler; and Claire and Atwood, acrobats.

George Smith Gives Very Pleasing Recital at Jordan Hall

By PHILIP HALE

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Handel, the Harmonious Blacksmith; Haessler, Gigue, D minor; Mozart, Presto, F major; Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor; Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor; Debussy, jardins sous la pluie, Prelude in A minor; Glazounoff, Gavotte, D major; Arensky, Fughetta, D minor; Tschakowsky, danse caractéristique; Leschetizky, Arabesque, A flat; Liszt, Polonaise, E major.

This young man is a pianist of indisputable ability.

There are many in these days that can scurry over the keys and succeed in playing nearly all the notes. There are many that surprise the unwary by a display of herculean strength in spite of their delicate and youthful appearance. They all are catalogued as pianists. But Mr. Smith is already in a class apart.

Not that his performance yesterday was flawless, but the exceptions that might be made to his interpretation of

Chopin's Sonata argue better for his future than if he had been smugly and perfunctorily orthodox. He was inclined to make too many points. He has not yet learned to pass over the unessentials lightly; he has yet to appreciate "the emphasis of understatement." If the performance of the Scherzo was open to criticism by reason of undue deliberation here and there in the middle section; if the descending bass in the first section was not effective on account of undue force in the upper part—how wonderfully do Bachmann brought this out! On the other hand, his performance of the mysterious Finale, a stumbling block to many even of the highest reputation, was wholly admirable.

BATHING BEAUTIES

HEAD KEITH BILL

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By PHILIP HALE

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by Lawrence B. Brown, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: African melodies. The Crucifixion and That Muttering Thunder; Afro-American folk song Witness, arranged by Mr. Hayes; L. B. Brown, The Song of the Sea; Nora D. Holt, Who Knows? Gerald Tyler, Ships that Pass in the Night; H. T. Burleigh, By the Pool, Prayer, Oh! My Love; Coleridge-Taylor, Onaway, Awake Beloved; Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Massenet, Le Reve (from "Manon"); Beethoven, Adelaide; Puccini, Ch'el la Mi creda (from "The Girl of the Golden West").

Writers about Afro-American music have expressed the wish that the music of the Negro in Africa should be carefully studied by those well equipped for the purpose. Travelers, as Burton and Winwood Reade, have contributed only notes more or less superficial. The former maintained stoutly that the African was not creatively musical. Reade had much to say about the passion of the African for the drum.

Mr. Hayes, a singer, known favorably by his art throughout the country, purposes next spring to sojourn in Africa after visiting, and probably singing in, certain European cities. In Africa he will study the unadulterated native music. Having obtained this material, he will inquire into possible modifications in the ante-slavery years of this country: whether genuine African melodies were transplanted; if they were, how far they were changed by the music then heard in towns, in churches, and coming from the master's house on the plantation. There will remain for him the study of the Negro music that has developed since the civil war.

It would be interesting to know how much Mr. N. Clark Smith did to the African melodies. Certainly the air of "The Crucifixion" has suffered a sea-change if it came from the Zulus. "That Muttering Thunder" has more of the characteristics of an old and rude chant. Mr. Hayes was fortunate in his arrangement of the amusing "Witness," amusing to those of us who are unfortunately sophisticated, yet pathetic in the trust of the belief expressed.

Of the settings of music to three poems by Dunbar, that of Miss (or Mrs) Holt is the most musical and the most effective. Simple as the song is, it afforded Mr. Hayes an opportunity to show exquisite taste in the interpretation.

The Herald has more than once paid tribute to the beautiful voice and the vocal skill of Mr. Hayes. Many singers would have been satisfied with the voice and relied solely upon it. Mr. Hayes takes his vocation more seriously. Few, very few, tenors of any race, now on the concert stage, are heard with so much pleasure. Few sing with so marked intelligence, with so fine an appreciation of musical and poetic values.

Mr. Brown played sympathetic accompaniment.

MISS HANBURY

Miss Vahrah Hanbury, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Dowland, Come Again Sweet Love; Lady, C. S., On the Banks of Allanwater; Old English, Come Lassies and Lads; Turn Ye to Me; Horn, Cherry Ripe; Tschalkowsky, By the Window and Since I Am Once More Alone; Gretchaninoff, My Native Land, The Wounded Birch; Blichmann, Love; Aubert, Vieille Chanson Espagnole; Pesse, La More des Deseux; Grieg, Le Reve; Poldowski, Colombine; Szulc, Hantise d'Amour; Horstman, The Shepherdess; Goring Thomas, River, Dream; Bassett, The Icicle; Ward Stephens, Summer Time, John Doane was the accompanist.

Miss Hanbury, who sang here for the first time, gave two recitals this year in New York, where she was regarded as a young and promising singer. She has a pleasing stage-presence, and a pure, flexible, agreeable and rather light voice. Her work with the extreme upper tones in soft passages was sometimes technically deficient and in a few instances she forced tone. As an interpreter, she showed native intelligence and skilful coaching. This was perhaps especially noticeable in her interpretation of Tschalkowsky's "Since I Am Once More Alone" and Gretchaninoff's "My Native Land." It was strange to hear Grieg's song in French. Of the less familiar songs, the ones by Pesse, Horstman and Bassett—the last with its refrain of "Drip"—were the most conspicuous, and in Horstman's song Miss Hanbury displayed a fine melodic line.

Home-Grown

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I wrote in threnodic tone of a disappointing experience with sadly commercialized and synthetic applebutter, much "fortified" and extended with boiled turnip and other neutral nonentity. I doubted whether the real article, the emperor of all jams and marmalades, was yet made. But there came a friend who told me where to get the real old-fashioned article, pure and unadulterated, the compound of three-to-one boiled sweet elder, sliced apples, wood smoke, allspice and patient stirring for six hours over an open outdoor fire. That was a kind deed. Kinder was the man who came to me with a quart jar under his arm and said: "Take and eat, that I may have thy opinion as an applebutter expert whether this be the true spirit of the orchard, the essence of the great American king of fruits."

And applebutter it was, all but the wood smoke: rich, tart, unctuous, and palate-delighting. Take a thick slice of wheat bread, a layer of good Jersey butter generously laid on (do not profane applebutter with a poor foundation), then, a spreading of this spreadest of spreads; then double into a sandwich, and eat thereof thoughtfully, slowly, thankfully, with knowledge that you are being truly fed, in body and spirit. Nothing else—except another slice, and such libations of tea, coffee or milk as may best please you.

Don't double the slice for children. Administered single to children, it advances them one step toward godliness; after a youngster has partaken freely, he simply must have his face washed.

"Her cargo for Liverpool included 13,000 barrels of apples"; I have seen the item a dozen times this fall. When will the merits of the "Home-grown" be better appreciated? Home-grown fruits and vegetables—aye, and home-grown manners and morals, if you like, also. When shall we learn that Nature has scattered foods over the earth about where they are most needed, that the local product best fits local needs? We ship away our apples, and then laboriously and expensively lug in all the alien fruits we can find, including the pomological freaks and fakes like alligator pears.

When we are not shipping away apples, we are letting them decay, or turning them into hard cider, a chilly, flatulent and hypocritical drink, a porch-climber of a drink, which lacks the frank knock-you-down of the robust liquors like rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey, as well as the gay abandon of champagne or sparkling Bungundy, but which sends a bill the next morning, just the same, payable in drafts on the liver. And applebutter languishes and is neglected and has to be specially sought for, and a generation is growing up knowing but little about it. And I mournfully watch the bottom of that quart jar rising!

We go daft on carting things around over the earth. Neglecting home products, we haul our peaches, green and poisonous, from Georgia; our pears from Oregon, our plums from Pasadena, our strawberries from Florida, our grapes from Spain—here within a hundred miles of where Bartlett lived; within 30 miles of Marshfield strawberries, within 20 miles of the original "Concord" grapevine, still growing by the wayside, not far from Hawthorne's "Wayside."

Varieties of fruit are developed, not for taste or flavor, but with a view to their "standing shipment." That is to say, tough enough and soggy enough to be jolted a thousand miles in a freight car. "Stand shipment," indeed—a bale of old shoes will do that. Our peaches come to us, picked green and full of prussic acid. Our strawberries are great scur lumps, as poisonous as the peaches. Basingly "commercialized," all of them.

Let them ripen; let the sun dissolve the poisonous acids; make them into jams and butters, on the spot. Get the jam habit, and eat more bread—not the dry, tasteless husks of French bread, nor expensive fancy biscuits, all salted and sugared and greased to death, but real bread, moist, creamy, nut-flavored, and sweet, with good butter, and the tart tang of apple butter! Our wheat consumption is less than four cents' worth apiece, per diem, and we spend millions for caviare and alligator pears, dried cocanut and green olives, deviled crabs and pickled walnuts, besides all the fried abominations that ever were invented since the first frying pan was hammered from a copper plate. It's all wrong. W. C. T. Brookline.

Royal Indiscretion

As the World Wags:

Aunt oysters, of which you write so feelingly, has this record performance come to your notice?

Stanislas Leszczynski wrote in a letter (1726) about his daughter, Marie, Queen of France: "You have heard of the indisposition of the King and Queen. Thank God, they are through with it. Their sympathy extends even to that which gave them the sickness, which is from eating too much; for they suffered from a violent indigestion, the Queen especially, after she had eaten 130 oysters and drank four glasses of beer on top of that." Shades of Pan! for the oil contractor.

the displayed in Mr. Smith's... the Sonata... was also a... of proportion, as in Mozart's... the Prosto, and in the extraordinary... of Haessler, Mendelssohn's... and Fugue called for ability of a... order, and here the pianist... to the command.

Grace Hoffman, Percy Hemus, Hans Kronold Share Honors

A small but appreciative audience heard the concert in Symphony Hall last evening, given by Percy Hemus, baritone; Grace Hoffman, coloratura soprano, and Hans Kronold, cellist. All the artists were enthusiastically received, especially Miss Hoffman; and the encores which were insisted upon added materially to the length of the program. Miss Gladys Craven played the piano.

Their program was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| Adagio | Haydn |
| March | Boccherini |
| Waltz and variations | Haydn |
| Hans Kronold | |
| Cello Solo (from Rigoletto) | Verdi |
| Grace Hoffman | |
| "It is Enough" (from Elijah) | Mendelssohn |
| with piano and cello | |
| Percy Hemus | |
| Cradle Song | Godard |
| Hebrew Airs (Kol Nidrei) | |
| (Bill, Bill) | |
| Rhapsodie Hongroise | Popper |
| Hans Kronold | |
| Soiree's Song (Peer Gynt) | Grieg |
| L'Heure Exquise | Hahn |
| Chanson Provencale | Dell'Acqua |
| Grace Hoffman | |
| Could I | Tosti |
| Flower Rain | Schneider |
| Oh, I'm Not Myself At All | Old Irish |
| Danny Deever | Damrosch |
| Percy Hemus | |
| The Crucifix | Faure |
| Mr. Hemus, Miss Hoffman, Mr. Kronold | |

AURELIO GIORNI

By PHILIP HALE

Aurelio Giorni, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Gluck, Sgambati, Aria; Scarlatti, Toccata, G major, Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Beethoven, Rondo, G major, op. 24; Grieg, Ballade; Rubinstein, Etude in E flat; Tschalkowsky, Meditation; Rachmaninoff, Melodie in E major; Liszt, Mephisto Waltz.

Mr. Giorni gave a recital in Boston three years ago this month, when he appeared as a pupil of Sgambati. He was playing in New York in April, 1918 when he was called to the Italian colors. A few nights ago he returned to Boston as the pianist of the Elshuco Trio.

Yesterday he did not seat himself before the piano until 20 minutes past three, although the hour of the recital was announced as 3 P. M. He is one of the many who this season have annoyed the punctual by tardiness. The excuse of a line at the box-office paying the war tax has been given; but a pianist, singer, fiddler should not keep an audience waiting on account of persons willing to enrich the government. Having joyfully paid the little tax, they could enter the hall during the time between two pieces on the program. It might also be said that there might be quicker work in the box-office.

Mr. Giorni has an agreeable touch in light and flowing passages. His mechanism is nimble. His tone loses quality in the playing of massive chords. As an interpreter he has much to learn.

Cesar Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue is one of the noblest compositions in the literature of the piano. As Mr. Giorni played it, the first two sections were episodic; while Franck was sternly logical in the development of his musical thought. Yesterday there was little suggestion of continuity. There was halting, probably for the sake of "great expression." Furthermore, Mr. Giorni stopped after the Chorale, possibly expectant of applause, and then played the Fugue as if it were a separate composition. The interpretation sadly lacked elevation and spirituality.

Of the three pieces that followed in order as played, the Toccata was the most effective. The Aria of Gluck was played with false sentiment, a mannered reading was substituted for the necessary simplicity. Mozart's Fantasia was spoiled by inconsequential restlessness.

Mr. Giorni should learn first of all to enter into the spirit of the composers that please him. Digital fleetness, a certain elegance, and even tonal beauty are as dress if the composer does not speak directly, appealingly to the hearer.

HONOR FOUNDER OF SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Brahms, Concerto No. 2 for Piano; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5. Felix Fox was the pianist.

This concert was in memory of Maj. Higginson, the founder and sustainer of the orchestra. The program was made up of compositions that he especially liked to hear. To discuss the nature of these compositions without regard to the performance, if any discussion were needed, would now be out of place. The symphonies have long been regarded as the full expressions of the composer's characteristics and they are familiar to all lovers of music. The concerto had been performed nearly a dozen times at these concerts. It was heard in the more recent years three times in succession: in 1916, 1917, 1918. The performances by Josephy and Adele aus der Ohe are gratefully remembered by the older concert-goers; the performances by Messrs. Bauer and Gabriowitzsch are fresh in the memory.

It is not out of place to praise the interpretation of the symphonies and the concerto by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra. Mr. Monteux had before this shown that a Frenchman can be as eloquent an interpreter of the great German masters as of the modern and ultra-modern French; but yesterday he revealed new strength and beauty in the fragment of Schubert's Symphony—fortunately for the world it is a fragment, for it is doubtful whether Schubert could have sustained his lofty flight to the end—and not within our recollection have the grandeur, the mystery, and the triumphant exaltation of the Fifth Symphony been so boldly brought before one.

Too many conductors regard only the lyrical side of Schubert's genius; they soften or ignore his dramatic intensity, forgetting that among his songs are the "Doppelsaenger," "Atlas," "The Dwarf," not to mention other masterpieces of a robust and even wild imagination. M. Vincent d'Indy, a stickler for form, deplores the fact that Schubert died before he had taken lessons in counterpoint of Simon Sechter, and does not hesitate to say that Schubert's symphonic works have, for the most part, only a mediocre interest; works injured by the absolute want of order, proportion, and general harmonious arrangement. It is true that many of Schubert's compositions are diffuse; that in them he was charmingly and at last tiresomely garrulous; but this reproach cannot be urged against the first movement of the "Unfinished." Here is music that is much more than

"Notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Mr. Monteux not only felt the dramatic intensity, the passion of certain pages, but, by his art, his personal authority, and his magnetism, the audience felt with him.

In like manner the fiery, self-torturing first Allegro of Beethoven was no long taken smugly for granted as a long

April 28 (cont. from p. 92)
For information concerning subscriptions etc. Richard Newman of 810 West 11th St. may be consulted.

Notes About the Theatre,
Plays and Stage People

A lectern of bronze with enamel and mosaic enrichments—in front of the central shaft a standing figure with a halo holds a mirror—has been unveiled at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, to the memory of Laurence Irving and his wife who went down with the SS. Empress of Ireland in May, 1914. There is talk in London of the desirability of a new theatre in the West End to be called the Irving Theatre; that is to say, the idea has been suggested. A London newspaper announced on Oct. 25, 1910: "The new theatre which Mr. H. B. Irving proposes to build near Leicester square will probably be completed in little more than a year's time, when Mr. Irving will open it with a Shakespearean play on his return from Australia. As already stated, it will be called the Irving Theatre. It will accommodate 2000 people." This theatre was never built. There is now the suggestion that commemorative tablets for Laurence and "H. B." be fixed on the base of their father's monument in St. Martin's place, London.

Lennox Pawle, known in Boston as actor and clubman, will have a leading part in Cecil Whitehead's "Dear Little Lady," produced by Peggy Primrose, the actress, this month, before he leaves for this country.

C. B. Fernald, also known in Boston, is preparing the English adaptation for London of Benelli's drama, "The Jest." Henry Ainley will play one of the brothers.

The late H. B. Irving played only once

for the films—"The Lyons Mail"; Sir George Alexander once—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Ellen Terry once—"Her Greatest Part"; Sir John Hare once—"Caste."

"The Lilac Domino" reached its 750th performance in London on Oct. 27.

"Souris d'Hotel," produced in Paris last month, tells of a traveling Parisian surprising in his room a hotel ransacking his baggage. She is so charming that he undertakes the task of turning her from her evil ways. At the end he marries her, with the consent of her uncle, a jovial burglar, who promises to lead an orthodox life.

Shakespeare's "Tempest," "Richard III" and "Love's Labor Lost" were played in London last month.

Hall Caine's "Darby and Joan," written expressly for the screen, disappointed the London Daily Telegraph. The Times called it one of the best things that the British producer has done.

Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Mary Doro, Ann Murdock, Consuelo Talmadge and Geraldine Farrar were all seen in film plays in London the week beginning Oct. 19.

Marie Tempest, who has been acting in South Africa for a year, will play in India, China, Japan and at Manila on her way to America.

The Daily Telegraph found the development of the plot of "Tiger Rose" (the Savoy, London, Oct. 17) "tedious"; the talk "commonplace and stodgy."

The Phoenix, a London society for the presentation of Elizabethan and Restoration plays, will perform Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" on Nov. 23-24.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry sang and recited at the Coliseum last month, after an absence from England for the best part of five years. She was "pathetically nervous" as a singer, but as a reciter, the "real Terry voice" was heard, and some of "the Neilson mannerisms" were observed.

The lucky composer of "Chu Chin Chow," which breaks all London records on Friday with its 147th performance, must have made a tolerable fortune with the play. Apart from the performing rights fees, he has probably received at least £10,000 as his share of the sales of the music, as already something like 300,000 copies of the score and separate numbers have been sold.

What is perhaps the most popular song in the play, "Any Time's Kissing Time," was originally composed years before "Chu Chin Chow" was planned for an early musical play, which never had a first performance. It is interesting to speculate what might have been had a manager been good willing to risk the production of that unfortunate predecessor of "Chu Chin Chow."—London Daily Chronicle, Oct. 15.

Kipling's "Mark of the Beast" was turned into a play at the Grand Guignol, Paris, this fall.

Lord Lyveden appeared as a retired admiral in Eustace Hill's "A Little Camouflage" at the Coliseum, London, last month. "He thought it incumbent on himself, apparently, to hide his aristocratic accents beneath what he imagined to be the Coliseum audience's conception of an admiral's mode of address. The Coliseum audience may not be over-particular, but it does request that even retired admirals should sound their aspirates."

"The Ordeal," by K. N. das Gupta and K. C. Chunder, was performed on Oct. 16 by the Indian Art and Dramatic Society in London. "Deeply interested

her two, he had a letter stating in the hotel to show her to the room of his room, who proved to be her husband's dearest friend. There are all kinds of minor coincidences, of precocious little boys who happen to be in hiding when misers reveal the secret spot in which they keep the keys of their safe, but these are comparatively unimportant. The major coincidences are the things which matter, and we are disappointed that the author found them necessary. But the film is well produced and admirably acted, notably by M. G. Michel as the usurer. As a matter of fact, he made him such a genial old ruffian that one could not help feeling a sneaking liking for him, and it was quite a relief when he was repaid the money which he had lent. The moral of the picture seems to be that if you are friendly with the fates and can rely on the kindly aid of coincidence, you can visit the money-lender with impunity.—London Times, Oct. 13.

The Times, we regret to say, did not take the British film, "The Impossible Woman," seriously: "Playgoers may remember Mr. Haddon Chamber's comedy which was produced at the Haymarket a month after the outbreak of war. It did not enjoy any undue share of prosperity, doubtless because the world was too much perturbed with soul-stirring events at the time to worry about the tantrums of a spoilt and bad tempered pianist, who flew into fits of temper whenever her will was thwarted or her path crossed. We can still see Miss Lillah McCarthy in Oriental robes and her hair awry flinging herself at the keyboard of her piano and revelling in the complexity of the part. Picture theatregoers will find Miss Collier's conception of the character equally strenuous. We have rarely seen a film in which the heroine has so literally flung

herself into her work. Miss Collier's energy is amazing. On the slightest provocation she works herself into a fury of passion and if at the end of an hour of it the audience feels rather limp and exhausted at seeing so much feminine energy and catfishiness portrayed on the screen—well, that is surely the greatest tribute possible to the actress. One could hardly recommend 'The Impossible Woman' to those who go to the pictures for peace and quietness, but as a fascinating study of militant womanhood Miss Collier's whirlwind work is worthy of the highest praise."

Reviewing "The Girl for the Boy," a new musical comedy, based upon a French farce "La Petite Chocolatière" and produced at the Duke of York's, London, on Sept. 22, the Times says: "Why! oh why! had not Miss Palerne the courage to break with the tradition which seems to insist that at the end of the first performance of a musical comedy the stage shall be converted into a florist's shop? A hundred floral offerings will not help a bad show along the road to success, and if the entertainment is good (as in the present instance) there is no need for such artificial display. Here at least is one direction in which economy might be practiced."

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, joint managers of the Royalty Theatre, London, have separated. Mr. Vedrenne retires after eight years of successful management. The theatre before had not been fortunate. "Milestones" put the new management on its feet. Another great success was "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

The reviewer of film-dramas that writes for the London Times was impressed by views of the food-producing capacity of the United States shown in

"The Profiteers," views that suggested to him "a land of super-milk and super-honey." He added: "That is about as far as the title goes. The film settles down to one of the ruts which American film plots have worn in the cinema road." In "Virtuous Men" he objected to the amount of blood seen on the faces of many of the actors after the numerous fights that occur."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Jascha Heifetz, violinist. See special notice.
MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Quintet (Joseph Di Natale, Robert Gundersen, Vladimir Berlin, Alma La Palme, Hans Ebell; Borodin, Quartet in B major; G. Faure, violin sonata, op. 18; Brahms, Piano Quintet.
TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Laura Littlefield, soprano, accompanied by Mrs. Dudley Pitts. Handel, Care Luel; Canco de Nadal; Sibelius, The Silent Town; Rimsky-Korsakov, Midsummer Night's Dream; Baginowski, All the Bells; Liszt, Un grand Jeudors; Poldowski, Nocturne; Chabrier, Pastorale des Cochons Roses; Rabaud, Reliques; Laparra, Des Pas de Sabots; Debussy, Des Femmes de Paris; Cyril Scott, The Unforseen, The Little Bells of Sevilla; Kramer, Swans; Fay Foster, Secret Languages; La Forge, Song of a Queen.
WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. "Zimro," a company of Russian musicians.
THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Paulist Choristers. See special notice.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 7th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.
SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Guy Mair's piano recital for young people. MacDonald, To an Old White Pine; Hill, The Three Birds; The Devils; Bach, Sarabande; Grant-Schofield, The Running Brooklet; Jann, Lullaby; Gilman, Prelude; Philippe, Puck; Moszkowski, The Juggling Girl; Debussy, The Toy Box. Mr. Mair will speak briefly before each piece, and will narrate the story of the "Toy Box" as he plays it.
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Répétition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Montoux, conductor.

Constantino, a tenor; he was not an artist in the true sense of the word. Perhaps his best parts were the poet in "La Bohème" and the Count in "The Barber of Seville." He was irresponsible as a singer and a man, yet he is remembered pleasantly by all those that recall the visits of the San Carlo Company and Mr. Hammerstein, and were interested in the prosperity of the Boston Opera House. During the first years of that opera house he worked valiantly; he did his best. In the last years he was thrown overboard with Mr. Conti, the conductor, who had long been associated with him. Perhaps now on a higher plane the two are discussing the tendencies of the modern opera, the comparative merits of Bonci and Canuso, or the characteristics of Mr. Henry Russell as an operatic manager.

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A Fashion Note

On Nov. 4 we published a letter from Mr. Leman of Cambridge, in which he described old lithographed memorials that decorated the chamber walls of mourners. He asked if Mr. Herkimer Johnson could furnish information about these, and similarly about hideous testimonials of affection. In one of these lithographs—it was dated 1847—a little girl was shown comfortably clad: "The most striking part of whose attire were her long pantalets which reached quite down to her heels, recalling to mind the sweetheart of Mr. Sparrowgrass's son." We then quoted the verses written by Fred S. Cozzens, purporting to have been written by his son to his big sweetheart, but we did not exhaust the important subject.

Pantalets for women and girls were first called pantaloons. The Oxford Dictionary says they were worn by young girls chiefly from 1825 to 1853, and adds that the word is used chiefly in the United States, but the earlier quotations given are from English writers. These "pantaloons" were seen in London as early as 1806, and were condemned as "ungraceful," but in 1811 Parisian and English fashion plates showed full ball dresses with pantalets. John Leech's drawings in Punch picture women and children thus dressed. In mourning, three tucks for trimming or bands of crape took the place of lace or embroidery. An American mother, quoted by Alice Morse Earle, wrote in 1820 that in order to keep her child in clean attire she had put on her in one week 15 pairs of freshly ironed pantalets. "Of these Myrtilla had wholly lost three pairs and an odd one, and a dog had torn off and chewed up another full. The mother had worn only eight pairs, for one pair was of blue and brown checked gingham. 'My finest dainty pair, with real Swiss lace, is quite useless to me, for I lost off one leg, and did not deem it proper to pick it up, so walked off, leaving it on the street behind me, and the lace was 6 shillings a yard. I saw that mean Mrs. Spring wearing it last week for a tucker. I told her it was mine, and showed her the mate, but she said she hemmed and made it herself—the bold thing. I hope there will be a short wear of these horrid pantalets; they are too trying. Of course I must wear them now, for I cannot hold up my dress and show my stockings; no one does. My help says she won't stay if she has to wash more than seven pair a week for Myrtilla, and I feel low-spirited about it. Her legs are so thin she can't keep her pantalets up."

Cozzens wrote other books, among them "Acadia, or a Sojourn Among the Blue Noses." He edited The Wine-Press, and, we believe, was a wine merchant. His portrait represented him with a jolly red nose.

We do not feel at liberty to sound Mr. Herkimer Johnson about memorial wreaths, tablets, engravings, etc. We asked him once about his view of death and immortality. He answered in the words that John Webster put into Brachiano's mouth: "On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible." Not that he feared the hereafter, he said, in fact he was curious about life on some star or on another "plane," but he thought, with Jasper Petulengro, that life is sweet, that night and day are both sweet things, and there's the wind on the heath, brother. And there is also his colossal work (sold only by subscription), as yet unfinished.

But! But!
On Nov. 3 I had had a conversation with this extraordinary ethnological note in his daily celebrated journal. "In intimate conversation, the Americans sometimes permit themselves to say: 'As a nation, our people have the whitest skin on earth.' This conviction leads them to treat all other white men of every nation as Negroes."

From Jest to Ernest

As the World Wags:
What a very ephemeral thing is humor. W. S. Gilbert was undoubtedly funny when he uttered his little hyperbole about Duke Humphry and his rival. He wrote, you will recall: Duke Humphry greatest wealth computes; He sticks, in short, at no-thing. He wears a pair of golden boots And silver underclothing. But if you will go out and try to buy any of these things nowadays, you will find it a mere commonplace statement or current fact. MARSHALL TREDD. Boston.

HEIFETZ DELIGHTS

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Samuel Chotzinoff was the pianist. The program:

- Sonata in A major.....Franck
- Concerto No. 5 in A minor.....Vieuxtemps
- Slavonic Dance in G major No. 3.....Dvorak
- Moto Perpetuo.....Cecile Barleigh
- Legende.....Godowsky
- Saltarella Caprice in E flat major.....Wientawski
- Vocalise.....Rachmaninoff
- Non più mesta.....Paganini

The hall was crowded and all available space on the stage was filled with occupied chairs. Mr. Heifetz's manner is ultra-calm. It borders on the austere. His two first numbers were long and not of the "popular" variety. He played them with his invariable perfection of tone and artistic finish. As a result of his severity of poise and the length and character of the pieces they were received cordially and as a work remarkably well done should be, but not uproariously, and his polite bows in answer to the applause were accepted without great protest as barring early "extras." He added a few of these before the throng dispersed.

The people were considerably waked up by the lighter and livelier nature of the lovely Slavonic dance, the swift and frisky "Moto Perpetuo," the mystic "Legende" and the leaping "Saltarella Caprice." Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise" was sung with appealing tenderness and grace. The high spots of general delight were reached in the Paganini number, when Mr. Heifetz, without alteration of his sober and dignified demeanor, showed how real musical tight-rope dancing, lofty tumbling and bewildering juggling can be done by a master. At fairly regular intervals in this exhibition the performer turns his violin into a banjo, a ukelele and a fiddle and works them all at once. Mr. Heifetz did this with such unvarying skill that he "brought down the house."

Nov. 25 1919

'ANGEL FACE'

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Angel Face," a musical play in three acts, book by Harry B. Smith, lyrics by R. B. Smith, music by Victor Herbert. Produced by George W. Lederer.

- Toni Larkins.....John E. Young
- Arthur Griffin.....Tyler Brooke
- Sandy Sharp.....Richard Pyle
- Hugh Fairchild.....John Reinhard
- Rockwell Gibbs.....Howard Johnson
- Professor Barlow.....George Schiller
- Ira Mapes.....Bernard Thornton
- Slooch.....Jack Donahue
- Irving.....Wm. Cameron
- Mrs. Zenobia Wiso.....Eda Von Buelow
- Betty.....Marguerite Zender
- Vera.....Minerva Grey
- Paula.....Mary Milburn
- Lilly.....Marguerite St. Clair
- Pearl.....Margery West
- Mrs. Larkins.....Sarah McVicker
- Tessie Blythe.....Adele Rowland
- Noya.....May Thompson

It was stated on June 9, 1919, that Mr. Lederer was producing "Angel Face" that night at the Colonial Theatre, Chicago, with Ada Mcade, the Oakland sisters, Ann Warrington, John E. Young, Richard Pyle, Jack O'Donahue, Alan Edwards, Bernard Thorton, Barry Melton, Howard Johnson and others.

When "Angel Face" was brought out in Philadelphia at the Forrest Theatre on Oct. 27, the chief comedians were Adele Rowland, Marguerite Zender, Minerva Grey, Sarah McVicker, John E. Young, George Schiller, Tyler Brooke, Richard Pyle, Jack Donahue, William Cameron.

Thus in four months there were the customary "transfers and promotions." Last night the entertainment—began there was, indeed, entertainment—began

with the composer at the time of Victor Herbert, who made his way, escorted by a small army of admirers, to the concert hall, where the very large audience was already seated. No one but the composer himself could have been so sure of the illumination of the scene. After the second act, artists live in the audience. In this instance it was deserved, for what the composer has done and is doing. It is needless to say that he is not a composer who should have been in the music that was put by him before it. At one time Mr. Herbert was the only one of his conducting gave an unconscious imitation of the shimmy.

Mr. Smith's book is better than some of his latest productions, the lyrics by the other Mr. Smith often have point, and fortunately the enunciation of the words was so clear that the words were heard. In many musical plays of the day, indistinct enunciation is a curse to the hearer.

It is not necessary to relate the story. A professor has discovered a beverage that will take 50 years from anyone that has passed the apathy of middle age. Tom Larkin's grandmother drank it, as did Tom's servant, Irving, and by force of farcical circumstances Tom was persuaded that his grandmother was changed into Betty (Angel Face) and his sweetheart Tessie into a squalling baby. Now a Mrs. Wise had five daughters and she was bound that no one of them should marry Tom's friends until the eldest, a strong-minded person, was married; she was engaged but her betrothed fell in love with Betty, who had all sorts of adventures in Tom's studio. The situations and complications that arise from the drinking of Barlow's nostrum may easily be imagined.

The company includes some principals of marked talent in their respective lines. Mr. Young, blessed by nature with a comedian's face, acted throughout in a breezy but not too boisterous manner; he sang better than Nature's law usually allows a musical show comedian. Our old friend Mr. Schiller was appropriately sanguine in a professional way and showed the confidence and glib authority of a quack. Mr. Cameron was amusing as Tom's Negro servant. A leading feature of the show was the eccentric dancing of Mr. Donahue, the correspondence school detective. As Artemus Ward said of Heber C. Kinnball at a ball in Salt Lake City, Mr. Donahue is a loose and reckless dancer, yet he was much more than surprising acrobatic; his imitations of Russian dancers, of the Isadora Duncan school, and of Ruth St. Denis were remarkably well done, and his "snake dance" was funny beyond words.

Miss Rowland, sprightly—not aggressively kittenish—piquant, charming, acted and sang intelligently and effectively. The audience relished especially the medley of favorite and charming melodies by Mr. Herbert introduced in the third act. Miss Zender—if Betty was played by Miss Zender—was appreciated at once for her demure acting and her appealing singing. She is so young that she can afford to dispense with the superfluity of cheek-coloring that disfigured rather than embellished her. There was graceful dancing by Miss Medie, Miss Sewell, Miss Burn and others. The girls in the company were young, fresh, alert.

The music is tuneful, rhythmically varied, scored with the sure hand of a master in this field. Prominent among the melodies are "I might be Your Once in a While," the "Lullaby"—there are several others. Also conspicuous was the dance music, especially the measures for Mr. Donahue's "Danse Excéntrique."

Although "8 o'clock sharp" was advertised, the performance began later and the many repetitions of songs and dances delayed the final curtain beyond a reasonable hour.

My little sheep, where all bees kneaded be;
A little ark, where all agree,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,
I'll be in with these beasts do live at last,

How happy he, which bath due place assigned
To his own kind, and disaffected his mind;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;
To keep himself to keep them out, not in;

Mournful Numbers

the World Wags:

In the first chapter of Numbers it is stated: "And from thence they went to the place that is the well whereof the Lord spake unto Moses. Gather the people together, and I will give them water."

There is a song this song,
O well, sing ye unto it,
I have never at
any dining who has elaborated on
the text, so they were
to me, as my present study of the

The Boston Quintet (Messrs. Di Natale, Gundersen, Berlin, Miss La Palme and Hans Ebbl) (pianist) gave the first of three concerts last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Borodin, Quartet, D major, No. 2; G. Faure, Violin sonata, op. 13 (Messrs. Gundersen and Ebbl); Brahms, Piano Quintet, op. 34.

This Quintet gave its first concert here last April, when the performance was conspicuous for vitality and taste. The program of last night included the beautiful quartet of Borodin, which bears frequent hearing. It was first played here by the Kneisels early in 1895. Like Borodin's third symphony, which, unfinished, was orchestrated by Glazounoff—Mr. Montoux thinks of playing it this season—this quartet is a posthumous work. It is singularly individual, harmonically and melodically beautiful. The Nocturne alone would give this quartet distinction. Beautiful, too, is the violin sonata by Gabriel Faure, far richer in ideas than the second, which is long-winded, diffuse and often vague. The first was brought out in Boston by Messrs. Loeffler and Baermann early in 1892, and for some years it had the place on programs that Cesar Franck's sonata has today. It narrowly escaped the ignominy of too great popularity.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Brahms's quintet, yet some may not know that it was originally written as a string quintet with two violoncellos. Brahms then arranged it as a sonata for two pianos. As such played at Vienna in 1864 by the composer and Tausig it fell flat. Brahms while playing, according to the testimony of the man that turned the leaves, commented bitterly on the stupidity of the audience. He finally shaped the music into its present form. It was not played in Vienna until 1875, although it was performed in Paris in 1868.

There is certainly room in Boston for a chamber club of the Boston quintet's proficiency and serious aims. The city should not be wholly dependent on visiting organizations.

Help! Help!

A firm in Attleboro, we learn from an advertisement in the Attleboro Sun, is lonely, depressed, sadly in need of women's sympathy, her gentle words and caressing touch.

HELP WANTED

WANTED

GIRLS TO SOFT SOLDER AND PRESS HANDS
The name of the firm will be given to any ministering angel who writes to this office or calls in person.

Esau's Case

As the World Wags:

For about 5000 years that my, hairless patriarch Jacob has been extolled as a smart business man and a credit to his people. Therefore it is mightily refreshing to read, in the course of your observations on the poilu, just what a man of clear vision thinks of the old scoundrel. The story of Jacob's contemptible trick, of his prosperity, and of his alleged favor in the sight of the Lord was the first thing that made me, as a boy, begin to doubt the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Either the Lord wasn't what I had been taught to believe he was, or he never countenanced the swindle by which Esau was robbed of his birthright. The progeny of his 12 sons looked back upon him, of course, as a kind of father of his country, and wrote the old reprobate up in the same style that some of our first families use in dressing up their genealogies. But Jacob is the very last name that I would give a son of mine, and if any of the brethren expect to meet Jacob when they get to heaven I'm sure they will be grievously disappointed. But I should not be surprised if they ran across Esau. W. E. K. Boston

Has "W. E. K." read Alexander Smith's essay "On Vagabonds" in that delightful volume, "Dreamscape"? One page at least should appeal to him. After speaking of Jacob's prosperity, Smith says: "I would rather have been the hunter Esau, with birthright filched away, bankrupt in the promise, rich only in fleet foot and keen spear; for he carried into the wilds an essentially noble nature—no brother with his mess of pottage could maul him of that. And he had a fine revenge; for, when Jacob, on his journey, heard that his brother was near with 400 men, and made division of his flocks and herds, his men servants and maid servants, impetuous as a swollen hill torrent, the fierce son of the desert, baked red with Syrian light, leaped down upon him and fell on his neck and wept. And Esau said, 'What meanest thou by all this dove which I met?' and Jacob said, 'These are to find grace in the sight of my Lord.' Then Esau said, 'I have enough my brother; keep that thou hast unto thyself.' O mighty prince, dost thou remember thy mother's guile, the skins upon thy hands and neck, and the lie put upon the patriarch, as, blind with years, he sat up in his bed snuffing the savory meat? An ugly memory, I should fancy!" Let us add Mr. James Boswell's remark apropos of one person's productions passed upon the world for the productions of another: "Though Esau sold his birthright, or the advantages belonging to it, he still remained the first-born of his parents; and whatever agreement a chief might make with any of the clan, the Herald's Office could not admit of the metamorphosis, or with any decency attest that the younger was the elder." Godfrey Higgins, Esq., excused Jacob's conduct by saying that Esau had forfeited his birthright by marrying out of the tribe, and he was excluded that his children might not inherit. "It is surprising that persons do not see that almost every part of Genesis is enigmatical or a parable." We do not know of an oratorio "Esau" by any ponderous English Mus. Doc.; nevertheless, Esau was for a time the hero of a joyous musical-hall ditty: "I saw Esau kissing Kate."—Ed.

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'MILESTONES'

At the Copley Theatre last evening the Henry Jewett Players put on "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which they produced in their first season.

The story, familiar to many theatre-goers, deals with the lives of the Rhead and Sibley families through three generations. The first act shows the two families, long partners in the ship-building industry, split through the "bee in John Rhead's bonnet" that iron ships will succeed those of wood. He and his sweetheart, Rose Sibley, marry even against the opposition of Rose's family, but Gertrude Rhead breaks her engagement to Samuel Sibley.

In the second act, in 1885, John Rhead has become a rich man; he has been made a baronet, while Samuel Sibley has been forced to retire. But when John's daughter, Emily, wishes to marry a young man who believes in the future of steel ships, her father—the former enthusiast—is as bitter in his denunciation as was his former partner Sibley, and Emily dutifully marries the man of her father's choice.

Only her Aunt Gertrude, remembering her own shattered romance, reminds her that "unpleasantnesses only last a short while, but mistakes last forever." But in 1885, a well brought up girl thought twice before she married against her parents' wishes, and Emily ran true to type. In the last act, in 1911, we see Emily's daughter engaged to a poor young engineer; her mother objects, but through the influence of her early lover she gives in and for the first time in three generations, a young love affair is permitted its own way.

Costumes, and the manner in which the fight of 50 years with the consequent changes in thought and manners is compressed into three acts, make this an unusually interesting play. Throughout there are flashes of Bennett's way of poking fun at his own countrymen: "We English know how to deal with geniuses" is typical.

The Jewett Players, in addition, were excellently cast. Miss Hamilton as Rose Sibley, Mr. Craske as John Rhead, Miss Roach as Gertrude Sibley and Mr. Clive as Samuel Sibley had the difficult task of creating the illusion of three different generations and their performance was remarkably smooth and well balanced.

Miss Newcombe, as the impulsive young daughter of 1885 and the dignified mother of a modern young woman of 1911, was equally pleasing. Mr. Warrin, Mr. Matthews and Miss Stewart excellently rounded out the family picture of 1885 and Mr. Ross and Miss Trabue appeared in the last act as the attractive grandchildren of the lovers of 1860.

mentalist and comedians, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience enjoyed one of the best bills of the season.

Mr. Hussey's act is both novel in idea and development. It is a glorification of the shimmy, and the principal scene, in which Shimmy Sue is tried for murder, a burlesqued courtroom scene, is carried out in jazz rhythm. The principal comedian, who affects the Yiddish style of speech, was heard in several characteristic songs that brought forth uproarious laughter. Miss Qualters, a comedian and dancer of ability and physical charm, was clever in a trying part in the courtroom scene, and for once an audience had a full measure of shimmying of which the young woman is a competent exponent. Mr. Wormsley, who had an agreeable voice, played the part of Plot with commendable ease and intelligence.

One of the best acts on the bill was the episodic and folk dancing act of Tim and Kitty O'Meara. The act is characterized by a fleetness and charm of step that is second only to the unflagging zeal of the performers. Both concluded an act that was conspicuously lengthy and physically trying as fresh and eager as when they started.

Other acts were Gruber and Adellina, in an animal act; Bailey and Cowan, singers and instrumentalists; Buzzell and Parker, in chatter and song; Milt Collins, monologist; Jean Barrios, in an act that would be marred by any publicity; and the La France Brothers, equilibrists.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Cavalleria Rusticana," opera by Mascagni. "Pagliacci," opera by Leoncavallo.

Thuriddu.....Leonard Sanford
Alfio.....Dillon Shulard
Sentuzza.....Hazel Eden
Lucia.....Elaine de Sellem
Lola.....Alice May Carley

Canio.....Joseph Sheehan
Tonio.....Stanley Deacon
Silvio.....William F. Northway
Peppino.....Lynn Griffin
Nedda.....Ethel Harrington

Mrs. Laura Littlefield Heard

By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. Mrs. Dudley Fitts was the pianist. The program was as follows: Handel, "Care Luci"; Old Catalan Nativity Song; Sibelius, The Silent Town; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Midsummer Night's Dream; Bagrinofski, All the Bells; Liszt, Oh quand je dors; Poldowski, Nocturne; Chabrier, Pastoral des cochons roses; Rabaud, Reliques; Laparra, Des pas de sabots; Debussy, Des Femmes de Paris; Cyril Scott, The Unforeseen and the Little Bells of Sevilla; Kramer, Swans; Bantock, A Feast of Lanterns; Fay Foster, Secret Languages; La Forge, Song of the Open.

The program of last night reminded one of Jenkins's "Dictionary of All Words but Familiar." What is a singer to do? Many concert goers, probably the majority of them, prefer music that they have already heard, whether it be vocal or instrumental. The minority, like the Athenians of old, are always wishing to hear some new thing. If the singer chooses familiar songs she runs the risk of invidious comparison. The old gentleman leans forward and whispers through his admirably fitting teeth: "Ah, you should have heard Lilli Lehmann sing that song!" By choosing the unfamiliar a singer snaps her fingers at the concert goer that has fallen into reminiscence. At the same time those who are doomed to sit in judgment wonder whether the song heard for the first time is better or worse than it sounds as interpreted. Is the composer or singer to blame?

The songs of last night by Handel, Sibelius, Poldowski, perhaps one or two others, were well worth hearing. Handel, the great melodist, unfortunately known to the crowd only by his "Messiah," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and the so-called "Largo," wrote cantatas for a voice with instruments and without. Mr. Samuel Endicott has edited four of them. The aria of the one chosen by Mrs. Littlefield is purely Italian in form and in melodic expression, but it is beautifully Italian in the grand style. The song of Sibelius has decided mood, while the Nocturne of Poldowski is macabre and effective. Laparra's little song has little character. Debussy's setting of Villon's verse—it has been sung here before—is for a man. The old Catalan Nativity Song is neither naive nor musically interesting. The songs by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Bagrinofski seemed rather labored.

Mrs. Littlefield has gained in the ability to differentiate sentiment and emotions. A year or two ago she would not have made so much out of the songs by Sibelius, Poldowski, Chabrier, nor would she have brought out the emotional quality of "Oh quand je dors" and the quiet despair of "Reliques" so clearly.

QUINTET GIVES FIRST CONCERT

B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Jimmy Hussey, assisted by Tot Qualters, William Wormsley, the Six Shimmy Cops and a large company of Instru-

Mrs. Flitts by her accompaniments gave the singer the necessary support and displayed musical taste.

"You may like to know," Mr. Emery writes, "that Cyrus, many years ago, was a member of the staff of the Fall River News, and also of the New Bedford Standard. On the News I believe he was a reporter and wrote some editorials; and on the Standard he was the chief editorial writer—probably the only one. I rather think he left the Standard to come to the News, and from our paper went to his home in Maine because of an illness which proved his last. That illness was said to be due to his habits of life, for Cyrus was wholly at variance with the prohibition laws and their enforcement; and, to speak in the commonplace, he loved not only wine, but woman and song as well.

"His politics were directly opposite those of the papers on which he worked. He would be a speaker some night at a Democratic meeting and the next day in a strong editorial would riddle his own speech in orthodox Republican fashion. If the material could be collected a very interesting sketch of him could be written. His death, like that of his brother, was premature."

Mr. Seitz does not fail to mention Cyrus, who was born in 1827. ("Artemus" was born in 1834.) He tells a story of Cyrus, coming home late one night from a political meeting. He was a staunch Democrat. It was a bitter cold night, and Artemus, who had been on a lark to South Waterford was locked out accidentally by Cyrus. There was the sound of pebbles on a window pane, accompanied by shouts of "Ho, Cy!" As Cyrus stood shivering at the open window, Artemus called from below: "Sax, Cy, do you think it is right to keep slaves?" The newspaper life of Cyrus is briefly told, and the fact that he edited the New Bedford Standard from 1850 to 1859, and later the Fall River News, is stated. Cyrus died at the homestead in Waterford, Me., in 1881.

A footnote to an English edition of Artemus Ward reads: "Two or three scamps in the United States have endeavored to pass themselves off as brothers of Artemus Ward. He has no brothers living." This was in explanation of the opening paragraph in a letter entitled: "Artemus Ward in Richmond." The paragraph is worth quoting:

"Alors I comments this letter from the late rebel capitol, I desire to simply say that I have seen a low and skurillus noat in the papers from a certain person who signs hisself Olonzo Ward & so he is my bernruther. I did once hav a bevruther of that name, but I do not recognise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collage sum 16 years ago, and gave him a good situation as the Bearded woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (on day while in a Backynalian mood on rum, & right in sight of the aujencie in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whereby he betrayed his sex on account of his boots and his Beard fallin off his face, thus rooinn my prospects in that town, & likewise incurrin the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin with the feeling of a intelligent public. I knew no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not eve wish his name breathin in my presnts. I do not recognize him. I pe feetly disgust him."

The Journal has received a letter in which the writer says that she has

...a "panorama" turned up in 1870 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, "chaperoned by another 'Troyan.'"

So "Aphrodite" will soon be brought out in New York, less some of the horrors that made the play attractive at the Renaissance, Paris, in March, 1914. Last June it was announced with a flourish that the actress taking the part of the naughty Chrysis at the Century Theatre "must have the strength and passion of Florence Reed, the dignity and poise of Mary Garden, the beauty of Elsie Ferguson, the physical perfection of Marjorie Rameau, the tensility of Theda Bara, the dramatic ability of Bernhardt, the charm of Marie Tempest, the intelligence of Mrs. Fiske." This was good advertising. No doubt Mr. Gest received the next day letters from at least 100 actresses who thought inwardly that their personal attractions and histrionic capability were thus underrated.

By PHILIP HALE

The Palestine Chamber Music Ensemble Zimro gave its first concert in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. The players were Messrs. S. Bellason, clarinet; J. Misteckin, first violinist; G. Besrodny, second violinist; K. Moldavan, viola; J. Cherniavski, violoncellist; L. Berdichevsky, pianist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Clarinet Quintet; Alsborg, Jewish Rhapsody, for piano; Kaplan, Jewish dance for two violins; violoncello solos—Zeitlin, Eli Zion; Cherniavsky, Freilichs; Krein, Jewish Sketch in three movements for all the players.

These players, graduates from the Conservatories of Petrograd, Moscow, Vienna, Leipzig and Berlin, having given concerts in Asiatic and European cities, gave their first concert in New York on Sept. 9 of this year. It was said that all of the players are members of the Russian Opera House at Petrograd. The musical literature has been collected for them by Russian composers, J. O. Engel, the head of the Society of Jewish Music, Ansky, the author, and Pasternach, the painter. The concerts of this club are given for Palestinian purposes. A second concert took place in New York on Nov. 1.

The performance of Mozart's Quintet was admirable in every way. We have not heard a clarinet played so artistically since poor Poutau left this city to go down with the S. S. Bourgogne. Mr. Bellison's tone is conspicuous for its richness and beauty. His execution is facile; his phrasing is most musical. His co-mates in the quintet played euphoniously and with fine understanding.

Alsborg's Jewish Rhapsody sounded like an improvisation by one not wholly sure where he was going and where he would end. The themes do not have a marked profile and the ornamentation is of the tawdry imitation Lisztian order. Mr. Berdichevsky played it with an air of solemnity that made one wonder whether he was sorry for the composition or for the audience. The audience, however, approved and brought the pianist back. He played a short and livelier piece. Kaplan's Jewish Dance has decided character and it was played delightfully by Messrs. Mistechnikin and Besredny. Mr. Cherniauskys is an accomplished violoncellist.

It is a pity that this excellent Sextet was not heard in a smaller hall. There is no intimacy possible between artists and hearers of chamber music in Symphony Hall, and the effect and the

largely on the establishment and
maintenance of in-
semble is well worth hearing. Few
visiting ensembles have
beauty and in finesse.

The Herald has received several letters in which the writers express wonder at the capacity of the stomach that will accommodate "100 oysters; and then in spite of our quotations from the "Almanach des Gourmands" and other works on gastronomy. We commend any doubting Thomas the following extract from a letter written by Charles Dickens to Prof. Cornelius C. Felton, Harvard College. The letter was written shortly after Dickens's return from America in 1842. It is plain from this letter that Prof. Felton himself had a fondness for oysters:

He wrote a monstrously short and wildly uninteresting epistle to the American Dando; but perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster shops, without farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand, and cried, 'You are Dando!' He has been known to eat 20 dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten 40 if the truth had not flashed upon the shopkeeper. For these offences he was constantly committed to the house of correction. During his last imprisonment he was taken ill, got worse and worse, and at last began knocking violent knocks at death's door. The doctor stood beside his bed with his fingers on his pulse. 'He is going,' says the doctor; 'I see it in his eye! There is only one thing that would keep life in him for another hour and that is—oysters.' They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth and looked round the bed strangely. 'Not a bad one, is it?' says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster and fell back—dead. They buried him in the prison yard, and paved his grave with oyster shells."

This Jon Jando, a Jew, was by no means a creature of Dickens's imagination. There are many references to him sponging at coffee houses, oyster bars etc., in Bell's "Life in London," especially in 1836. Trevelyan, in his life of Macaulay, mentions him: "the bounding seedy swell, hero of a hundred bawls, who was at least twice in every month brought before the magistrate for having refused to settle his bill after converting himself in an oyster shop."

Yet Dando, the illustrious, finds n
place in the great National Dictionar
of Biography!

Thackeray's made Dando the hero of his amusing tale, "The Professor," first published in 1841. Dando ate and drank one night at Samuel Grampus's fish shop, "The Mermaid in Cheapside," two lobsters, salad, 11 dozen best natives, pats of butter, bread, two bottles of Dublin stout and four glasses of brandy and water. Grampus, who had been out of the shop, returning, handed the bill to the gormandizer, who, seated on the table, was laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

"The professor kicked sneeringly in the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he, a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a-go-
to pay! Pay! I never pay—I
DANDO!"

The prowess of a Tuam man was recorded in Bell's Life in London, Nov. 27, 1842, under the heading, "A Most Strous Feat." This man bet a pound that he would eat 600 oysters and drink two bottles of porter. He ate 585 oysters and drank the porter, but he was unable to put down the last 15.

Those, who carelessly swallow oysters after oyster, foolishly drenching the with some sauce or other seasoning should know that oysters thoughtfully eaten in a reasonable quantity have beneficent medicinal effect. Old Pili knew this well. We quote from the magnificent translation by Philemon Holland (1634), making a few excisions, also to suit this prudish age:

"First and foremost, they be the oyster
meal to comfort and refresh a decayed
stomack. They recover an appetite
that was cleane gone. But see the
practice of our delicate wantons!
cooke oysters forsooth, they must not
wholme & cover them all over with
snow; which is as much as to bring the
tops of mountaines and bottom of the
Sea together, and make a confused mel-
ley of all. This good moreauer do oys-
ters, that they gently loose the be-
... eat them in their shel with the
water, as they came closed and shut
from the sea, you shall find them ve-
drous good for any rheumes or
tillations. The ashes of an oyster shell
calcined, and incorporat with honey, is
singular for the paine of the uvula, to
assuage the inflammation of the tonsils.
seemably, they repress the swelling
kernels that rise vnder the ears, to
suage the bites and botches called Can-
cer, mortifio the hard tumours of womens
breasts and heal the sores or scallies
the head, if they be applied according
with water; and in the same order pre-
pared, they rid away wrinkles, and
make womens skin to lie smooth and
even. These ashes are a souveraine
powder to be cast vpon any place that
is raw, by reason of a burne or scald-
ing: and the same is commended for

ing of the scene: then at 'Ah, ha,' a fe

excellent dentifrice to cleanse & whiten
the teeth withall: temper the said ashew
with vinegar, kill theth the Itch, and
healeth angrie wheales; the small pocks
also and meazles. Oisters panned raw
and reduced into a cataplasme, heale
the kings efill and kiled heels, if they
be applied accordingly."

PAULIST SINGERS DELIGHT BIG CROWD

The Paulist Choristers of New York gave a concert last night before an enthusiastic audience which nearly filled Symphony Hall. The Rev. William J. Finn conducted. The program was evenly balanced, the first half devoted to church music and the last half to arias from various operas and other popular themes.

While the ensemble numbers were generously received the audience demanded encore after encore from the gifted soloists, John Flinnegan, tenor and Thomas Coates and Billy Probst, boy sopranos. Masters Coates and Probst won their way into the hearts of their hearers by the tonal beauty of their young voices.

The program of church music was enriched by several selections from 16th century composers. Lotti's "Regina Coeli," Palestrina's "Gloria," and the "Emendamus in Melius" by Morales, Spaniard who lived shortly after the time of Columbus. The explanation by Father Flinn added greatly to the appreciation of this last number. He believed it the most wonderful exploitation of the psychology of religion in the history of music. The tenor chanter, Mr. Fennegan, represents a monk preaching at Ash Wednesday sermon, his text, "Remember man that thou art dust," while the choristers take the part of the congregation.

At first there is rebellion in the congregation, and the volume of the accompanying music drowns out the chanting words of the monk. Toward the end, however, the eloquence of the monk begins to have its effect, and the finale his voice rises high above the others, their low, steady chant typifying their contrition.

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Chausson, Symphony in B flat major; songs with orchestra: Beethoven, Nature's Adoration; Handel, air from "Serse"; Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Griffes, Symphonie Poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" (first performance); Verdi, O Don Patacchio from "Don Carlos"; Chabrier-Mot-Bourree-Fantaisque.

Any composer girding up his loins to turn Coleridge's "Kubla Kahn" into vocal work, cantata or what not, would start on a perilous adventure for, quote Swinburne, this poem is "the supreme model of music in our language." "In reading it," said the master of rhythm and verbal euphony, "we seem fast into that paradise veiled to Swedenborg, where music and color and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven." Any composer mediating a symphonic poem from "illustrative" of "Kubla Khan," a tonal interlinear translation, would undertake a fool's task.

Mr. Griffes, born in New York thirty years ago, wisely chose extracts from the poem, lines describing the state of pleasure-dome, "the sunny pleasure-dome with eaves of lee," "the miracle-rare device," the gardens and the "sunny spots of greenery." By a legitimate stretch of the imagination he hears and reproduces the sounds of revelry that might well take place in this strange palace, mentioned first by travellers, whose description led Coleridge, dreaming, to write the fragment that is enough to make his name illustrious.

Instrumental music may add wings even a romantically poetic flight. One hearing this music of Mr. G. will feel that the poem itself has been belittled; that its splendor has been diminished; for this composer is blessed with what is rare with American musicians. Imagination. His gift of expression is pronounced. He might have been elegant; his music might have been more bizarre. In either case he would

Would Chausson, if he had lived, have wholly escaped the influence of Wagner and César Franck? The symphony is a serious work, one to be respected. With an impressive ending. The mood of the three movements is sombre without sufficient contrast. "There is prevailing shade; there is little sunlight. It was a pleasure to hear after many years Mottl's skilful orchestration of Chabrier's jovial Bourree. Mottl, who admired the Frenchman and knew him well, orchestrated this Bourree in Chabrier's manner.

Chamberlain manner. Mme. Homer was more fortunate in her interpretation of Verdi's aria than in her delivery of the air from Handel's "Serse" and Bach's repeated assertion that his heart was ever faithful. In Verdi's air she was appropriately dramatic with effective dynamic contrasts. The air of Handel and Bach's tune were sung merely "ore rotundo." While she was delivering the address of Xerxes to his beloved plane tree as if the monarch had been thundering a command at his huge army, or storming at Mount Athos, we wondered where the story about this affection was first told. We read in one of Dr. Donne's Elegies:

Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so large as she;

but Pliny, noting the affection entertained by Dionysius, the Sicilian King, by Licinius Mutianus, thrice consul, and by the Emperor Caligula, for the plane tree, says nothing about the passion of Xerxes. Was Herodotus the first? He tells about Xerxes passing by the Lydian city of Calatebus. On the way the King "met with a plane tree, which on account of its beauty, he presented with golden ornaments."

The audience, liking Mme. Homer's singing of the Handelian air—Caffarelli, the first to sing it, was

his "majestic style," but
and robust are not synonym-
ous—and also recognizing the
"Largo," applauded the singer
busily.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will leave tomorrow for a trip of two weeks. The program for Dec. 13, 20 is as follows: Balakireff, "Thamar," MacDowell, Piano Concerto No. 1; Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome." Leo Ornstein will be the pianist.

Let the faint-hearted and all croakers
stand and ponder these words of a curi-
ous learned and whimsically religious
gentle who, when Cavaliers and Round-
heads were hawking each other and
England was apparently going to the
dogs, was interested chiefly in discover-
ing the quincunxial lozenge in the heavens
above, in the earth below, in roots of
trees in the mind of man.

And, to speak impartially, old men, from whom we should expect the greatest example of wisdom, do most exceed in this point of folly; commending the days of their youth, which they scarce remember, at least well understood not, extolling those times their younger years have heard their fathers condemn, and condemning those times the gray heads of their posterity shall commend. And this is it the humor of many heads to extol the ways of their forefathers, and declaim against the wickedness of times present. Which, notwithstanding they cannot handsomely do, without the borrowed help and satire of times past; condemning the vices of their own times by the expressions of vices in times which they commend, which cannot but argue the community of vice in both. Horace, therefore, Juvenal and Persius, were no prophets, although their lines did seem to indigitate and point at our times. There is a certain line of vices committed in all ages, and declaimed

against by all authors, which will last as long as human nature, which digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date until doomsday."

As the World Wags

With mild reservations I was able to trail along with your apple butter correspondent this morning until he started casting aspersions on French bread and cider. Any one who prefers the warm, lumber, semi-goosey fresh cut square from the New England oven to the golden crisp, crusty French product must be a gastronomical pervert and eat pound cake and mince pie for breakfast. And why pick on cider? Uncle Henry—he's the one who used to eat the live grasshoppers—for many years put down each fall a full barrel of russet elder doctored up with a pound of brown sugar and an ounce of raisins to each gallon, and with a pound of beefsteak and a bag of mustard seed for the whole barrel. This was left unbunged for six weeks and turned from side to side every three days. It was then stopped and left to stand for a year. A quart of this beaten up with a couple of fresh eggs and a little sugar and a sprinkle of nutmeg—words fail me.

Good cider is a noble drink and don't let 'em tell you different. There used to be a place in Le Havre, a nasty little dump over in the Narrows behind the docks where they offered food and drink as follows: A brie cheese about the size of a wash tub and eight inches thick occupied the middle of the deal table. There was an armful of long French loaves and a platter of unsalted butter. Six quart pitchers filled with Normandy cider; and that was all. You paid a franc and ate and drank all you wanted.

The good old days! Well we've loved, and lost and the road lies long and dry, and dusty to the grave, or words to that effect.

lect. HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Boston.

We welcomed "W. C. T.'s" remarks about apple-butter, although we prefer the term "Shaker apple sauce." for so the delectable mess was known 40 or 50 years ago in our little village on the Connecticut. Real live Shakers made it and brought it to us. Those were the days when the yeast man drove about sounding a horn before each house; the hulled-corn man also carted with a brisk trade. We, too, wondered at "W. C. T.'s" remarks about bread. Good bread is seldom found in Boston, even on the groaning tables of the rich. Arrogant cooks, paid absurdly high prices by thoughtless, reckless housekeepers, who know little or nothing about cookery, are as a rule poor bread-makers. No, there is no bread like the French bread, whether you eat it in Paris or in some village where a dunghill is close by the entrance to the inn; where the notary and men that might have figured in "Madame Bovary" sit with the stranger at table d'hôte. Nor was our enthusiasm for French bread lessened when in student days in Paris we were warned against looking down at night from the sidewalk into a cellar where, it was said, bakers kneaded the dough with their bare feet. There was good bread, but of a different texture and taste. In towns of Germany. We still see the pension mistress buttering the huge loaf, then holding it to her breast and cutting with a knife drawn toward her at the risk of becoming a belated amazon. So "W. C. T." likes spongy, moist, doughy bread that is like lead in the stomach! We are indeed, disappointed in him. By the way, we have searched Boston from Atlantic avenue to Audubon Circle, from the North station to Shawmut avenue, and have found only one shop where genuine rye bread can be obtained. There is no use in writing to us for the address of that shop. Wild horses, the rack, the strappado, the Scottish boot, the Chinese torture by the head cage and the rat, will not wring the secret from us. Think of the bread that is not bread eaten by thousands.

O! bring my breakfast—give to me
Bread that is snowy and light of weight—
Of gum and bone-dust let it be,
Chalk, and ammonia's carbonate;
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,
Plaster of Paris, finely ground,
Will make it evenly white clear through
With the outside nicely browned.

So sang George Arnold in 1859. What a pleasure it is to find Mr. Witherspoon abandoning for the moment international problems and giving his attention to matters of real moment. Would that he felt like spinning another yarn of adventure in Central America or Mexico for by such yarns his first delighted readers of the Herald made his name illustrious.—Ed.

yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: MacDowell, To an Old White Pine; Hill, The Three Birds, The Devils; Bach, Sarabande, in Intermezzo; Luon, Lullaby; Poldini, Marche, Magnonne; Gliere, Prelude; Philippe, Puck; Moskowski, The Juggling Girl; Debussy, The Toy-Box.

Do young people, boys and girls, necessarily find pleasure in music that is deliberately composed for them? There is a set of pieces for children by Schumann that would bore them to death. - but they might be excited by music of Wagner, Bach, Chopin and Debussy. Many parents reading "Alice in Wonderland" at least once a year wonder why their little Lucy thinks the book silly. We know of only one book that pleases old and young alike: that is "Gulliver's Travels." The old read it for the savage satire and the shrewy style; the young for the adventures therein related. Perhaps "The Thousand Nights and a Night" comes next in the appreciation of all ages, although a boy told us the other day that he did not like the wondrous tales because he didn't believe they were true. What a solemn prig at 11 years! He will surely grow up and serve on committees; but he will be an undesirable companion. Then there was Bishop Atterbury who confessed in his old age to Pope that he could not read them, and no less a man than William Hazlitt did not stomach the serious parts or the gaiety of despair, finding some of the stories "monstrous and abhorive."

Maier's concert as Mr. Josiah Carper may think. For nearly all of the music played yesterday pleased us children, great and small. The taller ones wished that visiting pianists would make their programs lighter and not be afraid of "little" pieces. Juon's "Lullaby," for example, would grace any program for a miscellaneous audience. Gilere's "Prelude," starting out in Chopinesque vein, grows wild and stormy in its expression of despair. Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Hill's Sketches, suggested by prose poems of Stephen Crane, were played here a good many years ago.

Debussy's "Toy-Box" is a little ballet for children with a scenario by Andre Helle. Published in 1913 in a quaintly illustrated edition, it tells the simple story of a toy girl and a toy soldier, a battle, the return of the wounded soldier to the country, where his sweet-heart nurses him. The music is a jeu d'esprit. There are hints at old French nursery rhymes, Debussized of course, as is the suggestion of the Soldiers' Chorus in "Faust," and that of the "Sultan's Polka" by Charles d'Albert, the father of Eugen, a polka once played tempestuously by our maiden aunt on the old square piano. Was Debussy joking when he noted a melody in this ballet as an old Hindu air still used in the taming of elephants? This ballet was danced by Ethna Morris, the Joll, Nancy Nicholls, the soldier, and other children at the Court Theatre, London, March 11, 1913.

Even the hardened concert-goer turned pale when he read: "Mr. Maier will speak briefly before each piece," for he remembered Mr. Walter Damschod doing this and then showing practically how music ought—not to be performed. He also remembered Karl Armbruster's platitudinous remarks here before Miss Pauline Cramer would burst into a song. But Mr. Maier surprised and interested him. He told ingeniously a story into which he wove imaginative explanations of the different pieces. Thus he held the attention of the children; not the gloomy attention expected in the old-fashioned Sunday school; but an expectant and amused attention. At the same time he commanded the respect of the older children by his freedom from "baby talk"; by his not falling into the "Now you little girl with the blue sash" order of address. Truly an agreeable entertainment; one not too educative. And Mr. Maier played delightfully.

Mr. A. B. Walkley of the London Times writes about first-nighters, second-nighters, and the general playgoer. The last is the great purveyor of secret criticism. "Let us hope that secret criticism is not the only true sort, but it is certainly the most live. It is free from the literary bias, the cant of criticism, the smell of the lamp. And it is the most potent of persuasives. Published criticism is powerless against it. The fate of a play is not decided by newspaper criticisms (thank goodness!) should be miserable if it were), but by what the general playgoers say to one another and pass on to their friends. How many plays with 'record' runs have been dismissed by the newspapers on the morrow of the first night with faint praise or positive dispraise? The general playgoer has said his say, and what he says 'goes.' I know he is giving many worthy people just now much unkindness. They form little theatrical societies 'a cote' to keep him out. The

deplor. his taste and organize leagues for his education and improvement. I rather fancy he is like the young lady in the play who 'didn't want to have her mind improved.' But that is another story. What I have been envying him for is not his taste, but the heartiness with which he abounds in his own sense and his freedom in expressing it. After all, perhaps criticism that is so free and so pervasive and so potent is not exactly to be called 'secret.' I seek the 'most juste.' Or I would if that were not a back number. Ifas not Mr. Beerbohm finally put it in its place as the Holy Grail of the Nineties?"

"A Bedroom Wedding," brought out in London Nov. 3, is not a farce, not a musical comedy, with a title invented to draw the crowd; It is a rip-snorting melodrama with burglary, a railway accident, poison and nitro-glycerine, a desperate villain also a villainess.

Louls N. Parker's comedy, "Summer-time" (The Royalty, London, Oct. 30), reminds one of "Daddles" and "Three Wise Fools." According to the London journals the play rests on the shoulders of Miss Fay Compton.

Patrons of the League of Nations Union met at the Curzon Hotel yesterday when Prof. Gilbert Murray described "The Trojan Women," the ancient Greek play of Euripides, which is being produced as a propaganda play by the union. Prof. Murray said he imagined the reason why they chose this play to assist their aims was because it was the first expression of the spirit of pity for mankind. It was the greatest play against war. It did not give the solution, for that was the business of diplomatists and international lawyers. Lord Shaw, in congratulating Prof. Murray upon his exposition of the tragedy, said he hoped it would assist them in their attitude toward the League of Nations.—London Daily Telegraph Nov. 7.

Some people imagine that actors can live on air . . . and that, when not living on air, they recline on wonderful sofas drinking large quantities of champagne. . . . Acting is becoming one of the great industries . . . and is passing into the hands of the exploiters of industry.—Miss Lena Ashwell, at Leeds.

The general secretary of the Actors' Association, praising Miss Ashwell, who also said "there is a triviality, a licentiousness and sensuality connected with the stage today which is not the desire of the best artists in the profession," told of an opera company now on tour in England which paid its chorus girls £ 19s. 9d. a week. In some instances girls are offered 30s. a week and if they accept the offer they are lucky to see the cash. "For good-class provincial shows £3 a week is probably the average salary for chorus girls. And they are well off compared with the actor or actress with a small part in drama, as the latter receive much less." Cost of lodgings is very high. "I have just received a complaint from an actress, a member of our association. She was asked to accept an engagement, as juvenile lead, in a repertoire company, and to supply 25 dresses, on a salary of £3 10s. per week. Out of this sum she

was, of course, at perfect liberty to buy as much champagne as she liked."

The curtain has come down on the last matinee of "The Trojan Women" at the Old Vic. Will this successful introduction of Euripides to the Waterloo Road lead to the playing of translations of other Greek plays? One hopes so, for this experiment has proved that utter and unrelieved tragedy, finely acted, can grip and hold an audience for two hours without a break. There is one modern play, quite in the Greek spirit, and representing the flower of its author's youth and genius, which we should like to see interpreted by the Old Vic. company, and that is Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." As poetry it is finer than any translation, even by a man of genius, could possibly be, and as drama it moves forward with cumulative force and sweep.—London Daily Chronicle, Nov. 7.

Nov. 7. The London Times said of the Lasky film, "Male and Female" (Barrie's "Admirable Crichton"): "What a pity it is that an English producing company was not the first to realize the possibilities that the play opened up!"

Stella Muir is advertised as the "British Mary Pickford."

Musical activity on the continent seems to have been renewed with extraordinary vigor. From our Berlin correspondent we hear that "quantitatively, at any rate, music here is going stronger than ever. It is very difficult to get a seat at the opera, and every concert hall is booked right up to the end of the season. All the good concerts are sold out the moment the tickets are issued. It was only today that I managed to get to my first and hear Beethoven's quintet, and septet done by the Kammersmusik Vereinigung of the Opera House orchestra. The concert was advertised as organized by the Revolutionary Youth, but for some reason the name of this fellowship was blacked off the tickets. The seats were, however, disposed of in a new, if not revolutionary, way. All the seats were sold at a uniform price, and the tickets were exchanged for num-

Guy Maier Pleases Small
and Large Hearers with
Music and Talk

ered tickets were folded, mixed up in a basket, and picked out at random. There were special colors for sets of two or more seats for parties who wished to sit together. Clearly audiences in Berlin concert rooms are larger than in London.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 25.

At a classical concert in London "Ravel, neat," was offered "It is a good wine, sparkling and dry, but the more recent vintages seem to need Pasteurizing."

London has at last heard Mr. Helfetz by means of a gramophone.

Patti is to be buried in Pere la Chaise. Austin Brereton will write the life of H. R. Irving. Americans having letters by Irving are asked if they will be good enough to send them to Mr. Brereton at 19 York Buildings, Adelphi, London. W. C. Z. The letters will be transcribed and returned without delay.

For the moment, British film producers refuse to be excited by the announcement from Stockholm, published in the Times of yesterday, that a Swedish engineer claims to have solved the problem of the so-called "speaking film," having obtained by a method of photography the absolute synchronization of movement and sound. For so many people have made a similar claim in the past, and still the problem remains unsolved. It is a difficulty which film producers have been trying to tackle for 20 years, and several inventions have been put upon the market. Speaking pictures have been seen in this country on a few occasions, generally by means of a synchronization of the gramophone and the cinematograph, but the illusion has never been complete. If the Swedish engineer has been really successful, the effect in time will be to revolutionize the whole industry, for it would mean that a film play would have to be equipped with as complete a dialogue as a stage play. At present this is not the case. The actor is given a general idea of the scene in which he is taking part, and carries on accordingly. If every word that he says is to be recorded, the full text will have to be learned, and the producer of the film, usually the person who makes the most noise, will have to be silenced. Another point which must not be overlooked is the language difficulty. With the "speaking film," it will not be an easy matter to present a picture taken, say, in Sweden in this country. One of the secrets of the success of the cinematograph up to now has been the universality of its appeal.—London Times, Oct. 23.

New Publications

Arthur Foote is the author of a clear and useful book entitled "Modulation and Related Harmonic Questions." The various means of modulation found in music from Bach to the present time are explained and illustrated by copious examples in notation. The author's catholicity of taste is shown by these examples, which range from Bach to Loeffler, from Rossini to Cesar Franck. Mr. Foote says in his preface, "such problems as are offered by certain composers of the past few years, however, have not been dealt with, for in their works tonality is of set purpose made increasingly negligible, the question of modulation per se (as it has always been conceived) not being of importance." The exercises added for the student to be written and also played at sight, are not merely mechanical; they are intended to bring out musical results. Arthur P. Schmidt Company publishes this book of about 160 pages, and also Mr. Foote's last songs, which should engage the attention of thoughtful singers. The three were inspired by the war: "In Flanders Fields" (McCrae), "The Soldier" (Rupert Brooke), "Oh, Red Is the English Rose" (Dr. Charles A. Richmond). The last one is dedicated to Henri Rabaud.

Oliver Ditson Company publishes a volume that should interest folk-loreists and singers: "Pastourelles of the XV. Century," collected by Yvette Guilbert. The songs have been harmonized, for the most part, with appropriate simplicity by Maurice Eisner. The translations are by Grace Hall, Messrs. Manney and George Harris, Jr. Mme. Guilbert end her short preface by saying: "It is in the songs of France that the entire national history is to be found; the history of her soul, her heroism, her brain, her heart, the apotheosis, in short, of a race that exhibits a reserve of serene and courteous strength; who can crown life with roses or bow to death with equal grace."

The Oliver Ditson Company also publishes "Lord Howe's Masquerade," a ballad for mixed voices, text by Frederick H. Martens, music by N. Clifford Page. The story is the one that was treated by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which bears a striking resemblance by its leading incident to Poe's "William Wilson," which preceded Hawthorne's tale.

Of Everett E. Truette's comprehensive treatise, "Organ Registration," an invaluable book for organists, published by C. W. Thompson & Co., we shall speak later.

The songs of American composers are heard more frequently now in recitals of operatic singers. For example, Mme. Frieda Hempel will sing this afternoon "Elf and Fairy," by John H. Densmore

of Brookline. The songs are published by Oliver Ditson Company.

A Few Notes About New and Old Music in London

MacDowell's music is always a little bit of a responsibility for any artist. It depends entirely on that elusive quality called charm, and if this is not unerringly seized there is little behind it that is worth seizing. The "Norwegian" Sonata, which was played at the Aeolian Hall yesterday, is not trite nor labored, but it is heavily laden with purpose, and needs as much lightening as the player can give it. "Les Orientales" and the "Woodland Sketches" are vignettes that either catch the fancy or leave one completely cold. In the songs there is a welcome simplicity. Of "Ye Banks and Braes" we are not, perhaps, fair judges; when he heard the words completely recited, we feel as MacDowell's compatriots did when somebody the other day recited "John Brown's Body." The "Night Song" and "To a Wild Rose" are very graceful little things. We cannot say that Miss Violet Clarence or even Miss Gene Dell did very much to put us in love with these works.—London Times, Oct. 23.

Can it be that Richard Strauss has been "discovered" at last even in his own country? Anyhow his new opera, "Die Frau ohne Schatten," which was produced at the Vienna Opera on Oct. 10, has been condemned wholeheartedly by no less a journal than the Frankfurter Zeitung. The performance seems to have been excellent, but even so, the sterility of Von Hofmannsthal's book appears to have been patent to the public, and from the beginning of the second act onwards the work is said not to have hung together at all and to be quite undramatic. As in "Rosenkavalier," which had "Figaro" for a kind of pattern, so here the "Magic Flute" serves a similar purpose. But this is not to draw Mozart into the affair! On the stage the meandering of symbolism, stage pictures, magical effects and so on in an endless stream of would-be deeply-felt poetic intention merely bored the audience.

"That so dry-as-dust a libretto could strike no sparks from the composer's genius is sad but true," says the above-mentioned journal. As so often before so here again Strauss seems to have tried to make up by quantity what he failed to obtain by quality. Great praise is given to the singers and to the orchestra, to quote the above journal again, "whose rhythmical swing and depth and intensity of tone could never be heard in Germany." Alas! poor Strauss.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 25.

It is difficult to say anything about M. Rivarde playing at the Wigmore Hall yesterday except that it was right. That is much when one reflects on the number of violinists who for one reason or another are not "right." M. Rivarde reads them a lesson in the way to dispose of their resources—how to phrase, how to color a note, how much vibrato to use, how to economize and to spend tone; in fact, "where to put their brown tree" in the picture. It is much, but it is not enough. We wanted him, just for once, to forget all he knew about fiddling—and that would be a great deal—and to say to us: Look here, this concerto of Lalo's is a thing you don't hear every day, and it's a fine work, and though you mightn't think so from the look of it, I'm just going to show you what music there is in it—at last, if he thought so. As it was, we got the impression that it was as dull as a November day and as lifeless as Charing-cross bridge. A "Poeme" of Howells—why not "Poem," since both he and we are English?—followed, and M. Rivarde did his best with it, but somehow it would not yield up any meaning. There was a phrase from Tristan, act III., to begin and finish it, that was clear enough, but what came between was so determinedly allusive and so reluctant to make any positive statement, that we really do not know at this moment what he was talking about. Yet he has talked well before, and will again, no doubt. It is all very well to leave plenty to the imagination, but there must be something definite to start our imagining—something to "bite on"—and we must ask him to forgive us for being too stupid to find it.—London Times, Nov. 1.

The London Times said that Casella's suite, "Le Couvent sur l'eau," played on Oct. 25, is certainly a good thing, or, rather, a series of them. "Since its dance movements are extracted from a 'Comedie Choregraphique,' which we do not know, we cannot pretend to view it as a whole or to find any relevance between the numbers. But each, taken

by itself, is delightful, crisp and humorous. Casella can be ugly (if trumpets playing tunes in different keys is ugly), but he never makes the fatal mistake of taking ugliness seriously, and he can be quite conventionally beautiful when it suits his subject. The soprano solo in the barcarolle was cleverly sung by Miss Ethel Dyer, but the 'old ladies' dance,' with its kindly parody of a tune which most of us associate with the schoolroom rather than with our grandmothers, seemed, the best number of all."

Perhaps it is because our early joyful impressions of the theatre have a knack of becoming inextricably bound up with

the more important parts of our lives that many of us whose hair is now showing a bit gray at the temple will feel almost as a personal loss the death of Violet Cameron—a charming and beautiful actress. No doubt there are fashions in opera bouffo as in most other things, and maybe such "ancient" masterpieces as "La Mascotte" and "Paska" would not arouse much enthusiasm among the rising generation of playgoers, some of whom may wonder today what has happened to father when they hear him humming to himself, in sub-conscious memory of the days beyond recall, such long-forgotten gems as, say, the letter-song in "Rip Van Winkle."—London Daily Chronicle.

Violet Cameron died on Oct. 25. She visited the United States in 1886. She was born on Dec. 7, 1862. Her last appearance on the stage was at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, as the mother superior in "The School Girl." There was talk of an unfortunate marriage that had its effect on her stage career.

The London Times Discusses

Elgar's New Violoncello Concerto

At a London symphony orchestra concert on Oct. 27 Albert Coates conducted compositions by Borodin, Wagner and Scriabin.

"The new work, however, which the composer conducted and in which Mr. Felix Salmond played the solo part, claims primary attention. The sequence of chamber works by Elgar which appeared early in this year, and more particularly the Quintet, showed him entering on a new period of musical thought; if the phrase had not too classic an association we should say his 'third period.' The Violoncello Concerto must be viewed in the light of these works rather than as a companion to the Violin Concerto. The latter, with its wealth of decorative solo music and the rich romance of its orchestration, was a full-dress parade, a sort of pendant to the two symphonies. The Violoncello Concerto is terse and concentrated, severely simple in design, never discursive and reserving its greatest strength for the finale.

"It has for its text a recitative passage announced by the solo instrument at the outset and reasserted in subsequent movements. The first scene to which it introduces us is one of quiet undulating contours and soft coloring. Is it a picture of the Berkshire downs? The violoncello converses with the instruments of the orchestra in pastoral rhythms which never lead to a crisis, until the recitative strikes in again with firmer emphasis. A scene of brighter color and stronger human feeling is mirrored in the Scherzo, but the little slow movement exists in a remote atmosphere of its own, developing its single idea with a detachment from its surroundings which makes it seem rather a parenthesis than an essential member of the chain of ideas.

"We have said that the greatest strength is in the finale. Here the text of the recitative is expanded in the energetic theme which dominates the movement. But Elgar here gives a freer rein to his imagination than in what has gone before, and the emotion deepens and becomes more serious as the movement develops, at last sufficiently recalling the mood of the slow movement to make one realize that a parenthesis may be the most eloquent part of a discourse. Ultimately the recitative theme is reaffirmed and the movement ends almost without perception. It is not a work to create a great sensation; it is perhaps the least rhetorical work Elgar has ever written. Indeed, a moment or two of virtuosity in the solo part is remarkable because it stands out from its context. But it is intimate and sensitive music which one feels at once means all it says, that and no more, and it will be surprising if violoncelloists do not seize it gratefully, as a significant addition to the literature of their instrument."

The Daily Telegraph thought the whole work lacked "exaltation."

Walter Hampden Answers Some Questions About His Hamlet

Col. Arthur E. Clarke of Manchester, N. H., was so interested in Walter Hampden's Hamlet that he wrote to him, asking him three questions. Mr. Hampden answered them as follows:

"Dear Col. Clarke: In answer to your three questions:

"1—I have always played the closest scene without tangible reference to the pictures, but I vary the approach to that passage on occasion.

"2—I do not see Claudius or Polonius eavesdropping. I think Hamlet gathers this from Ophelia's presence and conduct. Shakespeare has no such stage business indicated, and I consider it unnecessary and a false tradition. I believe I indicate very carefully when Ophelia presents the gifts at the opening of the scene; then at 'Ah, ha,' a few

lines further on, by Hamlet's reaction to her lie. At home, my lord—I have Ophelia offer the gifts a second time at the end of the 'Get thee to a nunnery' speech, which recalls his first suspicion—that he can be absolutely certain that Polonius is about listening. A study of the scene in act 2 where he unmasks Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and also of the course of the relation to Ophelia up to that moment, as well as the King's speech immediately following Ophelia's exit, convinces me I'm doing what Shakespeare intended.

"3—I think Ophelia was virtuous, but Hamlet's attitude is expressed in the phrase, 'The time gives it proof,' referring to his mother and now to Ophelia also (with reason). He loses himself in the strain of the moment, and his violence is due to his disappointment in her. He loves her without a doubt. Sincerely, WALTER HAMPDEN.

Scientific Play Reading

America has solved a problem which has agitated the minds of managers for

many years. So has produced in Henry H. Jones a self-proclaimed "wizard of play-reading," who, almost at a glance, can tell with unerring accuracy whether a play will sell, or fail, or be a failure. Prof. Jones, who has a large part in his judgment, is a student of a complete understanding of the science of psychology, and he has found that he can save the managers of an actor's time, and for the better appreciation of the offer he makes to managers study this extract from the original he has recently sent forth broadcast to the world: "Henry H. Jones undertakes to demonstrate by a scientific method of play-reading analysis, which will positively eliminate more than half of the play failures produced in this country. Under his system of presenting certified plays of standard merit the producer can guarantee to the theatre-going public play values and play satisfaction. His publicity plan enables the producer to certify that all the statements made in his advertising are absolutely true and correct.

"I propose to take the production of plays out of the gambling class and place it on a safe and solid business foundation. My services as a play expert are worth \$100,000 a year to any large producer of plays, and I am willing to prove it to you without charge."

But Jones is not the only Richmond in the field. No sooner was the limelight of publicity turned upon him than a rival wizard, Prof. Robert Emmet Egan, declared himself. "I will guarantee," he asserts, "to read a manuscript in 15 minutes, cast myself into a psychic state, and at the conclusion of half an hour tell whether a play will be successful or not. Also, should I decide that the former will be the case, I am also prepared to name the cost. Let me add that arrangements can be made with me for a lot less than \$100,000."—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 23.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel sings. See special notice.

Mechanics building, 8 P. M. Second and last concert of the Vatican Choir. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Irma Seydel, violinist. Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Schubert-Seydel, Greeting; Chopin, Seydel, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2; Beethoven-Auer, Turkish March; C. C. White, Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen and Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child, from "Bandanna Sketches"; Brahms, Two Movements from Concerto; Wienawski, Souvenir de Moscou. T. Francis Burke, accompanist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Louise Ford, soprano; Francis Moore, accompanist. Handel, Sonnet Dei and St. Camo, a cantata; Beethoven, Marmion du Sol and Il ne pleut plus; Charpentier, Les trois Sorcieresses; Chausson, Amour d'antan; Poldowski, Pannya aux talons d'or; Georges, Qu'aimes-tu de moi? and La Pluie; Ravel, La Flute enchantee; Villafranca, Los Trois Princesses; Fauriol, Chanson Norvegiene; Cyril Scott, Arlequin; Kramer, Swans; Arensky, Deep Hidden in My Heart; Bright, Seal Lullaby; R. Moore, Joy.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Berkshire String Quartet (Messrs. Kortschak, Gordon, Ferri, Stober). Saint-Saens, Quartet, No. 2, G major, op. 153; Chausson, Second movement from Quartet, op. 55; Schumann, Quartet, No. 3, A major.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer. First concert of Beethoven's violin sonatas. Sonatas in D major, op. 12; G major, op. 30, and O minor, op. 31.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Lambert Murphy, tenor; Charles A. Baker, accompanist. Hopkinson, My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free; My Generous Heart Disdains; Braga, Aria from "Reginella"; Cui, Enfant, staccato; G. Faure, Lydia; Szulc, Hantise d'amour; Paulin, Avril; Debussy, Rec. and Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Daniels, Villa of Dreams; Transcombe, Three Mystic Ships; Milligan, Storm Signals; Mrs. Beach, Far Away; Hammond, Beloved When I Gaze in Thine Eyes; Old Irish, Would God I Were the Tender Apple, Molly Bawn; O'Hara, Off in the Still Night There is No Death.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Arthur La Croix, pianist. Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel; Chopin, Mazurka, op. 17, No. 4, Preludes, op. 45, op. 28, No. 16, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 1, Scherzo, op. 31; Royce, Interlude, Joyance, Dorky from "Set of Eight"; Debussy, Prelude; Cyril Scott, The Garden of Saint-Symphon; Macmillan, Of Salamanders, March Wind; R. Moore, Paganini.

Unwholesome Companions

Instead of
own rights say
Thermon's Law.

CHINESE FANTASY FEATURE AT KEITH'S

The piece is pleasing to the eye, for the Oriental idea affords an opportunity for color. There are a dozen pretty girls and the piece takes an ingenious and unexpected twist before the curtain. The act has the advantage of two good comedians in Mr. Gould and Mr. Hazel, who play zestfully and con-

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|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. Hawthorne..... | Viola Roach |
| Christopher Hawthorn..... | H. Conway Wingfield |
| Fanny Hawthorn..... | Nancy Stewart |
| Mrs. Jeffcoat..... | Mary Hamilton |
| Nathanial Jeffcoat..... | E. E. Clive |
| Alvin Jeffcoat..... | Kelth Ross |
| Ada..... | May Mills |
| Sir Timothy Farrar..... | Cameron Matthews |
| Beatrice Farrar..... | Jessamine Newcombe |

Compare with this Southerly's description of Dr. Dove's catholic taste. "He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, sally-luns at Bath, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon haddocks at Aberdeen, and drunk punch with beefsteaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a dejeuner a l'Anglais. 'A good digestion turneth all to health.' He would have eaten squab-pie in Devonshire, and the pie which is squabier than squab in

By PHILIP HALE

Saint-Saëns wrote his first string quartet when he was 64 years old. He said at the time, in semi-ironical manner, that before that he did not know enough to venture in this field. Now that he is over 89 years old he writes a second quartet, and he is not yet old enough to know when to leave off composing. For of late his music has been perfunctory and pale. Only Verdi and Wagner, as men advanced in years, have given to the world music that enhanced their reputation, music that aroused astonishment and admiration.

Of course a man like Saint-Saëns retains his technical proficiency unless he suffers from senile dementia. This quartet is clear; the walk of each part is well defined; there are the evidences of contrapuntal dexterity; but the musical ideas are negligible; the themes have no decided profile, the development is for the most part uninteresting. There is little strength, little beauty. Amiable chatter, which does not hold the attention. No one, hearing this music, would know that Chabrier, Franck, d'Indy, Debussy had ever lived and wrote. Yet Saint-Saëns had for years the gift of assimilation. If he had only repeated himself and reminded us of his earlier chamber works!

The movement from Chaussou's unfinished quartet—first played here by the Flonzaley quartet nine years ago—is cautious; in musical contents, also in the expression of deep emotion.

The performance of the visitors was smooth and euphonious, technically and aesthetically adequate. It was a pleasure to hear once more the rich and sensuous tone of Mr. Ferlr, who this season has replaced Mr. Bailly. The latter is now the violi of the Flonzaleys.

There was a small and appreciative audience.

Apropos of Viscountess Astor, something has been said in the newspapers about women sitting in certain legislative bodies of the European continent. There has also been a reference to the comedy of Aristophanes, "Ecclesiazusae," in which the satiric rogue described how women of Athens, disguised as men, got into the Athenian House of Representatives and framed a new constitution. Some of their proposed laws were decidedly Rabelaisian.

We have not seen any allusion to the Female Senate established on the Quirinal by Hellogabalus. When the regular Senate met for the first time in his reign, he summoned his mother, Julia Domna, who sat next the consular seat and as a witness signed documents. He then established a senate of women, who, influenced by Julia, passed laws affecting their sex: laws concerning the dress that women should wear in public and questions of prece-
ding the dress that women should be admitted to the privilege of salutation by a kiss, those who should use carriages, ride on an ass or a horse, or should have the right to a chariot drawn by mares or oxen; those who should ride on a Trojan chariot, and whether the chair should be covered with leather, bronze,

After the death of the biographer of Heliodorus, not wishing to call one of his "Clarissimi" a "Senator," used the word "clarissimus" which had been applied to the wives of illustrious persons, as "clarissima" (Your Serene Highness, i. e.), was a title of persons of distinction, especially of a consul, proconsul, senator. The Emperor Aurelian held some years after the death of Heliodorus to re-establish this Senate.

It is true that Heliogabalus was not a shining example for the young, although he was the first to make sauces out of fish, oysters, crayfish, lobsters and shrimps. He was also the first to wear silk; and, by this effeminate habit, as the pompous Gibbon remarked, he "sullied the dignity of an Emperor and a man." This Emperor, who died at the age of 18, was, certainly, a loose liver, yet we find De Quincey saying: "The poor fellow has been sadly abused in history; but, after all, he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare."

We received some days ago a postal card, stamped Fryburg, Me.

"We note that you are considering moustaches and probably soon you will be misquoting again, as you did some time ago, as to what has become of the moustache cups. Therefore we send you one which came to light recently."

This card was signed: "Citizens of Pigwacket." "Pigwacket." Is not this a corruption of "Pequawket" ("crooked place" or "white swan"), the Indian name for Fryeburg, famous for its academy where Daniel Webster once taught; famous also for canned goods and because Mr. Howells opened his "Modern Instance" by calling his best novel "the Pigwacket?"

instance" perhaps his best novel. In Alas, through too muscular handling in passage, the cup arrived in a broken state. Grateful for the thought that inspired the sending, we regret to say that the eup was without the inscription, "For Father," "For My Husband" or "For Dearest." These inscriptions in florid gilt lettering graced the moustache cups we saw for sale in our little village of the Sixties and even on the tables of certain villagers. This form of cup was not purely American as some have thought. It was known in England and it was sold in New Zealand. About the time it flourished, neckbands for napkins were also seen. These bands were often embroidered by loving hands, by wives and daughters who feared the treachery of a napkin tucked under the chin.

The music critic of the London Times often entertains readers that do not care for music even in its less aggressive forms. Here, for example, is his comment on Mr. Mark Hambourg, who, a visitor in Boston, was recognized at once as a turbulent, ferocious pianist:

"He made a bee-line for the piano and gave his little clockwork bow right and left. It seemed to say, 'Here we are. I've played all these old things by Chopin till I'm sick of them. However, you have paid to hear me do it, so I don't mind going through it all again. Only

let's get on with the job.' We sympathized with him, especially on footing that he could not leave before the end which we soon determined to do. Having forgotten to bring a stop-watch, we cannot say exactly what time he made in each of the Ballets, Studies, the Barcarolle, and the Fantasia in F minor. Probably both the last two broke previous records. We sympathized, too, with the writer of the program notes. He, innocent soul, had written beautifully of gondolas gliding over 'calm lagoons,' and behold the Barcarolle had become a College bumping race with a rhythm like that of the "Toggers" (Division II). . . . What a musical people we are becoming! No wonder that Saturday afternoon piano recitals are getting more popular than football matches, at any rate while the win makes the touch-line uninviting."

"Togger"? We knew not the word. Consulting a Slang Dictionary, we found "togger" a synonym of "torpid," meaning at Oxford a second-class rower. "The Torpids being filled with the refuse of the rowing men—generally awkward or very young oarsmen—find some difficulty in the act of 'rowing'." "Tom Brown at Oxford." The sister of Verdant Green saw him pulling in one of the 15 Torpids. At Cambridge (Eng.) a "slogger" is a boat in the second division.

BY PHILIP HALE

James Thibaud, violinist, and Harold Bauer, pianist, gave the first of three concerts last night in Jordan Hall. The programs of these concerts contain only some as for violin and piano by Beethoven. Those chosen for last night

On the 29th and 30th of April, 1892, the orchestra would not prefer to hear them play sonatas by various composers—old, modern and foreign. They would say, "Let the execrable, gigantic ungrateful phantoms, Frederick Lamond give recitals of Beethoven's sonatas. If he has to 'dis-
cuss' and if he finds sufficiently talented players; let any fiddler and any pianist play Beethoven's violin sonatas from the first to the last for the benefit of 'conservatory pupils,' for an educational purpose; if hearing all of these sonatas does educate a pupil, all we have a right to expect more careful treatment from Messrs. Thibaud and Bonei, who are masters in the performance of the new as well as the old music."

Since the three concerts are supposed to be educational, let us see how some of the sonatas were regarded by the contemporary, wise men.

The *Ungedrucktes*, op. 12, dedicated to Schöber and published in the winter of 1793-4, were described by Götter as among Beethoven's "most difficult compositions." The leading musical periodicals of the time, the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, had no patience with them; "A mass of learned things without method; nothing natural, no song; a forest in which one is stopped at every step by hostile bushes, whence one departs exhausted, without pleasure; a mapping of difficulties on difficulties, so that one loses patience. If Beethoven

would be willing to disown himself and enter on the path of nature, he could with his talent and his love for labor, produce many excellent things."

The sonata in G major, op. 95 fared better. The same Jeehan said: "I almost seems that Beethoven has returned to what is melodious, even more or less gay. The sonata is for him a serious business, but this seriousness gives pleasure and nowhere in it does he disdain that which is agreeable. It is easy to play and in this respect can be classed with the first of the pianos." Lenz years later described it as of a limpid, pastoral character, exceedingly difficult for the players, "the last duet in the grand, powerful and clear style of Beethoven's second epoch. The Rondo is based apparently on the German folksong 'Tatuli.'" The "second epoch." Yes, Lenz insisted on the three epochs of Beethoven; as some today speak of Verdi's "three epochs."

Even young Mr. Ornstein is said by an enthusiastic biographer already to have his three epochs, without which, apparently, no composer is complete. Beethoven dedicated this sonata to the Archduke Rudolph and in a letter to him in December, 1812, wrote that in composing the sonata he was obliged to consider the violinist Roda's manner of playing. "We are fond of rushing passages in our finales, yet that does not suit Roda—and it really troubles me somewhat." Roda and the archduke played the sonata at the palace of Prince Lobkowitz. In letters written to London in 1816 about the sale of a symphony, tried and this sonata Beethoven insisted on a larger payment than was originally agreed upon.

The sonata in C minor is one of three composed in 1802 and dedicated to Tsar Alexander I. The Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung said that the one in A major was unworthy of Beethoven; it did not deign to mention the one in C minor. Lenz found the adagio of this sonata monumental: "The expression is elegant, but it is more than a Didaktikon abandoned; it is a mausoleum (adagio di sepolcro)."

It is hardly necessary to speak of the performance. Messrs Bauer and Thibaud are virtuosi and also musicians; admirable in recital, with orchestra, in chamber music. As was expected the sonatas were played with the finest sense of proportion, with full understanding of Beethoven's moods and emotions. There was a very large audience.

The second concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 8.

Writer: Applause is the gross expression of our fear and envy awakened by the sight of a man in a position unobtainable. The sooner applause is banished from the theatre the better for actors and audience. The way partly to prevent it is to leave the curtain down at the end of each act and not raise it again until the beginning of the next act, and to give up the bad practice of the actor appearing before the curtain.

Reader: But the audience want it; they want to see their favorites again and again.
 Writer: Then let there be a few kind of you, with men and women on view in the cages.

First Class in Grammar

As the World Wags:

The other day I took the branch line train up to Lowell—the name of which city is pronounced by British actors I believe, to rhyme with bowel—intending upon hearing Mr. Hugh Walpole the English novelist, address the ladies of the local woman's club. And I was pained to hear him say, "If any one has not read this book I urge them to do so." I also noted this morning the eruption of the Rev. Babington Bok that "nobo6" ever finds mission from their weekly roundelay old and worthless thing." And in reading lately the diverting reminiscences of Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, I discovered that I once asked the Berlin authorities "how long" and they answered "they arranged the

Now I was run into the net to save pedantically, brought up by anxious parents, and especially by more anxious teachers, who apparently chorused an exaggerated reverence for Latin as applied to the English grammar. And when I find gentlemen of eminent culture, such as these, shamelessly violating what I was taught to regard as the canon law, I wonder whether it really is the law. Of course the books stand, but if the best writers and speakers on both sides of the water set the books at naught, what becomes of the language? Am I to believe that no one uses good English but the grammarians?

It occurs to me that what would be a recognized court to determine what lapses from the strict rules of grammar have become so nearly universal in erudite circles as to constitute good enough English for the grammarians to accept, non obstante veto, to so to speak. Why teach children that it is wrong to say "I let everybody mind their own business," if, by the universal practice of accepted authors and orators, it isn't wrong at all? If the learned pundits of Oxford persist in saying "I is me" or "aren't I," as I believe they do, why not cry camarade? Our teachers pump us full of ideas of what the language ought to be—but isn't.

Wherefore I raise the point that if it be true the universal divagations from the logic of the law be given complete independence and be formally recognized by the fellowship of educated men. They would require no extended introduction being thoroughly familiar already—but they would at least be permitted to appear in the guise of reputable acquaintances.

Such a court might do something for that tatterdemalion, the split infinitive which has respectable users here and there. It might establish the undoubted contradiction that "none" is a plural word—so that we may say "none of them were saved," without blushing inwardly. It might give good and regular standing to such familiar divergences from grammatical purity as speak of the "first" of two dates, or the "best" of two alternatives, or the "nearest" of two doors, or "the hundred best books." No doubt it would occasionally withhold approval, as it ought; but if you have two races of people, very likely to dominate the world, speaking a common tongue in a guise different from (or to) that justified by the grammarians, might it not be well for Mohammed to go to the mountain, since pilgrimage in the contrary direction seems persistently to be denied?

Personally, I should hate to see done. I always liked the logic-chopping processes of our grammarians. It irritates me, just the same, to say, "I feel bad" when I want to say "I feel badly"—and I'd like some authoritative sanction for doing it, which the books, believe withold.

I am in doubt as to what men and women should constitute the supreme court of language—but no doubt Mr. Herkimer Johnson should be one. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Wilson would add poise and pungency to the deliberations, even as Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis do those of the court at Washington. Mr. Eliot, Dr. Van Dyke, Miss Lowell and other names will readily suggest themselves. Out of it we might get a direct ruling that certain things which all the world persists in saying are good enough for human nature's daily food and represent not bad English, but good.

Lowell Junction.

As the World Wags:

If we are to go back through the years we do find scattered remnants "evidence of inanimate things posse

ing consciousness and a kind of intelligence" as brought to light in tod waggings by the Rev. Babbling Brook, D. D.

Antiquarians tell us of the prayer and weeping of the four bronze horses of St. Mark's before they were taken from Constantinople in that gaily towed and shilly grabbing sack of city, away, way back in the 4th

However, Locke says we have no innate ideas: they all come to us through the senses. How, then, do shirts and ties become the less highly organized towel and ideas unless they have senses, and which we know nothing? Possibly these very shirts—in those days it was shirts and laces—which Voltaire meant by man from Siris. Anyhow, if we tribute senses unknown to us, to a sense what must be the mental contortion of a new bow-tie in the hands of a man?

Again we have proofs of think-
inanimate objects. In Galsworthy
philosophy may be found: "When
feather flies is it not loving the
the unknown?" It would seem, then,
that a reasonable explanation of
vanishing worldly goods, is: "You
has a sixth sense, which gives it
divine the future, to see into
scarcely contemptible actions, re-
your perfidiousness, foreshadow
faithlessness and forsake you before
self-respect be wholly gone. And
old ones. Ah, yes! The old ones,
chology postulates that we may be
accustomed to anything, even the
est, most heartless, most detestable
moralities.

It can be helped, though, if we're seen young. We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue. But school and college often try in vain to break the padlock of our boyhood's chain. One stubborn word will prove this axiom true. No quondam rustic can enunciate "view."

"As She Is Spoke"
As the World Wags
A few days ago I noticed in your neighboring column examples of English as used by the elevator man, a demonstrator and a salesgirl. Representative as they are, they do not surpass in crassness the utterances of persons who should know better. You meet these well-meaning, but poorly educated men and women in society and at clubs; overhear them in public conveyances, in shops and elsewhere, and though appearing to be well educated they commit serious errors in grammar and in pronunciation. Their English is little better than the average salesgirl whose mind, when not on her work, is occupied with movie stars, trashy literature, gossip and personal vanities. Thus, a certain woman of Beacon street, who prides herself in using correct English, has been frequently heard to perpetrate such offences in pronunciation as "oleo-matjerine" (oleo-margarine); "cloze-line" (clothes-line); "fyenancial" (financial); "noosepapers" (newspapers); maul-treat" (maltreat); "asfaul" (asphalt); "armistice" and "deficit" with accent on the second instead of the first syllable. She also falls into the common error of using wrong prepositions and conjunctions, "on" for "in" and "for" for "of," and invariably a plural verb with a pronoun in such phrases as "let everybody help themselves," "one should do as they like," "such a person should mind their own business."

But does one find relief by noting the English of public speakers, including high-class lawyers and distinguished clergymen? No! I regret to say. A well known and highly esteemed pastor of a prominent Protestant church makes these same mistakes and many more. He uses constantly the wrong adverb "like" instead of "as"; for instance, "Do like I do," a phrase that enjoys wide popularity among carelessly speaking people. A clergyman who was graduated from a celebrated English university, and is extremely fond of using uncommon words and phrases, severely mangled a splendid English word in a public address not long ago, and when he discovered his mistake later his pride received a terrible shock. In an effort to make a particularly grand effect, he uttered with boldness and emphasis the word "irrefragable," but, unfortunately, pronounced it "irrefragible," strongly accenting the third syllable and giving the letter "g" the sound of "j," whereas the "g" is hard and the accent is on the second syllable. Strangely enough, I met this word in an editorial of a prominent daily paper on the Calliaux case, but it was spelled "irrefragible." I have kept a clipping of this editorial as a curiosity.

Nor are all professional elocutionists more reliable than public speakers of the higher class. They teach not alone the proper and effective utterance of the spoken word, but the correct pronunciation of words—at least, they are supposed to do so. I find that they use the English language just as carelessly as other people. Whether they take more pains with their pupils I do not know. It would seem that they would not practise what they do not teach.

Well, how about professors at our universities? Here, at last, we arrive at what should be considered the highest authorities. Again, I find myself disappointed. I had the rare pleasure to attend a lecture on the works of an eminent English writer, recently delivered by a distinguished professor of an equally distinguished institution of learning in Greater Boston. It is regrettable to chronicle the fact that, although highly entertaining and instructive, the lecture was marred by a number of serious errors in pronunciation. The worthy gentleman distinctly pronounced the words "aversion" and "diversion" as if spelled "avershun" and "divershun." Crookline. WILFRED A. FRENCIL

Is Mr. French "spoofing"? We know the word "irrefragable"—a good word and we will maintain it with our sword—but in what dictionary does Mr. French find the word irrefragable? Aquinas was known as the Angelical Doctor; Bonaventura as the Seraphic; Alexander Hales as the Irrefragable Doctor. Send us an editorial article in which "irrefragible" occurs and we will keep it as a curiosity. The accent was thrown

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel Talk last evening in Symphony Hall was "Poland Restored." Purposing to visit the Balkan states, Mr. Newman found at Trieste that this visit could not be made. Views of Trieste were shown, the great seaport of the Adriatic. Seeing "hem, no one would think that Sir Richard Burton had reason to loathe the city and fear it as singularly unhealthful. There Charles Lever and he were in turn British consuls. Mr. Newman was in haste to arrive in Vienna, but was obliged to travel slowly and uncomfortably by rail. His talk about the conditions in Vienna when he visited that city last summer were extremely interesting and informing, for he is a shrewd and painstaking observer, able to convey his impressions and draw sound conclusions. His pictures showed the amusements of the Viennese, endeavoring to forget hunger; they also showed crippled soldiers forced to beg in the streets, for the government cannot support them. The Italians have stripped the art gallery, saying that the Austrians had stolen the pictures from Italy; but where now are the famous crown jewels and where are the equally famous horses of the Emperor Joseph? Here, as in cities of Poland, children were seen fed with American supplies. Warsaw rejoiced tumultuously in its freedom. Gen. Pilsudski reviewed his troops, among them Polish soldiers banded together in this country. Pictures of the Jewish quarter led Mr. Newman to speak at some length of the racial and economic problems to be settled. The natural richness of the land was described; the immediate needs were enumerated. Emphasis was put on the thousands out of employment and on the poverty. The Germans, by mutilating the machinery in the cotton factories of Lodz, put an end to manufacturing. The importance of Posen was made known, and here, as elsewhere in the lecture, there were interesting remarks about the policy of Russia and Germany towards Poland before she gained her freedom. There were views of fertile fields. There were views of the thousands of captured Bolsheviks, men and women, in the prison camp. Their faces show what sort of "idealists" these Bolshevik men and women are; faces that for low cunning, brutality, hopeless ignorance, chill the spectator; Letts, Ukrainians, people from Moscow, Chinese—faces in comparison with which those of the Parisian Apaches as drawn by Steinlein are angelic. Among them was one insolently handsome young woman coquettish before the camera; that morning she had made a murderous assault on a guard.

Especially interesting to Bostonians were the pictures of Paderewski and the celebration of his birthday. Mr. Newman asked him if he would return to us as a pianist. Paderewski answered by saying that he had not touched a piano for two years; he loved this country, but he purposed to stay in Poland until its future was assured, until its government was firmly established.

This Traveltalk, which was a revelation of the present state of Poland, known to us only by letters and reports published in newspapers—it all seems so far away—will be repeated this afternoon. The subject of the fifth and last Traveltalk on Friday evening, the 12th, and Saturday afternoon, the 13th, will be "France Victorious."

NEWMAN TELLS OF NEW POLAND

By PHILIP HALE
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SINGS EARLY AMERICAN SONGS

Lambert Murphy, tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Charles Albert Baker was the pianist. The program was as follows: Hopkinson-Milligan, My Days have been so wondrous free and My generous heart

adorns the days of love to be, Braga, Aria from "Reginella"; Cul. Enfant, el J'etais roi; G. Faure, Lydia; Szule, Hantise d'amour; Paulin, Avril; Debussy, Rocitativo and Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Danlois, Villa of Dreams; Branscombe, Three Mystic Ships; Milligan, Storm Signals; Mrs. Beach, Far Awa'; Hammond, Beloved, When I Gaze; Old Irish, Would God I were the Tender Apple and Molly Bawn. Off in the Silly Night; O'Hara, There is no Death.

Mr. Murphy sang two songs by Francis Hopkinson, who signed the Declaration of Independence. The indefatigable Mr. Sonneck has written an interesting book about him, asserting that according to present knowledge, Hopkinson was "the first native American composer of songs of whom we know, and his song 'My days have been so wondrous free' is the earliest secular American composition extant, dating back to 1759." This song is a simple one, of the ballad order, simple in text and melody. The text would hardly have inspired even the composer, of whom it was said that he could set melodious music to a bill of fare. (John K. Paine wrote music for a male chorus to a patent medicine advertisement.) This text shows the taste of the period.

My days have been so wondrous free
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as blisc as I.

Ask gilding waters if a tear
Of mine increas'd that stream
And ask the breathing glades if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

"My generous heart" is one in a set of eight songs, words and music by Hopkinson, dedicated to George Washington and published at Philadelphia in 1788. The two songs sung yesterday might have appeared in any collection esteemed in the England of that period. In his letter of acceptance—long and complimentary—Washington admitted that he could neither sing nor "raise a single note on any instrument." Hopkinson sent the published volume to Jefferson then in Paris, and Jefferson wrote that one of the songs played by his elder daughter on a harpsichord moved the younger one to tears.

Braga's name seldom appears on a program today, yet there was a time when that moving air "The Angel's Serenade" was heard in theatres, concert halls and in the homes. The operas by this excellent violoncellist are forgotten. "Reginella" (1871) was perhaps the best of them. The aria chosen yesterday is a fine example of Italian lyricism and it was beautifully sung.

The many excellent qualities of Mr. Murphy's singing have long been known here. He is by nature a lyric tenor, with a fine and appealing voice, remarkably clear enunciation, technical skill and a sympathetic nature; but when he would be broadly dramatic, the physical effort is apparent, and the extreme upper tones lose quality. There should have been a larger audience. The hearers of yesterday were very appreciative, and Mr. Murphy's singing of Ward-Stephens's "In Flanders Fields," which he added to the program, aroused enthusiasm.

MISS LA CROIX

By PHILIP HALE
Aureole La Croix, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel; Chopin, Mazurka, op. 17 no. 4, Preludes, op. 45 and op. 28 no. 16, Nocturne, op. 15 no. 1, Scherzo, op. 31; Royce, Interlude, Joyance and "darkly" from A Set of Eight; Debussy, Prelude; Cyril Scott, The Garden of Soul-Symphony; MacDowell, the Eagle, Of Salmianders, March Wind; Rubinstein, Polonaise.

Few pianists, male or female, comparatively unknown or of international reputation, give as much pleasure in recital as Miss La Croix. She has not only a soundly developed technical equipment, a liquid, beautiful touch, a brilliance that is not metallic, firmness and solidity in the playing of massive chords without loss of tonal quality; she has brains, and what is even more desirable, a soul. Neither the music of Brahms nor the music of Chopin is foreign to her; for she is one of the few English-speaking pianists that play Chopin's music poetically, and have learned the secret of his rhythm. The impressionistic music of Debussy, Scott and Royce is to her something more than a vague and agreeable tinkling or furious and equally vague sonorities. Even a show-piece, as the Polonaise of Rubinstein, which after its appropriately pompous and festal opening is of little worth—the Trio is banal—is glorified by the display of brio and brilliance.

It would not be easy to say what interpretation yesterday was the most delightful or impressive. The variations

of Brahms were played with a fine sense of differentiation. The performance of Chopin's Mazurka and Scherzo will long haunt the memory. Who, pray, gave the title "The Little Jew" to this melancholy, heart-broken mazurka? And what hifalutin has been written about the Scherzo! Even Mr. G. C. Ashton Jonson, a staid, God-fearing Englishman finds in the questioning first measures "a question of the riddle of existence asked of fate with bated breath by some perplexed soul standing in a vaulted antechamber to the grave." The interpretation of the Preludes and the Nocturne was equally delightful.

Of the three little pieces by Royce, the first seemed the most musical and the most important. Scott's "Garden of Soul-Sympathy" begins with charming measures. Would that the composer could have maintained the mood. It was good to hear MacDowell's music played as Miss La Croix played it.

The modesty of the pianist and her ease in performance made the enjoyment full and unalloyed.

NINA TARASOVA

By PHILIP HALE
Nina Tarasova sang Russian folk-songs and ballads last night in Symphony Hall. She made her first appearance in New York on April 27 of this year. The program was as follows: My Country, Sadness be Silent, The Driver to his Horses, Let me Love, Song of the Volga, My Child, may the dear God have pity upon you, The Fool's Lullaby, The Days of Long Ago, The Spying Moon, At the Well, You ask me for Songs, Mother-in-Law. The singer added to this program, Max Gagna, violoncellist, played two groups of pieces, and replied so willingly to recalls that it looked for a time as if the concert would be by him with the assistance of Miss Tarasova. Lazar S. Weiner was the pianist.

The audience of fair size was made up largely of those well acquainted with the Russian language. Fortunately for those to whom Russian is an unknown tongue, there was a translation of the songs into English. This precaution was well taken. When Yvette Guilbert sang in Boston for the first time only the titles of her songs were on the program. Many in the audience, eager to show their thorough acquaintance with French, laughed uproariously at the tragic songs and looked sad while Yvette was roughly comical. This vexed her at first. When she found out the reason for this behavior, unaccountable to her, she was sorry for the Bostonians.

Miss Tarasova sings as a rule by main strength, without fear of the future. How long her voice will last is a question for pedagogues and throat specialists. When she did not force her tones, they were often rich, agreeable, expressive. As a diseuse she made a skilful use of gesture and facial play to emphasize the meaning of the songs, to tell the story. These songs were varied in character—patriotic; now recklessly, now mournfully sad; naively comic; grimly tragic. As a rule she was successful in conveying the full import even to those obliged to follow the text. She has marked dramatic instinct, and no mean skill in holding the attention.

The songs themselves were interesting, smacking of the soil, often reminding one of Turgeneff's sketches of peasant life in his "Memories of a Hunter," or of Dostoevsky's humbler characters.

Miss Tarasova sang in costume, presumably that of a peasant girl in festival dress.

A remarkable play, "John Ferguson," by St John G. Ervine, will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. This play, a tragedy of Ulster county life, was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Nov. 30, 1915. "Mixed Marriage," by Mr. Ervine, had been brought out at this theatre in March, 1911 and "The Magnanimous Lover" in 1912. The cast of "John Ferguson" was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| John Ferguson..... | Stacey J. Morgan |
| Andrew Ferguson..... | Fred O'Donovan |
| James Cusack..... | J. M. Kerrigan |
| Henry Withrow..... | Arthur Sinclair |
| Sam Mayhew..... | J. A. O'Rourke |
| "Catie" John Magrath..... | Philip Guiry |
| Sgt. Kavanagh, R. I. C..... | H. H. Hutchinson |
| South Ferguson..... | Nora Desmond |
| Hannah Ferguson..... | Nora Close |

It was said by some one at the time that the Irish players were unequal to the task. This statement may be doubted by those who saw Messrs. O'Donovan, Sinclair, Kerrigan, Morgan and O'Rourke in Boston in dramas as tragic as "John Ferguson." Mr. Kerrigan, fortunately for theatregoers, is now active in this country.

It has also been said that the rights to the play for America belonged in

turn to at least two American producers, who had not hawed and did not care to risk the venture. As in other instances, their judgment went astray. The play was finally produced by the Theatre Guild of New York at the Garrick Theatre on May 12, 1919. The cast was as follows:

John Ferguson.....Augustin Duncan
Sonia Ferguson.....Helen Westley
Arthur Ferguson.....Rello Peters
Helen Ferguson.....Helen Freeman
James Ferguson.....Dudley Digges
Harry Ferguson.....S. Roger Letton
"Clara" John Magrath.....Henry Herbert
Sonia Magrath.....Walter Geer
Sonia Magrath.....R. I. C. Michael Carr

The Theatre Guild announced at the end of the first week that the performances would continue for a week and perhaps for a longer time. The N. Y. Times then said: "In the intensity of the passions invoked, as in the novelty, subtlety and vigor of its character drawing, it stands on the very highest level of modern dramatic art. The acting is in full sympathy with the play—giving, veracious and compelling. It is a doubly noteworthy circumstance that so excellent a play and production should have had to wait until the fall of the season, and that when it is produced it should score so notable a popular success."

"John Ferguson" ran longer than a fortnight. It was transferred to the Fulton Theatre. The engagement did not end until Oct. 11. It even ran through the strike with large receipts; for the theatrical guild is a co-operative enterprise in which the actors share.

After the first performance at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. J. Rankin Towse of the New York Evening Post, wrote that the play is "of absorbing interest and power, composed and written with a dramatic insight which, while it is not absolute genius, is very closely akin to it. Except 'The Riders to the Sea,' it is, perhaps, the most notable product of the modern Irish theatre. As an example of poignant, realistic and yet imaginative domestic tragedy, full of singularly acute, consistent and vividly differentiated characterization, it would be difficult to praise it too highly."

The unprecedented popular interest in a play of this character through the dead season, and in the city of New York, shows its compelling power.

"Gagging" Gilbert

Not long ago complaint was made in Boston and New York of liberties taken by a comedian with Gilbert's "Mikado." The following letter, written on Nov. 12 of this year, by R. D'Oyly Carte to the Daily Telegraph of London, is pertinent: "Sir—I have read in the press and heard several remarks to the effect that

there is much 'gagging' in the 'Mikado.' As the point is clearly of national importance, will you allow me to say that the book of the 'Mikado' as now being played at the Prince's Theatre is precisely as written and revised by Gilbert himself, the only exception being one word in the 'Never would be missed song.' Gilbert replaced the original words 'lady novelist' in this song at various revivals by 'red-hot Socialist,' 'scorching bly-the-dust,' 'sham philanthropist,' 'scorching motorist' and 'lovely Suffragist,' and obviously intended a word suitable to the moment should be used. Mr. Henry Lytton, at my request, uses the word 'prohibitionist' in the present revival. In the second act the reply to the Mikado's demand for Nanki-Poo's address has always been varied according to circumstances and locality in accordance with Gilbert's written instructions."

Harvard Dramatic Club

The Harvard Dramatic Club was founded in 1908. It is limited to the production of plays written inside the university. Many noteworthy plays have been produced, some of which have had a considerable success professionally, among others, Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow," "Good News," by J. F. Ballard, "12," "The God," by E. L. Beach, "13," and "The Florist Shop."

With the growth of the 47 Workshop it was found that the two organizations were competing on the same ground, so the club decided to devote itself to original productions of plays, wherever written, not yet seen in America. It will be limited to no one field and will base its selections on the merit and interest of the plays most adaptable for American purposes.

In connection with the past activities of the club, it might be worthy of mention that Prof. Baker has had published within the last year and a half two small volumes of the Dramatic Club plays, both of which have had a considerable sale.

Notes About the Stage and Comedians in London and in Paris

A curious play, "The Fires of Youth," by Edith Cole, was produced at Liverpool on Nov. 13. The correspondent of the Stage describes it as "a piece of

propaganda on the righteousness of illegitimacy," and it is advanced by the lady with great fluency and intrepidity, and, it must be confessed, tiresomely at times. . . . It concerns an illegitimate son of Antony Strickland, who is in love with his own legitimate daughter; but, as he understood it, the mother, Kitty Strickland, confesses to her husband that he is not the father of Billy, the daughter. . . . Relief is afforded by Aunt Margaret that she is the mother of the supposed daughter of the Strickland couple." The play ends with a long speech on social morals.

Cinderella will be the heroine of the Drury Lane Christmas pantomime. The story has been used only three times for this purpose since 1879, when Augustus Harris became the manager.

"Parade," a new ballet by Jean Cocteau, was produced at the Empire, London, on Nov. 15. Massine took the part of a Chinese conjuror; Thamar Karsavina that of an American girl.

Mr. Oppenheim of the detective novels joined Fred Thompson in writing "The Eclipse," a musical comedy, produced at the Garrick, London on Nov. 12. The music is by Herman Darewski and Melville Gideon. Mr. Walkley of the Times evidently enjoyed himself, for he dropped into French after he had mentioned "that generous dorsal display" for which Miss Teddis Gerard is "justly renowned." "This generous display," he added, "is only a surcroît de bonheur, for Miss Gerard has very great talent, sense of style and a strongly disquieting, semi-feline fascination." Why "The Eclipse"? Because the criminal is "a sham professor of astronomy who had

persuaded the company at a Biarritz hotel that an eclipse of the moon deprived mankind of all memory of what had happened during its progress—a deception that led them into committing many indiscretions which they found, later, to their dismay, were only too well remembered."

The British Actors' Film Company does better work with every new film that it undertakes, and its latest production, based on Tennyson's poem, "The Lady Clare," is certainly its best from the point of view of photography, setting, acting and construction. Mr. Dale Laurence, the writer of the scenario, has taken liberties with the poem, but this was doubtless essential if a complete film had to be constructed out of a very simple ballad of the nobleman who continued to love the lady of his choice even when he found that she was a beggar born and "not the Lady Clare." In the film the steps that led up to the development of the romance are shown by easy stages, and even celebrated people like the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination pass across the screen.—London Times, Nov. 17. The writer says the process has been "ingenious." Yes, indeed, with Dr. Jenner and the Juke figuring with Lady Clare.

The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote on Nov. 1: "More music, music on every side. We are assailed by symphony and opera, theatres are hurriedly knocking out the first rows of seats to install orchestras, and operas that have been awaiting their opportunity for five years are flocking to Paris. Serge Borowsky brought his three Russian tableaux, 'L'Isba Russe,' to the Theatre des Champs Elysees. They have made a very powerful impression. The Russians are not only leaders of music, but their art is so unusual, so apart in its mingling of barbarity and mysticism, that it never fails to exercise an irresistible appeal. In his three scenes, M. Borowsky symbolizes Russian life in three of its aspects—a 'Church' which permits us to hear Gretchanninov's Creed sung by Mme. Popova and a remarkable chorus, and Bortnianski's 'Kyrie' shows us 'Faith'; a peasant hut, with songs and chorus of peasants by Borodin Moussorgsky and dances by many authors, modern and ancient, shows us 'Life'; and the final scene of 'Ziganes' in the mountains I imagine are the passions and exaltations of romance. In music, especially foreign music, one is at liberty to follow one's own fancy. M. Borowsky has met with a decided success and has already arranged to prolong his stay in Paris. His three scenes are mounted in the curious primitive style dear to many Russian decorators, and the costumes are rich and well chosen."

Again, it is lamented that the "falsely accused" hero and heroine have gone. Personally, I shall be glad if I never see this vieux jeu of construction again. It was to me a refreshing novelty this season to see a four-act play in which a childless wild widow appeared and none of the characters from beginning to end were falsely accused at all! Who would have thought in the Victorian era that a popular play could do without that "standing dish." Probably innovations jar on those who were fed on the worn fables of the dear departed days of the bold and breezy Eli Terress.—The Stage.

M. Antoine, writing from Paris to the Daily Telegraph of London—the letter was published Nov. 13—began: "There has been general approbation, both on the part of the public and in the press, now that the Comedie-Francaise has added to its repertoire a play by Maurice Maeterlinck, and one which the great Belgian poet had not previously had performed at any official theatre. It was the more 'advanced' theatres, such as the Theatre de l'Art of Paul

Fort and the Oeuvre, that formerly resented to us these fresh dramas, the success of which was at first much greater in Germany and America. Here in France it was through the score of Claude Debussy that 'Pelléas and Melisande' became known to the great public, and the success of 'L'Oiseau Bleu,'

mounted in such a curious manner at her own theatre by Madame Itchen, gave Maeterlinck his place in the admiration of men of letters and artists. And now the Comedie has allowed its choice to fall upon 'Interieur,' a play which seems to be most characteristic of the manner of the poet. It was a complete success. The interpretation and the presentation, however, were not unanimously approved; the faithful reproach the Comedie with having mounted the work in rather a bourgeois fashion, without the refinements which, perhaps, would have been useful for translating and throwing light upon the mystery of the drama. The truth is that hitherto the representation of the 'Symbolist Theatres' have been seasoned with some slight disconcerting peculiarities, a singsong delivery of the text, strange effects of lighting; and one can quite understand that a clear and practical mind such as that of the stage manager of the Comedie, M. de Fer-

audy, would attempt to show that these texts are, in reality, much less mysterious than has formerly been believed, and that it is possible to convey their meaning and spirit by speaking naturally. The experiment, however, was not conclusive; the actual execution, a trifle dry and too precise, seemed to be rather far away from the inner thought; and the magnificent language of Maeterlinck would have gained by more embellishments. The evening's entertainment was completed by the first performance of a two-act play by M. Pierre Wolff, which was very well received. This is a rapid drama, almost a 'fait-divers,' in the manner of Paul Hervieu's 'Enigme.' Two couples, fraternally united, are living side by side when one of the two husbands fancies he has discovered an intrigue between his wife and his friend. As he takes action in a very impetuous manner, it is not long before the wife makes an admission, and her accomplice, terrified by the consequences of the scandal, blows his brains out. Thanks to the skill of the author, and still more to the capable interpretation of the cast—which was really perfect—we had the enjoyment of some truly pathetic scenes."

Notes About Music and Musicians in Various Foreign Cities

If Sullivan were allowed to drift into the position of a play with incidental music the need for reviving him would not be felt; for the truly humorous thing is to listen to a musician at play and not to try to freshen up the flowers that bloomed in Gilbert's spring. Few of the actors realized this quite: they forgot to sing phrases as well as to pronounce words.—London Times, Nov. 5.

A symphonic poem, "Hamlet," by Hjalmar Borgstroem, was performed on Nov. 12 in London. It is described as "a good piece of journeyman work that rather puzzles by its moments of Grieg and Tschalkowsky, and occasionally irritates when one has to listen for a few minutes to pages of padding between ideas. What one must call, in the absence of an analytical note, the Ophelia motive is a good one, treated well orchestrally, but the dignity of the idea comes to a crash by a melodramatic use of the funeral ocell. And the situation is not saved by an impressive and beautiful ending."

The London Times said of Gabriel Faure's piano quartet in G minor: "It is gentle music, which one only enjoys when the limitations are accepted."

The Times said before the first performance of "Parsifal" in English in England, announced for Nov. 17: "The management have decided to dispense with the huge panorama cloth, illustrative of Parsifal's journey to the scene of the Holy Grail. It is felt that of all the Wagnerian stage illusions the panorama is perhaps the weakest. Conductor and stage manager will then be relieved of the suspense under which both have hitherto labored, owing to the difficulty of making the orchestra keep step with the scenery and vice versa. In fact it is hoped that the music will actually gain in appeal from the absence of what has always been a somewhat disturbing and not very convincing example of scenic realism. The tableau curtains will therefore be dropped at the beginning of the familiar itinerary and the music allowed to tell its own tale." The management promised "to speed up the action."

Sir Charles Stanford has denounced the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral—the National Cathedral—for commemorating the Armistice by performing a Mass written by an Italian for the Roman church and an anthem by a Russian for the Greek church.

The very first performance of Debussy's Fantasia for piano and orchestra, Alfred Cortot, piano, was announced for the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on Nov. 20.

New orchestral works in Paris: Raoul Bardas, "Spring in the Forest"—Lamoureux concert Nov. 2; Joseph

Bouffon's "An Saint's Day," orchestrated by Mignon—Paseidoup concert Nov. 2. At this last concert Hilda Roosevelt sang.

The story of Richard Strauss's new opera, "The Woman Without a Shadow," produced in Vienna, is of a fairy's daughter. As a white gazelle she was wounded by an eastern emperor a-hunting. Transformed into a woman, on account of her supernatural state, she has no shadow. A young woman, the wife of a dyer, paper hanger, lends her shadow to her. All sorts of complications follow. At last all the characters find themselves in an imaginary world where children about to be born salute them. The first performance brought in over 100,000 crowns; but at the time the crown was hardly worth 2 cents.

A national Jugo-Slovanian opera house has been established at Lioubliana (Leyach).

Among the new operas to be produced this season at the Opera-Comique, Paris, are "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque," based on Anatole France's romance, music by Charles Levade; Moret's "Lorenzaccio"; George Hue's "Ombre de la Cathedrale," libretto based on the novel of Ibanez; Gabriel Faure's "Nais Micoulin," Delmas' "Camille," Fourdrain's "La Griffe," Blair Fairchild's "Dame Libellule."

At the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, Fourdrain's "Secret de Polichinelle," based on Wolff's play; F. Le Borne's "The Borgias," libretto by Jean Richopin; Bruneau's "Roi Candale," Milhaud's "Protel."

Masscnee's "Cleopatra," performed in Paris at the Theatre Lyrique, Oct. 27, did not please, but Mary Garden was applauded. "One regretted the languor and passion of some of his earlier operas."

Strauss is reported as working on a new opera based on a play by Calderon. Roland Manuel, a pupil of Ravel, has written a tone-poem, "The Harem of the Viceroy," which, performed early in October at a Pasedoup concert in Paris, was highly praised.

Felipe Pedrele's "Cancioneros Musical Espanol" has been published at Barcelona. The first part treats of Spanish folk song in domestic life, the second of the songs in public life. A third part will concern folk as the foundation of the modern Spanish school.

Weingartner is publishing his reminiscences in a Vienna journal. Verdi's "Requiem" will be performed in that city on Feb. 11 at an extra Gesellschaft concert.

Andre Messager has been appointed music critic of the Gaulois, Paris.

Henri Marteau, the violinist, who was in a German internment camp in spite of the fact that he was at the head of the violin department of the Royal High School of Music at Berlin, will tour this season. During his internment he spent his time in composing. This is not wholly joyful news.

Mr. Quincy Kilby Discusses Present and Past Vaudeville

To the Editor of the Herald:

Sitting in Keith's Theatre one evening recently, I fell to thinking of the many performances I had seen in that house during its 25 years of existence, and it suddenly came to me that more true artists, more real geniuses in their own lines, had appeared on that stage than in any other Boston place of amusement in that same period of time. I have been a constant attendant at Keith's since it opened in 1894, and doubt if there are many others who have witnessed the number of performances there that I have. Well aware that, to many, vaudeville possesses but slight appeal; that many theatregoers are extremely narrow in their likes and dislikes, there seems to me to be something in every Keith bill to the liking of all, whatever their individual predilections may be.

Apart from those who are known simply as performers, I can remember a multitude who have won fame on the operatic or legitimate stages, a list of whose names would fill many of your columns. The greatest prima donna of them all, Emma Calve, gave the most artistic performance, but I can also remember seeing Fritz Scheff, Carolina White, Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Marion Manola, and more, always more. The best known pianist whose name I now recall was George Copeland, but many members of the Symphony orchestra have appeared as instrumental soloists. One of America's recognized poets, Joaquin Miller, has been on view there as a two-day star, while the list of recognized actors is almost unending. Denman Thompson, Edward Harrigan, Robert Mantell, Nat Goodwin, Albert Chevalier and Henry E. Dixey heading the roll. Among the actresses the most consummate artist was Bertha Kalch.

but Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry and Ethel Barrymore are among those whose names are inscribed on the ever-lengthening roster.

When it comes to the bona fide variety performers, the very best in the world have been engaged here for our benefit. It was impressed on me the last time I

was in one room at the time the first of the English in his native music halls were great performers at a time, and the same performers doing more work in the evening. Marie Lloyd or Vesta Tilley or Corrice Mayne would sing at most three songs an evening at the Oxford or the Pavilion, whereas the same artist would do six or seven here, the reason being that in London she plays three halls a night and is obliged to husband her resources.

I have been a consistent admirer of variety performers ever since my first visit to the Howard, which chance to be on Feb. 22, 1871, the Howard at that time ranking as the best variety house in America. Its closest rival being Tony Pastor's in New York. The Central in Philadelphia came next, with houses in Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Louisville not putting up nearly so good a show, while the Bella Union in San Francisco was laboring under an unsavory reputation. At the Howard we saw the cream of the variety profession. Who that saw them can ever forget such local favorites as Harry Bloodgood, Gus Williams, Maffit and Bartholomew, Delahanty and Hengler, Sheridan and Mack, Harrigan and Hart, Kelly and Ryan, Hughey Dougherty, Harry and John Kernell, Cool Burgess, Billy Barry or Schoolcraft and Coes? Only last month Lew Dockstader, himself at the head of the minstrel profession for the last 25 years, said to me, "Luke Schoolcraft was the best actor in minstrelsy"—and approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

In those days we saw at the Howard the best burnt-cork performers, the best gymnasts, the best jugglers, the best animal acts, the best step-dancers, but they were not equal to the burnt-cork performers, the gymnasts, jugglers, animal actors of today. It is true that audiences were not then subjected to spot-lights and a multiplicity of piano turns, but we of today see stage settings such as our fathers never dreamed of, upon which we gaze from handsomely upholstered seats in playhouses whose air of refinement is always suggestive of both moral and physical cleanliness. Great artists there were in those days, but did they live today they would be housed in far more comfortable dressing-rooms, on much cleaner stages, and would be doing better work than ever before audiences, all of whom wash their faces and hands and comb their hair.

Forty years ago it was not considered quite the thing for ladies to attend variety performances. It was B. F. Keiff who changed all that, and it was in this city that he began the good work, the success of his venture being evinced by the fact that today a lawsuit is about to be staged in our courts, in which a claimant is manifesting a desire to share in the \$15,000,000 estate he left behind him.

QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack's song recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Marlon Hyde, MacDowell, Keltie Sonata; Liszt, Etude de Concert, No. 2, F minor; Brassin, Nocturne, G flat; Chopin, Ballade, G minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Grieg, Recuerdos; Bachmanoff, Preludes, op. 22, No. 10, G flat, No. 2, B flat major.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Operatic concert by Umberto Sorrentino, tenor, assisted by Geraldine McManis, soprano.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert given by Roland Hayes, tenor, for the benefit of Lawrence Brown, pianist and accompanist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Percy Grainger's piano recital.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. John Powell's piano recital. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Beethoven, three waltzes; Chopin, Bolero, Three Mazurkas (B flat minor, A flat major, C major), Waltz A flat major, Polonaise F sharp minor; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes, Tarantella.

the city of Vienna is well off compared with the people cannot get wood or coal or petrol they must eat cold food the rest of the day or go hungry and coal is practically out of the question, wood is very scarce, and petrol is nearly non-existent. The food problem for the country at large is very acute. This frost caught the peasants unawares and a fifth of the potato crop is ruined. The railways in such a condition that it is almost impossible properly to distribute the food that is in the country.

Once Gay Vienna

"But Poland is well off compared with a good part of Germany, and as for Austria, if the entente doesn't send food there this winter, there will be famine. I spent a week in Vienna the end of September. It is a pretty ghastly city. The first impression one gets is that it is as gay as ever. The hotels are crowded to the doors, the theatres are all open and crowded, the cabarets are running full tilt and the women are pretty, well dressed and as easy going as ever. The chief difference I noted was the number of baronins, graefins, prinzeßins and the like, whose acquaintance one might make through the medium of the Ober.

"But I had occasion to see below the surface and it was very sad. Austria is surely paying a price for that joy ride into Serbia. There is no coal, no food, no money, no work, no nothing. The wisdom of Paris has been such that a very perfect type of pauper state has been created. I have talked with many men who know the conditions well and they all seem to think that Vienna is quite done for. The only joy left to them now is to laugh at the Italians. As one goes through the Art Gallery one sees many vacant spaces on the wall, and in every space is the sign, 'This picture stolen by the Italians in violation of the peace conference.'

"When I was in Vienna the Amerikanisches Kinderhilfesch Aktions was feeding 100,000 children each day, and they were preparing to double that within a month or two. None the less Richard Strauss is conducting at the Opera—10,000 kronen a month (\$100) and Wein-gartner is running the Volksoper in opposition. Strauss's new opera seems to have had only a success d'estime.

"I called on the Gerickes. He does not seem to have aged a year since he left Boston, nor the Madams. The girl, of course, is quite a grown-up young lady. They seemed to be quite all right, but like all Austrians are terribly bitter at the deal their country has received. Naturally they do not see the humorous side of the Austrian treaty.

Mr. Paderewski

"Our friend Paderewski is a very big man and he has created what is by all odds the one best bet of central Europe. At present he has a big fight on his hands but the last indications were that he will win as easily as he won last July. Over here in Europe the opinion is that the two big men created by the war from civil life are Hoover and Paderewski."

"Ben's" Wisdom

As the World Wags:

In the face of the present discursive political opinion, it is comforting to read these words in the wisdom of an early American:

"Observations on my reading history, May 19, 1731.

"That the great affairs of the world, the wars, revolutions are carried on and affected by parties.

"That the different views of these different parties occasion all confusion.

"That while a party is carrying on a general design, every man has his own particular private interest in view.

"That as soon as a party has gained its general point, each member becomes intent on his particular interest; which thwarting others breaks that party into divisions and occasions more confusion.

"That few in public affairs act from a mere point of view of the good of their country.

"That fewer still in public affairs act with a view to the good of mankind.

"There seems to me at present to be a great occasion for raising a united party of virtue—by forming the good men of all nations into a regular body, to make good and wise rules, which good and wise men may probably be more unanimous in their obedience to, than common people are to common laws.

"I at present think that whoever attempts this right, and is well qualified, cannot fail of pleasing God, and of meeting with success.

(Signed) "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

But the words, "who attempts this right" and "is well qualified" sound suspiciously like Benjamin's best brand of humor.

LOUIS BURLEIGH.

Contooocook, N. H.

M'CORMACK GIVES TWELVE ENCORES

John McCormack, assisted by Winston Wilkinson, violinist, and Edwin Schnelder, pianist, provided the concert in the Symphony Hall Sunday series yesterday afternoon. His program combined classical and operatic numbers with the ballads and simple, melodic songs upon which his popularity is based. A very large audience gave him courteous at-

tention in the former and welcomed the more familiar items with tireless enthusiasm.

In opera and heavier music Mr. McCormack sings with a medium amount of success, but when it comes to the sentimental songs, dealing with home and mother and roses and evening stars, with their tuneful sweetness and rhythmic cadence, he is in his element. Yesterday he touched a high level of excellence.

A group of Irish folk songs was especially notable. There were several "first times" on the program, "Go Not, Happy Day," by Frank Bridge, and "Were I a Star," by H. T. Burleigh, being two which will be heard again. "By the Waters of Minnetonka," by Thurlow Lieurance, was particularly effective.

Mr. Wilkinson played several selections with much skill and feeling, and Mr. Schnelder accompanied perfectly. A song by Mr. Schnelder, "Only You," drew a double meed of applause, in which both composer and singer shared. The audience was evidently determined

to make a day of it, for Mr. McCormack was recalled 14 times and sang 12 encores, in the course of which he gave most of the favorites which are associated with his name. "Dear Old Pal of Mine" was, of course, rapturously received.

Dec 9, 1919

"John Ferguson," a Play of Sombre Intensity, Effectively Acted

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "John Ferguson," a tragedy of Ulster county life in four acts by St. John Ervine. Produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Nov. 30, 1915; brought out at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 12, 1919.

John Ferguson.....Joseph Brennan
Sarah Ferguson.....Lucy Beaumont
Andrew Ferguson.....Brandon Peters
Hannah Ferguson.....Helen Freeman
James Caesar.....Dudley Digges
Henry Withrow.....Gordon Burby
"Clutie" John Magrath.....Barry Macollum
Sam Mawhinney.....Paul Hayes
Sergt. Kernaghan, R. I. C.....Henry O'Neill
Two Constables.....

The play is a grim domestic tragedy; engrossing by reason of the characterization of the men and women that are involved, or, rather, shape together the catastrophe; engrossing also by reason of the rare dramatic insight shown by the playwright. The characterization is in each instance acute and remarkably varied. There is John Ferguson, the farmer of North Ireland, a devout Christian in belief and practice, willing, eager to accept the decrees of Providence. There is Withrow, the brute of a landlord; Jimmy Caesar, a grocer, with an ironical surname, for he is a flabby person, a pitiable coward, the fatuous, well-to-do grocer; there is Hannah, John's pretty daughter, born to know the cruelest shame that can befall a woman. The other characters are as sharply drawn—half-witted Magrath; the boy Andrew, the avenger; John's wife, who has one great scene. The story is simple, but sternly logical in the march of events presented; a story that is plausible and convincing. John needs money to pay the mortgage on his farm. Withrow, the landlord, threatens eviction. John looks forward to money coming from a brother in America. Jimmy Caesar will pay off the mortgage if Hannah will marry him. She refuses, but finally consents to wed Caesar, as Withrow is about to take possession of the farm. She orders Withrow to leave the house. Her father has not urged her to sacrifice herself; her brother, Andrew, is against the match; she herself repents of her bargain. She visits Withrow to bid him take the farm.

Meanwhile Caesar, dejected, still loving Hannah, is half-crazed when he learns that Withrow has violated Hannah. He rushes out to kill him. The next day Magrath comes in with the news that Withrow is dead, shot through the heart; Caesar is arrested, tried, convicted. The boy Andrew confesses that he is the murderer. He is unrepentant, and disregarding his father's and mother's entreaties that he should run away, he goes with Hannah to the fall to give himself up. With an ironic stroke worthy of Thomas Hardy's sombre fancy, the letter comes from America with the money. The brother had mistaken the mail day.

The play abounds in detail that cannot be described in a necessarily short and hurried article: as the goading of Andrew to the murder by the chatter of "Clutie" Magrath, for the half-witted can be malicious and revengeful, as the long scene in which Caesar relates his nocturnal adventure—how he purposed to kill Withrow, how fear overcame him, a scene in which there is one of the most remarkable revelations of self-portrayed character known to us on the stage. In fact there is a wealth of detail, all bearing on the development of the story or essential to the understanding of this man and that woman. And these characters, every one of flesh and blood, are con-

fronted with the barometer to the end. John Ferguson, tempted for a moment like Job to curse God, still finds his trust in him even when his voice chokes at the end as he reads in his Bible the story of David mourning his son Absalom.

This drama makes severe demands on the players. These demands were well met last evening. The characters stood out in bold relief. Mr. Brennan's impersonation of the father was thoughtfully considered. He was impressive when another might have made the expression of belief and confidence mere sermonizing; tender in his love for Hannah; touching, not too sentimental in his final appeal to his wife; admirable in his varying treatment of Caesar. The part of Withrow is comparatively easy and Mr. Burby was sufficiently callous and brutal. Mr. Digges gave an extraordinarily effective portrayal of the contemptible yet pathetic grocer, a portrayal that would repay a careful analysis. The part of Magrath might be made ridiculous or simply wearisome. Mr. Macollum was singularly fortunate in suggesting the affectionate, also the slyly malicious nature, of the foolish one, not so much malicious, perhaps, as revengeful, for he smarted under Withrow's blow, he despised Caesar as a coward, he adored Hannah and longed to see her avenged. Miss Freeman played the part of Hannah with subdued tragic intensity, not as a heroine of shrieking melodrama; not easily wooed, loathing Caesar, self-sacrificing, yet rebellious, crushed by her shame. In her telling the story of what happened at Withrow's, with her back to the audience, she was unfortunately for the most part unintelligible. Miss Beaumont's characterization of the mother was excellent until the scene in the last act when she begs her son to escape. Here, while she was not extravagant, she was not wholly convincing. The part is one for a great actress of rare native force.

Those who clamor for "a play worth while" and appreciate acting of a high order should not fail to see this drama which, holding the attention for every moment, has that much despised quality known as "literary value."

But man for his bigness and proportion hath most brains of all other, and the same is the moistest & coldest part he hath within his body. . . . Of all parts necessary for life it is placed highest, and next unto the cope of head and heaven both: without flesh, without blood, without filth & ordure. And in truth, it is the fort and castle of all the senses: unto it all the veins from the heart do tend in it they all do likewise end. It is the very highest keep watch-tower, and sentinell of the mind: it is the helms and rudder of intelligence and understanding.

An Essay on Brains

As the World Wags:

After reading Dudley Dean's article on the Harvard-Yale football match, in which he modestly ascribes the victory to the superiority of Harvard brains, and which in other respects looks like the end of a dark and stormy night, one comes to the sad conclusion that he and Kipling could write better stuff 20 years ago.

"Brains" is a term applied nowadays almost exclusively to football and baseball players. Tim Murnane, who took himself seriously and considered himself an authority on the subjects, used to speak of Johnny Evers as the brainiest man in baseball, and yet once upon a time when Evers played through three consecutive games without being bounced, his manager became alarmed and called the doctor. For the purposes of this discussion it is unnecessary to traverse the higher realms of intellectuality, but taking, for the sake of comparison with the Evers case, a position of such humble mental requirements as would scarcely more than constitute an approach to human intelligence, say, for example, a policeman's what should we think of the brains of the policeman who kicked himself out of his job every other day?

If you starve your dog he will be keener for the chase, but he will have no more brains than if you had stuffed him with pate de foie gras, and probably Tim only meant that Evers was the liveliest man in baseball. These necessities ought not to be lost, however, on the writer of an article on brains. Undoubtedly Jesse James and Jesse Pomerooy could justly claim qualification for the liveliest society. Pat Crowe and Harry Thaw were another pair of live ones, and Casanova was in a class by himself.

I have it from one who has played at a dozen sports, from football to poker, that a situation has never confronted him in sport that demanded as much brains as, for instance, the writing of an essay on brains, although the essay may not indicate extraordinarily high capabilities, nor is it a hopeless sign of insanity to think you can carry the ball one yard farther if you have already carried it 6 or 7 yards without losing it. It comes to this, that as far as brains are concerned any normal child 10 years

Dec 8, 1919

We have received a letter from a man who left Boston two years or more ago to work for the Young Men's Christian Association in France. He is now associated with Mr. Paderewski in Warsaw. Our correspondent, for some years on the staff of the New York Sun, is a keen and accurate observer. Before the war he had traveled extensively. His letter is interesting.

Life in Warsaw

"Life here in Warsaw is far from unpleasant, and yet I suppose that nine letters out of ten that go from here are pessimistic—and what is true of Warsaw is true of every other city in Europe. No matter how pleasant and interesting one's individual life may be, it is difficult to live in the midst of this tense strain which covers the whole of the continent, to see about one so many signs of want and wretchedness and to know from one end of the continent to the other there is hunger and cold. It is difficult to maintain one's spirits at boiling point. Here in Warsaw we are really much better off than in any other city of Central Europe except, maybe, Prague. The winter seems to have set in.—This letter is dated Nov. 6—"for we have had five days of frost, with two or three inches of snow. There is absolutely no gas in

...and the ... Leon ... with ... and published ... in the Morning Telegraph.

Upon Julia's Clothes

When a ... Julia goes ... winter winds are ... reeling, ... not have ... base ... start the lovely girl to sneezing. ... underwear ... horrid head colds plague ... same germs loiter everywhere ... for daisies ... done up in Jaeger.

So kindly let the subject drop. ... the world in this cadenza ... Artistic raiment cannot stop ... the fell designs of influenza.

A Dangerous Crossing

Much has been written and said about the crossing of the legs in street car and in drawing room, but no modern writer about etiquette has, to our knowledge, consulted the wisdom of the ancients. Erasmus in his excellent book for teaching good manners to children said that the knees should be together when one is seated. "Some sit so rudely that they pass a leg over the knee of the other. To sit with the right leg thrown over the left was long ago the practice of kings, but now this practice is condemned." We quote from a French treatise published in 1749: "It is rude to wriggle your legs when you are sitting. The legs should not be crossed; that is the privilege only of great lords and rulers; hold your legs close together and keep them steady, with feet joined, not with one on the other." Mr. Herkimer Johnson informed us last week that he saw no harm in the prevailing custom among ladies of high and low degree, but he has been forced to abandon the practice. He found that crossing of the legs worked sad injury to his left trouser knee. Not all the cunning workers in "invisible repairing" have been able to patch this knee so that Mr. Johnson can, wholly unabashed, take his daily walks abroad or discourse with his customary vivacity at the Porphyry. The worst of it is that the trousers thus injured are not a hand-me-down pair, the "pants" he dons for his study, but his Sunday-best, trousers that in these times are, when whole and pressed, of incalculable value.

Out of Order

The Speaker of the House of Commons recently called Mr. MacVeagh to order for describing an observation of a minister as "impertinent." Some years ago when the word was used in the House the Speaker of that day said the only meaning of "impertinent" he could notice was the "strictly accurate" meaning, "not pertinent to the question," and in that sense the word was classical, not disorderly. The earlier Speaker was right as to the first meaning of "impertinent," which has dropped out of common use except in the law phrase of objection to offered evidence as "irrelevant and impertinent." There is another meaning not often used today: "Not suitable to the circumstances." Thus, in a play by Estcourt: "For my part, I think a woman's heart is the most impertinent part of her body"; so in Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture": "There never was a more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads."

Yet a member of the House of Commons was declared to be out of order for the sake of a member as having raised the false issue and passed a somewhat impertinent censure. "Calamitous" has been held to be a parliamentary term; but the words "dodge," "jockeyed," and the expressions "hypocritical lovers of liberty" and "rude remarks" have been ruled impertinent.

All this reminds us of Henry Grattan's invective against Mr. Corry that is often heard spouted on "speaking days" in the high school of our little stage. "Has the gentleman done?" But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. Something of a boast; and then Mr. Grattan proceeded to call Mr. Corry insignificant and a coward. "I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer." incidentally he accused Mr. Corry of having made a meanly false statement. Thus did Mr. Grattan call Mr. Corry names and remain "parliamentary"; and so do we. We like to think of him defying the government; "I defy their whole phalanx." Did he shout "fe-anks" or "fal-anks"?

Mistaken Appeals

When Lord Lyveden played in a little sketch at the London Coliseum this season "he thought it incumbent on himself, apparently, to hide his aristocratic accents beneath what he imagined to be the Coliseum audience's conception of an adman's mode of address. The result was not wholly satis-

factory. The Coliseum audience ... but by over-particularity, but it does re- ... that even a retired dramatist could ... and their aspirant.

And so the late W. W. Astor, running for a political office when he went at night into bar-rooms and haunts of the toughs in New York, dressed roughly for the occasion, to show his humbler fellow-citizens that he, too, was a man and a brother. He thus lost votes and was defeated. The "common people" and the toughs wished to see him in his swell togs. He owed them this compliment. They resented his assumed companionship.

Deadheads

On Dec. 10, 1892, Koning, the theatre manager, told Edmond de Goncourt that no Parisian wished to pay for his seat; that the few willing to do so asked for white tickets, which would be mistaken for passes. One man of high social position paid for a good many boxes, and gave the tickets to friends, saying that they had come from the playwright whose drama was then on the stage.

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By George! I have no doubt that when the young sirens set their green caps at the old Greek captain and his crew, waving and beckoning him with their white arms and glancing smiles, and wheedling him with their sweetest pipes—I make no doubt, sir, that the mythic sirens were behind the rocks (with their dyed fronts and cheeks palated, so as to resist water), and calling out: "Now Halycone, my child, that air from the 'Tirata'! Now, Glaukopolis, dear, look well at that old gentleman at the helm! Bathylkolpos, love, there's a young sailor on the mainmast, who will tumble right down into your lap if you beckon him!"

"W. C. T." Loq

As the World Wags:

Whica, there! Back up! As you were! The attention of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon and the editor is respectfully and urgently solicited. Got me right. Are my powers of expression falling, or have I had a careless reading. I said "good bread," not "warm, limber, semi-goosey fresh cut from the oven. What in Tophet's bake-pans has that to do with good bread? No leavened bread ought to be eaten in less than a full round day from the oven. And who told the editor that I like 'spongy, moist, doughy bread that is like lead in the stomach'? I didn't say so. It's near a gastronomic libel, that's what it is.

Furthermore and also, I said "apple butter." I marvel at your linguistic heresy in preferring such a title as "Shaker apple sauce." Apple sauce is well enough in its way, but it is a pale and tepid affair, which compares with apple butter about as pump water does with Double Diamond port. Apple butter is not sauce; it is apple butter, and so is peach butter, and plum butter.

And likewise and moreover, I said "hard cider, plain and simple, not the ultra-fancy drink prescribed by Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, with a hard cider base, but fortified with brown sugar, raisins, beefsteak and mustard seed, a quart of this beaten up with a couple of fresh eggs and a little sugar and a sprinkle of nutmeg"—gracious heavens, plain pond water would have enticed me, thus treated. And fresh eggs 90 cents a dozen! (They were \$1.17 and \$1.20 last week.—Ed.)

His Onion Pie!

That recipe for hard cider is a gem. It sounds a bit like my favorite recipe for onion pie: Take a small white onion and quarter it; then take the legs, second joints, breast, wings, back and chassis of a five-pound one-year old chicken, also the liver and heart, all cut into two-inch pieces or smaller; add seasoning and a little water, and stew gently until tender; line a deep baking dish with pie dough, put in the chicken with the rich gravy and a lump of butter, also a bit of rice, some noodles, a few strips of fat pork, three young turnips cut into small cubes; then add one of the quarters of onion, lay on an upper crust of pie dough, bake to a turn, and you have as fine an onion pie as ever was built, fit to be eaten with Witherspoon glorified cider.

Good Bread Defined

Good bread is not "soggy," nor sad. A morsel of it should melt on the tongue, unchewed, in 20 seconds by the watch, unless the tongue of the experimenter needs sandpapering. But neither should it be flinty and cindery and glasslike, made up solely of crust and holes, and about as nutritious as vitrified tiling. That sort of stuff was never intended as food, only as a filler or a basis for maxillary gymnastics, a bit to chew upon while you wait for the waiter to bring you something to eat. It stands in about the same relation to real bread that "Coney Island clam chowder" bears to real clam chowder.

I am not very strong for rye bread; most of it tastes like badly made wheat bread with worm medicine in it. So

... Next we ... where the No. 1 ... when grown and ground by machinery which preserves all the ... of which the doctors still capable about unknowingly. As to unsalted butter, that is usually churned from whey at the cheese factories. I prefer the Jersey—although paying 80 cents a pound for salt is not especially appetizing.

Get the bread habit and use apple butter, the compound of sauce, jelly, marmalade and jam, as a lure, a bonus, a temptation unto right living. For "bread 'n butter 'n apple butter" was a basic ration in the upbuilding of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and through them, by successive waves of population, of the great middle empire of the northern Mississippi valley, the greatest race of wheat-eaters in the world. W. C. T. Brookline.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is abundantly able to answer "W. C. T." regarding cider, sweet or hard. Let him reply. "W. C. T." in his letter published in the Herald of Nov. 21 said that he preferred "real bread, moist, creamy, etc." to the "dry, tasteless husks of French bread," "Meist" bread is soggy; it is lead in the stomach. We prefer the bread of Paris and of the French provinces. Each man to his own taste. We have lived with men and women who revelled in salaratus bread and biscuits stalingly yellow. "W. C. T." is evidently unaware of the fact that "Shaker apple sauce" is "apple butter." We prefer the former name. We like to think of the appetizing mess as prepared by pale and mild-eyed Shakeresses, clean-handed and clean-livers. There is a pallor that is enchanting; the hue of the Shaker apple sauce is all the richer by contrast.—Ed.

THREE BOOKS OF PLAYS

Works of Tolstoi, by Pinero and by a Pacifist.

By PHILIP HALE

The third volume of the social plays of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, published in attractive form by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York, includes "Letty" and "His House in Order." Neither one of these plays met with great popular favor in this country; yet the former is a careful study of a degenerate English family, a family run to seed. While "His House in Order" pleased chiefly by reason of its carefully planned construction "Letty" should have been with "Iris" in one volume; for if the heroine Iris preferred the easiest way, Letty turned her back on it and married the good little photographer. Should the epilogue have been written? Some have thought it merely a sop to conventionalism; that the play logically ended when Letty walked out of Nevill's rooms in spite of his entreaties. This and other questions are discussed by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton at considerable length in an introduction and critical prefaces. An acute Italian writing about English dramatists finds "Letty" a novel turned into a comedy. Mr. Hamilton finds all sorts of things in it. We would gladly exchange his prefaces for the dates and casts of first performances in England and the United States, with notes about revivals. Sir Arthur's comedies do not require a full commentary or copious annotation.

"Redemption," "The Power of Darkness" and "Fruits of Culture," plays by Tolstoi, form a volume in The Modern Library, published by Boni & Liveright, Inc., of New York. These plays, for the stage, also the library; plays that have stirred audiences as well as readers, are now obtainable in this convenient, clearly printed volume. The translation of "Redemption" is the one used by Arthur Hopkins when he produced the play with John Barrymore as Fedya. Mr. Hopkins writes a short introduction, expressing his regret that Tolstoi did not make a larger use of the theatre for the ventilation of his opinions. Here is an example of Mr. Hopkins's manner of expression: "So often has the barren been called 'pregnant,' the chill of death 'the breath of life,' the atrophied 'pulsating' that when we really come upon a work with beating heart we find it difficult to give it place that has not already been stuffed to suffocation with misplaced dummies."

"A Cry Out of the Dark"; Three one-act plays: "The Meddler," "Bolo and Babette," "The Madhouse," by Henry Bailey Stevens. The volume of 83 pages is published by the Four Seas Company of Boston. Mr. Stevens frankly says that these plays were written as "impressions gained from a diagnosis of the disease—war"; he did not write them expressly for the stage. Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell, on the other hand, says they are "remarkable plays." They are dialogues in which the doctrines of pacifism are carried to an extreme length—they are cheering reading only for all those that deplored the entrance of the United States into the great war and still deplore it.

SIXTH NEWMAN TRAVEL TALK

Mr. Newman gave the sixth and last of his interesting and agreeably instructive illustrated travel talks last night in Symphony Hall. The subject was "France Victorious." First the beginnings of reconstruction were shown, with views of villages that had wholly disappeared, cities like Rheims that are in ruins. The magnificent cathedral should be allowed to remain as it is, as a lasting memorial of the desecrating ruin. The vandals, prisoners, were shown now at work in rebuilding; battlefields again becoming farms, President Poincare visiting the ruined districts, Paris now gay, the delegates arriving for the convention, the preparations for the signing of the treaty, scenes in the palace at Versailles, were pictured. There was an actual motion picture of the signing. Then followed the scenes of rejoicing, chief of all the superb triumphal procession on the 14th of last July, with the allied commanders and troops of the allies in line.

The Herald has more than once pointed out the interest and value of Mr. Newman's talks, talks without display of egotism or straining after facetiousness; pictures in which he does not deem it necessary to pose always as the central figure. His visits to this city are eagerly anticipated by many. He hopes to return next season, having visited Turkey and the restive, irritable Balkan states. He will indeed be welcomed.

JOHN POWELL IS HEARD IN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

John Powell, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His "program of dance music" was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Beethoven, Three Waltzes; Chopin, Bolero, Three Mazurkas (B-flat minor, A-flat major, C major), Waltz in A-flat major, Polonaise in F sharp minor; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes and Tarantella.

Mr. Powell belongs to the college of heroic pianists. His interpretation of the Chaconne was most impressive when he was strictly in "Ercles' vein." In the gentler, lyrical passages, while his tonal quality was beautiful, he often took a pace so slow that he narrowly escaped being tedious, and he gave the impression of a pianist thinking about the music rather than feeling it.

His interpretation of Chopin's pieces was unusually interesting. He gave a brilliant performance of the Bolero, which, with the exception of the first theme, has little Spanish character; it comes dangerously near being a polonaise. Chopin received 500 francs for it; all that it was worth in the days when the purchasing power of the franc was much greater. The Mazurkas were played delightfully, with fine rhythmic feeling, with equally fine appreciation of the spirit, now sad without hope, now recklessly gay. Mr. Powell's great technical proficiency, his command of dynamic gradations, and his compelling verve were shown in the bravura pieces of Liszt.

The concert began a few minutes

after the appointed time. It was of reasonable length, even with the additional pieces demanded by the audience. The promptness in beginning was partly due to the fact that there was not the noble army of deadheads, who last Thursday were allowed by Mr. Grainger's manager, to keep those seated waiting for 35 minutes while war taxes were paying at the box-office.

Miss Lena Ashwell's remarks about the low standard of living endured necessarily by actors and actresses in England, and her biting comments on the "triviality, licentiousness and sensuality" of the London stage have naturally raised a rumpus, though the storm is not so violent as the one that beat upon Clement Scott when he published an article that, to say the least, was injudicious.

Oscar Asche offers to subscribe £500 to the Actors' Association if they will "dare a charge for libel by pillorying the managers who are bringing the stage into disrepute." Bernard Shaw says that Mr. Asche should send his check at once as the existence of "scandalous abuses" is undoubted. The Daily Chronicle asked the opinion of these men. Mr. Asche does not agree with much of the matter is that the stage today is cleaner than it was 30 years ago. That was the period of unpleasant plays if you like. And the highbrows were largely responsible.

Mr. S. W. ... It is no use considering the West end managers in this matter; they know nothing about it. A West end manager is a gentleman and an artist, who takes a theatre and uses it for its legitimate purpose, keeping it as he keeps his private house. When he goes to the provinces, the theatre he appears in are morally swept and garnished for the week of his visit, and occupied mainly by his own people.

It spends his life in a condition of cloistered innocence about theatres, which seems affected and ridiculous at best, and hypocritical at worst to those who do not know his limitations, but it is perfectly sincere, according to his lights.

But those whose experience is not limited in this way know only too well that there are other ways than his of using theatres.

A man whose real trade is the drink trade may take a theatre to make money at the bars, using the entertainment merely to attract customers.

A woman whose real trade is prostitution may use both the stage and the auditorium as her shop window.

The combination of the two may, and does, produce a sort of theatrical business that reacts most unpleasantly on the legitimate business of the theatre, because the women who are using the profession of actress as a blind for a quite different trade, naturally do not care how small their salaries are, and may even be willing to pay for the privilege of appearing; and this ends in the legitimate actress being offered an inadequate salary and being told that she can take it or leave it, as, if she will not take it there are plenty of others who will.

Add to these considerations the fact that acting is unlike ordinary industrial work in respect of its being, in spite of its licentious and laboriousness, work that is so fascinating that people will do it for its own sake; and it will be apparent that we have here a situation which provides such opportunities for scandalous abuse that both the most energetic trade unionism and the most modern and stringent factory legislation are urgently called for.

Stewart D. Headlarn, the president of the London Shakespeare League in a lecture to the Times said: "There are many of us who feel that the frequent curtain-dropping and the use of scenery detracted from the value of the Stratford productions. The London Shakespeare League has therefore instructed me to suggest that the executive committee shall allow an experiment to be made of having, say, 'Romeo and Juliet,' as acted at Stratford with its 22 curtains, performed one day, and the same play, as acted more or less in the Elizabethan manner, the next day, and then to let the public judge which method makes the play more interesting and better interprets and expresses our great master's work."

F. J. Nettlefold, who will play Othello in London this winter boasts that he has acted every male part in the tragedy. The London Times began its review of "Little Women": "No self-respecting boy would read any book which his sisters praised so highly as Louisa Alcott's 'Little Women' . . . The play is merely all about Jo. As soon as it leaves Jo, it ceases to be human and becomes merely sugar-plum."

At Madrid Ibsen's "John Borkman," Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest," Molnar's "The Devil," have been played and Tagore's "Post Office" with costumes brought from India is announced. "The Madrid stage is not wanting in hospitality to foreign art. Spanish authors, however, are prolific and the general public quite contented with its national theatre, to judge by the crowded houses everywhere. To quote only one instance, the facile pen of Senor Munoz Seca alone proves itself capable of keeping several theatres going. There is, however, quite noticeable in higher intellectual circles a discontent with the present-day product of modern Spanish playwrights, and this widening of the theatrical horizon, tallying with the larger interests Spain's surging prosperity is making for itself in other spheres, is one of the greatest changes noticed in Madrid after an absence of five years."

It is rather a curious circumstance that Germany appears to have led the way in giving prominence to the author of film scenarios. The public goes to see a Ganghofer play, not a play in which a particular 'star' figures, and it is the author who makes the most out of a successful film." The writer, Alder Anderson, writes in the London Daily Telegraph of Nov. 20: "That some sort of censorship is probably necessary everywhere is proved by what is now taking place in Germany. There are literally hundreds of concerns, small and large, manufacturing films there, nine-tenths of which would have to be put up their shutters tomorrow were there any sort of control over the abominable pictures that are turning out. In several instances the public, which is anything but Germanish, has revolted and wrecked the theatre where some particularly disgraceful film has been shown. Matters have, in fact, reached such a pitch that

the president of the National Union of German cinematograph theatre owners, Ludwig Schaefer, declare in the Deutsche Lichtspielzeitung that 'it will be a real miracle if there is not a speedy debate.' To avoid government intervention, which can hardly be much longer delayed, the most responsible elements in the business have come together and have tried to devise some way out of the impasse. The solution they have arrived at is to introduce a voluntary censorship, composed partly of men interested in the business and partly of representatives of the various local police authorities."

Charles Hawtrey, widower, was married to Mrs. Katherine Elsie Peire on Nov. 10 in London.

Notes About Music and

Musicians in Various Cities

When Mr. Lamond, the pianist played in London the Diabelli variations of

Beethoven, the Times consulted the Bible. "The earliest 'variations' we know are the 119th psalm, where the changing frame is the alphabet and the constant picture the central idea—way, precepts, statutes, testimonies and many others—the 136th, where the constant frame is the refrain and the changing picture the sun and moon, the Red Sea and the wilderness, Sihon and Og. Music had on the whole, until Beethoven wrote these variations, adopted the former method—keeping the picture and changing the frame; Beethoven leans to the latter, though it would be truer to say that he changes both, but not both at the same time.

"These people who can hit the piano very hard never seem to know that it is not the crash but the 'jam jam lapsura cadentious simillis' that gives the feeling of elation; in plain English, that you must always have something up your sleeve."

Field Marshal Lord Methuen, replying to a toast at a dinner of the Worshipful Company of Musicians in London, said that his playing of the violin had been to him the sweetest companion a man could have, but he was fully aware, at the same time, that it had been a curse to many who had heard him.

Paris possesses this season four permanent operatic stages, where "everything from light to grand opera" will be produced, and five permanent symphony orchestras. Of these orchestras, the youngest is the Orchestre de Paris, Georges de Lausnay, conductor. These orchestras give weekly, in some cases bi-weekly, concerts, all of which are well attended. The principal concert halls of Paris are booked even into the summer of 1920 by givers of recitals and chamber-music clubs. Three or four concerts are announced in different halls on the same day.

Mme. Lipkowska, well remembered here, has been engaged for the operatic season at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris.

A London critic, praising Albert Coates for his conducting Borodin's B minor Symphony, said that Mr. Coates "seemed to put a greater space round each idea than any other conductor we have heard, so that everything was very strongly outlined and nothing seemed hurried."

Gabriel Grovlez has edited two volumes, "Pieces de Clavecin," music by Chambonnières, Le Begue, Dandrieu, Dornel, Clerambault, Corrette, as well as Rameau and Couperin. M. Jean Aubry, in a preface, says that the sources of French music of today may be "sought in the work of this very group of 'Clavecinists' who, for more than a century, from 1650 to 1760, or thereabouts, poured out for the satisfaction of a society—the most cultivated, the most polite, that ever existed—the inexhaustible resources of their picturesque, tender and discreet imagination."

John Ireland's new songs: "The Rat" (Arthur Symon's creepy poem) and "The Adoration" (Symon's verses, also)—"full of frankincense and myrrh and gold, and far from the old rat gnawing in the dark by night; it is a melancholy song, but it should give pleasure (if not joy) to many people."

Edmond Eparaud wishes the rue Meyerbeer in Paris changed to rue Debussy, because Meyerbeer was a Prussian, born at Berlin, and his influence was prejudicial to French music, for he ruled the Paris Opera and blocked the path of native composers.

"Serbian and Macedonian Folk Songs" is a volume published by Cary, London. They were collected and transcribed during the British campaign in the Balkans, 1915-18, by Richard J. C.

Chanter. Gen. Milne wrote the introduction

Richard Northcott, who is writing the life of Sir Henry Bishop, has found out that when the composer was a boy he was sent by his father, a watchmaker, to Newmarket in order to become a jockey, but the boy was not physically strong enough.

"No doubt there is still a fairly big public to whom opera is not opera unless it is primarily concerned with the interchange of hysterical sentiments between a soprano and a tenor."

A son of Granados, the Spanish composer, who was on the Sussex when the Huns torpedoed her, has written the music for a comedy which has been performed at Barcelona and Madrid. The London Times, review—

Quince Hall Symposium, under the title "Monsieur K." "Hopak"—and here recently by Mrs. Frilish in some phony Hall "is ridiculous in its elaborately orchestrated form and singing to a jejune English translation by a singer who obviously has no sympathy with such sentiments as

"Down like lead let first drink go,
But the second warms your toes."
In London the singer was Dora Gibson.

An English Writer Discusses Stage Adaptation of Popular Novels

We are to see this week the dramatization of one of the books of a very popular novelist. It would be contempt of court to express an opinion upon the fitness for the stage of Ian Hay's work in general or "Tilly of Bloomsbury" in particular. There is safely in waiting to hear a case before you give a verdict, and to see the event before you make your prophecy. If we are to judge by the practice of the time, almost everything that is popular as a novel is believed to suit the theatre, and almost everything that succeeds on the stage finds itself "novelized" into a book. But it will hardly be denied that if you like a novel you go to see the results of its

dramatization with a good deal of apprehension, and I suppose very few people who like to believe that their taste is a critical ever read what publishers call "the novel of the play." The orthodox faith on the question is, which is not always the case with orthodoxy, quite simple. If a subject is thoroughly suited to the method of the novel, it is not to be adequately treated on the stage, and with equal decision the converse of this proposition is maintained. Moreover, if a novel or a play is first-rate stuff, it will only be altered for the worse by recasting it for the other medium. This creed offers a defensible, perhaps an impregnable, critical position, but its principles do not command the whole field.

Unfortunately, people love to persuade themselves that it does, and to assume that a dramatization is necessarily second-rate, just as, in spite of all the great dramatists from Aeschylus to Ibsen, they allow themselves to believe that a historical play must needs be unreal and insincere.

If a manager announced a dramatization of Thomas Lodge's novel of "Rosalinde," by William Shakespeare, he would not thereby alter the fact that "As You Like It" is an exquisite play. If we habitually thought of "Othello" as a dramatization of one of Cinthio's tales, it would still be one of the greatest tragedies in the world. There is, in fact, always the chance that the dramatizer may be a greater man than the novelist. Novelist and playwright have to find their materials somewhere, and it has often enough happened that one man working over another's invention has made it something far finer than the original.

He may "reform it altogether," he may even dare to give a sad story a happy ending, a base and vulgar trick which Shakespeare played in "The Winter's Tale." Did not Schiller make Joan of Arc die in the moment of victory? I do not pretend that Schiller improved upon the truth, but whatever your critical conventional objection to the happy ending, you will hardly deny that "The Winter's Tale" is an improvement upon Greene's story of "Pandosto." This, you may say, is special pleading. It is using the same word to mean different things.

When Shakespeare dramatized a novel he used his original as mere raw material, he added far more than he borrowed, he worked over the tale "en semant l'esprit de pleines mains," and it is merely confusing the issue to argue that this is the same thing as modern dramatization, which seeks merely to put a novel, or as much of a novel as it can get into three hours, on the stage, which is a mere process of selection and technical contrivance, which, at the best, can only give something like an inadequate version of the original.

But that is hardly a fair statement of the case. Because a novelist put his plot and his characters into the form of a novel it does not follow that they are only or even best suited to that medium. It sometimes seems as if the world were divided into two classes, one which takes art far too seriously and one which cannot take art seriously at all.

For one it is an abomination to look at anything but the original, and all the original, and the other would like to rewrite "King Lear" with a happy ending. The greatest and the sanest of artists took their own work in a spirit very different from either of these parties. It is as certain as anything can be about Shakespeare that he would have laughed at the enthusiasts who protest that every line which is printed as his must be spoken when his plays are put on the stage. Nobody who has any appreciation of the spirit of Moliere can believe that he would insist upon his plays being played to a world not his exactly as they were played to Louis XIV.

Take the novelists. We know that Scott, not without reason, had a low opinion of the theatre of his time. Yet he encouraged Daniel Terry to work at dramatizing his best work, and though he called it "the art of Terryfying."

Lockhart had no doubt that Scott himself had taken the trouble to modify the plot and rearrange for stage purposes a considerable part of the original dialogue of "Guy Mannering." And yet if "Guy Mannering" is not a novel great enough to be sacred from modification and rearrangement, where, with all due honor for the masterpieces of the hour, are we to find one? Scott not only helped in dramatization, he enjoyed the result and did not conceal his interest and delight in "Rob Roy" upon the stage.

Few novelists have suffered more at the hands of dramatists than Dickens. It is recorded that when "Oliver Twist" was played at the Surrey Theatre "in the middle of the first scene he laid himself down upon the floor in a corner of the box, and never rose from it until the drop scene fell." Everybody remembers the onslaught upon the dramatist at Mr. Crumple's supper, an onslaught produced by the "indecent assault" committed on "Nicholas Nickleby" itself by "a theatrical adapter named Sterling, who seized upon it without leave while yet only a third of it was written; hacked, cut, and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favorite actors; invented for it a plot and an ending of his own, and produced it." Yet even in the performance of such a dramatization as this Dickens found some pleasure, and later on he gave help and encouragement to stage versions of other books. They were not satisfying. "Oh, heaven, if any forecast of this was ever in my mind!" he writes, after seeing "A Christmas Carol" acted. "More or less satisfied as he was with individual performances," says

Forster, "such as Mr. Yates's Quilp or Mantani, and Mrs. Keeley's Snike or Dot, there was only one, that of Barnaby Rudge by the Miss Portescue who became afterwards Lady Gardner, on which I ever heard him dwell with a thorough liking." But dissatisfaction with the acting of their work is found among dramatists who are not novelists, and the fact that, again and again, Dickens assisted in production of dramatizations of his novels, is proof enough that he did not think the process sacrilege. It does not follow, of course, that he thought it likely to result in works of art which could stand by themselves. Probably he did not, and probably he was right. We have seen some ingenious adaptations of his books admirably produced and set upon the stage. Their effect was rather that of illustration to a familiar text than of plays.

Often the theory about the usefulness of the novel for the stage and of the play for the shape of fiction is obviously untenable. Authors themselves give us alternative versions of their theme, sometimes, like Charles Reade with "Masks and Faces," beginning with the play; sometimes, like Sir James Barrie, in the case of "The Little Minister," beginning with the novel. "Masks and Faces" is no bad instance. It is a very readable, but not a first-rate novel. It is an effective, but not a wonderful play. Whether it is better in one form or the other, whether it is in its nature fitted for this or that, are questions which with equal show of reason could be answered either way. Artificial work, superior people may say with a shrug. But most of us would be sorry to go without the pleasure to be derived from such clever stuff.

The truth is, many men besides Charles Reade imagine their plot and characters alike on the stage and in print. If there ever was a piece of invention which seemed possible only in the way it was put on the stage, you have it in "Peter Pan." Yet we know in fact that a good deal of him is to be found suggested in an earlier book, and that the play itself was novelized" by Sir James Barrie into a very charming story. More than one modern story again has made a much better play than ever it was a novel. The theme, if you like to come back to theory, found its proper medium. Or the color of a stage setting and the vitality of clever players gave force to a rather pale invention. Or, to be more charitable, the author's second thoughts were heat. It is possible both with great men and with men less than great.

Such Is Fame

Standing amidst the ancient litter of old boots, old books, old brass candlesticks and fire-irons, on the booth front of a general dealer in Chalk Farm road, I beheld the other morning two little white stucco busts—one of Beethoven, brooding and beetle-browed; one of Mendelssohn, suave and polished.

They sat together, cheek by jowl, as it might be, discussing the musical eccentricities of Debussy, Stravinski and the ultra-moderns of a degenerate day.

Yet well might the greater maestro have been employed with his own bitter thoughts.

For round the neck of Beethoven was hung by a cord a little pasteboard card, whereon was writ in unsophisticated script:

"Mendelssohn—3s 6d or small payments."

...the most exacting of
music enthusiasts. There were all
pyrotechnics, but from the first move-
ment of the Sonata to the finale Etude
there was harmony.

Duse and Bernhardt

When we say that each generation of players is more natural than the last we only mean that it puts itself in harmony with its time, with the new order of things, the new tastes and habits and fashions. But when one distinguishes one actor from another as more natural, one is not thinking of the time and the environment. One is thinking of the actor's own nature and freedom in expressing it. I suppose the two greatest actresses of modern days were Eleonora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. Of these two, Duse was pre-eminently the natural actress. Sarah had consummate art, the grand manner, and, peculiarly, something biotic, remote, "fensky'd" in her. Anyhow, she was bizarre, which is the very opposite of natural. Duse was a temperament made flesh, and revealed without disguise. She made no attempt to be anything but herself. True, that self was large enough and fine enough to cover most of any part she happened to choose, what it did not cover she simply let go. It did not cover the courtly element in Marguerite Gautier, and so she gave you the strongest possible heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias," a "soufflé" Botticelli. It did not cover the vulgarity of Paula Tanguay, and so you had a Paula ennobled, etherealized, a splendid sinner who might have stepped out from some circle in Dante! Duse could not help making common figures distinguished. For she gave her own temperament free play, she simply offered you herself—not her empirical self, as the philosophers say, but her artistic, imaginative self.—A. B. Walkley in the London Times.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

- SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Rachmaninoff. See special notice.
- TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mrs. M. Wagniere Horton, Johns, Int. Violoncello and Flauto, E. minor, Horton, Suite Helvétique (1st time), Carpenter, Polonaise Américaine, Mrs. Beach, Fireflies, De Koven, Prelude in E flat minor, Montonen; Fantaisie Etude; Cadman, Sonata, A major (first time in Boston); Debussy, Minuet; General Lavigne; Granados, Three Spanish Dances; Delafosse, Offrande, and Etude de Concert.
- WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Boston Musical Association, Georges Long, director, Ramon-Garcia, director, Suite from "Castor and Pollux"; Beethoven, Romance in F for violin and orchestra (Gertrude Marshall, violinist); Brahms, Serenade, op. 16, for 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, violas, violoncellos and double basses; Stuart Mason, Suite for Violoncello, Ravel, Three Poems (text by Mallarmé) for voice, 2 flutes, 2 clarinets, string quartet and piano (Mary Kent, singer); Saint-Saëns, Wedding Cake, a Caprice Waltz, for piano and strings (Constance MacGlinchey, pianist).
- THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Phoebe Crosby of New York, soprano, Purcell, I Attempt from Love's Labour's Lost; G. Monro, My Lovely Cellar; A. Young, Thillie He Said Charming Grace; T. Brown, Shepherd, The Demoniac Vary; Rossi, Canto d'Aprile, Dore, and Similludino, Barbiere, Si je pouvais mourir; G. Maure, An Bord de l'eau; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Lolo, La Chanson de l'Alouette; Hageman, Ho Not Go; La Force, Song of the Open; G. Sweet, Lullaby; Polak, The Question; F. S. Barbour, The Piper and the Stream's Secret.
- FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.
- SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Dec 15, 1919

The Comforters

(For the use of yellow in house decoration to promote cheerfulness.)
Give back once more the yellow touch
That decked my breakfast room;
It did so much, so very much
To dissipate the gloom,
To which I find myself a prey
At 8 (ack emma) every day.
Each morning, be it wet or dry,
This paradox is true,
When nothing yellow meets my eye
I take a jaundiced view—
So hourly seems my daily path
I've quite stopped slinging in my bath.
Not much I ask, 'Twould well suffice
If Fate would only give
Again the two punched eggs, whose price
Is now prohibitive,
And bring to us hard-working folk
A baneful day, a lighter yoke,
—T. H. in the London Daily Chronicle.

"Irrefragable"

Mr. Wilfred A. French writes to the Herald:
"In order to set myself right with your readers, I looked up the original draft of my letter which included the story about the word 'irrefragable,' and found that, although I had spelled it correctly, my stenographer carelessly had transformed it into 'irrefregable'—of course, no word at all. Nevertheless, the spelling of the pronunciation given to the word by the unlucky preacher suggested that the real word should have been spelled 'irrefragable,' and not 'irrefregable,' according to the communication sent to you and which I failed to examine thoroughly. Several of my friends understood this and gave me credit for accurate intentions."

"Engaged"

As the World Wags:
I see that Mr. Jewett plans to offer his public before long a production of our old friend "Engaged," by W. S. Gilbert, long the favorite of the amateur actor. I therefore venture to suggest as a promising device for boosting this feat of antiquarianism that a special day be appointed for the entertainment of the innumerable gentlemen who have adventured the part of Cheviot Hill, including one now high in office in the Commonwealth who should occupy a box upon this occasion, and a special matinee for ladies who have played Belinda in this same piece. Should only a small proportion of these interpreters of Gilbert attend, Mr. Jewett would still be assured of a bumper house.
(Miss) PALLIDA MORSS.

Boston.

"Like" and "Like as"

As the World Wags:
Bro. French's irretra-gabble contentions concerning certain pronunciations and locutions are entertaining if not particularly instructive. But noting his condemnation of the use of "like" what say you to this verse from the King James's version (last syllable pronounced "shun") of the English Bible, to wit, Jeremiah 31:28: "It shall come to pass that like as I have watched over them to pluck up and to break down and to throw down and to destroy and to afflict; so will I watch over them, to build up and to plan, saith the Lord." S. D.

Boston.
Your point is not well taken. Mr. French rightly condemns the use of "like" as a conjunction: "like he did." This use is a vulgarism, yet we find the careful Southey writing: "He talks like Brunswick did"; Maudsley writing: "Like the products of a dream often are." The English are notorious offenders in this respect. We have seen the misuse frequent in the London Daily Telegraph, also in modern novels. Richard Grant White in a sentence explained the difference: "'Like' and 'as' both express similarity, but the former compares things, the latter action or existence." With "like" a verb is neither expressed nor understood. Mr. French objected to the misuse of "like"; not to "like as." "Like as a father pitieth his own children." Coleridge: "Like as if I was stupid." Henley in his "In Hospital":
Like as a flamelet blanketed in smoke,
So through the anaesthetic shows my life.
—Ed.

Good Old Days

As the World Wags:
With the pound sterling down to 3.85, fond recollection throws on the screen a too vivid picture of the roast beef and mutton at Simpson's on the Strand, and reason totters in the effort to figure what they would cost at the present rate of exchange.

Then there was the place where they served the pudding. One properly arrived at half after 5 and had three or four goes of gin and bitters. At 6:30 sharp the kitchen door opened and a solemn procession circled the room. Head waiter with great knife and fork, second man with a hundred-pound pudding; four waiters, all in white. They cooked the pudding 24 hours. There were oysters and mushrooms in it, and kidneys and beef and mutton; 'n'a lot of unidentified things mingled and amalgamated in a sort of conglomerate with a dumpling dough base; and they served it on a big hot plate, with a pleasant, spicy, dark brown goo over the whole, and there were many pewter pints of brown ale. After the pudding came tin plates like the top of a mess kit, each holding a six-inch square of sizzling toasted cheese. More ale. Two and sixpence.
Goldie says the place was the Cheshire Cheese; but I think not. Somebody'll know. HALLDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

"School Days"

Mr. Z. B. Chase of Wilmington writes: "Can you assist me in any way to find an old-time song or old verses entitled 'School Days'?" Do any of our older readers know the song?

About a Pearl Necklace

"A Philosopher" wrote as follows to the London Times:
"At Christie's on Wednesday I saw a string of 59 pearls sold for £29,000. Taking the present day wage of a workman at 10s. a day, this represents 59,000 days' work—i. e., that to earn that sum 58 men must work for, broadly speaking, three years, in order to enable Mme. Profitier to make an effect at a dinner party. And yet we are surprised at the existence of labor unrest!"

SECOND CONCERT BY RACHMANINOFF

Sergel Rachmaninoff gave his second concert of the present season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall before a large and appreciative audience. The program was an admirable one, and one

in which the most exacting of music enthusiasts. There were all pyrotechnics, but from the first movement of the Sonata to the finale Etude there was harmony.

It was not necessary for one to be able to differentiate between theme or motif and a popular melody to recognize the touch of the master through it all.

The audience also was an admirable one, showing appreciation of quality and not insisting upon quantity.

The program being finished at a comparatively early hour, Mr. Rachmaninoff generously added several numbers at the close.

The regular program was:

Sonata, B-minor, opus 58, and Four Etudes, opus 39, Chopin; Four Etudes (tableaux), opus 39, Rachmaninoff; Etude, opus 81, Rubinstein; Etude, opus 42, Scriabine; Dance of the Gnomes and Etude, D-flat major, Liszt; Campanela Etude, Paganini-Liszt.

Dec 16, 1919

Other things than nuts come from Brazil. The little Maria Antonia, 9 years old, who played the piano in New York last week on her way to the Paris Conservatory, is a Brazilian. So is Miss Novas, the pianist; Miss Vera Janacopulos, whose singing pleased the critical in Cambridge and Boston is a Brazilian of Greek descent.

"The way of all flesh is the way of the prima donna," wrote Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune apropos of Miss Emmy Destinn returning to the Metropolitan Opera House, fat in spite of her internment.

Mr. H. C. Colles of the London Times was not unduly impressed by the fact that Mr. Frank Lambert, a composer of songs, has returned from the war. "He has not as yet anything new to say. There are the same yearning sixths, the same wheedling semitones in them all—except 'Sweet Afton,' which has an engagingly infantile simplicity; and that is only a pose of another kind. 'The Fighting Chance' is no better; it pretends to place us in the thick of things, but we know very well that people who do things don't talk like that, but only the man who reads in the papers about the things they have done."
Of Mr. Dale's Theme and Four Variations for the piano Mr. Colles wrote: "Such things are rather like a walk over the downs in a storm—we may not exactly like it, but it is very good for us."

While You Wait

Those who sat patiently, or restively, for over half an hour in Jordan Hall last Thursday waiting for the pleasing apparition of Mr. Percy Grainger may find some consolation in the knowledge that at the Hippodrome, London, last month, it was "precisely 57 minutes after the advertised hour that the curtain rose upon the second edition of 'Joy Bells'; nor was any reason vouchsafed for the delay." But the audience at the Hippodrome was not obliged to wait without diversion: Cinematograph pictures were shown of a nature to put the spectators in a cheerful mood, for the subjects were railway accidents and airplane crashes.

Here is a hint for any kind-hearted manager of a singer or a pianist. If the manager knows that there will be a delay on account of the large number of free tickets he has sent out and the consequent payment of the war tax at the box office—for deadheads are inclined to be late at a concert, as they delight in leaving before it is over, especially in the middle of a piece being performed—let him provide film pictures of an entertaining nature—say "The Death Bed of Mozart"; Mme. Geraldine Farrar in a passionate scene played by her and Mr. Tellegen—the latter with his chest exposed; Mr. Paderewski as Premier of Poland at Versailles, armed with the awful dignity of a stove-pipe hat; or Mr. Fritz Kreisler in the act of defining his attitude toward the United States of America. This might "help some."

An Old Waltz

Mr. John Powell, pianist, at his recital last Saturday, played three waltzes by Beethoven. Alas, "Beethoven's Spirit Waltz" was not one of them. Did Beethoven ever write the mule to which this title was given years ago? Or is it like "Von Weber's Last Waltz," which was written by Reissiger? Yet a picture represents Weber seated at a piano in a romantic attitude with shadowy forms floating above the instrument. Our maiden aunt used to play "Beethoven's Spirit Waltz" in the twilight 50 years ago in our little village. It was in her repertoire with "The Wrecker's Daughter's Quickstep," Variations on "Home, Sweet Home," and "Gen. Persifor F. Smith's March." Good old aunt! She never married. Perhaps now she hears and appreciates better music, for according to the latest communications from the first higher plane, they all do there about as they did here, except that they are not embarrassed by time and space.

Mr. Busoni's idea of how Bach would have written his violin Chaconne for a modern concert grand piano was played here in public twice last week, with an interval of only 48 hours for the recovery.

...the most exacting of music enthusiasts. There were all pyrotechnics, but from the first movement of the Sonata to the finale Etude there was harmony.

Those who object to serious plays, dramas that do not have a foolishly happy ending, dramas that might answer the definition of Aristotle, remind one of Polonius as a theatregoer: "He's for a jig, or a tale of lawdery or he sleeps."

A National Hymn

As the World Wags:
Here is the National Hymn of Sam. (To the tune "America.")

Ah wah tah goo Siam
Ah wah tah goo Siam
Ah goo Siam
Ti too mah tah lah kan
Mi nuss sun sen Siam
Ah wah tah goo Siam
Ah goo Siam
Try it on your harpsichord,
Machias, Me. FRANK CRANE.

Singers, Take Notice

"Miss Stella Power is a young Australian. We do not think the Albert Hall was the place to hear her in; it sounded too much as if she was singing in Australia and we were listening to her on a relay-telephone. * * * We should very much like to hear Miss Power again, but in a smaller hall. Those matters are probably settled for young singers who come here by musical magnets in this country, who think that the public will argue that the bigger the hall the bigger the singer. But this is mere musical snobbery."—London Times.
The exquisite art of Mme. Povia Frilish, for instance, is lost in Symphony Hall.

COPLLEY THEATRE—"Charley's Aunt"

Aunt," a farce in three acts by Brandon Thomas. Cast:
Jack Chesney.....Keith Ross
Brassett.....Cameron Matthews
Charles Wykeham.....Nicholas Joy
Lord Fancourt Babberley.....E. E. Clive
Kitty Verdun.....Viola Rodca
Amy Spettigue.....Nancy Stewart
Col. Sir Francis Chesney, Bart. H. Conway Wingfield
Stephen Spettigue.....Leonard Craske
Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, from Brazil. Jessamine Newcome
Ella Delahay.....May Ediss
Last night the Jewett Players successfully revived the familiar "Charley's Aunt" which they produced here two years ago.
Throughout the performance there is a good deal of horseplay which is even done in parts, especially that of Mr. Craske as Spettigue. The work of Mr. Clive as Lord Babberley is excellent and he fills that ludicrous part to perfection. Mr. Ross and Mr. Joy have difficult parts to execute as the young college students. Mr. Wingfield as Col. Chesney is the typical English army officer with much of the sport about him. The ladies of the company displayed their usual capability.
The play has been produced by so many amateurs that it now has somewhat the amateurish air about it. Its performance is extremely light but thoroughly amusing.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Rigoletto"

Opera by Verdi. The cast:
Duke of Mantua.....Joseph F. Sheehan
Rigoletto.....Stanley Deacon
Gilda.....Beatrice Bowman
Maddalena.....Elaide de Sellem
Sparafucelle.....Harold J. Gels
Monterone.....William R. Northway
Merillo.....Bertram Goltz
Giovanna.....May Barron
Countess Ceprano.....Alice May Carley
Boreo.....Lynn Griffin

Miss Ethel Harrington will sing the role of Gilda at tonight's performance. Bertram Peacock, baritone of the American Society of Singers, will be the Rigoletto.

ALICE LLOYD

Alice Lloyd, the English comedienne, in a repertory of songs, heads the bill at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

She introduces many new songs in her act and supplements her performance with many of her old successes. She displays an interesting wardrobe; each song has its pertinent style of dress and there is a characteristic dance with each number. One of the big numbers of her act was "Thucis Thimpon," in which the audience eagerly joined with the assistance of the screen. William Walsh was at the piano.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Allan Rogers, the young American tenor, assisted by Phyllis Deane, in a repertory of operatic and popular songs. This is Mr. Rogers's first appearance at this house. He is a fluent lyric tenor, and his performance commends itself especially for its ease and vocal charm. He sang with marked textual significance.

Other acts were May Wirth and the Wirth family, in a sensational equestrienne act; Donald Sisti, a balancer; Leona La Mar, in a recitation of mind reading; Crawford and Broderick, nifty comedians; "Fieration," a satire on college life, with a lively quartet of principals; Elmer El Clon, instrumentalist, and Herbert's Caper.

THE M. H. of Boston reads the following letter from a young man, which was published in the Common Sense, in the last week.

I have often an apple silently

The apple was pink with the low sun.

I have a
The apple was moving painfully

When the sky is pink with the low sun

No
The apple is groaning

Suddenly I fear that the apple

"Funnel Hall"

As the World Wags:
Answering your query in this morning's edition of the Herald, would say that possibly the spread of prohibition was eventually "stem the tide of syncretistic pronouncement."

This kind of "lawbreaker" will certainly tend to improve speech wherever said "word" is enforced.

To wit: The writer remembers a certain visitor, 31 years ago, who came to Boston on business for the first time in his life, and as he was born and brought up in the western country was naturally quite interested in the affairs of the Hub. Among other things he asked especially about was Pan-yew-ell Hall; and on the day before his departure for his home town in the western part of Iowa he was escorted to the sacred shrine of the Pilgrims. Just as the sightseeing party left their office on Washington street they stepped over to the barroom at Young's and began the ceremonies of the day with one of those old-fashioned cocktails, and then, after visiting the Old State House, they were tempted to patronize one of the old-fashioned barrooms in Faneuil Hall square—just as they were about to enter the sacred structure; and then, after spending a quarter of an hour within its precincts, the man from western Iowa was heard to say:

"I can pronounce. Yes, sir! I can do it now! I understand it now! I can say 'Funnel Hall' just as 'natchral' as any nyan 'round Funnel Hall Market!'"

A true copy. Attest:
PARKE W. HEWINS, M. D.
(Not one of the party 31 years ago.)
Wellesley Hills.

A Word in Season

As the World Wags:
Forgive me my Christmasses as I forgive those that Christmas against me.
Boston.
HARRY GRAHAM.

A Modern Biographer

As the World Wags:
You will understand that it is depressing for an honest, not ungifted college teacher to have the following letters returned to him upon an examination paper. I feel that you would wish to share them, however.

SCHUBERT.—1832-1863
"This was the first leading representative in the Romantic School. His unfinished symphony is an example of his genius as a musical composer. This made him very popular, and his music was received with a great reception. He had his musical vision from some book. He furnished the music for the 32 verses of Goethe. He wrote 40 feuds in all kinds of keys. He published his works. He had 7 years of public life and after his death the people began to realize his genius."

ROBERT W. MORSE.
Brunswick, Me.

An Application

On Nov. 25 the Herald alluded to an advertisement published in the Attleboro Sun.

HELP WANTED

WANTED

Girls to soft solder and press hands.
We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:
I'm going to your advertisement which I discovered in this morning's Herald. I should like to be considered an applicant for the position referred to on page 14.

While soft soldering is something with which I am not at all familiar, I have always been considered apt in taking on new work, and my experience in pressing hands may, I hope, be sufficient to warrant you in giving me a tryout. I can assure you that if my work in soft soldering grades up to my efficiency in pressing hands, it will be unnecessary for me to work more than five days a week without fear of causing any lock-out.

Compensation. I assure you, can be satisfactorily adjusted.

Kindly consider me a ministering angel, and let me have the address as suggested.

MINNIE ANGEL

P. S.—Not desiring any publicity in this connection, in the event of your furnishing the desired information in your As the World Wags column, kindly use the name of M. Angel.

A Sign of the Times

As the World Wags.

For many years, on the way to my office, I saw a sign, "Entrance for employees." This sign now reads, "Entrance for fellow-workers."

PORTER BAILEY.

Boston.

Those Swathed Ears

As the World Wags:

For a long time—much, too long a time—I have been curious as to what mental reaction makes the revealing of feminine ears an apparent breach of ethics. Now I think that I have it. Apollo and Pan once had a controversy as to the merits of their respective instruments; Midas, giving the award to Pan, had his ears grossly lengthened at the command of Apollo and was obliged ever after to wear his hair in a manner approaching the present fashion. Observe: The award was given to Pan, to the light fantastic toe, to piping syncopations, to jazz. Wherefore Apollo, god of music and of beauty, too, became avenged.

In connection with this it might possibly be amusing to count not noses but ears appearing at Symphony concerts.

JEREMIAH HAVERTIE.

Mattapan.

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients: Pliny the elder: "Natural History," Book XI, Chapt. 37: "Man alone hath not the power to shake his ears. Of flaggie, long and hanging ears came the surnames first of the Flacii (families, and houses of Rome). There is no one part of the body costlier than our ears more than this by reason of their precious stones and pendant pearls thereat. As touching their proportion, some creatures naturally have bigger or lesser than others. No creature hath ears but those that bring forth their young alive." As for Midas, he is now the hero of a Russian ballet.—Ed.

MRS. HORTON PLAYS

Mrs. M. Wagniere Horton, pianist and composer, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steiner Hall. Her program was as follows: Johns, Introduction and Fugue, E minor; Horton, Suite Helvetique (ms. first time); Carpenter, Polonaise Americaine; De Koven, Prelude in E minor, Monotone, Fantaisie Etude; Mrs. Beach, Fireflies; Cadman, Sonata, A major (first time in Boston); Debussy, Minstrels, General Lavigne; Granados, Trois Danses Espagnoles; Delafosse, Offrande and Etude de Concert.

The program was unconventional. Mr. John's composition was chosen by Josef Hofmann when he gave his recital of music by living American composers last January. Mrs. Horton, already known as a composer of graceful light music, has taken a more ambitious flight in her Suite. Mr. Carpenter, a Chicago business man, is known here by his symphony, Suite, songs and his passion for the xylophone. Mr. Cadman, who has for some time been interested in Indian tunes as thematic material, was inspired to write his sonata by verses of Joaquin Miller. Mr. De Koven is better known by his operettas than by his piano music. The name of Granados, who went down with the torpedoed Sussex, will always be associated with the Hun's atrocious conduct in war. Delafosse, who took a first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1887, is appreciated in France as a pianist and composer. His most important composition is probably his piano concerto. There was an interested audience of fair size.

IN JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Musical Association, Georges Longy, director, gave the first of five concerts last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rameau-Gevaert, Orchestral Suite from "Castor and Pollux"; Beethoven, Romance in F for violin and orchestra (Gertrude Marshall, violinist); Stuart Mason, four characteristic pieces for violoncellos; Brahms, Allegro Moderato, Adagio non troppo and Rondo from the Second Serenade, op. 16; Ravel, Three Poems after Mallarme for mezzo-soprano, piccolo, two flutes, two clarinets, bass clarinet, string quartet and piano (Mary Kent, mezzo-soprano); Saint-Saens, Wedding Cake (Valse Caprice) for piano and orchestra of strings (Constance McGlinchey, pianist). The praiseworthy purposes of this association have been related in the Herald. The concert last night brought out two compositions that otherwise might have been long unknown, to the loss of the public; an interesting young singer, who was heard here for the first time, and

a brilliant young pianist, who showed a well-developed technique, a delightful touch and fine taste. The concert, furthermore, proved that good music carefully rehearsed by young women of a certain ability, assisted by a few professional musicians, performed in a hall of reasonable size and ably directed, could be heard to its advantage and give genuine pleasure to an audience. Surely this association deserves the hearty support of all those who are interested in music and have the musical welfare of the city at heart.

Mr. Mason's pieces are entitled Prelude, Guitare, Orientale, Chanson and Dance Negre. They are not only ingeniously written for a choir of violoncellos unsupported; they show an individual musical talent, a fancy that is rare among American composers. The melancholy Prelude and the piquant Guitare are admirably contrasted. The Orientale is fascinating melodically, by its exotic sentiment and color, and all this without the taint of Palais Royal Orientalism or imitation of the Russians. In the fourth piece the spirit of the Negro music is preserved, but the composer keeps his head and does not attempt to be too "realistic." This Suite was voted upon and accepted by the committee examining American compositions. The two last movements had been played at a concert given by Mr. Joseph Adamowski at the New England Conservatory two years ago.

Ravel's music fits Mallarme's poems, and music and poems are both untranslatable; pleasing to the ears that are somewhat accustomed to the modern idiom of "impressionism." The voice is one of the instruments curiously employed. Miss Kent, born in Detroit, before she gave a recital in New York last March was known as Marie von Essen. (About the same time, Miss Elizabeth Jones in New York changed her name to Evelyn Gwin.) Miss Kent has a rich, sympathetic voice and an ingratiating presence. She sang the difficult music of Ravel as if it were no more severe a task than a ballad by Franz Abt.

We have spoken of Miss McGlinchey, who played Saint-Saens's wedding gift to Mme. Montigny-Remaury with the elegance that is characteristic of the composer.

The second concert will be on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21. The program will consist of chamber music. Unfamiliar music by Thirlon and Turina will be on the program.

To L. M. C.: Maria Gay is now in Spain, and is engaged for performances at the Madrid Royal Opera House this season. We do not know definitely the whereabouts of Mr. Zenatello; he is probably not far from Maria. Lucrezia Bori will also sing at Madrid this season. It is said that she has recovered the beautiful quality and control of her voice.

Straight, or Mixed?

As the World Wags:

This apple-butter hound who has been writing you of late—I forget his initials—seems unalterably opposed to the mixing of ingredients either in food or drink, though he doesn't say why. You might as well object to cider with sugar and raisins as to rye whiskey because it contains, or did, prune juice, burnt sugar, oil of magnezium and other assuagements. Straight liquor is hardly fit for human consumption until it is two or three hundred years old.

Last spring I was coming down the steep side of the roof of Europe in a rickety war-made Fiat and we stopped at a little Alpine village just as the shades of night were falling fast to ask the way, and we had a snort of alleged rum at the cafe. It was water-clear, tasted like the corn liquor of the Kentucky mountains and the answer was prepaid and prompt. The chauffeur was a perfectly proper young Y. M. C. A. man, but he made the next thousand feet of descent at 60 an hour, took all the curves on two wheels and burnt out the brakes. Sidney Morse, who was on the back seat with me, prayed for the first time in 42 years. Straight liquor? Not any, thanks—not if it's younger than I am. I'll tell you sometime about the 300-year-old grape brandy they dug out of an adobe wall at Parras, Old Mex. Three hundred years in the oak. Some stimulant, so them said as had some.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

P. P. G.—Forty years ago the state of Pennsylvania was known to dusty roadsters as "York," and apple butter was known as "Pennsylvania salve." You had it with every handout from the Pennsylvania Dutch. Never cared for it much. You can have mine.

Masculine Fashion Plates

As the World Wags:

What male of the species has not admired if not envied those lithographed groups of meticulously dressed Englishmen which he sees at his tailor's; freshly gloved, spatted, booted, spurred and spotlessly arrayed for all exclusive occasions where neither coat-wrinkle nor baggy trousers dare obtrude their disfiguring heads in stained-glass attitudes they pose in readiness to re-

spond to the social call and extend their benign favor impartially to ball, opera, garden-party, afternoon-tea or any form of outdoor sport, with appropriate attire guaranteed, whether the weather be fair or foul.

When our model reaches America his legs, perhaps from the sea voyage, have grown to unconscionable lengths and now occupy two-thirds the height of the body, while his feet have so expanded that one marvels how it was ever possible for their owner to force them through those slender towering pipes which he sports as trousers. But this problem is of small concern to the lordly model who has accomplished the feat, as he stands aloft scrutinizing the infinite, his countenance bearing the shadow of weighty responsibilities, tempered by the serene thought that his costume is faultless, and that it is given to but few here below to be blest with such an impeccable suit of hand-me-downs.

Then appears the college freshman model, debonnaire and smiling, his derby tilted to the back, sack-coat fastened by the lower button only, revealing above a little round chest like a pouter pigeon, boasting, like his brother, a pair of preternaturally long legs, joyful in his immaculate raiment, and, dear boy, ready to share his delight with the enraptured spectator.

Lastly, the collar-model. Ah! here, indeed, is a fine fellow! A modern Adonis sprung from the fount of perpetual youth that Ponce de Leon vainly sought, a head in whose modelling Velasquez might well have taken pride, blonde, clean-shaven, peach-and-cream complexion, sleek, glossy hair receding from his youthful brow in flowing waves, an expression au grand sérieux, and an unspoken challenge to the observer:

"Are you onto the curves of my collar? Can you beat it?"

One artist of this school not long ago rashly laid himself open to Cubist and Impressionist influences, and presented a type where curves became straight lines and angles, and reds and purples so predominated as to cause the face to wear a not remote resemblance to raw beefsteak. This cult was short-lived.

Where dwell these exquisite models? I seek to discover them in real life, but fail to find their equals in dignity, assurance and supreme content with their lot. They must have a philosophy as well as a world of their own, of too rarefied an atmosphere for ordinary mortals—these paragons of perfection and prim patterns of peerless pulchritude!

EBEN HOWARD GAY.

Boston.

A Gilt Pig

Some of our contemporaries reported that £30 apiece had been paid for some "gift pigs," somebody's blunder for "gift pigs." Possibly a conscientious typist looked out "gift" and was unable to find the word, so altered it to "gift."

Not one butcher's assistant out of ten could say what a "gift" is. Some thought it was a young boar. According to the New English Dictionary, the precise application of the term varies in different districts; in northwest Lincolnshire a "gift" is a young female pig that has never had a litter; in southwest Lincolnshire a female pig is a "gift" until she has had her second litter, when she is called a "sow."—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at the office yesterday. He pulled out a letter from his pocket and showed it to us with visible pride. The letter invited him to furnish a western publisher with a full account of his pedigree for a book entitled "First Families of America." The letter stated that this book is "designed" as the American counterpart of those world-famous publications, "Burke's Gentry" in Great Britain and "Qui Etes Vous" in France." We continued to read:

"America has never had a standard work of this character pertaining to its 'first families.' Based upon the cardinal principle of exclusiveness, the aim will be to make the work the accepted criterion to which may be referred all questions relating to the first families in the cultural and social life of the country."

"Herkimer, do you mean to say that at your time of life you have social ambition; that you will begin to talk about 'our best people,' like any haberdasher? Or do you class yourself with the 'first families' because your old house was among the first seen as one entered your little village?" We said this in sorrow, not in anger.

"But," answered Mr. Johnson in a joyous burst, "the letter says: 'In furnishing data for your personal and family record you will incur no obligation whatever.' Don't you see? I can be enrolled among the first families without paying anything for it."

"That's where you differ. Herkimer from many we have known: they were willing to pay any price. It is a pleasure to know that you are still a philosopher."

As the World Wags:

The Haverford school is growing violent and threatens to become sanguinary, and who in wonder, in view of the unpardonable language used by Mrs. Duffey, the teacher, in speaking of Mrs. Madigan to Master Madigan. These are her very words:

"Surely your mother should have a lower berth. Your mother would not want to climb into an upper berth."

No wonder that Mrs. Madigan, evidently a cool and sensitive woman, furiously rebuts these infamous and disgusting suggestions. Was it not in a precisely similar case that the immortal appeal of Rhenzi to the Roman people was uttered?

Be we men, and suffer such dishonor? Men, wash not the stain away in blood?

No wonder that, as the account goes on to say, "These matters will be aired before the supreme court." They ought to be.

What's the supreme court for?
Boston. HECTOR MUNSON.

P. S.—Miss Duffey is distinctly good-looking, and I should not like to be unduly influenced by the fact. Before forming a final opinion on the merits of the case, therefore, I should like to see a picture of Mrs. Madigan. Cannot the Herald procure one for purposes of comparison?

"How's Your Pult?"

As the World Wags:

Your recent discussions of peculiar expressions used in written or spoken English led me to note a certain peculiar word from which I have often heard, namely, pult, mount; plural, pults (with distinct enunciation of the "t"), meaning a pulse or transmitted wave, especially the arterial pulse as an index of bodily condition. For example: "Doctor, how is my pult today?"

Also pult, verb, transitive, regular meaning to observe the pulse as a physician, as I heard a man describe a physician: "He told him 'Stick out your tongue,' and he looked at it and pulted him," etc., etc. Some users of this form of speech have seemed a little uncertain about it—not quite sure it was right—but it was nevertheless, habitual with them and their families. But I never heard any one speak of "an impult" to do or not do anything.

"It is me" was a common error of my childhood speech, and was strictly corrected. Probably on account of such frequent corrections some people other than Ring Lardner's creation appear to feel that "me" is a word not to be spoken in polite circles. I have heard a college-bred minister speak to his congregation in course of his sermons of things which were "between you and I" a number of years before the bishop's letters to "Friend Al" began to appear.

It would be odd if that "League for the Use of Correct English," or whatever the organization is called, should establish like inhibitions in the minds of the oft-corrected users and perpetuate the very purpose of its being by producing new errors. This gives rise to serious and solemn reflections. I wonder which was first, the egg or the hen.

PAUL D. ELA.

"Pult" is a good English dialect word. In Cornwall it means the pulse. In Cumberland and in Scotland it means "a dirty and ungraceful woman; a fat and lazy creature"; in Cumberland it is also a term of endearment for a child. There is a verb "to pult about"; to go about in a lazy, dirty manner.—Ed.

"The Little Visitors" Icar

Mr. Frank Swinnerton's circumstantial account of the writing of "The Little Visitors," which, it appears, has been known in MS. to Miss Daisy Ashford's relatives and friends ever since it was written, puts an end to speculation about its authorship.

This will disappoint many, especially those who thought they discerned in the work a satire on Sir James Barrie himself, whose leg had, they thought, been most gloriously pulled when he was induced to write a preface.

And to identify Mr. Salteena with Sir James makes an even larger demand on credulity than the theory that he wrote the book himself. It rests almost wholly upon the passage in which Mr. Salteena is described as being "very fond of fresh air and royalties."—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS CROSBY MAKES HER DEBUT IN BOSTON

Young Soprano Displays Voice of Great Promise in Recital

Phoebe Crosby, a soprano singer new to Boston, gave a recital of songs last evening in Jordan Hall, accompanied by Conrad Bos. The program was divided into four parts—old English, Italian, French, and modern English and American songs.

Miss Crosby is a very young singer with a voice that has great promise, though she seems to have come recently from the hands of her teachers. She has a wide range of emotional ex-

pression. At times her voice has the dramatic type found in operas, where passionate utterance is demanded, and at times she sings a lament or a lullaby with simple, sweet grace so that one is tempted to call her a purely lyric soprano.

Balakireff, MacDowell and Schmitt Form Program

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 8th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Balakireff, Symphonic Poem "Thamar"; MacDowell, Concerto No. 2, D minor, for piano (Leo Ornstein, pianist); Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome," suite for orchestra.

Two noble dames, Salome and Thamar, in one afternoon! If Messalina and Catherine of Russia had also been portrayed in music, our joy would have been full. No doubt, the poets, novelists, painters, musicians have done Salome a grievous wrong. She was probably a slip of a girl, and her dance not so sensuous as those observed by unprejudiced spectators at balls patronized by "our best people." It is true she came to a sad ending, for she was married twice, had three sons by her second husband, and no doubt died highly respected.

Balakireff's music seems more picturesque and finely contrived when it is used for the superbly barbaric Russian ballet than when it is heard in a concert hall. The spectator, engrossed by the sensual and tragic doings on the theatre stage, does not then notice the vain repetitions, weak measures of transitions, the fatiguing tossing of a theme or a fragment of a theme from one solo instrument to another—an annoying trick of Tschaiakowsky's, by the way. These are clearly revealed when the same spectator sits in an orthodox concert hall. Yet when all is said in objection, this "Thamar" as a symphonic poem, written for the concert stage and without any thought of a ballet, is a fascinating work. Perhaps the orgy is the weakest part of it; it surely is inferior to the sections depicting the rushing waters of the Terek and the arrival of the ill-fated guest; far inferior to the magnificent close. Yes, this little man Balakireff, whose appearance seemed mean to Turgeneff, who was as bigoted religiously and as superstitious as Louis XI, had imagination. There was a rich vein of poetry in his soul. Perhaps Queen Tamara haunted him, as visions of fair women disturbed the pious slumbers of St. Anthony in the desert.

The question came up twice yesterday: Does music used for a ballet lose irreparably when it is transferred to the concert hall? Schmitt's "Salome" was written for a mute drama, for pantomime and dancing; Balakireff's "Thamar" was composed as a concert piece; yet we remember the latter as ballet music, and Schmitt's music, ingenious and fantastical as it is, does not come up to D'Humiere's prose poem which it portrays in tones.

The Prelude, the "Dance of Pearls" and "The Enchantments of the Sea," are singularly impressive; after them the thunder and lightning business, Mount Nebo vomiting flames and the "infernal frenzy" of Salome left us cold; without a touch of goose flesh, without the disarrangement of a hair. We were conscious of a mighty pothole on the stage. Perhaps 50 years from now, or even 25, this music will shake the souls of hearers, when the tragedy is enacted as a film-drama high up above the orchestra.

Mr. Montoux and the players, after a most successful trip of a fortnight, gave a remarkable performance of the two compositions, a performance remarkable as a technical display, supremely euphonious, wonderfully elastic. The city may well be proud of this orchestra as it exists today; the city may well be proud of Mr. Montoux. And yet the audience yesterday was sluggish, almost churlish in appreciation of an uncommonly brilliant concert.

This audience, however, recalled Mr. Ornstein several times. He well deserved the tribute, for he played the concerto in a masterly manner. Especially delightful was his reading of the tricky Scherzo, designed originally as material for a symphonic poem, "Beatrice and Benedick." The concerto is a dazzling virtuoso piece. Mr. Joseffy once told us he considered MacDowell's first concerto more individual. Many would have been glad to write the second.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor; Handel, Concerto for organ and orchestra, F major, No. 4 op. 4 (Joseph Bonnet, organist); Liszt, "The Dance in the Tavern" (Mephisto Waltz).

Dr. Richard G. Moulton is quoted as saying that the King James version of the Bible "lacks entirely the distinction of literary form. The King James trans-

lators saw the Bible as a series of texts." We knew that Dr. Moulton preferred the Revised Edition when he prepared his little volumes for publication, and we were sorry for him. The King James version has been regarded for years by old fogies—and we are delighted to be classed with them—as a glory of the English language. What does he mean by a "series of texts"? The books of the King James version were divided into chapters, but not into verses, as anyone can see by examining the handsome reprint in "The Tudor Translations." What a pity that Henley, the editor of the long series, died before he had written the preface to this edition. It was a great loss to literature.

One of Our Heroes

When Dr. Moulton says that the biblical story of Jonah and the whale is a "mythical comedy," we are moved to tears of anger. In our little village, we read the New England Primer with implicit faith?

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

This couplet was applied to Jonah. We still see the accompanying rude woodcut of the whale. Just as interesting details of the visit of Balkis, Queen of Sheba, to King Solomon are omitted in the Bible as it has come down to us, so the story of Jonah is sadly incomplete. One must consult the wisdom of the Rabbi. They tell us that Jonah paid his passage in advance, contrary to the prevailing custom; some say he gave up 4000 gold denarii, the value of the ship, a pot of money in those days.

The whale that received him was created at the beginning of the world for this purpose. Its seven eyes were as large as windows, and lamps lighted brilliantly its interior. Jonah was so comfortable, so interested in seeing the wonders of the deep that he would not pray. Whereupon he was shot into the crowded belly of another whale. Cramped, with his garments burnt by the heat, he prayed fervently, and at last the whale spat him out 968 parasangs, over 3000 miles, on the land. This distance is probably exaggerated. The whale died, according to some, as soon as Jonah entered it—this must have made Jonah all the more uncomfortable—but was revived after three days. We omit the curious adventure that the first whale and Jonah had with Leviathan, to whom Jonah showed the seal of Abraham. We also omit, for the sake of the fastidious, remarks made by Francois Garasse, Isadore de Peluse and our old friend Pierre Bayle.

The Mohammedan writers, also interested in Jonah, differ painfully as to the time he sojourned in the whale. Some suppose it was part of a day. Others three days, others seven, others 20, and others 40. It is not easy after many years to obtain exact information. Sir Thomas Browne considered gravely the matter of Jonah's gourd, but, unaccountably, did not shed light on the enforced stay in the whale. Hesychius insists that the whale was a large ship, which bore Jonah away. Some speak of Andromeda, Hercules, Vishnu and others in connection with Jonah. Their opinions are set forth at length in that bulky and singular book, "Anacalypsis," by Godfrey Higgins, Esq.

We remain steadfast in the faith, as the preacher whose eloquent sermon about Jonah is recorded in "Moby Dick." Jonah is not to us the hero of a farce-comedy, with surprising spectacular effects, in spite of Dr. Richard G. Moulton.

"Attend" and "Differ"

As the World Wags:

I read with much interest and some profit the letter of Mr. Wilfrid French in your column of Saturday last. But I was somewhat surprised to find such a purist using the phrase "had the pleasure to attend" in speaking of a lecture to which he had recently listened. As a schoolboy I had instilled into my youthful brain the forms "had the pleasure of attending" or "had pleasure in attending" as correct. The form "to attend" was used only in, say, acceptance of an invitation, thus, "should be pleased to attend," or, expressing a desire, "would like to attend," and never the other way. While it may be quite correct, it has, to my untuned ear, a harsh and awkward sound. Another phrase used frequently is "different to" or "different than." Why? In those halcyon days I have referred to "equal to," greater "than," less "than," different "from" were hammered into my head as the correct forms. One can and does use "is different from" or "differs from" indiscriminately. But who, whether purist or not, would ever say "differs than" and expect (to use slang) get away with it? H. L. MANKS.

Cambridge, Dec. 8.

There is no excuse for "different than," but "different to" has been used by many writers since the middle of the 16th century, among them Lockyer, Piddling, Thackeray. "Different than" (after "other than") has been used by Fuller, Addison, De Foe, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincy, Carlyle, Thackeray, Newman, Trench—the list is a long one. We personally prefer "different from," but a "purist" need not be ashamed to write or say "different than"; he is in good company. Yet the Fowlers in their "King's English" (1906) say that "different to" or "undoubtedly gaining ground, and will probably displace 'different from' in no long time; perhaps, however, the conservatism that still prefers 'from' is not yet to be named pedantry."—Ed.

"Memories of a Musical Career," by Clara Kathleen Rogers (Clara Doria), is published in a large volume of 603 pages, with 10 illustrations by Little, Brown & Co. of this city. There is a full index.

Mrs. Rogers, the wife of Henry M. Rogers, the distinguished counsellor-at-law, is best known to the younger generation as a teacher of singing and a writer of valuable books pertaining to her art; but she had, before she made Boston her dwelling place, an interesting career as a musician and a singer. "Musician" and "singer" are not necessarily synonymous.

She came of a musical family. Her father, John Barnett, was a voluminous composer, the author of many operas and operettas produced from 1823 to 1837, orchestral and chamber music, part songs and songs, and treatises on singing, for in 1841 he established himself as a vocal teacher. His "School for the Voice" has been reprinted several times. His "Mountain Sylph" (1834) was the first real English opera in the dramatic form followed by masters of the European continent. It enjoyed great popularity. Mrs. Rogers's mother was a daughter of Robert Lindley, a celebrated violinist in his day. Meyerbeer was a second cousin of John Barnett, whose father, Bernhard Beer, settling in England, changed his name to Barnett.

The first part of the book is devoted to reminiscences of her childhood, stories of youthful pranks, her visit to London, where she saw her grandfather Lindley, then over 80 years old, Lindley who had played for 52 years at the same desk at the Opera, the Philharmonic, the Festivals, etc., with Dragonetti, the great double bass player. Mrs. Rogers's brother Domenico was named after him; her sister Rosamonde's second name was Liszt, for Liszt was her godfather. The godfather of Mrs. Rogers was Buckstone, the comedian. The story of her girlhood is pleasantly told with side lights on the manners and customs of the period, but we are here concerned with the pages relating to music.

Joseph Barnett, John's brother, delighted in bragging about his son, John Francis Barnett, to the disadvantage of John's children. Furthermore, one day the children heard of a boy-pianist, John Sebastian Bach Mills, who could play the whole of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" from memory. (This was S. B. Mills, who, coming to New York in 1858, was for many years a prominent pianist.) Mrs. Rogers contented herself with learning the use of the concertina, which for some years was a concert instrument with a large and imposing literature. (Even as late as 1905 Miss Christine Hawkes in London gave an "Evening with the English Concertina" and played pieces by Dvorak, Grieg, Saint-Saens and Elgar.)

It was announced in the family that the wonderful cousin John Francis was going to the Leipzig Conservatory. This confirmed the opinion of Mrs. Rogers's parents that she and her sister Rosamonde, who afterwards married Francillon, the journalist and novelist, should go there to acquire a solid musical education.

Mrs. Rogers gives very few dates in her book, but John Francis went to Leipzig in 1856. She notes the arrival of Arthur Sullivan at the conservatory when she was there. Sullivan having taken a scholarship in London entered the Leipzig Conservatory in the fall of 1858.

Student Life in Leipzig

Mrs. Rogers was so young that the director of the conservatory reminded her family that no student was admitted under 15 years of age, but he relented after he examined the state of her proficiency. The conservatory was then simply conducted, also narrowly. The Germans did not then sing their hatred of England; Mrs. Rogers's classmates petted her; but there was no instruction in languages, "German, I presume, being regarded as the only language worthy of mention." Mrs. Rogers recalling her years at Leipzig

HELEN CRISTEN

wonders whether the more advanced methods of today, "the elaborate and all-embracing curriculums" are making for a greater degree of excellence. Whether there is not a "diffusion of energy which should be concentrated to produce great artists." She notes the ever-growing propensity of the rising generation to acquire a smattering of this and that . . . It is only by following closely one purposeful study at a time that we ever get to the heart of our subject."

There are delightful pen-sketches of the worthies at the Conservatory; old fuddy-duddies they seem to the irreverent youth of today: Moscheles, Ferdinand David, Plaidy, Richter, Hauptmann, Rietz—the gruff, rude Rietz whose correspondence with Pauline Viardot shows that he had a heart. The director Schleinitz thought that no music worth while had been written since the death of Mendelssohn. Music by Chopin and Schumann was admitted only on sufferance. Wagner's name was never mentioned. Italian music was "the sum of musical thought." Verdi was "a mere musical mountebank."

Mrs. Rogers, having the gift of absolute pitch and being versed in harmony, entered Richter's class, "the highest promotion ever conceded to female students in those days." Hermann Levi, afterward the famous conductor, then taught her younger brother Julius the rudiments of music for 25 cents an hour. Plaidy used to take the Barnett family into the country with him on a Sunday. There was a feast of rye bread, butter, raw smoked ham, milk, beer or lemonade, but it was a "Dutch treat." Moscheles played octaves with a stiff wrist. Mills was already in high repute as a pianist. There are entertaining descriptions of the classrooms and examinations, of the grand "Oeffentliche Aufuebung," a public test. The real reason why Moscheles did not like the music of Chopin was because his conservative fingers could not adapt themselves to it. "He was a faithful representative of the Mosale laws in music. A new dispensation was not for him." We have been told by pupils of Plaidy that he could not play the piano at all—his instrument was the violin—but he was an excellent teacher, more broad-minded in his taste than Moscheles.

Schroeder-Devrient sang to the students, an old woman whose voice had lost its charm; "her power of expres-

sion, her phrasing, and the deep significance she imparted to the poetry were something I have never heard equaled." Pauline Viardot visited the conservatory. She played a trio of Beethoven, for she was a skillful pianist as well as a great opera singer and actress. "Her voice was not beautiful; it had not in itself the charm and insinuating quality that some far less celebrated singers possess, but her control over it, her execution, her dramatic fervor were marvellous."

The girl students were generally a plain merino or serge dress, "often, for economy's sake, cut low in the neck to serve the double purpose of day and evening wear." A white cambric kerchief was crossed and fastened about the throat; in the evening bare shoulders were allowed. "There was no such pesky thing in those halcyon days as change of fashion. A perennial skirt and basque waist served all purposes for all time."

Madeline Schiller, well remembered here as a pianist, first introduced the students to fashionable clothes. She was tall, slender, willowy, graceful. "Yes, it was Madeline, may God forgive her, who brought the fig leaf into Eden." There are also sketches of Rudoff and Bache; Carl Rosa, the son of a Hamburg inn keeper, violinist, conductor, the husband of Parepa, Franklin Taylor, Felix Moscheles, afterwards painter. There is a long account of Arthur Sullivan.

The Student Sullivan

Sullivan, when he entered the conservatory, was "a smiling youth with an oval, olive-tinted face, dark eyes, a large, generous mouth and a thick crop of dark, curly hair, which overhung his low forehead." His attitude was free and unconstrained. He at once became intimate with the Barnett family, and Mrs. Rogers was thrilled when he praised her string quartet. At last she felt that she was no longer a child in his sight. "He had recognized in me the potential woman!" It appears from her description that Sullivan was an accomplished flirt.

"It was part of Sullivan's very nature to ingratiate himself with every one that crossed his path. He always wanted to make an impression, and what is more, he always succeeded in doing it. Whenever some distinguished person came for the Gewandhaus concerts or to visit the Conservatorium, Sullivan always contrived to be on hand to render some little service which brought him to their notice and formed an entering wedge to their acquaintance. In this way he got into personal touch with most of the celebrities, while the rest of us only worshipped in the distance. It was this instinct, followed on a large scale, that had much to do with his

subsequent social success in high quarters and his intimacy at the court of England. He was a natural courtier; which did not prevent him, however, from being a very lovable person."

Meeting him afterwards in Berlin and London, her impression was unchanged.

A Singer's Beginning

The singing teacher at the Conservatory was Franz Goetze. The two sisters studied with him.

"Goetze's method of developing voices was founded on correct diction, the correct sound of all the vowels and the relation of the vowel to the consonant forming the bone and sinew not only of declamatory singing but also of bel canto. There was no talk of 'voice placing' or of 'local effort.' Fine tone production depended on a fine perception of musical sounds, either natural or acquired. Not that he put it that way, but that was actually what it amounted to, as I recall it in the light of my more mature experience of today. I am persuaded that there was soundness in his method, and certainly the numbers of distinguished German singers who received instruction from him—among whom were Stockhausen and George Henschel—attest it. . . . I was doubtless for him an embodiment of the too little recognized fact that the ear is generalissimo of the vocal organs. I say this because I was able to perform certain feats in vocalizing without in the least knowing how and with but little or no practice. It was quite evident in my case that mental audition was the man inside the puppet show that made the dolls dance! It was easy for me to conceive with the necessary rapidity each individual sound in any vocal flight, no matter how intricate, and this musical concept was in itself the driving force."

Their father's ambition had always been that the two girls should become singers. He sent them to Leipsic to make them all-round musicians and fit them for pianists if their voices did not develop in the way he hoped. "A voice is only an instrument; it takes a musical creature to play upon it." The

sisters received their diplomas and left Leipsic for Berlin.

Life in Berlin

In Berlin they played to Buelow. He said to Mrs. Rogers: "Your playing is of the academic order which is the inevitable result of the kind of education you have received at the Leipsic Conservatorium, where everything is cut and dried. Your accentuation, your working of rhythm is almost aggressive." She meekly replied that Plaidy insisted that his pupils should accent the first of the bar, for the perfect maintenance of rhythm. Buelow quoted a remark once made to him by a violinist: "It took me one-half of my life to learn how to play in time, and the other half to learn to play out of time." They met Cosma, saw much of her. Their singing teacher was Mme. Zimmerman, an unpretending little woman, not much over five feet in height. She gave little suppers, "smoked goose-breast, Italian salads (a delightful concoction of pickled fish and all sorts of sour-sweet pickled fruits), various sorts of sausages, and a large dish of grated brown bread—mixed with vanilla-flavored whipped cream to top off with." The wonder is that Mrs. Rogers lived to tell the tale. She met delightful people of high rank, among them Prince George, a great lover of music. When Desirée Artot, the opera singer whom Tschalkowsky madly loved, arrived at the Olvers, after the opera, all the guests rose to their feet to pay her honor. "I am writing of that good old Germany, the seat of simple living and high thinking. Alas, and yet alas! Where is that Germany now?" The sisters met their relation, Meyerbeer, quietly dignified and impressive. Pauline Lucca, scarcely more

than 16, was singing in opera, not sparing her voice.

Across the Alps

In 1861 the family started for Italy. In Milan they began lessons with San Giovanni, preferring him to Lamperti. Her teacher at first discouraged her, saying she could become only a very finished parlor singer, for her voice was small.

The account of her student life in Italy and of her operatic career in that country, with many entertaining descriptions of men, women and manners, is of engrossing interest, and tempts to frequent quotation, but space is limited. San Giovanni told her it was his business to teach persons to sing if they had voices; he did not believe voices could be made. Mrs. Rogers's real education as an Italian opera singer came from hearing performances at La Scala. There is a vivid account of Santley singing at that opera house, with shrewd reflections on Italian characteristics, as displayed in their treatment of singers. San Giovanni, by the way, once excused himself from a lesson by admitting that he had eaten 30 large, fat, gray snails fried in oil.

In Milan, the sisters took the name "Doria," which they had found in Bulwer's "Fanzini." Mrs. Rogers made her debut when she was not yet 18 at Turin as the prince's in "Robert the Devil"

She then sang at the opera in Parma in Mascara and Adalgisa in Norma, at Genoa. The sisters then went to Leghorn, where they were pursued by a man of great influence and wealth, "whose boast it was that he had been intimate with every prima donna who had sung in Leghorn since he had come to man's estate—their possession being to him much the same matter of pride as are scalps to the Indians." This gives opportunity for Mrs. Rogers to talk frankly about the vexed question of morality on the Italian stage and off it. She concludes: "I know of no people who have a higher appreciation of true morality when they happen to come across it. A really moral woman is a sacred thing to them as soon as she is recognized as such, and true chastity may dwell among them unafraid either on or off the stage. In all the years that we remained in Italy neither Rosamond nor I ever received an insult of any kind. We met with respect everywhere—a respect sometimes almost amounting to reverence."

Other engagements followed. One of the most entertaining chapters is the one relating adventures in Molfetta, in the Apulia region. In Naples her quartet was performed at the house of an amateur. Then came an engagement at the San Carlo, but family reasons took the sisters back to England.

England and Ireland

Arriving in 1867 she heard Titiens, "a noble singer in every sense of the word." She was somewhat disappointed in Sims Reeves, finding the quality of his tone throaty. "I found later on hearing a number of English tenors in London, that all of them had more or less of that same spongy quality and that it was accepted by the British public as the proper thing—in fact, as the National Tenor Voice." Homesick, yearning for Italy, she went to Dublin as a member of Mapleson's company. We learn from "Annals of the Theatre Royal, Dublin," by Levey and O'Rourke, that on Sept. 26, 1867, she made her first appearance as Amina in "La Sonnambula." On the 27th she took the part of Lucia. Mmes. Titiens, Leblache, Sinico, Trebelli-Bettini, Bauermeister were in the company, as were Tomhesi, Hohler, Santley, Gassier, Bettini, Zeboll, Foll, Bevigiani was the conductor.

She found her life in London artistically demoralizing. England is not inherently a musical nation, in her opinion. "Music was made a commercial commodity by an unholy trinity of composers, singers and publishers. I allude to the 'royalty' system which did much toward lowering musical standards." Socially she enjoyed herself, knowing Manuel Garcia, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Frederick Cowen, Julius Benedict, Parepa Rosa, the Salamans. Parepa liked "the people." She said to Mrs. Rogers in this country: "I would far rather sing 'Five O'Clock in the Morning' to 5000 people in Boston Music Hall than all the masterpieces that have ever been written to one of your refined audiences." Mrs. Rogers found Charles Halle cold-blooded, while Norman Neruda, the violinist, the future Lady Halle, was of a far different temperament. "Adelina Patti always afforded us entertainment, for wherever she was she always seemed conscious of an audience and played to the gallery, so to speak. After singing 'O luce di quest'anima,' loaded with skyrockets, she would rush panting down the steps from the platform and throwing herself into the arms of Strakosch, cry out in a plaintive voice, 'Oh, it's so high—so high!' and immediately after she would return to the stage to sing an encore with still more high notes and skyrockets! I never remember her sister Carlotta singing where Adelina was. I think they must have purposely avoided colliding with each other!"

In America

Carl Rosa offered Mrs. Rogers an engagement with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company bound for America. Mmes. Vanzini, Seguin, Cook and Tom Karl, Wm. Castle, "Sher" Campbell, Ainsley Cook and Edward Seguin were her comrades, as were Miss Schofield, Thomas Whiffen, Ellis Ryse. Mrs. Rogers made her first appearance at the Academy of Music, New York, as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl"—according to Brown's "History of the New York Stage," which is not always trustworthy. During that engagement she appeared as Lella in "Satanella" and Donna Elvira. Mrs. Rogers gives the year "1872" and says that the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro" was another role. She did not feel the elation she felt in Italy. "The joy of singing to a really discriminating audience was not to be mine in America at that time!" She sang in other cities, had an offer from Max Maretzck, but returned to London, where she soon began to experience the same "shut down," "bound in" and stale feeling which had before oppressed her in that town. Again she crossed the Atlantic to seek her fortune. Lucca, Kellogg, Rubinstein and Wien-

awski were on board. She began as a church singer in Brooklyn. Maretzck engaged her for special operatic performances: the Page in "The Huguenots," parts in "Le Postillon de Lon-

gmeau" with Wagner's "Der Fliegende schiff" with Lucca, "Merry Wives of Windsor" with Lucca and Kellogg. She wondered at Brignoli, crude and childishly vain. "Is a phenomenal tenor voice a result of arrested intelligence?" She sang at festivals. At the Boston Theatre she took the part of Donna Elvira, with Kellogg as Donna Anna and Lucca as Zerlina. Dr. Langmaid introduced her to Otto Dresel. She came to Boston as soprano at Trinity Church; her first public appearance as a concert singer was at a "Harvard Symphony Concert."

At Home in Boston

Mrs. Rogers has much to say about her life in Boston, her association with William Hunt, Louis Agassiz, Longfellow, the Whipples, the Fields. She indulges herself freely in anecdotes. She found Boston "restricted in its outlook," with aspirations to be familiar with and to appreciate the better thing, and Boston was self-conscious "as a sort of self-constituted advance guard of advanced thought." It was hard for her to conform with the fashions in dress. Arraying herself for her first party, she asked Mrs. Dresel to select a gown. "My dear, you cannot wear any of these!" she exclaimed in holy horror. "It is not the custom here to wear dresses cut low in the neck, as it is in England." As I owned nothing between the usual day and dinner dresses, what was I to do? We finally compromised on a gumpas improvised out of a lace scarf, so that though more gayly attired than the rest, I was, at least, impeccably modest!"

She was struck with the peculiar custom of using the Christian name in lieu of the prefix Mr., Mrs. or Miss. "How new everything was to me! For instance, the exclusiveness of certain coteries, the ignoring of any one not 'in their set.' I recall that once at a luncheon given by Leslie Codman I was telling of a very charming woman I had met in crossing the ocean.

"Do you happen to know her?" I asked of my hostess. "She lives in Boston."

"Never heard of her," was the brisk reply; and from the other end of the table, "There isn't any such person!"

"With a pleasant smile, which was meant to remove any sting from the speech, I remarked, 'In other words, any one not 'in your set' is practically non-existent.'"

It would be a pleasure to quote descriptions of Mrs. Rogers's adventures in the middle West and beyond on a concert tour with Camilla Urso—the unsophisticated audiences, the dreadful hotels; but this pleasure is forbidden us. The final pages describe her meeting with Mr. Rogers in Liverpool, her companion on the voyage, her betrothal and her wedding.

Of her wedded, yet musically active, life she says: "That is another story—our story—to which this story of mine is only the prelude. It must begin with our wedding journey, but where it will end must be 'as God pleaseth.'"

Head-walter of the chop-house here,
To which I most resort,
I, too, must part: I hold thee dear
For this good pint of port.
For this thou shalt from all things suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter:
And, whoso'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.
But thou wilt never move from hence,
The sphere thy fate allot:
Thy latter days increased with pence
Go down among the pots,
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
In haunts of hungry sinners.
Old boxes, larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand diners.
We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is, under polish'd tins,
To serve the hot-and-hot;
To come and go, and come again,
Returning like the pewit,
And watch'd by silent gentlemen,
That trifle with the cruel.

That Beefsteak Pudding

As the World Wags:
Replying to the communication in your issue of Dec. 15 signed Hallday Witherspoon, I wish to say that the place referred to where the celebrated beefsteak pudding was served was the Cheshire Cheese, and was not on the Strand proper, but was located a few blocks from Ludgate Hill, at least a mile or more from Simpson's old restaurant, London, Eng.

The celebrated beefsteak pudding was served also on Wednesdays at noon. The crust was a marvel of delicacy, and a mystery was connected with the compounding thereof. The pudding actually weighed, I believe, 90 pounds, and was served with great formality. So generous were the portions of this celebrated dish that any one who had the courage to take more than one portion would usually have to walk several miles thereafter in order to escape indigestion. It was customary at one time, I believe, to include with the mushrooms, kidneys, oysters and beef, also larks, and there were few more delicious dishes than this pudding. The cheese mentioned in the letter was referred to as "all cheese," and was served in the "stard" (cucumber) panikin with "stard" hereon.
After these dishes had been served

There is nothing sadder than the passing of chop-houses, eating-houses, oyster rooms where once there was good cheer, where once there was good talk. London was particularly rich in these places. The names of some of them may remain, but there is another street, another service, another crowd. The famous Simpson's vanished in 1902, the Simpsons in the Strand where a wonderful saddle of butter was brought to your table on a silver-plated wagon. It had been a meeting place for authors, editors, actors, chess-players, journalists for half a century. It is a pity that Mr. Flower, who had long been the head waiter there, was killed in 1902, did not write his memoirs.

Where now is "Dolly's," which stood in Queen's Head passage, Paternoster Row. I only know her business; she provided good plain fare served by pretty and efficient waitresses. In 1845 a writer in "The Times of Biography" said of the place: "The bar-maid was chosen for her beauty and obliging disposition, the other female servants were of a like disposition and the waiters were particularly efficient." All the old emblems of the chop-house were there, the oh-so-riveting, and as white bread, the oh-so-grateful, and as pepper, the oh-so-tender, and as pot-herbs, the oh-so-change alley, Lombard Street, closed in December, 1915, after an existence of 200 years or more. It was always faithful to the Willow-pattern plate and to pewter. On one of the walls was a portrait of James, who had waited there for 35 years. The ground floor was devoted to chops and steaks. On the floor above, a joint dinner was served, a rosin piping hot from the kitchen, followed by a leg of mutton equally hot. In 1794 Nonconformist ministers met there. They united "in prayer and deliberation on behalf of millions of their race suffering from sin and devoted to idolatry." Thus was the London Missionary Society brought into existence.

Where now is the Old Cook Tavern, famous for its soup; the Woolpack Tavern, noted for luncheons and noble joints; the George and Vulture, where once nothing was sold but chops and steaks, kidneys and sausages; Louisa's, Garroway's, the Old Jerusalem; the Old Bengal, celebrated for its beer and cut of cold beef? If the name exists in any instance, the character has changed.

"Limmer's," a famous hostelry in Conduit street, Hanover-square, the great sporting tavern, closed its career in 1903. A frequenter once said it was the cheapest place in London to stay at: "A fellow never wants anything there except a dress-suit." Thousands of thousands of pounds changed hands there. Occasionally a gentleman, kept too long by a waiter, would draw a duelling pistol and shoot the clock. Billy Duff, grand uncle of the Duke of Fife, lured ill-dressed pipers into the coffee room and danced a reel clad only in his shirt. John Belivar lived there during his exile. He was looked after by John Collins, the waiter that gave his name to a fragrant drink. Charles Sheridan sang of him: "My name is John Collins, head waiter at Limmer's."

In Bond Street, Hanover-square, the old occupation is filling of brimmers for gentlemen frequenting there.

Then there was The Pledge in Old Thracian street. A thousand chops and steaks were often cooked there in the morning with an immense number of kidneys and sausages. No customer took less than a pint of beer or porter, and pints of port or sherry were guzzled in enormous quantity.

Good old days, gone forever! Where are those chop-houses now? Gone with Hans Breitmann's "barty"—"afay in de ewigkeit."

In a Chop-House

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"THE MESSIAH" AT SYMPHONY HALL

Handel and Haydn Society Give 140th Performance

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, the Handel and Haydn Society gave its time-honored Christmas production of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah." Those who have the notion that only the latest idols among tenors or sopranos or shock-headed violinists and only music of the novel or "popular" or sensational variety will draw a great crowd, should have seen the throng that filled every seat and all the standing room at this 140th performance of the work by the ancient society. They should have heard the enthusiastic applause that greeted the singing of the old arias and recitatives by the soloists and the familiar choruses by the choir.

and help in a plot that the chief Hun spy was to explode there and garish the allies. Right there the undoing of the Sherlock began and when the big plot failed to go off in the basement of the house of George Bennett, a British cabinet member, at least 250 of the

Dec 23 1919

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Unknown Purple," a play in a prologue, an episode, and three acts, by Roland West and Carlyle Moore, adapted from Mr. West's original story.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.
Those in Prison: [First Convict, known as Hawkins, a thief,.....Number 1137
[Second Convict,.....Number 1403

CHARACTERS IN THE EPISODE
as related by Convict No. 1137 as they appear:
Hawkins, a thief,.....Convict 1137
Jewel, the wife,.....Miss Thais Magrane
Ruth, Jewel's sister,.....Miss Eveta Knudsen
Bonnie, a friend of Jewel's,.....Miss Vivian Allen
Peter Marchmont, Jewel's husband,.....George Probert
James Dawson, Marchmont's friend,.....Benedit MacQuarrie
Phelan, from headquarters,.....E. L. Duane

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.
Robby Dawson,.....Miss Ethel Downie
Ruth Charleston,.....Miss Eveta Knudsen
Richard Bradbury,.....Henry Heddling
James Dawson,.....Benedit MacQuarrie
George Allison, head of the Allison Detective Bureau,.....Joseph Starke
Bonnie Allison,.....Miss Vivian Allen
Mrs. James Dawson,.....Miss Thais Magrane
Johnson, butler to the Dawsons,.....Herbert Ashton
The Stranger,.....V. Cronpoint
Burton Allison's head man,.....Grant Sherman
"The Unknown Purple" is that rarest of rare things in the theatre nowadays—a really thrilling, rapid-fire melodrama that keeps one hanging on to the chair in front during every minute of the performance. Shivers chase up and down one's spine—delicious shivers of suspense and mystery; just as good shivers as "David Balfour" ever produced. From the moment that the curtain rises on the prologue, a gloomy prison in a Kansas town, until it descends on the last blood-curdling gleam of light, the play is 100 per cent. entertainment.

It would not be quite fair to those who will go to see the play to divulge the story. Suffice it to say that its singular title refers to a purple ray—evidently some development of the X-ray—which renders its inventor invisible.

Through this extraordinary power, he is able to work a revenge of exquisite torture—worthy of the Inquisition—on the wife and friend who had been faithful to him; before he is done with them they are on the verge of insanity, penitence, utterly ruined. The play ends with his complete triumph; even the detectives who have been hired to trap him fail because they cannot very well shoot at a man who is invisible, nor can they grasp a ray of purple light.

Mr. West, the author, has contrived a most ingenious play; what is more, it is a well written play; the interest never slackens for a moment, and the company which presents it does it full justice. George Probert as the young inventor and later in the role of mystery does some fine acting; restrained, powerful, and with all the "atmosphere" essential to the part. Thais Magrane is one of the best "bad women" we have ever seen, and never loses an opportunity to add her quota of thrills; also she very cleverly dresses the part; "bad women" on the stage, we have noticed, are conspicuous either by a total lack of color on their gowns, or an exceedingly high collar.

Mr. McQuarrie as James Dawson, the faithful friend, and Mr. Slaytor as the bullying detective, gave excellent portrayals of two characteristic types. Miss Knudsen as Ruth Charleston, the yucky little sister, and later as the one worth while member of the Dawson entourage, was most attractive and made no attempt to overdo a naturally lesser role. Miss Allen as Bonnie Allison was a splendid Mrs. Malaprop and Mr. Ashton as Johnson, the accomplice butler, worked up many a situation by his spooky acting. The other members of the cast did equally good work. Altogether, one leaves the theatre with a sense of having had a ripping good time.

TREMONT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Three Faces East," a war secret service play in a prologue and three acts by Anthony Paul Kelly. Cast:

Kriegler,.....Joseph Solman
Higene,.....Violet Heming
Capt. Lachow,.....Otto Niemeyer
Col. Von Ritter,.....Fred J. Fairbanks
Capt. Arthur Bennett,.....Frank Westerton
George Bennett,.....Charles Harbury
Valdar,.....Maurice Freeman
Thompson,.....Herbert Evans
Mrs. George Bennett,.....Marion Gray
Dorothy,.....Kitty Arthur
Yeats,.....Frank Sheridan
Mabel,.....Mabel Whitcomb
Hewlett,.....Joseph Holicky
Berkson,.....Edward L. Cullen
Lt. Frank Bennett,.....William Jeffrey
Nurse,.....Madge Westerton

There were 257 Sherlock Holmeses in the Tremont Theatre last night when in the prologue they heard Col. Ritter of the German secret service in Berlin, give Helene, the Kaiser's most trusted woman spy, instructions to go to London

and help in a plot that the chief Hun spy was to explode there and garish the allies. Right there the undoing of the Sherlock began and when the big plot failed to go off in the basement of the house of George Bennett, a British cabinet member, at least 250 of the

amateur sleuths had been fooled—not only that once in the final revelation, but a dozen times in the course of this baffling tale of intrigue and deception.

Violet Heming began the mystification and the laying of traps for both the Huns and the audience in the obfuscating way in which she received her instructions and the manner in which she learned the spy pass words: "Three faces east" and "Forward and back." She convinced the Germans and bamboozled her hearers by the Hunnish heartiness of her "Gott strafe England." She kept it up after she appeared in the family of George Bennett, welcomed as an English girl who had escaped from Germany after the war began.

Maurice Freeman, as Valdar, Bennett's huter; Charles Harbury, as Bennett; Frank Sheridan, as Yeats, head of the British secret service; Mabel Whitcomb as Miss Risdon, a typist who ticked code messages on her typewriter; Herbert Evans, as Thompson, who got Helene to London from Liverpool after she had been landed on the Irish coast from a U-boat, and all the others helped with unrivalled skill to get everyone facing north, south and west. Instead of east and cutting mental circles or going up and down instead of forward and back. People got so mixed at times as to speculate whether George Bennett was really a cabinet minister or a Hun sleuth. There was not a minute from start to finish when there was relaxation from the intense guessing what was what, who was who and what would happen next.

Miss Heming, who mixed her expressions of German and English sympathies and emotions in the most fascinating and puzzling way; Mr. Freeman, who made it impossible to tell whether he was a Belgian with one bullet in his cheek and two next his heart or a Hun spy of largest calibre; Mr. Sheridan, who seemed to be the only absolutely dependable person England could rely on—and he was Irish—did the heavy work of mystification. All the others helped splendidly and that was one reason why not more than five or six of the Sherlocks present unravelled the plot till the end came.

It would not be fair to the thousands who will want to see this mystery revealed to tell just how it turned out. It would rob the play of nine-tenths of its poignant interest. But it is proper to say that there is thrilling expectancy every moment up to the very last and a tremendous wave of satisfaction in seeing the German secret service beaten at its own game by the keen mind of an Irish detective and the skill and courage of a girl.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Bohemian Girl." Opera in four acts; music by Michael W. Balfe; libretto by Alfred Bunn. The cast:

Arlene,.....Hazel Eden
Thaddeus,.....Joseph F. Sheridan
Count Arnhelm,.....William F. Northway
Devil-shop,.....Bertram Goltz
Florestin,.....Philip Fein
Gypsy Queen,.....Alice May Carley

BILL AT KEITH'S

Twelve Navassar Girls Chief Attraction

The Twelve Navassar Girls, a musical organization, is the chief attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested. Many of the acts have an especial appeal to the children, but this does not mean that they are any less interesting to adults. In the afternoon the performance concludes with a Christmas pantomime and tree and there are gifts for all the children.

The Twelve Navassar Girls are a pretty aggregation, and a beautiful stage setting adds to the picture. The act concludes with the Anvil Chorus with a quartet of the performers pounding on the anvils and the iron works in interesting perspective. The tempo of all the numbers marred the pleasure of the performance and there was a tendency to gallop through. No doubt this was caused by crowding too much into the allotted time. Miss Van Atta, Miss Powers and Miss Hall gave pleasure in solos.

Other acts were MacCart and Bradford, in a sketch, made interesting by Mr. MacCart's remarkably clever jag; Yates and Reed, in a snappy act of song and chatter; Reynolds Donegan company in a skating and dancing act; Wish Wynne, English comedienne, in character studies; the Gaudsmidt Brothers and their Spanish Poodles, in comedy acrobatic act; Frank Gaby, in one of the best ventriloquist acts of the season; the Silverlakes, aerial performers, and Frank Hurst, in a listless monologue.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Tumble In."

In, a musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Otto Harbach; music by Rudolph Friml. Based upon Mary Roberts Rinehart's and Avery Hopwood's farce, "Seven Days." The cast:
The Burglar,.....Joe Dolan
Nicholas, a footman,.....Ivan Strogoff
Mabel,.....Mabel Perry
John Wilson,.....John Philbrick
Dollie Brown,.....Carl McCullough
Kitty McNair,.....Ada Hubbard
Anne Wilson,.....Ada Meade
Tom Harbison,.....Charles Knowlton
Bella Knowles,.....Eleanor Williams
Aunt Selina,.....Alice Johnson
Flannigan,.....John Kelly
Olga, a maid,.....Olga Misuka

The old plot of "Seven Days"—which centred around a house party that found itself quarantined because of the Japanese butler's attack of chickenpox—appeared last night for the first time in Boston at the Park Square Theatre under the title, "Tumble In."

The play is full of life and the dancing spirited. Although the music is not striking, it proved pleasing enough last night to lengthen the show beyond the usual time limit. The scenery, perhaps, is not as startling as the usual run of musical comedies which have appeared lately; but this fault is made up by the unique scene in which the girls "tumble in" to the beds which they have strapped to their backs.

John Philbrick as the divorced husband, well recalled in the original farce, keeps the audience in continual laughter trying to deceive his aunt Selina on whom he is dependent. He fills the part well and his song, "The Argentine, Portuguese and Greeks," was the hit of the evening.

Ada Hubbard as Kitty McNair has a most pleasing personality and dances with nimbleness and grace. She won the applause of the audience by her singing of "I've Told My Love," which is one of the best songs in the play.

Ada Meade as the intoxicated fiancée with her psychic powers adds vastly to the joy of the evening as does her song, "Limbo Land," which is the most useful in the production. A pretty chorus adds materially.

Dec 27 1919

GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN, MAY.
(By "J. C." in the N. Y. Evening Post.)
Go back to the kitchen, May;
For the Latest One has been;
Go back to the kitchen, May;
And contend with the meal alone;
And she left the dishes unwashed on the tray,
But what sugar we had is gone.
Now a life is just one meal
On the tiding up of the last,
And appetite is the sensation we feel
When the time for repasting has passed,
Prolonged by the thrusting of hunger's heel
In cavities made by the fast.

One day and one night she stayed,
This Flim or Slevene or Pole,
Before an acquaintance even was made
With that mad of reticent soul
She had fled away like a portly shade,
But first emptied the sugar bowl.

I said to the skillett, "She was but one
And twenty, with heart to be gay,"
But now again I am left alone;
She was eager to dance and play,
And she is the fourteenth who has gone.
Do none of them ever stay?
None of them ever? Answer was, "None—
At least not for more than a day."

"The Cheshire Cheese"

As the World Wags:
Why this uncertainty as to location? The "Cheshire Cheese" is on Wine Office court, a little alley running off the Strand, say about 50 feet from the Strand. Famous place for "elubs" to gather and dine up stairs once a month or so. Mostly "elty" chaps who lived at Hornsey Rise or East Croyden, or some other harmless suburb. You know the sort of dinner: a chair and a vice chair, abundant food and no limit on ale. During speech time plenty of "Hear, Hears," "capital" "well said," winding up with all hands joining in "Auld Lang Syne," invariably keyed four notes too high by some eager bank clerk, and rendered discordantly. After every chap has spoken, the same eager boy always leads in that horribly mechanical forer of good fellowship, "For's he a jolly good fellow," with the honored one gazing modestly (and properly drunk) at his plate. Then home by cab at 2 A. M. and a terrible struggle to get up next morning. I doubt if many literary celebrities dined there. Mostly American tourists like myself. The lark and kidney pudding was great, also the scorched bread.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.
No, Mr. Robinson, the Cheshire Cheese was frequented by many others than the members of "elubs" you have vividly described. It was a favorite meeting place for professional men of high standing. Mortimer Collins mentioned it in his parody of Tennyson's stately manner:
King Arthur, growing very tired indeed
Of wild Tintagel, now that Lancelot
Had gone to Jersey or to Jerico,
And there was nobody to make a rhyme,
And Cornish girls were christened Jennifer,
And Cornish girls were christened Jennifer,
And Cornish girls were christened Jennifer.

W. L. C. Heard Chattering at "The Trojan Women"

Mr. W. L. Courtney of the London Daily Telegraph heard this chatter of the stalls when he was attending a performance of "The Trojan Women."

Homely Lady from the Suburbs: Here we are at last! I thought we should never arrive—what with the overcrowded buses. And people are so rude in the trams, it looks rather a strange place. Doesn't it? But it seems the proper thing to see this play, and no doubt it will do us some good.

Duffy vs. Madigan

As the World Wags

It is a pity that so much ill-feeling is being created at a time when we are all wishing "peace on earth, good-will to men," because of an imaginary journey in an imaginary Pullman. I don't agree with Mr. Hector Munson in thinking that a photograph of Mrs. Madigan would be any help. It might influence the decision of the supreme court, and we women all want to see justice done, whichever woman may be the handmaiden. Naturally Mrs. Madigan thought Miss Duffy intimated she was too stout to climb the ladder to the upper berth, but she may be mistaken. I weigh 140 pounds, which is not an awful weight, but nothing would induce me to climb into an upper berth. These berths are not fit for ladies anyway, and I dare say that was what Miss Duffy thought. I once read the following story; it will not hurt any of us to laugh in the midst of this tragedy.

A man and his mother were traveling together. The son went into the dining car for his dinner. His mother, probably, woman fashion, either "wasn't hungry," or economized and had taken her lunch in a box. Her son felt very much troubled because his mother could get only an upper berth. I must interrupt my story lest Mrs. Madigan may think that I think she has a son old enough to go into a dining car and order his own dinner. I do not think any such thing, I know better. To continue: The son said to a man at the same table: "I am worried because my mother has to sleep in an upper berth." The man answered: "I have a lower one and shall be glad to exchange with her. The son thanked him profusely. The kind man went on: "I'll see if the man who has the upper berth in my section will not change with you so that you and your mother can have the same section." "Oh, no," the son replied, "I don't want to make any change, I have a lower berth myself; I was only looking out for my mother."

Brookline. S. C. B.

P. S. Don't you think the Street Railway Co. was primarily to blame for this whole trouble? It should have known better than to have Miss Duffy's betrothed, a motor man, on a car passing her school. Probably she was excited after seeing him and waving her hand, and did not realize what she was saying about Mrs. Madigan and the upper berth.

Missed Her Calling

Miss Maia Bang, a Norwegian now in this country, is a violinist. She should have studied the piano.

Compositions by Brahms, Handel and Liszt Prominent on the Program

The program of the ninth pair of Boston Symphony concerts, Pierre Monteux, conductor, the first of which was given yesterday in Symphony Hall, follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1 in C minor; Handel, Concerto in F major No. 4 (organist); Joseph Bonnet; Liszt, "The Dance in the Village Tavern" (Mephisto Waltz), from Lenau's "Faust."

Undisturbed by the holidays, the concert patrons were present in full number to enjoy the good, solid, foundational music of Brahms, Handel and Liszt. Joseph Bonnet, a devoted exponent of the older and finer organ music, is to be commended for choosing the Concerto in F major No. 4, which in no part is "lesser" Handel. It was perhaps Handel's genius that made the display in the first movement plausible and impressive, the ornament felicitous in all its elaboration. The Andante, dignified and serene, is wonderfully rich in treasure, and the final Allegro, nobly ushered in, piles up in power by contrapuntal skill to a high point of joyousness. Complemented by the singing strings about him, Mr. Bonnet's playing was ideal to the purpose—clean, delicate and poised, always respectful of the ensemble. Judging from the many bows he had to make, he must have provided as much pleasure as many a pianist and singer.

Applying to the first Symphony of Brahms, always eagerly returned to, which on this occasion had a robust and sonorous performance. In the famous solo passage for the French horn, Mr. Van Den Berg, newly come to the orchestra from Europe, disclosed a smooth and lustrous tone which fully qualified him to sit with such distinguished virtuosi as Messrs. Longy, Sand, Laurent and Fradkin, who glorified the exquisite episodes allotted to them, and were again well heard in the

music of Liszt. The "Mephisto Waltz" cannot compete with certain symphonic poems if only a tune is desired, but the devil described in it is interesting—more so for his trumphy and sleight-of-hand. As orchestration the piece remains splendid to hear with effects unsurpassed.

The program for the Symphony concerts of Jan. 2 and 3, follows: Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"); Debussy, "Jeux" ("Play"), a danced poem; Glazounoff ("Stenka Razin"), symphonic poem.

Dec 28, 1919

The critic of the London Times is of the opinion that the objection to thumping the piano and clapping that achievement is not the exceeding loudness of these operations, but the confusion they cause. "Science has not yet measured the volume of sound, but common sense tells us that the clear sound of a trumpet or full blast of a whistle in Paddington station is quite as loud and not so stressing as a thumped piano, which confounds the issues. Music demands earnestness above everything, which is no doubt one of the reasons why it helps to cure jangled nerves. Noise, i. e., confusion of pitches, terrifies, not because it rains the ear to the limits of what it can stand, but because it reduces all the regularities in which our conception of life is wrapped up to irregularities. One, on the other hand, implies the elimination of these concomitants."

This critic considering certain recent piano recitals in London groups his separate reviews under the head

NOISE

"Mr. Arthur Alexander is one of the jumping tribe. He made the first pages of Bax's new sonata almost unbearable, though milder counsels prevailed later, and the sparkling quality of his technique told in the Scarlatti. These sonatas in one movement which have lately become the fashion, are a weariness to the flesh. It is clear to the composer, of course, where one mood (or section) ends and another begins, but the audience is hopelessly at sea. To us it is like scenery looked at from the train window; we have no idea whether we are in Wilts or Somerset, or already over the borders of Devon, and the landscape thus robbed of its associations is as dull as a film."

"However, we have only ourselves to thank. We have insisted in the past on clapping between the acts; and as this, besides being in itself an ugly sound, rebuffed the composer of his contrast, he naturally determined to defeat us. And why should we have to endure these ugly sounds? A short time ago, when nerves were more frayed, you used to see poor fellows stopping their ears. It is a gracious act, certainly, to say thank you, but the lower the tone of voice in which it is said the sincerer it is; its whole virtue is that it is spontaneous. The artists themselves are not deceived. They know, none better, the sound of that slight catching of the breath, that imperceptible rustic, that relaxing of cramped limbs, which means that they have reduced every man in the room to the state in which you might borrow a £5 note of him, and every woman near to tears."

"Mr. De Bourglignon, again, can hurt the piano; the poor thing was jangling and jangling every 10 seconds in Rubinstein's Storm (in a teapot) and in his tonic-and-dominant Staccato Etude. Respite came at length in some pleasant little compositions of Mr. De Bourglignon's own. His Paysages Belges were full of sunshine and grace and his prelude had a homely, unpretentious sound. His Left-hand Study ought never to have left the school room, and his Beethoven was slapdash and unfeeling."

"We do not understand this lust for loudness; it is gargantuan. Size is nothing in art, proportion everything. If it is the mere joy of living, would it not have been better to have worked off the high spirits first in a day with the hounds—and on Monday there must have been a burning scent—and then to have come with the limbs just a little tired and the brain tremendously alive and told us all about it? Music is played to those who will listen to it in order to 'purge their passions by pity and fear'; but thumping only inspires first fear and then pity; if not, indeed, less lovely emotions, such as anger and disgust."

It was no doubt of the tumultuous pianist that James Kenneth Stephen was thinking when he wrote his "Sincere Flattery of W. W. (Americanus)"—Walt Whitman.

The clear cool note of the cuckoo, which has ousted the legitimate nest-holder. The whistle of the railway guard dispatching the train to the inevitable collision. The maiden's monosyllabic reply to a polysyllabic proposal.

The fundamental note of the last tramp, which is presumably B natural. All of these are sounds to rejoice in, yes, to let your very ribs re-echo with; But better than all of them is the absolutely lost chord of the apparently inexhaustible pianoforte player.

How W. L. C. Heard Chattering at "The Trojan Women"

Mr. W. L. Courtney of the London Daily Telegraph heard this chatter of

the stalls when he was attending a performance of "The Trojan Women."

Homely Lady from the Suburbs: Here we are at last! I thought we should never arrive—what with the overcrowded buses. And people are so rude in the trams, it looks rather a strange place. Doesn't it? But it seems the proper thing to see this play, and no doubt it will do us some good.

Cultured Daughter: Euripides is of educative value—especially when translated by Gilbert Murray.

Breezy Son: I'm, yes, I suppose so. Can't say it did me much good at school—so far as I can remember.

Homely Lady: Oh! It must be all right, for the King and Queen have decided to see it. That's good enough for me. What is the play all about, Candida?

Cultured Daughter: It is the downfall of Troy, captured by the Greeks, who take away as captives the Trojan Queen and Princess. (Enters into some detail, to which her homely mother listens with only half an ear.)

Breezy Son (admiringly): By Jove! What a prize-packet it is to have been at Newnham!

Lady of Quality (who is punctual for once)—What does "Old Vic." mean, Cyril?

Cyril—It is a sort of symbol for the antique and rococo. You know how, when we want to prove that we are much better than our forefathers, we talk about "early Victorian." Take this theatre, for example. I believe it goes back to the middle ages.

Lady of Quality—Well, it does look a little the worse for wear. And who was Euripides?

Cyril—He was George Bernard Shaw transplanted to the fifth century before Christ. Perhaps, too, a touch of Granville Barker.

Lady of Quality—Really? Another proof of the Migration of Souls and Reincarnation, I suppose. Do you know that I am really much attracted by spiritualism? I believe that in an earlier state I was an Egyptian queen. Isn't it interesting?

Cyril—Yes, more interesting than bridge and less vulgar than jazz!

Captious Scholar—It is all very fine to call this Euripides. But it's really Gilbert Murray. Euripides himself does not have much of a look-in.

Good-humored Friend—Does it much matter, so long as it is good stuff?

Captious Scholar—Of course, that depends on your point of view. I don't care very much about Euripides, and I think him an inferior dramatist. But look at the way in which some of his choruses are treated, and the mystical language put into the mouth of Hecuba! Euripides has been sentimentalized and modernized out of all recognition!

Good-humored friend—Thank heaven, I can enjoy without thinking of the original Greek. Murray has made a fine poem of it, and his treatment has given it quite a contemporary value. That's all I care about.

Experienced Theatre-goer—The real attraction is, I think, Sybil Thorndike as Hecuba. What a fine performance! Sustained throughout on a tragic note!

His Somewhat Tactless Wife—Yes, I thought so, too, when I saw her in "The Great Day" at Drury Lane. Really a tragic actress, I thought.

Experienced One—My dear, "The Great Day" is a melodrama; "The Trojan Woman" is a tragedy.

Tactless Wife—What is the difference, John?

Experienced One—You look at one, and think about the other. One is a spectacle, the other is a problem. One is exaggeration, the other is analysis. One is a highly-rouged face, the other is a tortured soul.

Wife (who is much impressed but still vague)—Oh! I see.

A Student of Drama—It is rather a curiosity, isn't it? Not much drama in it, no action worth talking about, only an illustration of various kinds of grief. The grief of the grandmother; the grief of the mother, whose son is torn away from her arms; the grief of the inspired old maid (heaven forgive me for so describing Cassandra!); and the grief—no, not the grief, but rather the triumph—of the wife who is restored once more to her husband. It is true that the husband is a little truculent, but then, Helen had treated him very badly. And Helen, of course, has supernatural beauty, and is very much a goddess! A wanton, but divine!

Another Student—The play has been done before, hasn't it?

Helen? She had on a gown of shimmering white and gold, if I remember aright. . . . (More memories interchanged for some time.)

Lady of Quality—Cyril, I wish you would tell me what precisely is the upshot of Helen's talk with Menelaus. Is he going to forgive her and take her back again to his home? Or is he going to insult her first and banish her afterward? It strikes me that your Greek dramatist is not very clear on the point.

Cyril—That's where a Greek dramatist had a great pull over the modern. He deals only with stories and legends which are well known. So he needn't explain. The audience already knows the issue.

Lady of Quality—And what is the issue?

Cyril—Oh, Menelaus took Helen back to Sparta, and they lived very comfortably ever after. So Homer tells us.

Lady of Quality—Well, I'm very glad. Menelaus is a beast, of course, and must always have been exceedingly difficult to live with. But I'm glad that Helen got what she wanted. She wanted a good coat of whitewash—to be rehabilitated before the world. And she won through. It is no good you or Euripides or any one criticising women like Helen. They raise infidelity to the level of a fine art. And they demand standards of judgment peculiar to themselves.

Cyril—You are really very eloquent!

Lady of Quality—I have caught the infection from these Greek personages. If they can do nothing else, they can talk. It's a very talky drama, Cyril. But I have enjoyed it.

Homely Lady (as they are leaving the theatre)—It's all very splendid, of course. But will you tell me, Candida, what it all comes to?

Brother—Yes—what's the moral?

Candida—The moral is that war is a hateful thing, and that you should not treat your conquered enemies as the Athenians treated the Melians.

Brother (in a whisper)—Was Euripides a bit of a Conscientious Objector, by any chance? (But Candida refuses to answer so impertinent a question.)

Mischa Léon Pays a Visit to Ravel at St. Cloud

"You know Parisian chauffeurs? Well, then, you also know what unheard-of luck it is to get hold of one who is so hoarse from shrieking and offending his customers the night before that he is incapable of hurling his vocabulary at you the next morning. Grateful to Providence for coming across such a phenomenon, Mme. Donalda, who in private life is my wife, and I entered the taxi, and gave an address in St. Cloud. We passed the Grands Boulevards, with their turmoil—with their 10, 20, no, hundreds of groups, most of them consisting of people surrounding the 'Musiciens des Rues'—these modern troubadours, who, assisted by a violin and a trumpet, sing popular songs, each of the listeners, with a copy in his hands, following the words and the music, and then taking up the refrain. In trembling sunshine we drove through the Bois de Boulogne, the white swans on the little lake, pink and pale blue children playing on the grass, and on the small benches along the allees, the polka, hand-in-hand with his momentary idol, and before we realized it we had passed the bridge and climbed the small streets of St. Cloud—that adorable little town which looks down on Paris outstretched in the green valley below. We stopped. An iron gate opened—a harmonious ding-dong of glass bells, the gate closes. A pair of small, quick feet in patent leather shoes trip over the gravel, and a small and extremely elegant man, around the thirties—clean-shaven, with slightly aquiline features, refined, staid, full of keen intelligence, the voltaire-like lips firmly closed—dressed in a loose-fitting morning dress of black satin, with a yellow silk shirt as background, stands before us. Maurice Ravel—Maurice Ravel himself, the impressionist, the futurist among all French composers. Maurice Ravel, the despair of all pianists. Maurice Ravel, the composer of the epoch-making triumph, the masterpiece, 'L'Heure Espagnole.'

A COMPOSER AT HOME.

"Out here—in the corner of a half-hidden alley in St. Cloud—lives and

works this, undoubtedly, the most interesting composer of our time, in a beautiful villa surrounded by flower gardens and a silence one can almost hear. With an unforgettable grace he shows us the way to the interior of the villa, large, square, spacious rooms, such as they built in olden days, adorned with a color splendor and refined culture which is rivalled only by his works. A score of 'L'Heure Espagnole' in extravagant binding leads our conversation towards the object of our visit and as Ravel goes deeper in the subject his great individuality shows itself more and more clear.

"One can scarcely find a face more full of life and more changeable than Ravel's. His being is impressionistic and restless—the nervous raising and sinking of the eyelids, hundreds of small grimaces, flashes of wit, the changing of accents while speaking. Sometimes he speaks clear and quick, sometimes as if he hummed a berceuse after."

—all the things that have ever been said about this place, the culture, the type of the race of a Faust and a Moliere, a Montaigne and a Victor Hugo—this strange and fascinating combination of all the Gallic traits, finesse, gaiety, irony and temperance wedded to the culture, the education and the elegance of the 17th century—this, the Gallic culture which stands as the contrast to, and at the same time as the balance of, the English deep understanding of souls, the English strength and melancholy, the passion of the Renaissance, and the power of imagination which created a Shakespeare.

"Am I happy over my success in London—the success of my 'L'Heure Espagnole'? Oh, yes—very—very, I had never expected it. The English public has always had a soft spot in my heart and I am happy if I have won such a spot in theirs. I have heard from my friends in London the most enthusiastic reports over the performance, and I am greatly indebted to the excellent artists who brought their victory home. I should have been happy to have been there myself—but I was not invited—and I was not informed of the date of the premiere—so—! Yes, of course I meant the whole opera as a farce, a musical parody; as such it must be played, and as such it must be listened to and judged. It is a Moliere parody on life in Spanish setting. It must be taken nonchalant, as one eats a bon-bon—and—hm!—eventually digested. I hear that it is going to be performed in New York and Chicago during the coming season, that Mugnone is working on an Italian translation which I am happy to know (here addressing Madame Donalda) you are chosen to create, and that the opera houses in Madrid and Barcelona are in full swing with the rehearsals. I am a little uneasy about 'L'Heure Espagnole,' performed in Spain—you know, honestly, one hates to be mocked at in one's own rooms."

RAVEL AS PIANIST

"And all three around the piano, we go over the score together. What a wonderful pianist! What a stylist, impeccable and serious—sculptural in his art—

romantic in his barocism. Surely, Ravel is the trembling nerve in the modern school of French music. Ravel's ideal as creative artist is to picture the moments of vibrant life, and that he sometimes paints on a background of sarcasm and sometimes on a background of sadness, is of lesser importance. From Debussy did he inherit the impressionism; from the Slavonic his strange symbolism? The irony, the sarcasm and the laughter are his own. And Maurice Ravel gives us always from his own vibrant inner self.

"We continue our conversation in the allees of the garden—his small feet trip busily over the yellow gravel—he pauses here and there to caress a flower—shows us with special pride a bed with large white fantastic flowers, which close their cups with the last rays of the sun and open again at sunrise—he pets a dog whose mother was a wolf—"Ouloui—une vrole louve—ha-ha!"—and his small eyes shine with that fanaticism which is typical of them. In these peaceful surroundings one can understand that he is happy, and can throw himself into the work he longed to return to during his five years' soldier service in the French army. Here he can keep the dust away from the atmosphere, and here he can laugh from the bottom of his heart at Haydn's musical innocence as well as at the last Chanson from Moulin Rouge. And his thoughts jump from subject to subject—from the Dutch composer Niederman's 'Tableaux d'apres Gorki' to the modern opera and concert audience, 'who often would be just as happy for a machine as for a sin'—apparently because they do not know the difference—but the time has passed—and ought to—where the public is satisfied with the singer who only exists qua his tones and voice. What we need and want is the beautiful voices associated with keen intelligence, carried forth by culture and musicianship. Only then can we composers hope to have our thoughts expressed in the right way, and only then the singer can be happy in his conscience, because he has the greatest mission ever given to a human being."

A TANGO SYMPHONIQUE

"The sun was going down. We parted—we had to return to a rehearsal in Paris—he to the piano to finish a new work (a capital joke)—a Tango Symphonique for grand orchestra. As we turned the corner of the allee I looked back, and in the last glimpse I saw the little man tenderly bent over one of his white flowers—the sun was nearly down behind the forest of St. Cloud."

Busoni's "Faust"

Busoni was the protagonist of the Queen's Hall Symphony concert on Saturday afternoon. First he appeared in his familiar and ever-welcome role of pianist, playing Mozart's lovely concerto in C minor, No. 24, with exquisite delicacy and grace. It was, indeed, Mozart playing of the highest order—smooth, un-

affected, full of tenderness and charm, and absolutely free of any approach to exaggeration or sentimentality. Next, he appeared as conductor and composer, directing the first performance in Eng-

lishman has always the best merit of clear enunciation.—London Times, Nov. 25.

A New French Opera

The first performance of "Tarass-Boulba," an opera by M. Marcel Samuel-Rousseau, took place in Paris on Saturday at the new Theatre Lyrique. The first work to be mounted on this stage, and with which the season was inaugurated, was Massenet's "Cleopatre," with Miss Mary Garden in the title role. This unfortunate specimen of the French composer's latest (and weakest) manner, which had not hitherto been seen in Paris, has now been succeeded by another novelty, this time the work of a young musician, who has based his score on Louis de Grammont's adaptation of Gogol's novel, "Tarass-Boulba." It must be admitted that the composer has not succeeded in reproducing (and this is perhaps not surprising) the essentially "national" atmosphere of the original, though aided by Russian-looking decors, costumes and, in the persons of Mme. Marla Kousnetzoff, a genuine and very gifted Russian singer. The story of the fierce Cossack chief, who kills his son by stabbing him in cold blood for having, through his love of the Polish girl Xenia, deserted to the Polish side rather than make war upon her countrymen, is spread over five acts, and might with advantage be condensed. The chief honors of the evening fell to Mme. Kousnetzoff, who gave a charming interpretation of the role of Xenia, and to a young tenor, M. Charles Friant, who, as Andy, the young Cossack, sang with real warmth and expression, and is the possessor of a voice of very pleasing timbre.

The music is exceedingly grateful for the singers, and there are many eloquent lyrical passages in the score. The orchestration is skilful, and the balance between voices and instruments well maintained. The work was very well received, the composer being summoned many times to take his "call."

The directors of this new operatic enterprise have several novelties still in store which are to be produced in the course of the season, and are to be congratulated on their policy of the "open door" where the works of musicians of the younger school are concerned.—London Times, Nov. 25.

"The Duchess of Malfi" Revived by the Phoenix Society

The difficulty of reviving a Jacobean "tragedy of blood" in this sceptical age of ours is that just when the author, like the Fat Boy, "wants to make your flesh creep" he is more likely to provoke you to laughter. There was certainly some titling yesterday afternoon toward the close of "The Duchess of Malfi," when Bosola killed first Antonio and then the Cardinal and then Duke Ferdinand, but not till after Ferdinand had run him through the body, so that there were four corpses on the floor in a heap.

Why does the multiplication table have this disturbing effect? Why is one violent death tragic, while four at once become comic? But Webster has other means of making your flesh creep, which have by no means lost their efficacy. No one, we think, was tempted even to smile at the ghastly incidents by which the poor Duchess was mentally tortured, before being strangled—the severed hand thrust into hers, the silent entry of the masked and hooded executioners bearing her coffin, and, "creplest" of all, her encirclement by a crowd of gibbering, waiting, madmen. After these horrors, her death by the cord—a quiet, almost peaceful martyrdom—came as a relief. This, at any rate, was on the true tragic level, and there is a good deal of poetry (though more of ratiocination) in the play, with a phrase here and there that thrills you—Ferdinand's "laughing hyena" and Delio's "these wretched eminent things." But to get yourself back into the frame of mind of the original public for whom Burbage played Ferdinand, or even of the later public for whom Betterton played Bosola, is, we fear, out of the question. In other words, "The Duchess of Malfi" is no longer a live classic, but a museum-classic, a curio for connoisseurs.

But if the play as a whole, as an organic work of art, can now only be taken historically, some of its personages are still live enough and still interesting. Duke Ferdinand appeals to us as a good specimen of a Renaissance monster of deadly hate and fiendish cruelty. (He was played by Mr. Robert Farquharson, an old hand at these mon-

sters, whose style and whose very affectations are in keeping with the monstrous.) The Cardinal (Mr. Ion Swinley) is by comparison a tame villain, but a good cinquecento type, too, toying with his mistress in his scarlet robes, and poisoning her when she becomes a nuisance. Antonio, the honest husband (Mr. Nicholas Hannen), cuts rather a poor, passive figure, consulting his own safety and deserting his wife.

But the martyred Duchess is a creation of pure beauty, the one ennobling element in the tragedy, and beautifully, nobly, she was played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. And Bosola, the villain, introspective, moralizing, philosophic, is of fascinating interest—as curious a study in criminal pathology as Iago himself. Mr. William Kea played him with an air of melancholy reverie and aloofness, which gave him immense distinction. Nor did a certain Irish accent do any harm, for English spoken by an

Englishman has always the best merit of clear enunciation.—London Times, Nov. 25.

A New French Opera

The first performance of "Tarass-Boulba," an opera by M. Marcel Samuel-Rousseau, took place in Paris on Saturday at the new Theatre Lyrique. The first work to be mounted on this stage, and with which the season was inaugurated, was Massenet's "Cleopatre," with Miss Mary Garden in the title role. This unfortunate specimen of the French composer's latest (and weakest) manner, which had not hitherto been seen in Paris, has now been succeeded by another novelty, this time the work of a young musician, who has based his score on Louis de Grammont's adaptation of Gogol's novel, "Tarass-Boulba." It must be admitted that the composer has not succeeded in reproducing (and this is perhaps not surprising) the essentially "national" atmosphere of the original, though aided by Russian-looking decors, costumes and, in the persons of Mme. Marla Kousnetzoff, a genuine and very gifted Russian singer. The story of the fierce Cossack chief, who kills his son by stabbing him in cold blood for having, through his love of the Polish girl Xenia, deserted to the Polish side rather than make war upon her countrymen, is spread over five acts, and might with advantage be condensed. The chief honors of the evening fell to Mme. Kousnetzoff, who gave a charming interpretation of the role of Xenia, and to a young tenor, M. Charles Friant, who, as Andy, the young Cossack, sang with real warmth and expression, and is the possessor of a voice of very pleasing timbre.

The music is exceedingly grateful for the singers, and there are many eloquent lyrical passages in the score. The orchestration is skilful, and the balance between voices and instruments well maintained. The work was very well received, the composer being summoned many times to take his "call."

The directors of this new operatic enterprise have several novelties still in store which are to be produced in the course of the season, and are to be congratulated on their policy of the "open door" where the works of musicians of the younger school are concerned.—London Times, Nov. 25.

Old Drama and New

Mr. William Archer, lecturing last evening at King's College before a large audience, contrasted the methods employed by old dramatists with those in force today. Though the modern acted drama, he said, had in practice rejected the Elizabethan form, there was no law against its revival by any one who pleased. In fact, it had been adopted during the past century by hundreds of poets from Shelley downwards. Every year brought forth its little crop of pseudo-Elizabethanisms. Almost every poet of note had essayed the form: Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, Sir William Watson, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Thomas Hardy, not to mention half-forgotten writers like Beddoes, Sir Henry Taylor and Westland Marston. Nevertheless, the only dramatist who, during our time, had had any success with blank verse drama was the late Stephen Phillips, who, however, made very sparing use of the Elizabethan licenses and might rather be said to have clothed in verse of a peculiar lyrical charm plays constructed with an almost classical simplicity. Mr. Archer, therefore, sug-

gested that if some men of genius and many men of talent had failed to employ the Elizabethan licenses to good effect, it was because these seductive facilities were useful only in relation to the semi-barbarous age and stage which gave them birth. Our own more highly developed stage demanded an intensive study of its conditions and a nice adaptation of means to ends.

After dealing in detail with some of the more famous plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate successors, and pointing to their absurdities, Mr. Archer suggested that some of the most admired masterpieces of the Elizabethan period existed in virtue of licenses both of manner and of matter which were absolutely denied to the playwright of today, and would damn any work in which he indulged in them. The construction of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" was hopelessly loose, shambling and maladroit. There was neither truth to nature nor even any striking dramatic effect in the affected and purposeless stichomythia of Calantha in Ford's "Broken Heart." "The Maid's Tragedy" and "Philaster" were full of psychological obscurities, inconsistencies and improbabilities, which a dramatist of today would place before his public only at his utmost peril. Finding no poetry of the conventional type in modern plays, and having no eyes to perceive their specifically dramatic qualities, critics brought up on the Elizabethan tradition either ignored them or spoke of them slightly as merely trivial productions. It was against that fallacy that he warned his audience.—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 27.

Peter Warlock and Others

In this column last week mention was made of one Peter Warlock, a composer, apropos of some things published by Wynthrop Rogers. Here is a young man of whom, one imagines, much will be said in the days to come. At the age of 22 or thereabouts he starts like an apparition straight out of the 17th century with three little songs written with such masterliness that some people have already suspected a pseudonym. But the name is his own, and the work is most evidently that of one with a personality above the average of his kind. In these his taste inclines toward the antique. Call it Wardour street, if you like; call it fake. But it is Wardour street at its best, and we all know that faking has been an honorable profession since the days of Nineveh and Babylon. From the Harleian MS. 7578 printed in "Early English Lyrics" by E. K. Chambers and P. Sidgwick he selects two songs of anonymous origin: "The Bayly berith the bell away" (an extract from a long poem) and "As ever I saw"—the one exquisitely poignant, the other as jubilant a thing as we have seen coming from a modern printer's for many a day. In each case the old spelling is given, though for the sake of convenience the present-day spelling is placed under the notes. This is curious to look at:

She is gentyl and also wysse,
Of all other she berith the pryse
That ever I saw.

To here hir syng, to se hir dance,
She wyll the best herself advance
That ever I saw.

To se hir fyngers that be so small
In my counsaill she passeth all
That ever I saw.

Nature in hir hath wonderly wrought
Crist never gych a nother bough
That ever I saw.

But in Mr. Warlock's music it is expressed in terms of joyous wonder and rapture there can be no mistaking. The poem itself may be 15th, may be 14th century—a century or two doesn't matter; the composer's idiom may be 17th, with a few tricks learned from the 20th—that also doesn't matter. What really matters is that the song is a living thing, whatever its idiom, set out in a rhythm which is the essence of the poem itself. Not a syllable is disturbed; no false accents or climaxes are imposed anywhere, and if only for that reason the little composition may be commended to those who care for fine craftsmanship. In the third song, "The Gostly Fader," a setting of a poem of Charles d'Orleans written between 1415 and 1440, the same unerring skill is to be observed, and in catching the shy solemnity of the poem Mr. Peter Warlock shows himself to be possessed of that most precious sense—humor. My he go on from strength to strength! We want more music of this kind—lots of it.—London Daily Telegraph.

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In January, 1912, the first Mme. Maeterlinck—Georgette Leblanc—appeared for the first time in this country as Melisande in Debussy's opera at the Boston Opera House. Many of us remember her piping voice and stained-glass attitudes. She was also seen in her husband's plays "Momo Vanna" and "Pelles and Melisande" at the same theatre. For some time before her arrival, Mr. Henry Russell had advertised the approaching event in his best circus manner. Paragraphs stating that M. Maeterlinck would come to see the performances, appeared in the newspapers. He would come incog; he would come "disguised," so that even his own wife would not recognize him. Would his disguise be merely a matter of false whiskerage? Would he be shot up through a stage trap, during a wait, or would he be lowered from the ceiling by a hook fastened securely to his coat collar or the seat of his trousers? But, M. Maeterlinck did not then cross the Atlantic, and Mr. Russell knew very well that he had no intention of crossing.

Now that M. Maeterlinck is in New York, who was the Johnny-on-the-spot to greet him before he disembarked? Mr. Henry Russell on a United States coast guard cutter. Mr. Russell led the cheering when M. Maeterlinck appeared at the rail of the S. S. France. Mr. Russell, in the exuberance of his joy even whistled a tune—so a reporter for the New York Times assures us—and he kept on whistling until foghorns of passing steamers rudely interrupted him, reminding him of certain tenors under his management in Boston. And now Mr. Henry Russell is M. Maeterlinck's elephant. Will he persuade M. Maeterlinck not to lecture in Boston? We ask this question, for some months ago

JOSEF ROSENBLATT AT SYMPHONY HALL

Jewish Cantor Presents Varied Concert Program

Josef Rosenblatt, the celebrated triple-voiced Jewish cantor, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to a capacity audience, save for the stage; all seats being filled, and standing space all taken.

The program was as follows:
Yohzeit, Slibert; Mogen Ovov, Rosenblatt; Si vous l'avez compris, Jenza; Aria from "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer; Zarah (Chayot, Rosenblatt; Eickay Neshomo, Rosenblatt; Last Rose of Summer, Moore; The Trumpet Call, Sanderson; Duna, (Irish Song); Umpino, Chatoenu, Rosenblatt; Shomer Israel, Rosenblatt; Shofar shel Moshiah, Goldfaden.

Mr. Rosenblatt was most successful in his liturgical music, whether of his own or other composition, and in Jewish folk songs, with which he closed the concert, a merry roundelay furnishing a striking contrast to the bulk of the program.

His natural voice is a rather high baritone, large, warm and full, sonorous in quality, powerful in volume and

pleasing in timbre. When he essays tenor, while the remarkable range of his voice must be admitted, the quality is apt to become dryer and thinner, suffering especially when he forces his tones. Higher still, he pipes like a bird and embroiders his song with the florid ornaments of trills, staccati, runs, long-held and varied notes, suddenly modulating into a simple and firm set chord.

Mr. Rosenblatt is undoubtedly a master of the technique of Jewish liturgical singing, although, if report be true, he is self-trained, and his emotional coloring of his tones was very effective. But it was the unusual feature of his arabesques, his extraordinary shiftings from voice to voice, that sent his audience into transports.

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There is at this day to be seen a board of Cliron wood, belonging sometimes to M. Tullius Cicero, which cost him ten thousand sesterces; a strange matter, considering hee was no rich man; but more wonderful, if we call to mind the severitie of that age wherein hee lived. . . . Men regard much the breadth & largeness of the whole plank, standing of one entire peece which makes the table. Some take a great pleasure to see in one Cliron board many of those faults which be incident to trees, to wit, the Lignum, for so they call the simple, plain and bare wood and timber, without any branched or curled graine at all, without a shining lustre and glittering glosse, without worke to be seen in any order digested, or at the most (if any be) representing the leaves of a Plane tree.

Wood or Oilcloth?

Joan Benedict, who writes agreeably for the N. Y. Evening Post, quotes a social worker as saying that "her hour of triumph comes when she can induce a tenement family to stop eating off the bare wood of the kitchen, table and substitute a nice clean white oilcloth instead"; while the wife of a professor at Columbia College, obliged to do without a servant, has given up tablecloths and doilies, finding that it saves "time and money to have her family dine off the bare board that needs only one sweep of a damp cloth after each meal to make it clean." Miss Benedict asks: "Will the tenement family, thanks to mounting wages, have but one problem about their table-covering—whether it should be trimmed with Irish or filet lace?"

We should prefer the bare board to oilcloth and can get along very well without a table cloth. At the Sunday high teas served in the Albany (N. Y.) of the Seventies—and Albany in those days was famous for its hospitality and good cheer—one of the chief pleasures was supping off a handsome, uncovered table. The silver, glass and china were the more resplendent, the cold game, celery or lobster salad, the mound of warm toasted brown bread; the compotes, cakes and other pernicious trifles, were the more alluring.

A tablecloth, no matter how careful the family and the guests may break out in blotches and blains; an insolent young woman may burn a hole in it with her cigarette; a serious, minded person may draw a diagram to sustain his argument or illustrate a bore-some description.

With the Romans

Not until after the reign of Augustus did the Romans use a table cloth. After a course was removed a slave entered and wiped the table with a handsome purple towel, "gausape," a woolen cloth

to refresh manufacture, while another called an "Analepten" picked up what had fallen or been thrown on the floor which he strewed with sawdust, sometimes scented. After Augustus, table cloths came into fashion, but hosts as a rule, expected each guest to bring his own napkin.

In England and France

In England table cloths were in use as early as the middle of the 15th century. If not before. At Cambridge University in 1575 it was decreed that if "either fellowe or pensioner do wipe his hande or finger on the table cloth he shall pay for every time 1 d." In "The Refined Courtier" (1679) one is told what not to do "when the cloth is taken away."

In France of the 12th century table cloths were very large; they were doubled when put on the table, and so for a long time were known as "doubliers." To adjust one properly was not an easy task. The cloth reached the floor on the side where the guests sat. The "doubliers" were always fringed. To cut the cloth before one was a mortal insult. Beginning with the 15th century, the use of "doubliers" was a privilege reserved for kings, dukes and princes. In the 16th century these cloths disappeared, but two cloths, the one independent of the other, covered the table. In 1655 one cloth was thought enough. Children in the 15th century tucked a napkin under the chin, but the guests used the table cloth, and it is probable that they put it on their knees as they seated themselves. Erasmus, teaching good manners at table, told a child not to carry a glass to his mouth before he had wiped with a table cloth or napkin. Montaigne could dine without a cloth, but not conveniently without a napkin. He complained of frequent changing of plates. Arthur Young, journeying in France (1790) noted that the table linen was cleaner than in England; that a Frenchman thought it ridiculous to dine without a table cloth, while in England even persons of means dispensed with it. The cloth was often changed after soup, eggs, fish and meats had been served—for it was in a sad state—and before the bringing on of swan, peacock, or pheasant, clad in its plumage and with gilded beak and claws. Up to the middle of the 16th century there was often only one glass for the company; a well-bred man, before drinking, wiped his mouth on the cloth or a napkin.

The Conclusion

It was the opinion of Henry Cornelius Agrippa that no age was more indulgent to gluttony than his own. "So many varieties of Sauces, so many Rules, Observations and Table Ceremonies, that the splendid banquets of the Aslots, Milesians, Sybarites, Tarentines, of Sardanapalus, Nerves, Claudius, Vitellius, Hellogabaus, Gallenus, and the rest of those ancient Gluttons, whom history records to have exceeded all other nations and persons in the pleasures of the kitchen, are but meer sordid, rude and rustick junkettings, compar'd with sumptuous Feasts of Great persons nowadays." Now Agrippa lived from 1486 to 1535.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Canary,"

a musical comedy in three acts, from the French of Georges Barr and Louis Verneuil; music by Ivan Caryll and Irving Berlin; management, Charles Dillingham. The cast:

Eugenie Marie Callahan
Mrs. Beasley Alice Bentley
Ned Breeze Eugene Revere
Mr. Trimmer Cosmo Bellamy
Dr. Dippy Wilmer Bentley
Dodge James Doyle
Pleasant Harland Dixon
Timothy Joseph Cawthorn
Julie Julia Sanderson
Mary Ellen Maude Eburne
A minister George Egan

This is a rollicking thing, to be commended for its humor of dialogue and situation, its catchy music and its original and clever dancing.

The plot, which is not obtrusive, is that of a successful but bedroomless French farce. The first of the three scenes is an antique shop, containing, among other bric-a-brac and objects de vertu, the typewriter upon which Shakespeare wrote "Way Down East"; the piece of ore (oh!) with which Washington rowed himself 'across the Delaware, and a fragment of the deck upon which the burning boy stood. Joseph Cawthorn vouches for their genuineness; as Timothy, the more or less faithful servant of the antique dealer, he has made all these antiques, and with his own hand has painted the initials J. S. upon the chair that was Julius Caesar's. He is in love with Julie (Julia Sanderson), but, of course, he doesn't stand a chance with the handsome Ned Breeze (Eugene Revere) around. Timothy's heart burns with the ambition to be a famous conjurer.

There is an auction at the plot going in earnest by swallowing a diamond as big as an egg. The next scene, as you may suppose, is a health farm, to which are attracted Julie, her sweetheart and a pair of high-class yeggs whose hobby is diamonds.

Getting out of that situation proves as funny a job as getting in, what with another love affair of Timothy's, a conjuring trick that works too well and some much more expert conjuring by the pair of crooks.

The dancing of Doyle and Dixon, who play the crooks, is almost phenomenal. It is of a style only slightly different from that of Montgomery and Stone, but the difference is enough to give Doyle and Dixon a title to originality. Dixon is most like Stone in his dance with the charming Marie Callahan in the last act. Last night their whimsical strutting shared the honors with Cawthorn's screaming love scene with Maude Eburne, who as the Irish factotum ("Hibernian Theda Bara") at the health farm supplied a great deal of fun.

As for Cawthorn himself, he is in excellent form, with lines that give good opportunity to make the most of his drill ways. He brings out jokes at the average rate of one a minute, and there is not a chestnut among them.

Miss Julia Sanderson, of course, is sweetly pretty and dances well. She has some fetching numbers, including one in which a mummy comes to life. Mummies, it seems, have more lives than cats; this one has enough simultaneous incarnations for a chorus. Miss Alice Bentley has three songs. She has improved wonderfully, especially in voice, since she was in suburban stock here a couple of seasons ago.

It was a happy idea to combine the music of Caryll and Berlin. All the facile ingenuity of Berlin is in "I Wouldn't Give That for the Man Who Couldn't Dance," and all the dreamy quality of Caryll is in "Thousands of Years Ago." Miss Sanderson sings them both.

Who made over the "book"? Very little of the French version is left. The adapter's name should be on the program. He did a good job, not in translation, but in writing original dialogue.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Robin Hood,"

Comic opera in three acts, music by Reginald de Koven, libretto by Harry B. Smith. The cast:

Robin Hood Joseph Sheehan
Maid Marian Hazel Eden
Little John Stanley Deacon
Alan-a-Dale Alice May Carley
Will Scarlet Harold Gels
The Sheriff Bertram Coltra
Anabelle Marjorie Godbout
Pilar Tuck William R. Northway
Dame Durdan Elaine de Sellem
Sir Guy Lynn Griffin

KEITH'S THEATRE

Marie Cahill, the musical comedy favorite, in "Interrupted Songs," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Cahill's act is much the same as on her two last visits to this theatre. She sings a medley of songs made familiar to the public by her in musical comedy and several original songs. Then there is the interruption of the telephone in which the actress is given full play to display her art as a comedian. The actress has a certain intimate style that immediately interests her audience and there is that fascinating voice and jovial style of the person taking real pleasure in her work.

One of the best acts on the bill was the curtain raiser, introducing "the Briants, acrobats, comedians, skilled in pantomime and burlesque. The act was one displaying a many sided talent, and one that reminded the onlooker of other days in vaudeville when the knock-about comedian had his fling.

Other acts on the bill were McKay and Ardine, comedians and dancers, in one of the neatest performances of the current season; the Magleys, in a dance revue; De Marest and Collette, in an act of comedy and music that was one of the features of the bill; Helen Trix and Sister Josephine, singing their own compositions; Lloyd and Christie, comedians; J. Rosamond Johnson and Five Jazz Entertainers, in a musical act that leads other acts of this kind a merry pace; and Walter Weems, humorist.

Dec 31 1919

'ANNA ASCENDS'

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "Anna Ascends," a play in four acts by Harry Chapman Ford. Produced by William A. Brady.

Howard Fisk (Known as Gents)
"Bunch" Derry John Warner
Allen Sparkes James L. Crane
John Stead Fred Manat
Hearty Tanner Owen Hewit
Henry Fisk Frank Vage
William Ward De Wolf
Slad Coury Gustave Rolland
Rizzo S. K. Price
Bossie Fisk Dorothy Bett
Nellie Van Housen Alice Fleming
Miss Eld Virginia Hupper
Anna Aysoob (Known after as Anne Adams) Alice Brady

The story is one that will without doubt please the many admirers of Miss Brady, who takes the part of Anna, working at first in Sine Courty's coffee house. Young Fisk, studying the habits of working girls in the hope to better their condition, frequents the place, and inspires Anna with the desire to develop herself into a refined and true American lady. Anna, in her desire to be a "true American" is always consulting the dictionary, unconscious of the fact that Baudelaire and Gaudier were devoted to that valuable book (in French). Incidentally, "Bunch" Derry, a poet, wishing to put Anna on the street, assault her. She thinks she kills him and runs away. Before the fact she had bitten Derry's hand when he had attempted a pressing familiarity. As she leaves the restaurant she exclaims in a clear, bell-like voice, "Anna ascends!"

Three years go by and Anna in gorgeous attire secures a position as secretary to the elder Fisk. We hasten to add that Anna has been a good girl. She has been discharged by several employers, because she bit in turn their hands, for they, too, were overcome by her beauty and forgot their dignity. But Anna has written a novel, "Anna Ascends," published anonymously; it has made a sensation. Royalties to the amount of \$30,000 are in her lawyer's keeping. Young Fisk, back from the war, falls in love with her, but does not recognize her. She knows him, loves him, but cannot marry him because the murder haunts her. Fortunately "Bunch" Derry turns up at Mr. Fisk's country home, as a servant, with an eye to the wedding presents of Fisk's daughter. By a stratagem, she saves the jewels, and thanks the Lord that she is not a murderer. Back to the old coffee room, where in a pretty scene she discloses herself to young Fisk, by pretending to tell his fortune. She now can write her sequel to "Anna Ascends," which according to the elder Fisk will bring her in more than \$30,000. She may possibly disclose the authorship of the first "best-seller."

The play gives full opportunity for Miss Brady to show those qualities that have endeared her to many; for she has a devoted following. She was more pleasing in the lighter moments than in the more emotional scenes, yet it is doubtful whether an actress of greater native power could have been authoritative in a play that is for the most part postposterous, with dialogue that is curiously stilted when the author would be impressive and dramatic. Mr. Roland gave a consistently excellent impersonation of Siad. Mr. Hatch played jauntily the part of the elder Fisk, whose business methods and office were singularly free and easy. Mr. Crane certainly looked the crook, every inch of him. The other members of the company were sufficiently adequate.

The Herald stated on Dec. 22 that the famous Simpson's in the Strand vanished in 1902. It was decided in 1902 to demolish that building and its neighbors on both sides, but the restaurant was not closed until February, 1903.

As the World Wags:

Simpson's in the Strand was a going concern in 1911 when I was in London, for I ate there and warmly approved of the viwers offered. The last time that I saw Sir Charles Wyndham was in front of that hostelry in the act of paying the cabman who had brought him there. Should the question ever arise whether or no he paid his bills, this bit of evidence by an eye witness might be handy.

COL. MARSHALL TREDD.

Boston.

Colonel, you dined at the new Simpson's, not at the old and famous one. The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 13, 1903, published this letter by John Hollingshead, long of the equally famous Gaiety Theatre, writer of crisp and often savage articles. This letter was headed "Exit Simpson's."

"Tomorrow night the popular Strand tavern known as 'Simpson's' will close its doors after having served its final supper. Its virtual extinction will be mourned by Americans, the Temple and the Inns of Court, and a number of old-fashioned people who like to dine not later than 6, and to have the plainest and best English food cooked by coal fires,

open ranges and terraces. Its native simplicity even captivated so great a restaurateur as the late M. Bignon of Paris, and the joints wheeled round the room and carved before the diners by a practised carver were copied at the grand establishment in the avenue of the Opera. The fame of 'Simpson's' was established by the man who gave it its name, who went to market himself every morning (Sundays excepted) at 3 A. M., selected his own meat—principally mutton—had it hung carefully for about a fortnight until it was fit to eat and served hot at the tables. There was none of the legerdemain of the fishy side of French cookery, and everything was as honest as the silver plate used by every customer.

"Simpson's," we are promised, shall reopen early in 1904, retaining the old methods, but rebuilt and redecored. As a building it required much improvement, but with the promised alterations we may have a French parody of the 'English dinner.' If we are saved from this, it will be due to the rare business capacity of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte (as we prefer to call her) and her instinctive knowledge of the London public. If she relaxes her hold on the place, we shall have lost our one and only tavern."

The purist will note that Hollingshead, like many other Englishmen, had confused notions about "will" and "shall." The old Simpson's dated back to 1828, when Reiss had a cigar shop, a chess divan, and billiard tables on the side. John Simpson acquired the place and in the Morning Post of Oct. 11, 1848, advertised "John Simpson's Grand Restaurant," addressed, "to those who like good living, choice wines and fine cigars, blended with economy." Simpson's was for many years the centre of the great chess tournaments. Hollingshead was one of the Knights of the Round Table, a club that met at Simpson's with house dinners on Wednesdays and music on Saturdays.

The Jay Listener

As the World Wags:

It seems to me quite time for something to be said about the Jay Listeners. They are found on all occasions where the wise and cultured are gathered together for any sort of artistic performance. They swarm everywhere. But they have a weekly place of meeting throughout the winter in this fair town from which none are ever absent; they come in flocks, bringing their selves, sisters, friends, aunts and cousins, from Weymouth, from Brookline, from Reading, from the Back Bay. Need it be further specified that this stamping ground of the Jay Listeners' Association of Greater Boston is Symphony Hall? The time, 2:30 P. M. Friday afternoons. The girl, any age from 15 to 95, she is all there, decked out in her Friday afternoon Symphony hat, coat, gloves, furs and all the rest of it.

Here I must explain that the Jay Listener is apparently an exclusive feminine being. The male of the species, if present, is inconspicuous, perhaps because there is seldom a higher proportion of males in the Friday afternoon audience than 15 per cent. More probably, however, he is wise enough to stay away, except when drugged and dragged.

Surely you have all seen and heard this lady. She is a creature of infinite variety, but, nevertheless, taken as an individual, falls under one or more classifications, easily recognizable by their differences of technique, which never fail to impress the observer. A few words about some of the various types might not be amiss. There are, of course, two broad classes, according to the effect on the victim—eyesores and affronts to the ear. The former is mainly composed of head-nodders and hand-wavers (in imperfect time to the music) and of those ladies who look knowingly and smile at each other when they receive such a definite aesthetic thrill as is caused by the "Marsellaise" in the "1812" overture, the surprise in the "Surprise" Symphony, the sheep bleating in "Don Quixote" (perhaps a kindred voice?), etc., etc. The other class is rather worse, for one can always close one's eyes, but to close one's eyes means with most of us to shut out the music. She is well represented by the talker and her half-sister, the whisperer; rather more sparsely (Allah be praised) by the hummer. Again, we have with us the foot-tapper, tireless as fate and as unrelenting, and that queen of the harem, the program-rustler. Sometimes her frantic searchings for a critical analysis make me wish that the excellent compiler of the Boston Symphony program would always provide such an analysis, or perhaps it might be sufficient to omit all the clothing advertisements. The other Spartan alternative would be to cut down the program to a single sheet. Still Mme. Jay Listener would doubtless use the blank back for a seating arrangement of her imminent dinner party.

The last and perhaps the cutest trait of this bit of femininity is her sublime innocence and unconsciousness of the possibility of being an annoyance to the quiet person who is trying to listen intelligently to the music—let us not say the music-lover, for every Jay Listener is a militant music-lover. In that fact lies our hope of salvation, for no one can be more outraged than herself when she hears a remote whisper or glimpses a moving digit. She stiffens to attention and attempts to freeze her erring sister with a glance before replunging into the conventional gulf. Let looks but kill, and the whole tribe will be mutually annihilated before another brace of Fridays.

Boston. ARTHUR DUDLEY FAY.

Mr Hercules Glamato played the piano in New York last Sunday, and yet from all accounts he did not smash it. Meanwhile Mr. Edward Morris modestly advertises himself or at least allows his manager to advertise him, as "The only real American pianist—100%." On the other hand we read in the Morning Telegraph of Monday: "Arriving on the White Star liner Adriatic last night were Maggie Teyte, a singer," etc. Yes, Miss Teyte is a singer. Would that we could hear her interpret Debussy's songs again.

A Bank Tragedy

As the World Wags:

This is a story of injustice, and where else should injustice be exposed than in the bulwark of our liberties, the Press?

I know of a young lady, you do, too, or many like her. Her nose and the perpendicular parts pertaining thereto are of a milky whiteness and the eastern and western subdivisions of her face are brilliantly frescoed a redness unknown to nature. She wears huge blobs of hair over her ears, a fur coat, silk stockings much exposed, high heeled and very thin low shoes. From this description you may identify her as one of the army of female workers so heartlessly exploited by conscienceless capitalists.

For five long hours each day she runs an addressograph in a bank, surely a responsible and highly specialized employment, receiving therefor the beggarly wage of \$25 per week. Early in the year she received a bonus of 20 per cent, later in the year another bonus of 20 per cent. Now comes the tragedy. The Christmas bonus should have been 20 per cent., or 50 per cent., or 100 per cent., instead of which it was only 10 per cent. What can a poor working girl do with a bonus of 10 per cent.?

Christmas day she was aflame with righteous indignation and threatened to throw up her job. It would serve the bank right if she did. It's very hard to find addressographers these days. But

her friends are pleading with her, and we hope for the best. Not that we care for the vile bankers; we have in mind the welfare of the innocent depositors. How can any bank get along without an addressographer? NEWTON.

P. S.—What is an addressographer?

The "Cheshire Cheese"

Mr. Charles F. Platt of Arlington writes: "It seems evident to me that your correspondents who write of the Cheshire Cheese cannot have visited that old house. It is in a court running off Fleet street, not the Strand."

As the World Wags:

I am able to add a word or two regarding your correction of Mr. Robinson's description of the frequenters of the "Cheshire Cheese" and to confirm the statement that many, famous in art, literature and journalism, foregathered in the old house during the periods of their fame in addition to the members of the "clubs" which Mr. Robinson mentions. The writer's mother in the days when her mother reigned there as proprietress of the house, frequently helped to entertain Charles Dickens, who was a regular visitor and since his day hardly a week passes without the visit of a "Personage" to the "Cheese" who duly sits in Dr. Johnson's chair, inspects the wonderful old furniture and descends into the vasty caverns of the cellars (which tradition asserts were once the crypt of a Cistercian monastery, and which run right under Fleet street) and is shown the old wall and mysterious passages and the great stores of "Sack and Malmsey" and other rare and goodly nectars and who perchance samples both these and (if 'tis the winter time) the mighty "pudding," which is also fit for the gods. The inclosed picture proves, I think, that the world's great still are attracted to this old inn, than which there is no other so rich in happy memories of a hospitable past or so ready to welcome the seeker of good cheer at the present time than "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" of Fleet street. G. O. M. FOX.

(Eldest Son of Present Managing Director of the Cheshire Cheese.)

Boston.

The "Inclosed picture," cut from the Evening Standard of London, shows Princess Mary, with the lord mayor, during her visit to the Cheshire Cheese.—Ed.

The Difference

In two or three American cities school boards in their infinite wisdom are throwing overboard "The Merchant of Venice," lest the comedy excite "race prejudice." In London, three performances of "The Merchant of Venice" were recently given in the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, a theatre that can accommodate 2000 children. The theatre was packed on each occasion by the children of the district, and there, if anywhere, racial feelings might be disturbed. So many children were turned away, a fourth performance was given. Nor were these childre deadheads. Each one paid an admission fee. Did it ever occur to these American school boards that Jews have not hesitated to play Shylock on the stage; that performances have been given in Yiddish?

As the New York Times said editorially last Sunday: "Under any proper guidance, the reading of 'The Merchant of Venice,' and especially by high school children, should be an experience of high educational value. To put it under the ban is to do a wrong alike to the great name of Shakespeare and to the dignity of the Jewish people."

Disappointed

An index often lures one to disappointment. Thumbing the one to "Noctes Ambrosianae" in an hour of elegant leisure, we came across "Beef-Sandwich, how to make." We turned hastily to volume and page, thinking the recipe might equal in absorbing interest that of William Maginn's for a Welsh rabbit. Lo, this is what we found: "Depth three half inches—the middle layer in a pepper and salt coat, rather the thinnest of the three—no fat but round the edges—and confound crust."

"Grog American"

As the World Wags:

The bibulous biographic briefs of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon titulate our atrophied palates in these our dismal days. From his all-embracing knowledge I would seek aid.

At every little estaminet in France during the cold months is sold a delectable steaming rum toddy, fragrant with the bloom of the Riviera, plangent with all the spices of Araby; a draught to woo the gods and at a price never exceeding one franc. "Grog American" its name, yet between the Canal and Canada, in all our now Great American Desert, I have never met its like. How comes this "American" drink in France that America knows not? Perhaps Mr. Witherspoon can enlighten us.

And, by the way, did he meet its twin-sister in delight, the orange rum, at the cafes of Bordeaux? HENRY PARAME. Mattapan.

Jan 3 1920

A CHURCHILL PLAY

"Dr. Jonathan" Deals with the Big Problem of Labor.

"Dr. Jonathan," a play in three acts by Winston Churchill; the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Churchill wrote this play during the war. He frankly admits that several managers "politely declined to produce it." They are hardly to be blamed for there is little action in the piece, which is practically a tract in the form of a dialogue. Mr. Galsworthy in "Justice" and "Strife" does not take one side or the other. He allows the spectator to draw his own conclusions, according to his penological or economical belief. The dramatist states and illustrates the problem; the spectator must work out the solution. But Mr. Churchill in "Dr. Jonathan" sides with the workman rather than the capitalist. The great war wore to him "every aspect of a race with revolution." Industrial democracy is in Mr. Churchill's ears, the watchword of the 20th century. "Today it is on the knees of the gods whether the insuppressible impulses for human freedom that come roaring up from the subliminal chaos, fanned by hunger and hate, are to thrash themselves out in anarchy and insanity, or to take an ordered, intelligent and conscious course." Economic power is now realized to be political power. "No man owns himself, no woman owns herself if the individual is not economically free." The drama puts these ideas on the stage, or would put them there if a manager were consenting. The play, however, may be read with interest.

Asher Pindar is the conventional mill-owner in a New England village. His son George, has more modern ideas. He

then his father for the work in "Minnie Pindar" as an eccentric but amiable person. George goes to the factory where he is over there, the hands wish a share of the labor union. Mean-while Jonathan endeavors to bring Pindar back to sanity. He develops a character, reasons with the ministering angel to the factory. George returns, severely wounded. Minnie saves old Pindar from being crushed by a crazed workman. George will marry her and also run the factory so that everyone will be happy. Minnie is the most vital character in the play. Dr. Jonathan reminds one of composite Jonas and Mr. Holiday. Old Pindar is the rigid manufacturer of the old school. But let no one think that the play is dull reading. The scenes between George and Minnie, Mrs. Pindar and Minnie, are natural and amusing. Minnie's description of a factory girl's life is vivid and free from undue emphasis.

—P. H.

10TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Debussy's "Jeux" and Glazounoff's symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." "Jeux" was performed probably for the first time in this country. Glazounoff's tone-poem, first performed here at one of Mr. Lang's "Chickering Production Concerts" in 1904, was heard yesterday for the first time at a Symphony concert.

Mendelssohn's symphony was new to the great majority of the audience. The first performance in America was at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1868, the year that the score was published. Mendelssohn evidently did not think much of his work, for he did not wish it published during his lifetime, nor did he like to hear of performances. The Harvard Musical Association played the Symphony in 1868 and in later years gave three performances of the Scherzo. There were at least two performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the last was in 1886, if we are not mistaken. The Scherzo was played here twice by Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

The reason for this neglect is not far to seek: The music is for the most part perfunctory and deadly dull. The only measures of interest in the first movement are those of the "Dresden Amen," used years afterward by Wagner in "Parsifal." The Scherzo shines by contrast with the other movements; it is suave, graceful, eminently Mendelssohnian in its scherzo character. The arduousness is as sentimental as the most sentimental of the "Songs Without Words." The treatment of Luther's choral, "A Safe Stronghold," is not impressive, and the finale with its pedestrian counterpoint might have been written by some English doctor of music for his oratorio "Jeroboam" or "Keren-happuch." Mr. Monteux and his merry men did their best to make the dry bones live, but only the Scherzo gave pleasure. Still it was worth while to revive the symphony, if only to show what arid music could be written by a composer of certain romantic and charming works.

Debussy's music was sadly in need of the stage effects and the miming of the dancers. It was written for a singular ballet. The composer, it is said, was greatly harassed by the demands of Nijinsky. Here again a filmed representation of the ballet displayed yesterday might have "explained" and emphasized the music, but the audience would probably have strained eyes, not ears. As a concert work, "Jeux" interests by its orchestral tints and demi-tints; its instrumental combinations and contrasts, and at times harmonic progressions, unusual even in Debussy's other compositions, arrest attention; but away from the theatre, "Jeux" cannot be ranked with earlier music by Debussy. There is a paucity of ideas; the suggestion that a composer was endeavoring to imitate Debussy and succeeded only in aping certain mannerisms, certain tricks of idiom. Mr. Monteux, who had conducted the ballet in Paris and London, no doubt yesterday again saw the stage. Nijinsky and the young women. To him the music had significance. The performance was a fair.

Glazounoff wrote "Stenka Razin" when he was 29 years old; when he was romantic, when he was imbued with national spirit. When Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff had hope of him as a successor of Glinka as "Stenka Razin" in certain respects it is to be pre-

ferred to him. He wrote it in 1880, and wrote with fatal fluency and confident scholarship. The wildness and the clarity of the opening descriptive of the Volga, with the use of the baroque men's song, the oriental coloring of the section portraying the adored but ill-fated princess, these console one for measures of artless padding, measures in which Glazounoff merely treads water (in the marvellous Volga) and for the comparative tameness of Stenka's music, tame in spite of the strenuous endeavor. And so "Stenka Razin" is today a work that gave rich promise not to be fulfilled. It is said that a few years ago this music was used for a ballet in Russia. How was the scenario arranged? Was the dancing all on Stenka's boat?

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Jan. 16, 17, is as follows: Stojowski, Symphony in D minor, op. 21 (first time in Boston). Songs with orchestra: Brahms, "Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber"; Schumann, "Mother, Can I Love Thee the Less"; and "Leave Me in His Arms Endearing"; Schubert, "Erliking"; Wagner, Funeral march and Immolation scene from "The Dusk of the Gods." Margaret Matzenauer will be the singer.

Was Mr. George Bernard Shaw moved to review the Carpenter-Beckett fight by the thought of William Hazlitt's famous account of the mill between Hickman, the "Gas-man," and Bill Neate in 1821? Mr. Shaw found that Carpenter looked like Charles XII of Sweden; and moved about like a "complete Greek athlete," but there is no memorable sentence, no vivid description, nothing like this passage from Hazlitt's "The Fight":

"Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forward; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's 'Inferno.' Yet he fought on after this for several rounds."

It is true that the fight seen by Mr. Shaw was a tame affair, but as Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "We are mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like William Hazlitt." There should be an anthology of the ring, including "The Fight," pages from Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," Bulwer's "Kenelm Chillingly," Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit," a novel by George Meredith, Lavengro's fight with the Flaming Timman (Isopel Berners urging Lavengro to use "Long Mcfodder"), Maginn's Luctus on the death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, Fitz James O'Brien's poem, "The Prize Fight," not to mention passages from the Iliad and the Aeneid.

Hopkinton on the Hop

Mrs. Madigan was mad again the teacher. Though the latter was of estimable worth. It aroused the lady's ire when the creature Feared she'd hardly care to scale an upper berth.

When in chill December days that followed after, Men of journalistic mind and trenchant pen Found the incident provocative of laughter, Mrs. Madigan was mad again. QUINCY KILBY.

Futurists

A writer for the New York Evening Post sees Miss Amy Lowell "at work on a libretto for an opera for marionettes, with music by Leo Orastein."

Pauline Hall

Pauline Hall and Lillian Russell for some years divided the admiration of Johnnies. Some thought Pauline a cold, unmagnetic beauty on the stage; some described Lillian's beauty as "edible." The late C. M. S. McLellan, when he was editing Town Topics, characterized Pauline, Isabelle Lurghart, and other favorites at the Casino in New York as "stockyard beauties," which was ungentlemanly of him, to say the least. His brother, George B. McLellan, afterwards married Pauline. He was her second husband. She was not happy with him, husband or manager, yet she was loyal and hard working, devoted to her daughter. When she was last in Boston under his management—she had supplied the money for the show—she could be seen on stormy nights making her way home from the theatre, alone, taking a street car, for she was economical, but not miserly. She was a woman greatly to be respected for her pluck, cheerfulness and kindly nature.

True to Type

The London Times, reviewing a film play, "Back to the Woods," was pleased with the representation of an American millionaire. "The latter is true to type—or, at least, to type as analyzed on the film—for he continually smokes unusually large cigars without removing the band that are round them."

Blest Be the Tie

It reports that the Cavaliere Fabri and in a Roman hotel that D'Annunzio's Adriatic expeditions were playing the game of the Socialists. Count Giavina di Ramana thereupon, in a high state of excitement, challenged the noble Roman to a duel. Fabri accepted the challenge, but could not understand how he had offended the count. Ramana then explained. Being D'Annunzio's natural son, he considered his resentment justified. Cavaliere Fabri replied, saying that if he had been aware of this fact his "sentiment of veneration for the ties of family" would have prevented him from expressing his opinion. Thus there was a happy endlog.

"Jai Alai." Bread, Etc.

A dispatch from Havana stated that betting is allowed there on "horse racing, Basque ball (known as 'jai alai') and other sports, but it is depled that roulette or other gambling games are played to the extent suggested in the announcement of the Interchurch World Movement plan by Guy S. Inman."

We have received a letter commenting on the Basque ball.

As the World Wags:

Is the game not known in Havana as "pelota," Spanish for "ball," of course? And is "jai alai" not the name of the building containing the court? A marvellous game! We have nothing remotely approaching it. Our fellows in Cuba have tried it time after time, but made sorry work of it compared with those wonderful little athletes from Spain, who, by the way, train on cigarettes and red wine.

Speaking of bread, next to bread of Paris give me the Havanese. They say the water in Havana helps produce the good result; anyway, the bread isn't baked in a strait-jacket pan to compress it to the consistency of the awful Yankee bread, but is permitted to expand. A loaf of this bread, some cold turkey and cheese, a dish of olives, and unlimited delightful "cerveza," or beer, and I wouldn't trade with Omar.

Recently your compositor made me write "placid oysters" for "faccid oysters." At first I thought of kicking, but, after all, an oyster embodies the highest degree of placidity and probably the compositor's word was more fitting than mine.

LANSING R. ROBINSON

MARTHA BAIRD

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Martha Baird, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Ravel, Valses Nobles at Sentimentales; Defosse, Melodie; d'Indy Scherzo from Sonata op. 63; Debussy, Prelude, M. F. Mason, Novelette (M. S.) Dvorsky, L'Orient et l'Occident; Chadwick, Humoresque (the Frogs); Liadoff, the Music Box; Granger, Shepherd's Hey.

Miss Baird, unlike the greater number of her more or less illustrious predecessors, did not keep her audience waiting; her program contained some unfamiliar pieces and was of reasonable length.

Pianists seem to favor a particular composition for a season. In 1919-20, here as in New York, Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" is on many programs. No wonder; for it is noble and spiritual music. There are different interpretations of it. Miss Baird's reading of the Prelude and Choral was of the appealing, pleading order. Perhaps a little too deliberate, too sectional; on the whole rather feminine, yet preferable to that of a woman attempting to "play like a man." Ravel's Valses were heard here before yesterday. The composer's orchestrated version will be played at a Symphony concert this season. Defosse's "Melodie" is a sympathetic musical illustration of a poem by Verlaine. The "Ancient Air," the "plaintive song" heard by the poet is finely imagined by the composer. There is the suggestion of the 18th century clavier music, without undue archaism. Morton F. Mason, according to the "Boston Herald," was born at Natick in 1859; he has six children besides those of his intimacy with the Muse. He lives in Pasadena and was Miss Baird's first teacher. His "Novelette" should have the subtitle ("after Schumann"); indeed the first pages are wholly in Schumann's Novelette vein, imitative rather than original; then came a piece by the mysterious M. Dvorsky, who, prying investigators insist, is no less a person than M. Josef Hofmann. The "Eastern" section is the more interesting. The composers inspiration died in the West where the sun goes down.

Miss Baird's playing on the whole gave pleasure. She sang Defosse's "Melodie" in a charmingly simple manner and gave a brilliant performance of Debussy's "Prelude." Nor was her interpretation of the music by Ravel and d'Indy without insight and expression, while she brought out, and not in an exaggerated manner, the humor in Chadwick's "Frogs," not taking the music more seriously than the composer in writing it.

done at the Copley Theatre "for the first time in America."

A public reading of this play was given at the Princess Theatre, New York, on Dec. 15, 1914, by Miss Mannheim. The reading was for the purpose of determining whether the comedy was suited for the American stage.

"The Big Drum" was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, Sept. 1st, 1915. The chief parts were taken as follows:

Philip Mackworth.....George Alexander
Sir Randle Elton.....Allen Ayresworth
Bertram Elton.....Nigel Playfair
Sir Timothy Burdett.....Leonard Boyne
Robert Broun.....Norman Forbes
Callaghan Green.....Stanley Cooke
Ottoline de Chamie.....Irene Vanbrugh
Lady Elton.....Helen Perers

The Daily Telegraph found half the text of the play to be this: "You may have talent, you may be a fine fellow, but it will do you no good unless you beat the big drum." The other half declares that "It is better for the man of an ideal to plan on at his work without profit or fame rather than use the arts of hooling."

On Sept. 4, 1915, the play was acted with a "happy ending"; the lovers were reunited. Sir Arthur explains in the preface to the published play (1915) why he made this sacrifice of his artistic convictions.

"The Big Drum" is published exactly as it was written, and as it was originally performed. At its first representation, however, the audience was reported to have been saddened by its 'unhappy ending.' Pressure was forthwith put upon me to reconcile Philip and Ottoline at the finish, and at the third performance of the play the curtain fell upon the picture, violently and crudely brought about of Ottoline in Philip's arms. I made the alteration against my principles and against my conscience, and yet not altogether unwillingly. For we live in depressing times; and perhaps in such times it is the first duty of a writer for the stage to make concessions to his audience and above everything, to try to afford them a complete, if brief, distraction from the gloom which awaits their outside the theatre. My excuse for having at the start provided an 'unhappy' ending is that I was blind enough not to regard the ultimate break between Philip and Ottoline as really unhappy for either party. On the contrary, I looked upon the separation of these two people as a fortunate occurrence for both; and I conceived it as a piece of ironic comedy which might not prove uninteresting that the falling away of Philip from his high resolves was checked by the woman he had once despised and who had at last grown to know and to despise herself."

Sir Arthur said after the first performance to a representative of the Daily Chronicle that the change did not affect the purpose of the play—"to attack certain weaknesses and follies of social life." He would not have altered the play if there had been no war. "When the play is produced elsewhere—in America, for example—and when it is published, the original form in which I designed it will be adhered to, for I still hold with your critic that the 'unhappy ending' is the 'true' one."

"The Rise of Peter Barban," to be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre, was written by Mrs. Skinner and Jules Fekbert Goodman for Otis Skinner. The Morning Telegraph of Dec. 12 stated that Mr. Skinner in Buffalo, Rochester and Baltimore had taken in more money than he did even in "Kismet," and in Washington his receipts were "but \$100 less than when he appeared there in the big Oriental spectacle. This extraordinary patronage has been achieved without any metropolitan endorsement as yet." Mr. Skinner's engagement in Baltimore began on Nov. 21, 1919.

"Too Many Husbands," by W. Somerset Maugham, which will be the play at the Wilbur tomorrow, was produced at Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 4, 1919, with Kenneth Douglas, Ernest Lawford and Estelle Winwood. When it was performed at Washington Sept. 21, Lawrence Grossmith replaced Mr. Lawford. Produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, Oct. 8, the cast was as follows:

Victoria.....Estelle Winwood
Mrs. Dennis.....Beatrice Miller
Fayor.....Carolyn Darling
Miss Shuttlesworth.....Marguerite St. John
Lester Patton.....Fritz Williams
Major Lowndes.....Lawrence Grossmith
Major Cardew.....Kenneth Douglas
Nann.....Marion Barker
Mr. Raham.....J. H. Brewer
Miss Monmorency.....Florence Edney
Boy.....Richard Gray

It is said that Mr. Woods thought first of calling the play "Not Tonight, Josephine." It is also said that the play was written at the behest of Robert Loraine. Mr. Maugham was in a sanatorium in Scotland recovering from his life as a surgeon in Russia in 1915. Loraine asked for a play, and Mr. Maugham was "sick enough to decide to write a comedy." The play, however, did not suit Mr. Loraine for some reason. Mr. Woods, it is also said, thought of "Americanizing" it and the leading part was offered to Sam Bernard. (This seems an incredible statement.) There have been "a few structural alterations"



DORSHA, WHO APPEARS AT THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE MONDAY EVENING

by the ever-ready Willard Mack. Kenneth Douglas had been in the British army for two and a half years, "beginning as a Tommy and coming out as a sergeant instructor with the rank of lieutenant."

"Too Many Husbands" was produced as "Home and Beauty" at the Playhouse, London, Aug. 30, 1919, when the two majors were played by Malcolm Cherry and Charles Hawtrey; Victoria by Gladys Cooper.

"The Ruined Lady," a comedy in which that admirable actress, Miss Grace George will play at the Plymouth Theatre this week, is by Frances Nordstrom. The comedy was produced at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 1, 1919, when Jessie Bonstell, Paul Gordon, Katharine Cornell, Winifred Lenihan, Esther Howard, Cecilia Griffiths, Richard Farrel, Cicely Barcham, Henry K. George, Robert Smiley and Joyce Fair were in the supporting company.

"The Passing Show" will be welcomed at the Boston Opera House tomorrow. It is said that the best of the old features are retained and that there will be cheerful new ones. The fascinating dancer, Dorsha, the amusing Howards, the "Coffee Drunkard"—"From the Castle to the Gutter"—these and many others will give pleasure.

Cesar Franck and Bantock as Composers for Ballets

Ballet philosophique" of Mme. Donnet, designed as a choreographic illustration of Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue," originally for piano, was produced by the Art Theatre at the Haymarket, London, Dec. 3. The Times said: "A ballet that professes to be philosophical aims high, and, we must admit, was a little over our head. Various draped figures, with gloomy countenances and contorted gestures, seemed to suggest sufferers in one of the (milder) circles of Dante's Inferno. We suppose the trials into which they resolved themselves were Hegelian. Possibly the spirit who controlled them symbolized the Categorical Imperative. There was a more airy spirit who contended with this one—rather after the familiar fashion (though the comparison seems impious) of the Good Fairy and Evil Genius of the old pantomime opening. But it was quite amusing to

see a ballet that was, at any rate, wholly unlike any other ballet in our experience, whatever it may have meant."

Granville Bantock's concert overture "The Pierrot of the Minute," a musical translation of Dowson's poem, which has been played here at a Symphony concert, was put on the stage of Covent Garden as a ballet on Dec. 5. Phyllis Bedells danced the Moonmaiden. Pierrot at the end, distracted as she was, fell out upon the arms of her attendants, is killed by the lover of a young woman. "It is an effective stage ending, though it hardly fulfils the idea of the music. However, Granville Bantock's offers no

greater violence than did Rimski-Korsakoff in the interpretation of "Scheherazade." Gavriloff mined Pierrot; Bantock conducted.

Personal Notes About Actors, Musicians, Composers

It is said that Arthur Sinclair and his company of Irish players may visit this country in the near future. Mr. Sinclair and his company have not been associated with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, for some time.

Luigi Illica, a voluminous librettist, with Giacosa the author of Puccini's "Tosca," "La Boheme" and "Madama Butterfly," died on Dec. 17.

The Melbourne correspondent of the Stage wrote on Sept. 18:

"I much regret to tell you that the old Savoyard, Wallace Brownlow! whose fine baritone voice and handsome stage presence middle-aged theatre-goers in London will hardly have forgotten, came to a tragic end in this city a few days ago. He was found with his throat cut in the Exhibition Gardens. A letter on the body showed that the writer had tried in vain to get back to the stage, he at one time adorned, and had determined to end the struggle for existence. Poor Brownlow! A pitiable finish and one that should surely have been made impossible." Brownlow was the first Sir Richard Cholmondeley in "The Woman of the Grand" and the first Luigi in "The Gondoliers" at the Savoy.

Robert Loraine was to have been the Lancelot in Binyon's "Arthur" announced for Dec. 26 at Covent Garden. His physician warned him that he would not stand the strain, so "Arthur" is set aside for a while.

There is talk of Arthur Nikisch for general director of music at Dresden. He would remain conductor at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig.

Vesta Tilley had a great reception at Birmingham, where she gave away £50 in charities last month. The Birmingham Mail of Dec. 6 dropped into poetry in her honor.

TO VESTA TILLEY.

Take a dandy, trim and dapper,
Fit to captivate a flapper,
In the hands of Piccadilly or the "Cri."
Dressed in fashion's last creation,
With a "nutty" affection,
And a little window pane stuck in his eye.

Take a Tommy feeling larky,
In a red coat or in khaki,
Or a hero who to duty's call was true,
Safely back from conflict's mighty,
With a little "bit of blighty,"
And attired in his unit uniform of blue.

Thus, dear lady, you have flourished
In the hearts of those who cherished
Entertainment on a clean and novel plan;
For though blessed with woman's sweetness,
The embodiment of neatness,
You're a perfect little model of a man.

Not alone for your attractions,
But for the numerous benefactions,
Shall we recollect with joy what you have done;
And although you cannot carry
Tis from Birmingham you carry
Heartfelt wishes for the happiness you've won!

I hear that Mrs. George Leybourne widow of the once famous comic singer

who died of a heart disease, died comfortably and will leave for her old home by her only daughter, Florence Leybourne, who has been Mrs. Albert Chubb for many years past. All sorts of fables have been spun round the career of the famous "Champagne Charlie," who died more than three decades ago. Two of these legends—that he had been a hammerman at a foundry, and that his real name was Joe Saunders—are both inexact. In the days when refinement in the treatment of comic songs was usually absent, George Leybourne brought an artistic sense into the halls where it flourishes more freely today. He adopted the name of Joe Saunders for a short period only as a beginning, but used his own name when he took the business up finally.—The Stage, Dec. 11.

Leybourne, the music hall delineator of the heavy swell the "Lion Comique" as he called himself died in 1881. He was a howling swell off the stage, for advertising purposes.

Anna Pavlova began an engagement at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, Paris, Dec. 12.

Maurice Kufferath, the author of many valuable books on music, editor of the Guide Musical, director of the Monnaie, is dead. His study of "The Magic Flute" was recently published by Fischbacher.

Fischbacher has also published Camille Maclair's "Les Heros de l'Orchestre" and an analytical and thematic study of Rabaud's "Marouf" by Gaston Knosp.

Paul Landormy's life of Brahms has been published by Alcan of Paris in the collection "Les Maitres de la Musique."

Raoul Laparra, writing about music to the Menestrel, sees "three peaks" in the French school: Rameau, Berlioz, Saint-Saens.

Felix Welgarter and the Philharmonic Society of Vienna have been engaged for some concerts in Italy.

Degeyter, the composer of the song "The International," killed himself at Lille, under the German occupation on Feb. 15, 1918. During an epidemic of typhus, he was due periodically at the military hospital. One day he failed to report. Threatened with arrest, he hanged himself.

Teachers at the Budapest Academy of Music struck when the government retired Ernst von Dohnanyi from the directorship.

Plays New and Old Performed in Great Britain and Ireland

The London Times said of "A Dear Little Lady," by Cecil Whitehead (St. Martin's Theatre, Dec. 1): "A less exhilarating farce on the whole we have not seen for a long time." The chief comedian John Devereil has "a little assortment of superficial oddities, which, in farce, may pass for personality. Apparently one was also expected to laugh at the innocence of a country maiden, played by Miss Peggy Primrose, who takes possession of a bachelor's bedroom, as of right, and exiles him to the sofa, but Miss Primrose's innocence seemed a little too sophisticated to be really funny."

Dutch players will come to London in January, and, at one of Messrs. Gros-smith and Laurillard's theatres, will give two matinees—one of "Hamlet," the other of Bernard Shaw's "Candida." The Dutch company will consist of members of the Royal Theatre of Holland. London, of course, is not entirely a stranger to Dutch actors and actresses. The Rotterdam Dramatic Company appeared in London in the summer of 1880, at the old Imperial (Aquarium), Westminster, in a Dutch version of Glac-netti's "Marie Antoinette," in an original Dutch play, "Anne-Mie," and in "Janus Tulp." At the head of the company was Mme. Bearsnanns, "Anne-Mie," adapted by Clement Scott, was produced by Edgar Bruce, on Nov. 1, of the same year, at the old Prince of Wales's. Miss Genevieve Ward played the title part. In the cast, in addition to Mr. Bruce, were Sir (then Mr.) J. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. James Fernan-dez, Mrs. Leigh Murray and Miss Cissy Grahame.—The Stage.

"The Enchanted Trousters," a play in one act, by "Gideon Cusley," produced at the Abbey, London, Nov. 25, discusses the question whether "Irish departmental control has got more than its fair share of the circumlocution, red tapeism and assninity which marks all bureaucracy." "Cushley" is a Dublin medical man "noted in society for his wit, and characterized in James Stephens's classic essay on Dublin as the perpetrator of 100 limericks, 'every one worse than the other.'"

John Drinkwater's "Night of the Trojan War" was performed by the Art Theatre at the Haymarket, London, on Dec. 3. "These Art Theatricals seem to be devised by dilettanti for dilettanti. And Mr. Drinkwater's play, which headed the program yesterday afternoon, was in a way about dilettanti—soldiers who are poets or sculptors at home and whose artistic spirits are at variance with the bloody work of war. We have seen this in the war which we call 'great,' and Mr. Drinkwater is, no doubt, quite safe in assuming it was to be seen at the siege of Troy. His Greek poet and his Trojan sculptor get killed,

and the moral is the obvious one: the pity of it and the horrible waste of life of war. Further, few of the Greeks had ever seen Helen, and the Trojans were bored by that old scandal and both sides were utterly tired of fighting. Mr. Drinkwater has some beautiful verses about the homesick gods that the homesick Greeks see vision of, and they were delivered with taste by Basil Rathbone and Noel Shammoun. As one of the Trojans, William Rea gave the verse the

added charm of his Irish accent. These quaint experiments—an allusion to the "Lallet philosophique" noticed elsewhere in the Herald—are great fun. "Callimachus," a translation by Arthur Waley from the Latin of Hroswitha, was funny from its childlike naivete. Most of us are probably indebted for the little we know about Hroswitha to a charming paper in the "Vie Litteraire" of Anatole France. She was a nun in the convent of Gandersheim in the 10th century, and used to write little plays, always about chastity, for the nuns to perform. Some of them were done in Paris 30 years ago by marionettes, but yesterday "Callimachus" was presented by neither nuns nor puppets, but by ordinary human actors of both sexes. Callimachus loved the wife of Prince Andronicus, Drusiana, who is so affronted by his declaration that she prays for death and promptly falls dead, but Callimachus's mad passion impels him to violate her grave. Thereupon he dies, too, but they are restored to life by St. John and the gentleman becomes an exemplary Christian. Ernest Thesiger as St. John seemed thoroughly to enjoy the situation; and the whole performance provoked a smile, but a gentle, reverent smile, so simple-minded yet so sincere was the pity of the whole affair. Mme. Donnet's direction of the Art Theatre is certainly providing us with some novel titillations."

Shakespeare does not seem to spell ruin in England. Henry Ainley is making great preparations for "Julius Caesar" at the St. James's Theatre. Frank Benson, playing Anthony, received "Julius Caesar" at Manchester on Dec. 3 with great success. At the Old Vic, London, "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Richard II." have drawn crowds. "King John" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are in the repertoire of this month. Martin Harvey opened his season at Covent Garden, Dec. 26, with "Hamlet." He will revive either "Richard III." or "The Taming of the Shrew."

"The Red Mill" was produced at the Empire, London, Dec. 25. "Mr. Pin Passes By," a comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne, was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester, Dec. 1. Irene Vanbrugh, Ben Webster, Gergette Cohan, and Dion Boucicault were in the company. The comedy was highly praised. "The author has written epigrammatic sentences, with up-to-date allusions to after war effects, and the theme of being unconscious oigamists is discussed in the second act."

"Sylvia's Lovers," a light opera, libretto by Cosmo Gordon Leitch. Music by Bernard Rolt, was produced at Portsmouth, Dec. 1. The story is described as "entertaining and fascinating"; the music as "bright and tuneful." Desiree Ellinger took the part of Sylvia.

Notes About the Stage—Plays and Operas in Paris

Sacha Guitry's new play is "Beranger."

George Pitoeff and his Russian company played at the Theatre des Arts H. R. Le Normand's "Le Temps est un Songe," which had not before been performed in France. The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote: "It is a remarkable play, recalling the Scandinavian dramatists, as abstract as Maeterlinck, but written in the robust style of Ibsen or Bjornson. In reality there are two dramas interwoven in the play; the mental drama of Nice Van Eyden obsessed by the problems of life, to whom the unreality of existence, of which we can know so little, brings the conviction that life is an illusion and time a dream, while in death we may seek reality; and the actual drama of Romeo, his fiancée, who dreams that he is drowning in the mill pond and is so haunted by the hallucination that she unwittingly gives it an irresistible attraction to Nice. It is the double tragedy of mind and the impotence of love to save or to protect. It is difficult at first to judge if the deep impression made by a foreign artist is not largely the impression of a race rather than an individual. If M. Pitoeff is as rich and varied in all his parts as in that of Nice, his art is very great. And I can well believe it. At first the monotony of his voice disturbs one, but soon the inner fire, the wonderful sincerity and thought of the man conquered, and one sat wrapt and awed, in a word, by the revelation of a harassed soul. I can only beg that M. Pitoeff gives us a performance of 'Hamlet' at an early date. Mme. L. Pitoeff

is a record of the war in Belgium. The four stories are united together by a sort of love story.

London Critics Write Gaily About Various Concerts

Miss Dorothy Webb: "There is an English woman to whom only a few listen because, perhaps, the name sounds so English, and because when English singing is faultless we are all inclined to say—Well, how else could you do it? She has not a large voice; it is not a rich contralto nor a light soprano—there is, in fact, nothing extraordinary about it. She merely has the power of producing tone at will in any part of the song, high or low, loud or soft. But this will never do for the groundlings. They want a ringing tone that will send a shiver down the spine, and a penultimate (or, the latest craze is, an ultimate) high note that will lift them out of the seats. Miss Webb is sorry, but she has only got the right note in the right place of the right song. And she has got it by downright work, as those know who have taken songs for her to sing. If she sings French (we are pleased to think we are with the angels who also may have their difficulties with French pronunciation); and if English (as she did most of the time) we are flattered to think the angels are with us." And the supreme test of folksong she passes as well as the actual singers, who are not conscious that they are doing anything but telling a story.

—London Times.

H. C. Castleman's songs: "These exhibit most of the faults that songwriters can commit—sterile melody, muddled key, misunderstood words, and a fatal instinct for what is trite and unmeaning."

"It is a curious thing that at least two poets—Milton, a musician, and Waller—have gone out of their way to praise Lawes's settings of words, and that there does not seem to be even one among his extant songs of which the music is at all individual. Possibly Lawes sang them, in good company, in quite a different way from that in which they were afterwards printed."

"Some Ate possessed Mr. Borwick. He was playing the right hand before the left throughout, overlaid, with the lid of the piano open against muted strings, and his scholar's conscience away on leave."

"Bach's organ fugues on the piano, you must eschew those fitful gusts which are vaguely called 'expression.' You might as well trifle with the Atlantic or tamper with the courses of the little stars as stain these eternities with little many-colored fancies. On the other hand, if you play the fancies of Rameau and Couperin on the piano instead of on the clavocin, which is, in a sense, to coarsen them, you must eternalize them with vital rhythms—the cluck of Rameau's hen, for instance, must be played as hens do cluck, and as in fact he wrote it, and not like a trumpet calling a cavalry regiment to a halt."

When Miss Maggie Teyte sings old French songs, Mehul, Girey and the others, as she did at the Aeolian Hall yesterday, we wonder that there is so much bad singing elsewhere in the world. It seems so much easier to do the right thing, to drop on the note after having determined its exact pitch instead of determining that fact after having betokened its normal value, to phrase accalies their normal value; these seem all so cording to the sense; these seem all so much the natural thing to do that one marvels that 99 singers out of 100 should search for other ways. In more modern music the same qualities are equally invaluable, but modern music does not always equally repay the singer who possesses them. The modern French song at its best will do so; that is, where the music contributes to a crisp form and where wit keeps sentiment in check. Chabrier's "Les Petits Canards" and Debussy's "Les Dames de Paris" are examples. Szymanowski's "The Girl at the Window," which came between them, is a case where the composer relies on the emotional effort of the singer to cover some sloppiness of his design.—London Times, Dec. 5.

It is a trite and rather obvious thing to say that no one can play French music quite like a Frenchman or a French woman; possibly it is one of those irritating half-truths that is often true and as often untrue.—London Daily Telegraph, apropos of Berthe Bert, pianist.

The Times said of Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, violinist: "We can't, of course we can't help liking foreign playing better than our own, just as we marry third cousins rather than first. There is no getting over the fact that virtue is most valued when it is complementary. If anyone is distressed at this (as no one need be) his remedy is to go and be a prophet in some other country (as has been done a good deal lately), and then come back and impress us (as we have also seen done). Have you ever heard a very well-educated French lady speak English fluently? That was the effect when Miss d'Aranyi played an English-sounding 'Variation' by Ernest Walker and some dances by E. D. Rendall that Ock Gurney might have danced with his wife that he loved next to hunting and Uncle Pete. And if her Hungarian quality which we thought so fascinating

in the English-Joachim No. 8, had been transplanted to the Danube, perhaps no one in Budapest would even have turned his head to see who it was."

Londoners Have Their Little Say About Film Plays and Actors

The London Times comments on the delicate "puff preliminary" which declares, apropos of "Tarzan of the Apes," that "Never has the human brain conceived so strange a creation as Tarzan, the ape-man," the Times says: "Perhaps it has been overlooked that some 2000 years ago there was a legend about two Italian boys, who were nearly as distinguished as Tarzan, although not quite so much in the public eye. Their names were Romulus and Remus, and they had an even stranger foster-parent. In more recent days, too, Mr. Rudyard Kipling described a human boy, named Mowgli, who was also brought up by wolves. At times, indeed, Tarzan, is very reminiscent of Mowgli, but he only became ruler of the apes, the Bandar-log, whom Mowgli very properly despised, whereas the latter was master of the jungle. But although Tarzan is not quite all that he is proclaimed to be, his life and adventures make an extremely entertaining film."

"Vengeance" is a film that deals with the misdeeds of a certain English "My Lord," a very fertile theme in the land that exists beyond the screen. The film opens in the home of the wicked aristocrat, and the audience is presented to two remarkable footmen, who might have stood as portraits of the fish-footman and the frog-footman as they appeared when Alice went to pay a call on the Duchess. The scene is then changed to India, where the plot thickens to a surprising degree. The noble family seems to have had two scions. The elder dislikes the younger and falsely accuses him of cheating at cards. The younger leaves England and goes to India. There he marries a native woman, and to their son he bequeaths a legacy of revenge on his elder brother. The remainder of the story is taken up with the methods of his "vengeance." They are not particularly original, but they seem to be quite effective. People appear to enjoy this kind of film, but it will not be very surprising if they soon get wearied of the hackneyed situations and inevitable endings. The characters in these plays lead a very Utopian kind of existence. The virtuous always prosper, and the vicious are invariably unmasked. It would be quite a pleasant change to see a vicious character come out of top, like Mark Twain's "bad boy," and "an unhappy ending" would be almost too much to hope for.—London Times.

The pictorial record of the Prince of Wales's tour in Canada was shown in Albert Hall, London, on Dec. 17.

The outstanding film that is being shown in London this week demands the attention of the audience for about five minutes only. It is the cinematograph reproduction of the boxing match between Carpenter and Beckett. In these days, when quantity is valued as much as quality, films are recommended to the public as consisting of so many reels and as being so many thousand feet in length. The fight between Carpenter and Beckett took 70 seconds, but a series of scenes of the two boxers in training at the beginning and an interminable view of the ring for many minutes after the fight spin the picture out to what is apparently considered a respectable length. The attenuated nature of the contest seems to have impressed the editors of one of the weekly typical films, and they have arranged the reconstruction of the blow that won the match. Carpenter is represented in his ordinary clothes going through the action of the knockout blow on a sparring partner. Many people are inclined to grow restive at our excessive hero-worship of successful athletes, but it must be remembered that the custom of taking their portraits is not by any means a modern one. Twenty-five centuries ago the winners at the Olympic games, in addition to gaining a laurel wreath, were also often granted the far greater honor of having their images engraved in marble.—Dec. 11.

To enhance the effect of the picture-play of the future every legitimate device must be made available. However wonderful the films of tomorrow may be as production—and there is no doubt they will far exceed anything we have yet seen—no less skill and ingenuity will have to be displayed in their presentation than in their manufacture. It will no longer suffice, as in the past, simply to project them on to the screen, and leave the spectators to form their own impressions unaided. Even an orchestra, however excellent its composition, will not be sufficient to hold the attention of the public in the great new "palaces" that will soon be everywhere supplanting the cinema theatres of today. The picture-play itself will be but a part of the entertainment, the most important part, no doubt, but still, only a part. An "atmosphere" will have to be created for it. Music, vocal or instrumental will be but one of the means employed to do this. The possibilities of lighting and colour have hardly yet been investigated at all. There are abundant grounds for the be-

lieved that color has some analogy with musical notes, and that, suitably used, they may exert both a psychological and a physical effect on those who come under their influence. Experiments, indeed, have actually been already made in this direction, and there is no doubt they will ardently be followed up by keen investigators. Perfumes also have been proved to induce peculiar and characteristic mental conditions. In the past the most extraordinary effects were said to be producible at will by employing certain odiferous substances. Some of the statements made in the curious treatises on this and kindred topics, published in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, might well repay careful examination by modern scientific methods.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Times praises George Egan in "The Sign of the Rose" and calls him a great American actor. "Few actors whom one has seen on the screen have such power of facial expression, and the closing scene, in which, crushed and heartbroken, he begs the man who has caused his child's death to remember in future that the streets are the only playground of the poor, is a moving piece of work which lifts the film far above the average level."

An English company has finished "The Tallman," founded on Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Jascha Heifetz, violinist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the New York Chamber Music Society, Inc.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Bernardo Olschansky, baritone.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer. Violin sonatas of Beethoven.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Pevla Frijsb.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Raymond Havens.

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The seats of the mighty! The seats of beauty! The Victoria and Albert Museum has received from Sir George Donaldson, in commemoration of peace, a chair of the finest quality, reputed to have been the property of Mistress Nell Gwynne. No doubt wandering Americans will try to sit in it, so as afterwards to tell their neighbors in Terre Haute, Hockanum Ferry and Putney, Vt., all about it. The name of the throne-trier is Legion. No doubt this chair is still warm, remembering Nell. As Thackeray sang of his Fanny, seated with "a smile on her face, and a rose in her hair":

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair—
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

Dr. Johnson's Chair

As the World Wags:

Dr. Johnson's connection with the Cheshire Cheese is one of those literary rumors that have vaguely troubled me without my having any definite reason for verifying them. I would not, of course, Macaulay-wise, undertake to replace Boswell's marvellous volume if all copies were destroyed, but tolerable familiarity with it ought to furnish me with a picture of the sage at the Cheshire Cheese as well as at the Mitre. The truth is that Boswell never once mentions this tavern! Birkbeck Hill says the final words on the subject in a note to his extracts from Hawkins' "Life of Johnson" in the second volume of his "Johnsonian Miscellanies":

"In the old Cheshire Cheese, the ancient Fleet street tavern which looked now as it may have looked in Johnson's day, his seat is marked by an inscription. In no contemporary writer is mention made of his frequenting the tavern. Cyrus Jay, in 1868, dedicated his book, 'The Law: To the Lawyers and Gentlemen with whom I have dined for more than half a century at the Old Cheshire Cheese, Wine Office Court Fleet Street.' In the preface he says: 'During the fifty-three years I have frequented the Cheshire Cheese there have been only three landlords. When I first visited it I used to meet several of gentlemen who remembered Dr. Johnson nightly at the Cheshire Cheese, and they have told me, what is not generally known, that the doctor, while living at the Temple, always went to the Mitre or the Essex Head; but when he removed to Gough Square or Bow Court he was a constant visitor at the Cheshire Cheese, because nothing but a hurricane would have induced him cross Fleet street.' There is much talk in this. It is not likely that many, if, indeed, any, of the old gentlemen remembered Johnson in Gough square, for he left it in 1759. It was, moreover, a year later that he removed to the Temple. Boswell, too, records many dinners at the Mitre after he had removed to the other side of Fleet street. Nevertheless we may take the account as direct evidence of what could scarcely be doubtful that Johnson often dined at the tavern."

ACADEMIC

Ruth it embodies the high-spirited and with vivid skill and appealing qualities.

Mr. Clarence is the very picture of Peyton's benevolence and the success with which the old man nurtures human souls as well as plants.

Mr. Bergen is properly hateful as district attorney and as would-be marplot of mistaken family pride.

Larry Shaw paints the sordid character Teresa in vivid colors, and the others the company help to make the production a pleasing whole.

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston, by the Henry Jowett players, of "The Big Drum," a comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur W. Pinero. The cast:

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|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Robert Roope..... | Nicholas Joy |
| Philip Mackworth..... | Charles D. Barry |
| William Green..... | Robert D. Helms |
| Mrs. Walter Gabele..... | May Ellis |
| Mrs. G. G. Ansley..... | Marion Treble |
| Ottoline De Chaumle..... | Jessamine Newcombe |
| Miss Traver..... | Nancy Stewart |
| Leonard Westrip..... | Fred C. Barron |
| Edith Wilson..... | Viola Leigh |
| Bertman Elson..... | E. E. Olive |
| Sir Randle Elson..... | Cameron Matthews |
| Sir Timothy Barradell..... | William C. Mason |
| John..... | Arthur Irving |
| A. Walter..... | Frank Munroe |
| A. Fred Dunning..... | Leonard Craske |

is, the woman who thinks she is not good enough for the unsuccessful novelist, Philip Mackworth, too good for him? This is the question left with the audience as the curtain falls on "The Big Drum." A question rather than the conventional happy ending which British public opinion forced Sir Arthur W. Pinero to substitute for the original version when the play was given in London. The play, as given last night, very properly restored the theme as the dramatist conceived it in the first place.

The audience at the Copley last evening was left to decide whether Ottoline, Countess de Chaumle, born Filson, who has already quarrelled and become reconciled to her self-centred and irritable lover, will end by again taking him on, or whether she will turn to the gallant and loyal gentleman, who, unlike the half-hearted Mackworth, is unreservedly hers.

"The Big Drum," which comes to Boston heralded as the best as well as the latest of Sir Arthur's productions, is a well rounded out and carefully conceived drama. It goes without saying that the craftsmanship is admirable. The story attracts and holds to the end. It is climatic and convincing. Yes, it is good, superlatively good. The cast is, in general, adequate to the exacting work required of it.

The Filsons, social climbers, as portrayed with the British stamp, are delightfully amusing and sufficiently human to show their best side to the humiliated novelist when he discovers that his vaunted book, "The Big Drum," has been a failure instead of the success he had thought it.

The Filson set, with its self-advertising and craving for publicity, are the unconscious subjects of the book and of the novelist's most violent invective. The satire is elaborate and entertaining.

Miss Newcombe made the part of the daughter of the Filson household so completely French as to render her British birth almost doubtful, surely an over emphasis of her marriage. Her emotional scenes were charming.

Mr. Wingfield was happy in the part of Sir Timothy Barradell, the seller of bacon, whose social methods are nothing if not direct.

Mr. Waram never quite made the novelist hero likable. In fact, Philip Mackworth was more than a bit of a poseur himself.

The remainder of the cast filled the demands of the play and fitted into their respective niches and satisfying effectiveness.

PASSING SHOW OF 1918 RETURNS TO BOSTON

Company Retains All the Attractions of Its Previous Runs Here

Boston was given the opportunity last night of witnessing again the brilliant display of spectacular scenery and gorgeous costumes in the Shubert production, "The Passing Show of 1918" at the Boston Opera House. The show has changed but slightly in its year's absence from Boston. The costumes are new and attractive and the Howard brothers, assisted by Will Philbrick, John Burke, Leeta Corlier and Dorsha, the dancer, add life to the evening by their funny stories and jokes. The music still retains its popularity through such catching tunes as "Blowing Bubbles" and "Tell Me."

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Ruined Lady," a comedy in three acts by Frances Nordstrom. Cast:

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|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Dorothy Mortimer..... | Lella Frost |
| Doris Mortimer..... | Richard Farrell |
| Jack Torrence..... | Freeman Wood |
| | John McEwen |
| | James McDuff |
| | John McEwen |
| | Caroline Locke |
| | Frances Nordstrom |
| | Grace George |
| | Katharine Cosgriff |
| | Marie Bryar |

This delightful comedy, written by a member of the company, tells the story of a girl who wanted to be "ruined" in order to bring her thoughtless lover to his senses. The idea has been used before—for instance, there was the young wife in "Fair and Warmer" who begged her accomplice to "go on and compromise me." But Miss Nordstrom has clothed the idea in unusually sparkling conversation and amusing situations.

Ann Mortimer has been engaged for 12 years to Bill Bruce. Their marriage originally had been deferred because Ann considered it her duty to be foster mother to her young niece and nephew, whose parents had been killed in an accident. Bill at first bitterly resented the postponement of their marriage; was miserable about it a little later, and then settled down to taking it for granted. He and Ann were neighbors; Ann mothered him as well as her two young wards, and life goes on uneventfully until Ann decides that although Bill seems satisfied with things as they are, and long since has ceased to propose to her, she is not content. Therefore, she plans to visit Bill at night and get herself "compromised." And she does so, much more successfully than even she had planned. She also convinces Bill that she cares for another man, until the very last minute, when Bill wakes up at last, and the curtain falls on a perfectly happy "ruined lady."

Here at last is a comedy that needs no bedroom scene to help it along. From first to last it is brilliant with witty repartee; real comedy devoid of horseplay and delicate situations which are never vulgar. Miss George has rarely been more charming than in the role of Ann Mortimer, the ruined lady. In every inflection, in the eloquent lifting of her eyebrows, in the slight but significant gesture of her hand, she is delightful. Her company—as her companies usually are—is extremely capable. Mr. Mortimer as Bill Bruce was the unconsciously dilatory lover to the life. Miss Nordstrom, the author, very acceptably played the part of Ann's friend, Olive Gresham.

HERBERT CLIFTON HEADS KEITH BILL

Herbert Clifton in feminine impersonations was one of the principal attractions at Keith's Theatre last night. His singing was excellent and his costumes stunning and startling.

"Ye Song Shop," with Warren Jackson and Robert Adams, afforded an opportunity for a revival of some old-time songs, contrasted with modern ragtime. There were several pretty girls, handsome costumes, bits of comedy and clever dancing.

Claude and Fanny Usher in the "Bide A Wee Home" gave a bit of character acting and a touch of pathos. Johnny Ford and his five "Original Melody Maids" gave an exhibition of high-class dancing and Margot Francois and partner introduced a demonstration of acrobatic performances on stilts that was new and muscle-straining.

Lubonati, the king of syncopators, gained repeated applause for his performance on the xylophone. Jimmy Duffy and Mr. Sweeney made their vaudeville appearance as Russian entertainers. Mae and Rose Wilton in singing, dancing and violin playing won special recognition. Sylvia Loyal closed the bill with her great flock of pigeons, parrots and her French poodle, "Marquise."

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Though the quickness of time was able to reach the noise of the moon, which some think it maketh in its rapid revolution; though the number of thy ears should equal Argus's eyes; yet stop them all with the wise man's wax, and be deaf unto the suggestions of tale-bearers, calculators, pickpocket or malevolent delators, who, while quiet men sleep, sowing the tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of charity and all friendly society. These are the tongues that set the world on fire, caulkers of reputation, and like that of Jonas's gourd, with a good name in a night. Evil spirits may sit still while these spirits walk about and perform the business of hell. To speak more strictly, our corrupted hearts are the factories of the devil, which may be at work without his presence.

Jeffersonian Simplicity
As the World Wags:
Reading the history of Mr. Thomas Jefferson's administration; by Henry Adams. I was saddened by a statement

made in the "Boston Herald" that Mr. Jefferson at Monticello had for company less than one dollar a bottle, that the best Bordeaux was a dollar a bottle, that the excellent Madeira drunk in pipes, cost only 50 or 60 cents a bottle. "Drunk in pipes." Ah, there were indeed the days of enviable simplicity! And foreign ministers, dining with Mr. Jefferson, praised his wines, not merely to his face, but in letters to officials or friends in their own countries.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Hockanum Ferry.

Lipton in the Desert

Mr. Johnson's letter brings to mind an astonishing remark of Sir Thomas Lipton arriving at Southampton after his visit to the Shamrock in this country. He thought there would be enough whiskey in America to toast the victorious Shamrock. "They tell you that you cannot get it love or money—but they are always able to lead you to it. The policeman will solemnly declare that it is against the regulations, but he can always say how to get it. The hotel porter solemnly informs you that it is against the rules, but adds that he can get a drop for you. Even the taxi driver says it cannot be got, but if you get in his cab he can always take you to a place where you can get it."

Sir Thomas probably had a beguiling way with him.

Sound Criticism

"The objection to thumping the piano and clapping that achievement is not the exceeding loudness of these operations, but the confusion they cause."—London Times.

Respirators

In the good old days in our little village anxious mothers insisted that their boys should wear red flannel underclothes, and some, when the weather was the coldest, put a chest protector, a hideous thing of buckskin and flannel, next the skin of little Willie. We do not remember any general use of the respirator among the village men and women. One man who did wear one was thought to be a queer person. As we see it now, after many years, the machine was a forerunner of the gas mask. We read that the respirator is never seen in London when the weather is cold or damp. Improving books—alas, we have no time to read detective stories—tell us that the earliest form of the machine was invented by Julius Jeffreys in the fall of 1825. His was for the mouth alone and was called by him the "oral respirator." Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, in a letter, described it as: "A thing made of black silk with a quarter of a mile of brass wire in it." An English writer coined the hideous participle-adjective, "respirated"—"a wan, yellow lady, closely veiled and respirated."

IS GOLF CRUEL?
(A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.)
When sportive neighbours conjure me
To hurry lunch and seek the tee,
To fight a friendly duel,
Does Mary, left in lone estate,
Her habitation desolate,
Rain scalding tears upon her plate,
And dub her partner cruel?

Nay, "absence makes for fonder hearts"
I murmur, as the driving starts,
"To hate it adds no fuel";
But if at midnight I contrive
To dream of boiling out in five,
And Mary's head obstructs a drive,
She well might think me cruel.

The Demon

Joan Benedict tells this story in the New York Evening Post about the curse of rum. The story may be old, but old stories are the best: "An Irishman was denouncing whiskey. 'Whiskey,' he declared, 'makes a man beat his wife, desert his children, neglect his home, shoot at his landlord—and miss him!'"

Paul Adam

Paul Adam, who died a few days ago, was a writer not widely known in this country, although Remy de Gourmont characterized him as "a magnificent spectacle." Whatever that may mean. Born in 1862, Adam wrote some foolish book before he was 25 years old. "Le Chez, Miranda" and "Les Demoiselles Goubert," in collaboration with Jean Moreas, are among them. Later his romances of manners were much better, in fact his sharp observation, to quote Gourmont, "penetrated like the sting of a wasp into things and souls." One of his novels—we do not recommend it for class reading in young ladies' schools—is "Le Vice Filial," in which he gives an entertaining description of the joyous, tumultuous life led by a successful Parisian composer of light operas. The heroine is the composer's strange, abnormal daughter, who finally hangs herself.

Mme. Hopekirk

After an absence from Edinburgh of 20 years, chiefly spent in Boston, Mme. Helen Hopekirk, returning to her native city, gave a piano recital on Dec. 6. Her first group of pieces comprised Poote's "Poem After Omar Khayyam," Op. 41, Mrs. Beach's "Scottish Legend" and MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata. The recital, according to the press notices received here, was successful in every way. One of the critics remarked that "her powers of interpretation and execution" were "alike undiminished."

New York Society Delights Boston Audience by Fine Performance

By PHILIP HALE

The New York Chamber Music Society, Inc., gave its first concert in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. The members are Messrs. Henrotte and Saman, violins; Lifsey, viola; Kefer, violoncello; Mix, double bass; Kincaid, flute; de Hirschler, oboe; Langenus, clarinet; Savolini, bassoon; Franzl, horn, and Miss Carolyn Beebe, pianist and director. Miss Beebe played here some years ago; Mr. Henrotte is well known here, for he was the excellent concert master of the ill-fated Boston Opera Company; the names of other members are familiar.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quintet, op. 18, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn; Schubert, Octet, op. 166, for strings, clarinet, bassoon and horn; Eugene Goossens, Jr., Suite in C, op. 6, for piano, violin, flute; D. G. Mason, Scherzo-Caprice, op. 14 (MSS.), for piano, strings, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn.

The program was not well selected, nor was it skilfully arranged. The music by Goossens and Mason was played here for the first time. Unfamiliar music should not be performed after an hour of other music, especially in chamber concerts. The ear does not readily receive impressions after an hour of even entertaining compositions, and with all due respect to the venerable shades of Beethoven and Schubert, there was little to enjoy last night except the performance itself. It seemed a pity that the skill of this ensemble should be so wasted. Neither composition can be ranked among the engrossing works of the two great masters. It is pleasant to note in Beethoven's Andante how he started out with Zerlina's famous address to Masetto in his head. Schubert's Introduction to his Finale is impressive, but with these exceptions listening was weary work.

Goossens, born in London in 1873, studied at Bruges, Liverpool and London. He enjoys in England an enviable reputation as composer and conductor; he has written much, but only a few of his minor compositions have crossed the Atlantic. With others of the ultra-modern English school he has been shabbily neglected by our orchestral conductors. The Suite played last night is not too deliberately modern, although the Impromptu might have for a subtitle "Recollections of Debussy's 'Afternoon of a Faun.'" Nevertheless, this movement is melodically and harmonically the most interesting of the three. The Serenade is labored, without sentiment, without passion, without grace. The Divertissement is piquant, relying upon the element of surprise to excite applause.

The performance of the Society was admirable, conspicuous for fine phrasing, unflinching proportion and euphony. If for the first hour a hearer, like Christopher Sly, nodded and did not mind the play, the fault was in the pedestrian music, not in the performance by the players.

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OLSHANSKY AT JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE

Bernard Olshansky, baritone, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. His program is as follows: Handel, Come Beloved; Gluck, Air from "the Pilgrims of Mecca"; Bononcini, Per la gloria d'ararar; Bemborg, Souper; Trucco, Deux Reves; Marie Bachman, Mignonette; Rimboni, Pour l'ideal nous sommets morts; Lishina, The Gypsy; Gretchaninoff, Evening Bell and Death; Stolipina, Two Giants; Forsyth, Oh, red is the English rose; Waghalter, For one sweet hour; Jacchia, The Kiss; Woodman, Old English Drinking Song; Gastaldon, Il Sonnetto di Dante; Donaudy, Spirata; three Roumanian folk songs. Alfred De Yoto was the pianist.

Mr. Olshansky is well remembered here as a useful member of the Boston Opera Company for two seasons. His program last evening contained many unfamiliar songs, and even the names of certain composers were not familiar. After a dozen songs had been sung, which stood out in bold relief, the song of Handel, the Immortal Melodist and the two songs of Gretchaninoff, there might have been a fuller appreciation of those by Lishina and Stolipina if the words had been printed on the program. As it was, the hearer was left in painful doubt concerning the gypsy's affair. What he had done or was doing or was about to do; nor did one have the faintest idea what was the matter with the two giants. But the music of Gretchaninoff was impressive in itself. The air from Gluck's opera gave the singer an opportunity to display both valubility and sentiment, the pianist a chance to show his fluent technic. Rimboni's Elegy for

between forte and mezzo forte, not attempting subtlety in the interpretation. An audience of fair size was enthusiastic.

A New Year's Present

Howel adds an explanatory note: "This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, that there lurks a Devil in every Berry of the Vine."

An Old Man's Mead

Now Borrow was passionately fond of strong ale; he never wearied shouting the praise of it; he drank it freely; but, mark you, mead affected him.

Honey Drink

Moses forbade the people of Israel from burning honey in any offering to the Lord made by fire. It has been said that this was because nations offered wagers made with honey to the Sun and Moon, and to the Queen of Heaven; but good old Doc. Mouffe

Some one may ask the difference between mead and metheglin. Venner in 1550 draws this distinction: "Metheglin is a very strong kinde of drinke, made of three or four parts of water and one of honey boyled together and scummed very cleane." He advised the addition of rosemary and ginger. "Meath or mede is like to metheglin, the chiefest difference is that it is not so hot in operation; for meath is made of one part of honey and six times so much pure water, or more."

A Complaint

Why do the walters invariably lie?
 "Very nice, Madame," is what they all say
 Serving a portion that's flaky and dry;
 Fromage domestic does not qualify,
 (Do not consider me traitorous please)
 Call me a gourmet, but hark to my cry:
 I wish I had a good Camembert cheese!

Lettonia's Stamp

For a chaste design, commend us to a postage stamp issued by Lettonia, in the centre two women embracing; in the foreground a skull and withered bush, rotting; in the distance the walls of Riga while the whole scene is lighted by the Aurora Borealis. Wasn't there room for a view of the Last Judgment?

Who is there that has not, from time to time, felt how cold and flat is all this talk about politics and science, and the new books and the new men, and how a genuine utterance of fellow-feeling outweighs the whole of it? Mark the words of Bacon: "For a crowd is not a company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

Sad Sights

As for the wretched tail-less dog what becomes of Victor Hugo's characterization: "The dog, that comical beast; whose sweat is in its mouth and whose laugh is in his tail."

"The Old Familiar Places"

In the "Black Cat" in Paris, the thrifty proprietor fastened the chair of the founder to the ceiling to save renewing it for succeeding generations of tourists. And Louis Goetz of Buffa

Mr. William B. Wright remembers gratefully in New York the old Shakespeare, the Irving house, Solari's, Minelli's; the coffee and fishballs at Gilsey House, Thomas's chop house the Toronto of 1869.—Ed.

BAUER AND THIBAUD

CONCERT A TRIUMPH

Large Audience Applauds the Artistic Performance

The distinguishing quality of the evening, in fact, was the complete unity of composer, performers and audience. For the vigor and dash, even the brilliance of the performers, equalled the demands of the composer, and the audience was throughout sympathetic and responsive. Mr. Thibaud played with breadth and warmth and yet without a forcing of his violin and Mr. Bauer gave his usual finished interpretation with great delicacy and fire.

For a fine example of infantile see this extract from a circular written by the passionate press-agent of Mme Matzenauer: "Imagine the surprise, then, of her enthusiastic following, when she stepped forth on the Metropolitan stage one evening, enshrouded with the jeweled radiance of the boy, the a full hair; below, above the luxuriantly garbed—yet all made oblivious to differences in life's stations by the great humanizing force, Music, and undubitably dazzled her audience in a dramatic soprano part."

Every Little Helps

If the gentlemen and ladies who have succeeded in enforcing upon a phlegmatic majority of their fellow citizens their ascetic views and practices are willing to make this small concession to the vanquished, might it not be a good idea to make the use of this simple contrivance general?

GAYLORD QUINN.

A St. Louis Bull-Fight

It is often very hard to transplant a national game. Along with the Adair enterprise there failed an attempt at bull-fighting, with a most memorable smash. Moralists had objected to having it in the Fair, but promoters had a \$120,000 arena, of glittering pine wood across the line in St. Louis county, which is wholly distinct from St. Louis the city. The first performance, on Sunday afternoon, was the last and only one. There was \$30,000 in the house, but no fighting bulls. The managers stalled and killed time with "Wild West" features; pseudo West pointers on three horses abreast; Indians dragging themselves sideways, and Cossack scuffed up the dust by dragging one horse as they rode. But the crowd grew impatient. They were there for some devastation, and they wanted it. And when a faked up play by the sheriff gave the management an excuse to announce that the fight had been forbidden, they refused to leave, but pounded the benches and howled, and the show was hustled outside. Finally something had to be done; a staff of costumed matadors and toreros, mounted on afoot, were paraded around the arena, and the heavy latticed door of the bull pen under the grand stand was swung to release the "degenerates," a short-horned fighters, wild and savage, which had been advertised in posters.

The "fighters" met a storm of brush and a dozen tired, scrawny, diseased stockyard steers huddled in the corners, each trying to shuffle himself to the bottom of the pile! They had no notion of fighting than they had of dividing half as much. "Take us back, Kansas City," was their mind; and pressed and fagged and, and for only thought. As for upping the selected matadors away and was the favorite color. The stock land and the tried to prod them out of the corners to no avail.

Raymond Havens, Pianist, Pleases a Large Audience

By PHILIP HALE

Raymond Havens, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Schubert, Fantasia, op. 15; Rameau, La Triomphante, Gavotte from "Le Temple de la Gloire"; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Field, Nocturne in A major; Schumann, Toccata; Carpenter, Little Indian, Little Dancer; Grieg, Andante Religioso; Gluck-Saint-Saens, Variations on airs from "Alceste"; Chopin, Six Preludes, op. 28, Ballade, op. 23, Valse Brillante.

An orthodox program recommended for family use; music that is warranted not to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person and could be heard safely by Mrs. Hoffman. Mr. Carpenter of Chicago was the only composer of doubtful tendencies admitted. There was no room for any libertine and shocking Frenchman. Instead of any dangerous young Englishman, we heard John Field, the Irishman, who had the good taste to die in 1837. There was Mendelssohn's Rondo, which has served many years as a show piece at graduation exercises of young ladies' seminaries. There was the Toccata of Schumann, which has sometimes played reviewers of concerts a mean trick by a certain resemblance to an Etude of Rubinstein's.

Mr. Havens, with his ready, fluent mechanism, should be farther advanced in his art than he is today. He can play swiftly, smoothly and accurately, as far as mere notes are concerned, but he is deficient in the fine qualities. He should cultivate tonal beauty, the art of singing a melody, significant phrasing. He should remember that pedals are to be used, not abused.

A large audience gave many manifestations of delight.

There are some interesting concerts this week. Mme. Samarooff and Mr. de Gogorza are together a strong attraction for Sunday afternoon audiences.

Miss Mona Gondre, who will make her first appearance in Boston tomorrow afternoon, is only a little over 20, but she has been on the stage in France, chiefly in children's parts, for a good many years, having played Lord Fauntleroy, David Copperfield, and a little girl in one of Brieux's plays. Through the war she went about the French, British and American camps, singing old French folk songs and American popular songs. With Mr. and Mrs. Francis Rogers she gave concerts for the British soldiers in Picardy in February, 1918. Mr. Rogers writes: "Although she works with the same material as Yvette Guilbert, she has never studied with her or even heard her in action." Miss Gondre made her first public appearance in New York on Dec. 23 at the Princess. The Evening Post said of her: "At present she is a sort of compound of butterfly and Paris gamine" and "an amusing performer of amusing songs."

Miss Maurel bears a famous name, but she is in no way related to the great baritone.

Mr. Meldrum, who will give a recital here next Wednesday afternoon, is a young pianist who gave a recital in New York on Dec. 8. The Tribune said of him that, despite total blindness, "he measures well above the average of the pianists who have asked our suffrages so far this season. His playing is full of color and finely articulated."

Mr. Gebhard and Mr. Pattison are well known here, and it is not necessary to speak of their respective abilities. Mr. Gebhard's program is decidedly modern, and he has the courage to begin with works by composers of ultra-modern tendencies.

Mr. Werrenrath is always a welcome visitor. At the Symphony concerts Stojowski's symphony will be played here for the first time—it took the Paderewski prize—and Mme. Matzenauer will sing with the orchestra for the first time—songs all made in Germany.

Random Notes About the Stage and Certain Stage People

The Herald spoke a few days ago of the production in London of Henry James's comedy, "The Reprobate." It may be remembered that his comedy, "The Outcry," based on the sale of a certain Old Master that made a sensation at the time, was brought out by the stage Society in 1917. The stage describes "The Reprobate" as a "clever and witty, ingenious, perhaps almost too well-made, and somewhat formal and artificial comedy, or, rather, farcical comedy."

Georgette Cohan, appearing as Peter Pan in London (Dec. 13)—she had until

a week or two before never been on the stage—was praised by the Times for her assurance and a graceful style.

"But she must study the art of repose, and learn to make more of her voice. She is a restless Peter, and by no means the dream child of some of her predecessors, but she is an actress with a future of real promise, in whom Mr. Boucicault has made a real discovery." Perhaps George M. can give her lessons in repose when she returns. "Mr. Allan Jeayes plays Capt. Hook as a gentle-voiced person, who seems to have drifted into piracy rather against his better judgment."

"The Curse of the Country," a drama of contemporary life in the Irish Midlands, in three acts, by Thomas King Moynan, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, by the Leinster Players Dec. 14. "Among the diversified indications that, despite of the abounding world-confusion, Ireland is resolutely putting her house in order, not the least significant is the recent eruption of a purposeful type of play making for timely self-discipline and healthful exhortation of national weaknesses. So long as dramatic appeal and the dramatic proprieties remain uppermost, nothing but good can result from this severe self-examination; but there is a perilous tendency for the propaganda to overlay and smother the purely human interest, a momentary bias from which Mr. Meyland (sic) with all his technical accomplishment, has not been able to escape."

How old is the half-guinea stall, which will soon be a thing of the past, if some West end managers have their way? Emily Soldene says that the Opera Comique was the first theatre to raise the price of its stalls to this figure. This was in December, 1875, when "La Fille de Madame Angot" was transferred to the Opera Comique from the Gaiety, where it had proved a huge success, proved equally attractive in its new home, according to Miss Soldene, who played in it at both theatres, "the 10s. 6d. stalls being booked weeks and weeks in advance." Finding that theatregoers were willing to pay this sum, other managers soon followed suit, and within a few years half a guinea was the recognized price for a stall in a West end theatre.—London Daily Chronicle.

An English film company is adapting "General Post," a capital play that was not appreciated in Boston. Another company is adapting Brieux's "Three Daughters of M. Dupont" with Ethel Irving as Julie.

It will give quite an Elizabethan touch to the forthcoming production of "Hamlet" when the part of a woman character is played by a man. The actor in question is Mr. Wilfred Fletcher (a son of a former editor of the Daily Chronicle, by the way), and his business will be to speak the lines of the Player Queen (not the Queen, i. e., Gertrude, as several contemporaries have said). References do not seem to be plentiful, and it would be interesting to know how often the more ancient practice of men playing women characters has been revived since Restoration days invented the actress.—London Daily Chronicle.

"The Adelphi" of Terence was the Westminster School play on Dec. 16. "Some of the audience were no doubt a bit rusty in their Latin, but the claque placed in the Olympian heights, responsive in their hand-clapping to the raised wands of the monitors, kept the applause in the right places."

Will Mary Pickford have to resort to one of those disguises in the assumption of which she is a past mistress when she comes across to visit us? We believe it was the late John Bunny who was pursued through London by troops of his admirers, but there is no face in the world so well known as that of the great little American film star. There must be countless households in which some daughter plumes herself on some fancied resemblance to Mary Pickford and dresses her hair in imitation of the well known pictures. Mary Pickford is probably the only woman in the world who could not hope to walk the streets of London unrecognized.—London Daily Chronicle.

An English Protest Against Letter Press in "Cinemese"

Mr. Stephen Leacock, the American satirist and humorist, has an amusing essay in "Further Foolishness," which ridicules the prevalence of hackneyed modern colloquialisms in the writings of his contemporaries. Thus he tilts against the use of the word "sense" as a verb and against the habits of the villainess of the serial story, who "bisses" everything she says.

A similar champion is urgently needed

to come to the rescue of the British cinematograph public. A large proportion of the films that are being shown still comes from America. Most of these films contain a large admixture of letter-press, and much of this letter-press is couched in such purely American slang that it must be as unintelligible as Choctaw to an average British audience. The vice which Mr. Leacock attacks is usually called "Journalese." The vice which still spoils so many cinematograph films might be called "cinemese," and it is especially to be condemned because, in addition to relying upon slang, it makes use of the slang of another continent, which is deadly to the general over here. The

result is that what many people think New York laugh heartily merely leaves London puzzled and offended.

One film that is being shown at various picture theatres this week is an excellent example of an average film quite spoiled by incomprehensible interpolations. It is called "One Every Minute," and deals with the adventures of two young Americans who are overcome with a desire to act for the cinematograph. The hero is supposed to be an innocent young man, and, as though his behavior during the course of the picture did not render further explanation superfluous, he is variously described as a "slump" and a "boob." The heroine is sometimes called a "pippin" and at other times a "trained seal." When the young man decides to make a fortune he declares that he is going to make a "wad," and instead of bidding "Good-by" he is represented as saying "Poodleloo." Most of these expressions are made more or less intelligible by their context, but the film bristles with many quite incomprehensible terms that it would take a scholar to unravel. What the audience imagine it is all about it is quite impossible to say, but to have to study the film in order to understand the letter-press is a very amusing reversal of the usual procedure. If amusement can only be caused by the use of slang expressions—and that is a very debatable point—it is just possible that enough of such terms exist in our own English tongue to keep awake even the most weary, and diligent search in the pages of Chaucer and Shakespeare might produce a few more. If, on the other hand, it is absolutely essential to make use of Transatlanticisms, it would be wise to follow the idea that was adopted during the war at the British bases in France. At the big cinematograph theatres there many French films were shown, and an unfit soldier with the gift of tongues was especially retained to translate the letterpress to the audiences. The translation was not always polished, but it was usually amusing. Apart from this fault, "One Every Minute" is an amusing film of the type that compels one to laugh heartily at the time—and to feel thoroughly ashamed afterward for having done so.—London Times, Dec. 18.

How the Bolsheviks Are Treating Music and Art in Russia

The London Daily Telegraph of Dec. 20 published an article concerning the present condition of music and art in Russia, written by Paul Dukas. He was a pupil of Mme. Essipoff, a graduate of the Petrograd Conservatory, and an assistant in that city at the Maryinski Opera House to Albert Coates. About three years ago he returned to England, but he returned to Russia in November, 1918, and made his escape last September.

The commissariat of education and art is headed by one of the most interesting figures in the Bolshevik government, Lunacharsky. He forms a strange contrast with some others of the leaders of bolshevism, notably with Trotsky and Zinovieff, with the latter of whom he is obliged to be in close connection in Petrograd, where Lunacharsky for the most part resides.

Lunacharsky has been a life-long revolutionary. He is an ardent admirer of Lenin, but his relations with other Bolshevik leaders are said to be often strained. Early in the war, when Trotsky was editing a pacifist paper in Paris called Nashe Slovo, Lunacharsky was associated with him on the editorial staff. But this association was not long-lived, for Trotsky's denunciations of Piehanoff, the famous social

democratic leader, who supported the war, led his colleague to protest against Trotsky's reducing his journal to the level of the gutter-press. Lunacharsky's outstanding characteristics are tremendous energy and his policy of education of the masses, combined with a fanatical hatred of religion and a belief in the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In the realm of education his schemes have met with doubtful success. His passionate desire to wipe out all class distinctions at a blow has led him into extreme measures to overcome the "counter-revolutionary" (that is, anti-Bolshevik) sympathies of the teaching profession. In the schools frequented by the children of the middle and educated classes all authority of the teachers has been abolished. The children are encouraged in every way to lord it over their superiors, with the deplorable result that the children are becoming hopelessly demoralized.

In the realm of art, on the other hand, which is, or should be, far removed from the torn and troubled region of politics, Lunacharsky has initiated free entertainments, theatres, operatic performances and cinematographs for the working classes and scholastic institutions. The theatres are thus kept thoroughly occupied. Very few new works are performed, for the members of the theatrical profession perform their duties very much like those other members of the intelligentsia who contribute to the maintenance of the Bolshevik regime by working in

HOLMES SHOWS RUINS OF BELGIUM

First of Series of Lectures on War Scenes

Burton Holmes gave the first illustrated lecture in Symphony Hall last evening before a great audience. The subject was "Belgium." It is needless to say that the pictures portraying the unnecessary and criminal devastation, the barbaric outrages perpetrated by the Huns, and the more cheerful scenes of the final relief and joy were of absorbing interest; that the descriptions and comments of the lecturer were agreeably instructive.

This course, which will include illustrated lectures on the battlefields of France, Alsace and Lorraine, the Rhine as it is today, and "Vanished Russia," should furnish something more than excellent entertainment. The American is proverbially good natured, too good-natured. In his own country he submits with reprehensible easiness to public and private impositions. He is also forgetful. To some, unfortunately, the great war is now as remote as England's long struggle against Napoleon. These pictures showing how the modern Huns waged war should set these tolerant persons a-thinking. Not that they should cherish a revengeful spirit, but they should not forget. Far from scenes of awful desolation, we need to be reminded constantly of what Belgium and France suffered in order that this country might breathe freely and be undisturbed.

The lecture will be repeated tomorrow afternoon. The subject of the lectures next week will be "The Battlefields of France."

MADAME POVLA FRIJSH GIVES SONG RECITAL

Delightful Program at Jordan Hall— Varied Pieces

At a recital in Jordan Hall last night, Madame Povla Frijsh sang the following songs: "Credi del Alma mia," Best; "Menuet Chante," Rameau; "Promenade Nationale," Bordes; "La Caravane," Chausson; "Serenade," Grovlez; "L'Intruse," Fevrier; "Toutes les Fleurs," Chabrier; "Six Enfantines," Moussorgsky; "Scherzo," Jensen; "Snow," Lie; "Woodland Wandering," Grieg; "When I Bring You Colored Toys," and "The Odalisque," Carpenter. Mme. Frijsh's program, as usual, showed treasures that were the fruit of diligent and discriminating search. Chabrier's song of flowers was unworthy of its composer, while Bordes's song and that of Grovlez were little above the stratum of artificiality, but Mme. Frijsh elevated them by her magic power of evoking images. A more complete success was Fevrier's song of "Death, the lover." Sung in a subtle pianissimo the veiled illusion was perfect.

Mme. Frijsh deserves praise for singing Moussorgsky's inimitable songs of childhood in full. Each of the six is a miniature master-work of aptness, resource and economy.

of the theatre and opera, constantly, consists of the same old rut of the last 15 or 20 years. The few new works which are produced are chiefly of a revolutionary and consequently propagandist character and are performed for this reason rather than for any intrinsic value of their own. Among this number are some of Lunacharsky's own plays.

The Bolsheviks fully realize the value of the theatre as an instrument of propaganda to popularize their regime. They keep the theatres open at all costs, and with this end in view give very advantageous terms to the theatrical personnel. The latter, besides being better paid, receive larger food rations than the general population. Actors and musicians are also exempted from military service, and these two factors serve to make this country of the population readily submit to the Bolshevik regime, which thus flatters them but slightly.

The Conservatoires continue to function, but the abolition of entrance ex-

aminations, all tests, the diploma, and, indeed, of any educational norm, has badly reduced the standard of musical education in the Conservatoires of Petrograd and Moscow, which were formerly of such high standing. The object of these changes is said to be to proletarianize these institutions. Education in the Conservatoires and Universities is now universally free, as was often the case in the old regime for indigent students. Graunof is still director of the Petrograd Conservatoire, but is producing no new work. Composition, except of topical revolutionary music, is at a standstill.

The administration of all musical affairs under the commissariat of education and art is in the hands of Arthur Lowler, a pianist of extreme modern tendencies, who was unknown before the Bolshevik revolution. Lunacharsky has repeatedly offered this post to the popular musician and conductor, Alexander Siloti. I was unable to meet Siloti in Petrograd, but it was told he has persistently refused to accept any post under the Bolshevik regime.

Bolshevik art naturally favors the extreme modern, and the art department of the commissariat of education is entirely in the hands of the Futurists. The latter until recently had the entire management of the decorations on all public holidays and festivities. The population wandered about, staring at the futurist extravaganzas with which the walls were decorated, and wondered what on earth they could possibly be intended to represent. The futurist mania became at last too much even for the Bolsheviks, and when the question of the decorations for May day were being discussed a resolution was passed "on no account to entrust the decorating of the city to the Futurists of the art department of the commissariat of education." The result was that there were no decorations at all.

Numerous statues have been erected to prominent Socialist leaders, mostly foreign. Of these, Karl Marx is naturally the most favored. I am sorry to say many of these form futuristic eyesores in various prominent positions, both of Moscow and Petrograd. The Bolsheviks also made a very grave mistake in allowing their enthusiasm to drive them into the erection of temporary monuments of plaster of paris, which very soon wore away under the action of wind and rain, and now form the veriest travesties of statues. A tolerable piece of sculpture, though sadly out of place, is the obelisk erected to commemorate the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution and placed in the Soviet square at Moscow. The latest statue erected is that to the murdered Commissary Volodarsky. It is a wooden construction by the sculptor Blok.

The principal "professor" of the Academy of Art of Petrograd is a certain Pulin, aged 22, a Futurist of the most extreme school, whose productions formed the most prominent contribution to the exhibition held at the Winter Palace this summer. A feature of this exhibition was that any one, artist or no artist, who cared to put pencil or brush to paper could have his productions exhibited. The exhibition was announced to be the biggest the world had ever seen—I have no doubt it was. Nearly all the pictures bore the stamp of advanced modernity, but there were also others to be found in remote corners of the palace.

Pugilists Considered Thoughtfully is Good Screen Actors

Pugilists, it has been discovered, make excellent screen actors. James Corbett, the ex-heavy-weight champion, has just performed with great success the leading part in a big American serial film, "The Midnight Man." If Georges Carpentier decides, as presumably he will, to exploit his fame on the screen, the notoriety reward he received for last week's sensational victory at the Holborn Stadium is likely to be completely swamped by his earnings as a film star. A dozen other exponents of the

art of fist-fighting have been engaged on this serial. One of the first was Jack Johnson, the Negro, who was the hero of a film story made in Spain. Corbett is, even now completing a new film in California, and he is expected to have shown himself an even better actor than on the first occasion. Jimmy Wilde, left England last month, also for California, to figure in a film. Benny Len-

nard, another gentleman renowned among those who fight in public for his clean and sportsmanlike methods, has just signed a most advantageous contract to act in a film serial, of which the scenes will be placed in almost every city of importance in America. Jack Dempsey, between whom and Carpentier, we are told, there must be a fight for the world's championship, had also arranged to be "produced" in a picture play; he left New York, in fact, en route for Los Angeles for this purpose, a month ago. Finally Bombardier Wells, a former victim of Carpentier's lightning-like blows, has already appeared as the hero of at least two picture plays made in this country. In one of them, "The Great Game," he was really excellent; the character he portrayed just suited him. In the other, "Silver Lining," he was hardly a success, but this was not his fault. He had an impossible role. For one thing, the audience was expected to accept the bombardier as a typical product of Elton and Oxford.

Carpentier himself, it was announced in France some weeks ago, was to be the hero of a film serial. As a fact, less than 24 hours after his defeat of Joe Beckett, he was in the Pathe studio in Wardour street demonstrating how he did it. He was accompanied by his jovial manager, Descamps, he of the hypnotic eye, and his sparring partner, Jules Lemnaers, who consented with the best grace in the world to be knocked down half a dozen times, until Carpentier decided that he had got the action exactly right. Then the camera duly registered the scene; Lord Beaverbrook, who was one of a small group of interested onlookers, shook the champion warmly by the hand, a cheque for a very considerable amount was handed to Carpentier, and less than half an hour after he had entered the studio Wardour street was yelling itself hoarse with enthusiasm as he drove away. The result of the visit has been seen this week by countless visitors to cinema houses as one of the items in the popular Pathe Topical Budget, over which the Union Jack always waves so merrily in the usual cinema gale. If the photographs of the fighting demonstration had been taken by the "ultra-rapid" method as it is termed, at the rate of 160 photographs a second, and projected on the screen at the normal rate of 16 a second, the modus operandi of a scientific knockout would even be better understood. —London Daily Telegraph.

Musical Criticisms in the London Times Worth Pondering

We call the attention of singers and pianists, old and young, professional and amateur, to the following extracts from reviews of concerts that were published last month in the London Times. The critic began his column headed "Praise and Blame" with these remarks:

"The suggestion has often been made that in speaking of music the language of praise is more appropriate than the language of blame. For music is, they say, a beautiful thing, and beautiful things should not be blamed. If music is ugly a veil may be draped over her. Draping may be a more matter of climate and convention; one nation adopts an expressive chiton, and another undistinguished furs. Still, the suggestion is a kindly one, and an attempt is made here to carry it out."

It is a difficult thing, almost as difficult as writing an allegory or turning vers de solete, to do perfectly what Miss Dorothea Crompton did, and did well, last Tuesday—to manage one's dress, arrange one's properties, sing one's song in good tune, and to do these as if there was no difficulty about it at all. Of the dresses, Directoire and Georgian, we must leave others to speak; the male mind does not usually get further than vaguely surmising that something is wrong, if it is wrong, and one male mind did not get even as far as that. The properties were a help in the English songs, and would have been more so in the French, where our imperfect knowledge of dialect, if it was dialect, was a bar to a complete understanding; for though we should perhaps have recognized "Cherry Ripe," with its immortal phrase for "Julia's lips," even if some artificial cherries had not been dangled before us at that point, "Auld Robin Gray," in the (less characteristic) English version, was decidedly more imposing in a black-mantilla, was it? Please don't laugh at male ignorance!—

and yes, again, "One morn the malden," the setting of which does Macfarren credit, was still more charming from Miss Crompton's unassisted self. Of the songs we can speak with a little more certainty. Genuine French songs are of narrow compass and within the range of a smaller voice than Miss Crompton possesses, and they are apt to have some entralling five-bar rhythm that induces a delicious puzzlement, or some unaccountable refrain that takes you by

the throat. English songs are contrasted as fresh as an April morning, and as bold as the hop-poles in a Kentish field to one returning after a spell of out-land. We never thought to live to hear "Wapping Old Stairs," and are glad to have lived so long; we had only seen it in books; thus fashions change. Miss Crompton was fortunate in her accompanist, Mr. O'Connor-Morris; we have seldom heard simple songs treated with such simplicity and good taste.

Mr. Gawthorne: There is no desire to teach, to make points, to surprise, to do anything in fact except just to sing the song and let that say all that is to be said. Such abstinence will not please everyone; but nobody except a fool tries to please everyone. There are plenty of people who are unaware of an emotion unless it is printed in italics; but it will be a long time, we hope, before Mr. Gawthorne is deceived down the primrose path of over-emphasis which leads to the everlasting ballad-concert. We recognized in Hughes's "Songs of Connacht" and Stanford's "Cushendall" both the temptation and the strength of mind that resisted it; it would have been easy to cheapen both.

Adela Verne: In Schumann's "Carnaval" Miss Verne showed us the value of truth. She will have neither understatement nor flattery. When we consider how difficult it is to give an exact true account of anything we have seen or heard in the day, this is truly a great merit. She lets us hear no more and no less than she has herself seen, and it is left to us to piece together her evidence. In Chopin, of which a Valse, the Barcarolle, the Berceuse, and "the" Polonaise were played, she concentrated upon the structure. Our attention was recalled from the nameless graces and many-colored emotions to the stately build of those pages. The lesson is salutary. One is apt to forget, in the enjoyment of the lights and shadows that flit over the wall surfaces and play among the ornaments, that these edifices would not have lasted all these years if they did not rest upon very secure foundations; and though it takes an architect to read a plan a layman likes to know it is there and to have the necessities pointed out to him.

Socrates was put to death because, as men said, he corrupted youth by making the worse appear the better cause. Mr. Philippowsky practises two arts which are analogous to that for

which Socrates suffered—he can make the easy appear difficult, and the difficult easy. We do not mean that there is any need for Mr. Philippowsky to be put to death, any more than it is at all clear that Socrates ought to have undergone the fate of Hannibal and Philopoemen; his services in exploiting the possibilities of the piano are far too valuable to be disposed of so summarily. . . . Rhythm is for him, as the laws of harmony were for Haydn, his obedient humble servant; and this argues independence of mind. In the force with which a melody is brought out and the rest of the chord subordinated he shows the courage of his convictions. He gave new and interesting readings by means of the accentuation of offbeats and by his frequent and multifarious crescendo; and some consider these to be marks of originality. The truly amazing number of right notes which he played under circumstances at which another might have quailed provoked admiration and inspired confidence. And, finally, he has a horror of sentimentality—even when it has lost its termination, and the sting is, so to say, taken out of its tail.

Mr. W. I. Phillips gave a concert lecture on carols at the Wigmore Hall, showing the connection of carols with dancing, mystery plays, profane songs and inconvenient jesting generally. In fact, when we get into the charmed circle of folk-songs, everything is connected with everything; "one thread knits a thousand connections." But that side of it is rather dull; it is better when one thread knits two or three connections and sets them in the proper relief, and we then go on to another thread. Carols are interesting for their own dear sake, and not for the sake of their cousins and aunts, and in proportion as they are themselves and not their progenitors. Sing us about the cherry tree, by all means, and if it comes from Finland or Japan we are glad to know that little Finns and Japs have a decent time, too, at Christmas; but the mere fact does not make it sound any better. A French carol, "O bienheureuse nuit," was as lovely as any, and it appeared to be a lone waif, without a family to boast of. But anyhow, the choir from the London College of Chorists sang them capably.

How many recitals would be half as good again if the givers could make up their minds what they can play—i.e., ultimately, what they really care about—and leave out those they can't! Nothing is gained by pretending that we can all do everything or that we like everything equally.

Winifred MacBride: Schumann's "Fantaisies" was played gracefully, though the several numbers needed more differentiation (we have not heard any one but M. Moisevitich do this really satisfactorily); at any rate she did not, like some we have heard, thump the close of each as much as to say—"There! that's

done!" There might be a close, but now for Ray's "Favane"; and who does every one choose Ireland's "Rag-a-luffin" rather than his "Chelene Ruch," which has much more music in it?

Mr. Barbieroli plays the violoncello interestingly; one could only wish that he had been able to find more interesting things to play. But his difficulty has been felt by others. The violoncello is the Cinderella of musical instruments; composers do not seem to recognize that it wants to have its fling like its sister, the fiddle. They write worthy, solemn, even holy things for it, but we are seldom allowed to hear it laugh. Accordingly Felix White was solemn and Valentin Piatl worthy. Favel's "Favane," arranged, is a thing of naught; Goossens's "Old Chinese Folk Song" is Goossens. One little laugh only we were allowed over Harty's "Butterflies," and then the solemn Rocco of Tchaikovsky came, and bitter would not have melted in our mouths.

Mr. Ward Muir Wishes No More Pageants in England

I hear that proposals are afoot for further processions and pageants of one kind and another. It is time that we stopped processing and pageanting. There is work to be done—and all these ceremonies, even those which have taken place on Sundays and bank holidays, have interrupted the resumption of that work.

What was the meaning of the average procession or pageant? To nine on-

lookers out of ten it was a substitute

(not to be too polite) for a circus. Well, circuses are good fun—though I question the wisdom of that historic palliative, "giving the people druses." But the plain truth is that this attempt to revive the pageant idea is not only ill-timed (because a wasteful of labor which ought to have been productively employed otherwise), but it is an effort on the part of artists, cranks and reactionaries to preserve a spirit which is dying and had better be dead.

These individuals are trying to force on England all sorts of old-fashioned sports and merry-making which are neither very sporting nor very merry. They want us to sing folk songs. They want us to dance morris dances. They would like to galvanize into a false rejuvenation all manner of stupid antiquarian "games upon the village green."

As though the villagers (and the Cockneys, too) weren't perfectly capable of deciding what songs they want to sing, what dances they want to dance, what games they want to play! One of the most melancholy spectacles I ever witnessed was that of a village which had been got hold of by a young squire of the alleged "intelligentsia" cast of mind. He had goaded his tenants into morris dancing and folk-song singing—and they performed like trained animals for the delectation of his guests and for literary gentlemen who wrote enthusiastic articles about the joyousness of this humble community. But when the squire wasn't there the humble community chanted music hall choruses and danced that vulgar dance (I don't know whether it has a name, but it exists everywhere) which you may behold every evening round the piano organs in the slums.

Now this pageant business is really got up by a clique of fussers who derive a lot of pleasure from its planning; but it has no genuine popular origin. I can see the most amazing pageant in the world, at any hour of the day, by strolling along the Strand.

The Londoner, at any rate, doesn't need these distractions. He is free of the most marvelous spectacle the world has ever seen—the daily street life of his own city. And he can enjoy this in the ordinary course of his business peregrinations. There is no necessity to give him circuses. The artists and cranks and would-be revivers of ancient customs do not understand the Londoner if they think he needs either amusing or instructing. He can, and does, amuse and instruct himself quite naturally and happily without them. —London Daily Chronicle.

News About Musical Events and Music in Europe

The English are indeed conservative. Spohr's "Last Judgment" was performed in a London church at a special service "in harmony with the Christmas season before a crowded congregation." We have not been in the habit of associating Christmas with the Great Judgment Day. And who thought of exhuming Spohr's work?

More to the point were revivals of "Olivette" in London by the Sterling MacKinnay Operatic Society.

Bizet's "Djamileh" was revived at Covent Garden Dec. 13, and the Daily Telegraph wondered whether it was worth revival, for it contains "very few and very faint tokens of the authentic individuality and complete mastery of means shown in 'Carmen.'" The Telegraph found the libret-

Back to Nature
As the World Was:

I read a few days ago an interesting review of C. F. Theis's translation of "Noa, Noa," Paul Gauguin's story of his life in the South seas. The reviewer mentioned the fact that Gauguin relates "merely a fragment of his experiences" during his romantic and primitive life in the South seas. Are we not to learn more of the young Creole son, Leon Lavalux?

In 1914 a small book of poems that interested and delighted all lovers of the tropics, was introduced to us through the Englishing by John Myers O'Hara "The Etop Muse and Other Poems," the text by an unknown Creole poet, Leon Lavalux. The poems, if we are not mistaken, were discovered by Mr. O'Hara in New Orleans, as an obscure, unpretentious volume published in 1908.

At that time the translator wrote that Lavalux was young and that later we might hope for "something worthier than these songs that voice the ultra emotions of youth over plastic beauty—songs that shall breathe to us, through the scent of the jasmine and the lure of palm, the soul of the Creole Isles."

But the songs that we eagerly awaited were destined to be unsung, for in April, 1916, the young poet was accidentally drowned off Martinique at the age of 27.

Leon Lavalux was the son of the French artist, Paul Gauguin, and of Laure Lavalux, a beautiful quadroon of Martinique. He was born in 1888, a year after Gauguin's visit to the French West Indies.

Writing an "appreciation" at the time of Lavalux's death, I acknowledged in the following words the inheritance bequeathed by the painter to his boy:

The nude and golden-skinned natives whom he painted against the gorgeous background of tropic scenery and with all the immobile serenity of Egyptian sculpture are reflected in the poems of his son. For the atavistic heritage descended to Lavalux in an overflow of flame and music, of dream and color, but softened in its adoration for exquisite outline, in its worship of plastic beauty. He sings with the fire of Meleager and he paints with words, as his father did with the brush, lavish of color, the green of palm and wave, the gold of foam-washed sands, the purple of isles afar. MAUD CUNNEY HARE.

Jamaica Plain.
Gauguin went to Tahiti in 1891 and spent the last years of his life in the South Sea Islands. Did he have a child, by Titi, the half-white woman with whom he did not find the happiness he sought, or by the young, lovely, primitive Tevira? We have not read "Noa, Noa." A reviewer said in last Sunday's New York Times that Gauguin's career resembled closely that of the hero in Maugham's novel, "The Moon and Sixpence." But when we have time to read about South Sea Islands, we shall seek "Typee" and "Omoo." Why seek fresh discoveries? Why cut fresh leaves?—Ed.

Another Drawback

(T. P. in London Daily Chronicle.)
If fashion should some day decree
The daintiest and the hose for me,
Or other colored foppery,
I should not be a grouser
Because it proved a costly line,
Nor should I hasten to decline
The mode because a calf like mine
Looks better in a trouser.

I should not suffer anger at
The previous time per item that
I'd waste erasing the cravat
In which I stuck my tie pin.
No, no, the cause for which I'd pitch
Away this raiment rare and rich
Would be its lack of pockets which
A man could keep a pipe in.

VERNON STILES IN
SONG REPERTORY

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, assisted by Violet Vale, Lucille Love, Lillian Rhodes, Jessie Burton and Vincent Lopez and his Kings of Harmony, in Edgar Allen Wolf's one-act revue, "Kings of Smoke," is the chief feature of an extraordinary bill at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience laughed uproariously.

This excellent act is one of the longest in vaudeville. It is in seven scenes and is lavishly staged. For once the principal comedian drops into a serious mood, but only once, and this in the preliminary exposition of the act. It would be hard indeed to point out in which feature of the performance Mr. Rooney excels. His dancing was enchanting and his bits of burlesque and subtleties of comic speech kept the audience in an uproar.

Miss Bent was interesting in her personal charm, in her naivete, as she spun the underlying motive of the piece, in the compelling rhythm of "Rosie O'Grady." Mlle. Marguerite made all sit up in the charm of her dancing numbers, and the jazz band satisfied the most ardent lovers of this style of music.

Other acts were Vernon Stiles, in a repertory of songs; Hanlon and Clifton, in a comedy sketch; Perraine and Shelley, instrumentalists; Bessie Rempie and Urm in an aquatic sketch; "playmates," a juvenile sketch; Dotson, dancer, and Nolan and Nolan, jugglers.

ARLINGTON THEATRE
"Hoffman" Opera bouff. by Jacques Offenbach. The cast:
Hoffman..... Leonard Safford
Neklaus..... Elaine de Selton
Gisela..... Marionne Godbold
Antonio..... Hazel Eden
Guilietta..... May Burton
A Voice..... Harold J. Gels
Dr. Miracle..... Stanley Deacon
Dapperfuffo..... William R. Northway
Conchus..... Philip Fein
Franz..... Philip Fein
Cecile..... Philip Fein
Crespel..... Philip Fein
Spalanzani..... Philip Fein

GEBHARD GIVES

By PHILIP HALE

Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Debussy, Sarabande (from "Pour le Piano"); Cloches a travers les feuilles; General Lavine, La terrasse des audiences du clair de lune; Severac, Chagneuses au soleil; Steinert, Zarmi; Chabrier, Bourree fantasque; MacDowell, Nautius, Rigaudon; Liszt, Liebestraum, No. 3, Waldesrauschen; Tschaiowsky, Dance Caracteristique; Chopin, Fantaisie, op. 49, Nocturne in F sharp minor, Mazurka in B minor, Valse brillante, op. 34, No. 1.

Mr. Gebhard had the courage to favor ultra-modern composers at the beginning of his recital—for Chabrier is still to be reckoned among the more advanced of the French school; and his influence has been strong and unmistakable. The pieces by Debussy were not too familiar, Deodat de Severac has been neglected by local and visiting pianists, either justly or unjustly Mr. Copeland, whose interest in the modern French and Spanish composers is keen, did not think it advisable to include Severac's music in his repertoire and other pianists have told us that they found nothing in it. Yet the piece played yesterday—it was composed a dozen years ago—showed invention and fancy. Mr. Steinert's "Zarmi," suggested by an Oriental tale, is also fanciful in an original manner; a composition, for surer treatment of the subject matter and a firmer grasp, superior to his Fantaisie played here some weeks ago. Tschaiowsky's "Dance Caracteristique" was hardly worth the pianist's attention; it is one of the many piano pieces ground out perfunctorily by the composer.

Mr. Gebhard played the more modern compositions delightfully. He brought out the substance and form of Debussy's music without losing the exquisite poetic flavor of the two Impressionistic pieces; the Sarabande was stately in its melancholy; he felt the humor of "General Lavine." He did not "discover" hidden "meanings" in MacDowell's music; and was not unduly sentimental in Liszt's "Liebestraum." Chabrier's Bourree and Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" were played brilliantly, but not merely as battle horses for parade. We were unable to hear the group of pieces by Chopin. An audience that filled the hall was enthusiastic.

The 14th of January, 1880, was shrouded in black for our old friend Edmond de Goncourt. He was sad all the day because a cousin in unfortunate circumstances had visited him. This cousin's face had the hue of "persons that do not eat completely." And there was about him the piteous atmosphere, if you can thus use the word, or persons without any luck, who nevertheless seem satisfied with their lot. This was particularly distressing to Mr. de Goncourt's sensitive soul. Yet to those in moderate circumstances the visit of an arrogantly rich cousin, complaining of taxes and the "general unrest," might be still more exasperating.

Mr. Morley Bathes

Baird Leonard, in the Morning Telegraph, reviewing Christopher Morley's "Mince Pie," speaks of his essays as "all scherzos." She adds: "And you know what difficulty composers have with scherzos. Almost anybody can write an adagio." No, Miss Leonard, you are wrong. Many composers of symphonies and chamber music tickle an audience by a piquant scherzo. Where they fall down and are heard desperately laboring is in the adagio, often and truly known as the slow movement. Miss Leonard quotes two of Mr. Morley's lyrics. They are worth reprinting:

HOT WATER
Gently, while the drenching dribble
Courses down my sweltered form,
I am basking like a sybil,
Lazy, languorous and warm,
I am unambitious, faint,
Well content to drowse and dream;
How I hate life's bitter acid—
Leave me here to stew and steam,
Underneath this jet so torrid
I forget the world's sad wrath;
O activity is horrid!
Leave me in my shower bath!

COLD WATER
But when I turn the crank
O Zeus!
A silver ecstasy thrills me!
I caper and slap my chilled thighs,
I plan to make a card index of all my ideas

And feel me the richest expert
I twerk my eye by the sun
And know I could succeed in ANYTHING
I throw up my head
And glit myself with my splatler . . .
Today I was really
Begin my career!

The Dinner Hour

As the World Wags:

Reading the amusing letters of the President de Brosse describing his travels in Italy in 1739 and 1740, I was struck by his surprise and disgust when he learned that the Duchess of Modena did not dine until 7 o'clock. "Madam the Duchess of Modena"—she was Mademoiselle de Valois, eldest daughter of the Regent, and her affair as a young girl with the Duke of Richelieu had made her famous throughout Europe "finds pleasure in playing Biribi all night, supping at 6 o'clock in the morning, going to bed at 8, so that she gets up at 5 P. M., and seats herself at the dinner table at 7. The marquis does not find this so agreeable. He complains bitterly of his court being disturbed by the way she lives." What would de Brosse say to an invitation for dinner at 8 or 8:30 P. M.? Perhaps I am an old fogy, but I do not wish to sit down after 7 o'clock and I prefer the hour 6:30. As a matter of fact, since I am making personal confessions, I eat my heaviest meal at 1 o'clock. "Heaviest" is here used comparatively, for I am a light eater. At 6:30 cream toast and stewed fruit, or a bowl of clam soup with crackers and toast satisfy my appetite and insure calm sleep. JOSIAH CUDWORTH.

Chestnut Hill.

The Duchess, Mr. Cudworth, reminds us of the man that joined the party in the great hunt of the snark: His breakfast was afternoon tea and he dined the following day. We do not quote literally, for in a rush hour we insisted that a friend should read Lewis Carroll's account of that memorable expedition. "Books that I have lent" would be a good title for a bitter, misanthropic essay. Did Carroll have in mind the old story of the Irishman's servant who "when others were enforcing the dignity of the masters by the lateness of their dinner hours," boasted that his master always dined "tomorrow?" In 1839 De Quincy wrote: "Were it not for the soft relief of a 6 o'clock dinner the gentle demeanor succeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it." He stated that before Waterloo, 6 P. M., was a gala hour, but it was "promoted to the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary, and there perhaps, it will rest through centuries." O rash prophet! Yet he admitted that for a more festive dinner, 7, 8, 9, 10 had been in requisition since Waterloo. As for the poor Duke of Modena, he remembered, perhaps, that Louis XII "had his gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave by changing his regular hour of half past nine for eleven, in gallantry to his young English bride." So the story goes. Is it true? Louis married Mary, the daughter of Henry VII of England in 1514. Louis was then 52 years old. She was not 13. He died in 1515. She married Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, three months after the death of Louis. Gabriel Peignot, who gives curious information about the reign of Louis, says nothing about the fatal change in the dinner hour. Other writers say the dinner hour was changed from 8 o'clock to 12, but the Grave Historian Mezeral and the Scandal-loving Brantome attribute the death of Louis to another cause. De Quincy hints decorously at the fate of an old man, or one reputed old, who marries a very girlish wife.—Ed.

The Word-Coiner

Has it been settled for all time whether Mr. Hughey Jennings, now dwelling in Scranton, Pa., coined the encouraging shout, "Attaboy"? Should another bear away the honor?

To Be Exact

As the World Wags:
"The Cheshire Cheese" is on Wine Office court, No. 53 to be exact. Wine Office court does not run off the Strand, but off Fleet street, at No. 145 to be again exact. Mr. Lansing says that he doubts if many literary celebrities dined there. Nevertheless, it is authentically recorded that Ben Jonson, Voltaire, Goldsmith, Dickens and their contemporaries went and dined there. The present owner is, I believe, one Moore, who has written a book about "The Cheshire Cheese Tavern"; it is very readable and may be obtained at the Public Library. Boston. ARTHUR DE GUICHARD.

BLIND PIANIST

By PHILIP HALE

John Meldrum, pianist, gave his first recital here yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Schubert, Impromptu in B flat; Gluck-

Trains, Gavotte, Gluck-Saint-Saens, Caprice on Ballet airs of "Alceste"; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Chopin, Nocturne in F major, op. 15, No. 1; Etude, Waltz in A flat major, Fantaisie in F minor; Scriabin, poem, op. 32, No. 1; Debussy, La Fille aux cheveux de lin; La Cathedral engloutie; Liszt, Sposalizio; Schubert-Tausig, Military March.

Mr. Meldrum, who, we are told, has been blind from birth, comes from Buffalo, N. Y. He gave a recital in New York on Dec. 8, when he was praised for his "finely articulated" style and colorful interpretation.

He has a technique amply adequate to the demands made by the program of yesterday. He played the Gavotte with the requisite simplicity; Saint-Saens's Caprice with the elegance that it demands. In the giving out of Schubert's theme there was a cut-and-dried accentuation that was injurious to the melodic flow, but the variations were played with varied coloring and in a spontaneous spirit.

The reading of Franck's noble and lofty composition, in which one hears at times the pedals of the organ in Ste. Clotilde's, had breadth and vision.

No one need write about Mr. Meldrum with emphasis on nature's handicap. He can justly ask to be judged first of all as a pianist. That he has attained the results shown yesterday is, indeed, surprising, but his memory and his technical accuracy are by no means the chief features of his performance.

MISS MAUREL

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Barbara Maurel, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Setchi, Lungi dal caro; Durante, Danza; Gluck, Cavatina, "Armide"; Handel, Come and Trip It; Moussorgsky, Little Star; Arensky, On Wings of Dream; Rachmaninoff, Soldier's Bride, Floods of Spring; Chabrier, Credo d'Amour; Debussy, La Chevelure, Green; G. Faure, Chanson d'Amour; Fourdrain, Alger le Soir; Carpenter, The Day Is No More; Stephens, Isla; Horsman, The Shepherdess; La Forge, Expectancy; Lieurance, By the Waters of Minnetonka. Frederick E. Bristol was the pianist.

Miss Maurel has a beautiful voice, an uncommonly beautiful voice. The lower tones have a rich, genuine contralto quality, and she does not force them. The middle and upper tones pure and sympathetic are so employed that there is no suspicion of a break throughout the liberal compass; no thought of Wordsworth's line beginning, "Two voices are there." The voice, which has been admirably trained, is flexible.

But Miss Maurel has more than voice and vocal skill; she has intelligence as an interpreter. The varied and interesting program gave her full opportunity to display her skill.

Especially noteworthy in the first group was her singing of Gluck's music, singing that had classic repose, yet was warm and moving; while Handel's air was conspicuous for lightness that was not flippant, and for distinct enunciation. The later groups called for more emotional stress, also for subtlety. Her interpretation of Debussy's "Chevelure" was remarkable for its dreamy sensuousness, for its exquisite comprehension of verse and fitting phrase. The songs by the Russians were eloquently interpreted. There was dramatic feeling in the expression of Fourdrain's songs. It was not easy to believe that Ghabrier wrote "Credo d'Amour"; it is so foreign to his nature.

Mr. Bristol accompanied in full sympathy with composers and singer. An audience of good size was quick and constant in appreciation. Miss Maurel will always be a welcome visitor.

On Jan. 15, 1883, Alexander Dumas, the younger, made a sour remark: "The first time I see any man, my impression is to regard him as a rascal; yes, and any woman. When an honest man or woman is found in the heap, I recognize honesty, but my first impression is as I have stated." This is like the sweeping remark about mankind often attributed to Lord Bolinbroke, but uttered by a man in his presence.

Good Old Bills

A friend has sent us a playbill of "The Octoroon," "the great American play," when it was performed at the Globe Theatre, Jan. 7, 1878: Gussie de Forrest, Zoe; Luke Schoolcraft, Pete; James S. Maffitt, Wahnotee; T. H. Burns, Salem Scudder. We speak of this bill because it shows the generous old custom of giving an analysis of each act. For example, act five is thus described:

ACT V.

SONG, "Steal Away". FREEDMEN
Scene 1.—The Brake Bayou. The Indian on
Scene 2.—CYPRUS SWAMP. An
Scene 3.—The old boss responds.
Scene 4.—The Paul's avenger.

DESPERATE BOWIE KNIFE COMBAT.

Scene 1.—The plant. Scene 3.—PARLOR AT
THE N. N. E. The poison.

DEATH OF THE OCTORON
"NEAR MY GOD TO THEE". FREEDMEN
GRAND ALLEGORICAL PICTURE

THE AVENGER TRIUMPHANT.

The spectator knew what was coming,
knew what to expect. Earlier bills were
longer in form, more explicit, amusing
today by their extravagant language,
their unbridled enthusiasm, their Asiatic
adjectives.

Bowie or Black?

"Desperate Bowie Knife Combat." We
had always supposed that this knife was
fashioned by James Bowie, from a
blacksmith's file and first used in the
duel between Dr. Maddox and Samuel
Wells on a sand bar near Natchez in
August, 1827. The friends on that joyous
occasion entered into the spirit of the
affair after the principals did not wound
each other, and they succeeded in killing
six and wounding 15. Col. Bowie's knife
did the business for Maj. Norris Wright.
This was the accepted story. But the
New York Sun some days ago discussed
editorially an article which appeared in
the Arkansas Gazette, "from an unpub-
lished manuscript by the late J. N.
Smith," who in turn quoted from an
article by Gov. Dan W. Jones of Arkan-
sas. The devisor of the knife is now
said to have been James Black, who,
born in New Jersey in 1800, finally made
Washington, Arkansas, his home, and
as a blacksmith made knives for the
frontiersmen. Bowie heard of Black's
skill, and about 1831 went to Washington
and ordered a knife. It worked so well
that Bowie soon killed three men with
it. "They carved in a way that all ad-
mired," to quote from a poem of Col.
John Hay's. Black became blind. In
1850 his mind began to fail and he could
not give the secret of obtaining the
temper that was in the steel. He died
two years afterward, an imbecile, and
with him, wrote Gov. Jones, "lies buried
the wonderful secret which God gave to
him and was unwilling for him to im-
part to others."

We still like to think of Col. Bowie, as
the inventor; Col. Bowie who fell at the
Alamo after slashing Mexicans by the
score. Must the dictionary definition be
revised? "Long knife with 10-15 in.
blade doubled edged at point, used as
weapon in wild parts of the U. S. (Col.
J. Bowie)." Perish the thought in spite
of the story told by the eloquent Gov-
ernor of Arkansas.

Appropriate Music

The reader will notice that in this per-
formance of "The Octoroon" "Nearer
My God to Thee" was sung when Joe
died. It is said that the late Emma Ab-
bott, taking the part of Marguerite in
Gounod's "Faust," introduced "Nearer
My God to Thee" was sung when Zoe
She was a stickler for morality and
would not appear in "La Traviata," as
it is performed by less particular prima
donnas. Some that we have seen represent
the heroine as a most desirable
guest for a select afternoon tea.

Lost Opportunities

Alas, we have never seen "The Octor-
oon." Our theatrical education was
neglected in our little village. We have
never seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or
"The Cataract of the Ganges." The
only play that was given in the Sixties
in the Town Hall was that thrilling
drama of the Civil war, "The Drum-
mer Boy of Shiloh," acted by passion-
ate amateurs. Negro minstrel com-
panies were the chief entertainers. We
see them now marching from the rail-
road depot—the word "station" had not
then come into use—with a sheet-iron
band at the head, through Main street
to the hall. We see their wash-leather
faces, their careless attire; we hear
their jesting as they marched without
regard to step. At Exeter, N. H., we
were thrilled by blood-curdling per-
formances of "Pretty Panther" and
"Strathmore" by Dollie Bidwell and her
company. We then snatched a fearful
measure, for we had been taught that
the theatre was a sink of iniquity. There
was a book in the Sunday school library
in our village. "The Way to the Pit"
was the title. There was a frontispiece,
representing a young man with a dissi-
pated air—he was smoking a long cigar
—entering a theatre door, while a solemn
individual with his black coat buttoned
up to his chin and a plug hat of the
period was looking at him sorrowfully.
There were many old plays, famous in
our boyhood, that are to us as the lost
comedies of Menander or the tragedies
of Euripides that are known only by
quotations in the extant writings of
others. Thus we did not see "East
Lennie" until Blanche Bates revived it

here a few years ago, with Wilton
Lackaye playing in burlesque vein, and
"Hansome Jack" Barnes, lately,
piously faithful to the old traditions.

What Is a Profession?

The question of whether photography
is a profession was brought into a Lon-
don court not long ago. The solicitor-
general contended that "the church,
medicine and the law were the only
three professions that were recognized
as professions, the common ground of
each being preparatory study and men-
tal training." The comment was made
that if this is law, so much for the
worse for the law, "which rarely appeals
for support on the grounds of common
sense." English officers are officially
urged to practise themselves in the
"profession of arms." What becomes
of Kipling's "Oldest profession in the
world"? Maurice said 80 years ago that
a profession is "expressly that kind of
business which deals primarily with
men as men, and is thus distinguished
from a trade, which provides for the ex-
ternal wants or occasions of men." Wal-
ter Besant wrote in 1888: "New profes-
sions have come into existence and the
old professions are more esteemed. . . .
It was formerly a poor and beggarly
thing to belong to any other than the
three learned professions." Today we
have "professions" in every walk of life,
from the teacher of dancing to the boot-
black.

BY LEE PATTISON

By PHILIP HALE

Lee Pattison, pianist, gave a recital
yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His
program was as follows: Bach, chroma-
tic fantasy and fugue, also Courante,
Sarabande and Gigue from the Partit-
as; Schubert-Liszt, The Linden Tree;
Chopin-Liszt, The Maiden's Wish.
Brahms, rhapsody, op. 119; Ravel,
Valse Nobles et Sentimentales; Pat-
tison, prelude, Arietta; Carpenter, Polon-
aise Americaine; Saint-Saens, toccata,
op. 111.

Mr. Pattison gave an eloquent read-
ing of Bach's chromatic fantasy, play-
ing it as if it were a fantasy, an im-
provised improvisation. His interpreta-
tion of the fugue was interesting, bril-
liant, in fact, although here and there
a spirit of undue restlessness was ob-
servable; almost an anxiety lest the
fugue were not gaining sufficiently in
speed. One would like to hear Bach
play this composition on the instru-
ment for which it was written. He
would surely have opened his eyes if he
had heard the performance yesterday
and asked in wonder: "Did I write
that?" but he would have recognized
his little piece from the Partitas and
applauded. Would the beautiful Sara-
bande have gained in romantic feeling
if it had been taken at a little slower
pace?

It was not unwise to include Bach
and Liszt in one group; the contrast
was pleasing, and it showed Mr. Pat-
tison's versatility. What did not Liszt
do to Schubert's song? The poor thing
was exposed for a time to a thunder-
storm. The paraphrase of Chopin's
song was played with true bravura.

It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Pattison.
He has a charming touch, delicacy and
virility; he sings his melodic figures; he
uses his brains. Let him beware, how-
ever, of putting too great a value on
mere speed.

Jan 17 1920

11TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux con-
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon
in Symphony Hall. The program was
as follows: Stokowski, symphony in D
minor (first time in Boston), songs with
orchestra; Brahms, Ever Lighter Grows
My Slumber; Schumann bride's song—
Mother, Can I Love Thee the Less;
Leave Me in His Arms Endearing; Schu-
bert, Erlking, Wagner, Siegfried's
funeral music; Bruennhilde's Immola-
tion scene.

Mr. Stokowski's name has long been
known in Boston. He and Mr. Hoss
played his violin sonata 10 years ago; he
and Mr. Schroeder played the violon-
cello sonata. His symphonic rhapsody
for piano and orchestra was heard at
the Boston Opera House seven years
ago, when he was the pianist. A vocal
composition of his was performed by the
Boston Singing Club in 1906. His piano
concerto was played by Mr. Paderewski
at a Symphony concert in March, 1916.

But Mr. Stokowski was first known
here as a pianist. He played with the
Kneisel quartet in 1906, and in the same
year gave a piano recital.

The symphony performed yesterday
took some 20 years ago a prize in a
composition founded by Mr. Paderewski
for Polish composers. It is the work of
a serious high minded musician, but

with the exception of the Scherzo it
shows labor rather than inspiration.
The opening of the first movement at-
tracts attention and in this movement
as in the finale there is some salient
thematic material. It is in the develop-
ment of this material that a quality
of invention is disclosed. The Scherzo
is charming throughout, pleasingly fan-
tastical, and deftly orchestrated, in
which respect it is in strong contrast
to the other movements. The Symphony
was finely played; the performance of
the difficult Scherzo was remarkably
clear, light and graceful. Boston should
be proud of its orchestra which has
just returned from a trip, having won
the enthusiastic praise of critics and
audiences. And Boston may well be
proud of Mr. Monteux, who has brought
this orchestra to its high state of
proficiency, whose interpretations of
classic and romantic music are most
eloquent.

Mme. Matzenauer, who for some time
has been lustily proclaiming her un-
dying devotion to the American flag—
"the children of this world are in their
generation wiser than the children of
light"—chose for her first appearance
here at a Symphony concert songs by
three Germans and one Austrian. For-
tunately she sang them in English,
translations made for her by Mr.
Krehbiel. She sang the songs of
Brahms, Schumann and Schubert with
an orchestral accompaniment invented
by Mr. Stokowski of Philadelphia.
Berlioz years ago orchestrated the ac-
companiment of the "Erlking," and it
is said that he had some skill in writing
for an orchestra. Singers have been
hitherto contented with his "Erlking."
Liszt, also, orchestrated Schubert's ac-
companiment and he, too, had some
talent in this field.

The songs of Brahms and of Schu-
mann, being of a more intimate na-
ture, are more effective in a small hall
with the accompaniment of a piano.
Mme. Matzenauer, with her beautiful
voice, sang them expressively. She
chose the ventriloquistic reading of the
"Erlking" so that at the end one un-
avoidably thought of Mr. Fred Stone
with his phrase of praise, "Very Good,
Eddie."

Mr. Stokowski, after the performance
of his symphony, was called upon the
stage.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
The program of the concert next week
will comprise Vincent d'Indy's Symphony
in B Flat, No. 2, and Brahms's Violin
Concerto. Mr. Kreisler will be the vio-
linist.

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR
GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Chorus of 150, Assisted by Soloists,
Is Heard at Jordan Hall

The People's Philharmonic Choir, a
chorus of 150, Frederick W. Wodell,
conductor, gave its first concert in Jordan
Hall last evening. The choir was
assisted by Mrs. Joseph Goudrault,
soprano; Mary C. Piguet, alto; Rulon
Y. Robinson, tenor; Dr. St. Clair A.
Wodell, bass; Carolyn W. Rice, pianist;
Homer C. Humphrey, organist, and an
orchestra.

The program included Hadley's "New
Earth," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of
Praise," and these solos: Rossini, "Bel
Raggio" (Mrs. Goudrault); King,

"Israfil" (Dr. Wodell); Buck, "When
the Heart Is Young" (Miss Piguet);
Cobly-Taylor, "Onaway, Awake Re-
loved." The concert was greatly en-
joyed by a good-sized audience.

Scenes Along War Front De-
scribed by Burton Holmes

A very large audience greeted Burton
Holmes last night in Symphony Hall.
The subject of the copiously illustrated
lecture was "Battle-Fields of France."
After ocean pictures and views of the
victory parade in London were shown,
there were interesting views of the
desolation at Ypres, the ruins and
emaciated children at Arras. The
Chinese Labor Corps was seen at work
and at play. Other cheerful pictures
were those of the Fourth of July games
at the Pershing Stadium in Vicennes.
Of great interest were the views of
Bellevue Wood, Chateau Thierry, The
Rhenish Cathedral. Other places, some
now famous for American bravery
scenes of desolation, Verdun and its
ports, were graphically pictured. And
last of all, the great cemetery at
Romaine brought home to all the sac-
rifice made by this country for the sake
of civilization.

Mr. Holmes was an entertaining, in-
structive and at times eloquent guide.
"Battle-Fields of France" will be
shown at Symphony Hall tomorrow
afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The subject
for next week will be "Alsace-Lor-
raine."

Jan 18 1920

"More Chapters of Opera," by Henry
Edward Krehbiel, is published by Henry
Holt & Co. of New York. It is a volume
of 474 pages, with many portraits of
singers and others, and it is provided
with a full index. An appendix gives

statistics of the works performed for 1
seasons at the Metropolitan Opera
House (1903-1918). There are also pages
treating of the Manhattan Opera House
and the visiting Chicago company.

Mr. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera"—
the third edition was published in 1911—
contained "historical and critical ob-
servations and records concerning the
lyric drama in New York from its earli-
est days down to the present time." The
present volume, the supplement of the
first, is also an invaluable work,
one interesting not only for the wealth
of information, but also for the acute
criticism and the lofty ideals of the
writer, who has worked incessantly and
valiantly for musical righteousness as
the music critic of the New York
Tribune for nearly 40 years. It is not
necessary at this late day to speak in
praise of Mr. Krehbiel's literary style,
which is supple, polished, sinewy, with-
out laborious searching after the purple
phrase, yet often eloquent, with a flavor
of irony when he would attack commer-
cialism, or showing in righteous indigna-
tion "dignified and splendid savagery,"
to quote Hunter's characterization of
Hazlitt's famous "Letter to William
Gifford."

For an introduction Mr. Krehbiel un-
bossoms himself in a delightful manner.
He deplores the social and artistic con-
ditions which prevailed in New York
at the end of the first decade of the
20th century.

Newspapers at Fault

"The picture is presented, though in
a diffused state, in those contempora-
neous chronicles of the times, the news-
papers; and these are in nothing more
truthful than in their reflection of the
frivolity and folly which obtained then
and have endured ever since. This I
say with a heavy heart and without the
slightest desire to extenuate or defend
the profession to which I belong. Dur-
ing the period of which I am writing,
even in journals of dignity and schol-
arly repute the gossip of the foyer and
the dressing rooms of the chorus and
ballet stood in higher esteem with the
news editors than the comments of
conscientious critics. The picture of a
comic opera woman or a dancing doll,
whose sole charm centred in a pretty
face or a shapely leg was given more
prominence than the judicious discus-
sion by a trained and scholarly critic
of the performance of an artist who
was one in a hundred thousand; and
the chatter of a Mary Garden or Ger-
aldine Farrar about her religion or irrel-
igion, the antithesis of marriage and
the artistic temperament, or her taste
in dress or undress, editorially
viewed as of more consequence than a
critical discussion of a new score of a
world-renowned composer. And so it
came about that no matter how sternly
their critics held themselves aloof from
the intrigues of the theatres, no matter
how punctiliously the reviews confined
themselves to the artistic side of the
performances and eschewed the inter-
nal and private affairs of the managers
the newspapers in their editorial and
news columns discoursed upon the wis-
dom and unwisdom of contracts made
or not made, of the bestowal or with-
holding of Eve before the fall or Phryx
before the court of the heliasts. How
editorial championship went so far that
it provoked fistcluffs between journal-
ists and managers not only in the pub-
lic highway but within the dignified
precincts of a court of justice.

And all for nothing.

For Hecuba!

"What was Thais to the pressmen o
they to Thais, that they should hav
fought for her?"

"I am familiar with the journalist
axiom that a newspaper is what the
public wants it to be. The axiom at the
best is little better than a half-truth
in politics, civic morals, literature an
every form of art, except that associ-
ated with the theatre, newspapers strive
to impress their conceptions of right
and beauty upon their readers. The
do not enter the lists in behalf of ba-
painters or devote columns of descrip-
tion to their daubs; they do not en-
courage men to spoil good marble o
bronzes when they might be carvin
decent gate posts; they do not seek ou
illiterate rhymesters and fill column
with their verses. But they play th
role of stage-door Johnnies to the thou-
sand and one 'movie' actresses an
comic opera chorus girls who keep pu-
blicity agents in their employ. If in th
they reflect the taste of their readers,
it is a taste which they have instille
and cultivated, for it did not exist be-
fore the days of photo-engraving. Il-
lustrated supplements and press agent
Popular interest of an acute and incom-
prehensible kind we know has alway
followed the great people of the lyri-
stage; but never as now (assuming tha
the newspapers are faithful) mirrors th
groundlings. Popular infatuation
with stage-people of all kinds is prob-
ably as old as the stage itself. No
doubt the people of ancient Rome spl
themselves into parties and quarrelle
about the merits of gladiators, singer
flautists, kitharists and dancers 200
years ago. The phenomenon, inasmuch
as it marked the operatic history of th
decade of which I am writing, mor
emphatically than any period within

The Value of Criticism

It is often said that criticism of the theatre, opera, music, is necessarily general, and therefore without value. It depends on the critic. Lamb, Hunt, Little, L. W. S., Morley, Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, Barbey d'Aureville may be read with profit today by those interested in the theatre, and the published writings of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Walkley will stimulate and lead to reflection for many years to come. Nor will the abiding interest be merely admiration of the writers' manner of expression. In music the critical writings of Burney, Parke, Chorley, Berlioz, Richard Grant White, Henslik, not to mention others, are instructive today. Would that Mr. Shaw had collected his articles contributed as musical critic to the World and Star of London! Mr. Krehbiel has this to say:

"To the objection constantly urged against musical criticism that progress in the art has uniformly disclosed its fallacy, since one generation of men frequently accepts what a preceding generation has rejected, I reply that no man has a right to an opinion in a criticism of art who is afraid to express it, and the foolishness of course that a critic, as a professional, can follow is to withhold his judgment for fear that at some future time it may be found that his opinion was erroneous. After that the next most foolish thing is for a critic to sneer at the honest writer of the past from whose views the majority of his successors have turned. The men who could not approve of all that Beethoven wrote were not dishonest fools, nor were they all imbeciles who objected to Schumann, or Wagner, or Brahms. It is not idleness today to question the artistic validity of every phrase penned by Richard Strauss, or Reger, or Debussy, or Arnold Schoenberg. Honesty is a virtue in innovations is beneficial and necessary to sound progress. It provides the regulative fly-wheel without which the engine would go racing to destruction. It cannot stop progress, and there never was a critic honestly concerned about his art who withheld that it should. There is more cant about everything new being good than there is in the proclamation that old things are good because they are old. The former assertion is too frequently based on cowardice and ignorance. No critic worthy of the name is afraid to speak out his dissent because the history of criticism has taught him that he may be overruled by others tomorrow or that he may himself change his mind. If he is honest and speaks from conviction, there is likely to be something in his verdict which will remain true, no matter what the winds and tides of popular favor may do to his utterance or their subject. Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and Brahms have won and held their sway over the popular heart, but there was much in the criticism addressed against their creations which was valid when it was spoken and is valid today. That residuum must go down to the credit of the critics. They were brave men and better men than those who sneer at them now. The coward in criticism who has no opinion unfavorable to the artist who is his friend or affects friendship for him, who pronounces everything good which the god of his idolatry admired or admires, screening his ignorance behind an imposing name, will be in no danger of being overruled by posterity, for he will give posterity no reason for remembering him. His influence will stop with his friends or the friends of his friends. * * * The spirit which acclaims everything new is the spirit of ignorance or cowardice. The things which shall be great in the future because they differ from the things that are great now can wait for the future. Better to fail now to hear the future's evangel of beauty than to proclaim that to be beautiful which shall not be recognized as such hereafter. We cannot wrong the future; we can wrong the present. How long shall we wait? It is not for us to give heed to time. Speak out the thought of today today, and that of tomorrow when tomorrow comes. Be not affrighted by the noise of shouters. He is a very young or an unobservant critic who has not seen as many mediocrities hailed as geniuses as he has seen geniuses fail of appreciation. The forces which are invoking in behalf of the works which are storm centres now are in many instances personal cults. They reflect the spirit of the times in things sordid and material. This is the age of reclame. He is a small composer, indeed, who, if he wishes, may not have at his beck and back a noisy band of propagandists. The Schmidt, Schulze and Meyer societies of Germany are numerous and noisy, but they do not make great men of Schmidt, Schulze and Meyer. All that they accomplish is the corruption of critics and the degradation of art. That is mischief enough, God wot! but it would be worse if they succeeded permanently in influencing public opinion, for that would mean the vitiation of popular taste and the triumph of mediocrity, effrontery and charlatanism. Music has now its cubists as well as painting. Because of its nature, indeed,

We have quoted at length from this introduction, because these brave words are needed when passionate press-agents and patrons of mediocrity are indefatigable and unashamed, striving to darken judgment. Mr. Krehbiel maintains his lofty tone throughout the volume, whether he is writing about an opera, a manager, a conductor or a singer.

Mr. Krehbiel and Miss Garden

Take, for example, his treatment of Miss Mary Garden. He is writing about "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." "For Miss Garden's sake, we were told (though I am still skeptical on the point) M. Massenet rewrote the part of Jean. The device might have added a desirable variety to the music had it been entrusted for execution to a better singer than Miss Garden or an actress more imbued with a sense of the ingenious pathos of the story. Under the circumstances of the performances I could but regret the change. The affecting note of sincerity which provides a potent charm in the medieval tale was turned into a dissonant note by the lady's silly by-play during M. Renaud's touching recital of the legend of the sage-bush, which is one of the gems of the score."

Miss Garden's quarrel with Lina Cavalieri over "Thais": "Miss Garden, who was born in Scotland and brought up in the United States, was of the opinion that an Italian lady brought up in Europe could not properly represent a courtesan of ancient Alexandria as conceived by a group of French authors. Miss Garden therefore promptly hired a lawyer to protect her monopoly of the privilege of displaying her physical charms with the scantiest garments allowable to the public gaze. Mr. Hammerstein had covenanted with Miss Cavalieri (and the public by announcement) that the inestimable privilege should be Miss Cavalieri's also; but the contract proved to be in a double sense nudum pactum."

Miss Garden as Salome: "The color scheme was more garish than in Mr. Corried's production and there was more than a suggestion of barbarism in the habiliments of Herod, but these high lights only served to accentuate the beauty of Miss Garden's person and raiment. Of the latter, however, there was very little, and in the climax of the dance the utmost limit of disrobing ever reached by a lyric artist or actress within a long memory was attained. To have thrown off any more in emulation of Istar she would have been all but obliged to doff her cuticle."

Her Fanny le Grand in "Sapho": "Miss Garden never was an exponent of the principles for which M. Massenet stands, despite the fact that he has given musical investiture to several dramatic women whom she felt called upon to impersonate. Her appeals were rudely, vulgarly physical, whereas his are graceful, subtle and psychological." Her singing of the song of the Magali: "Miss Garden sang the song as if it were the veriest gutter ballad and ended with physical postures and wriggles which destroyed all the illusions that ought to have remained hers during the rest of the drama. No doll ever came out of Provence who could have been surprised by the disclosures which were made concerning Fanny le Grand's character in the next act."

"Monna Vanna": "After Mary Garden, under the morally uplifting management of Mr. Hammerstein, had demonstrated the commercial effectiveness of the kind which Phryne's counsel employed in a famous case of antiquity in Massenet's 'Thais' and Richard Strauss's 'Salome,' it caused no wonderment when the announcement went forth that the next novelty with which Miss Garden would help the moral uplift would be the operatic version of Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna.' In 'Thais' she had disclosed herself with as little raiment as a generous law allowed—but only for a moment. In 'Salome' she was permitted to divest herself gradually of most of her bodily covering. She did not go quite to the extreme of Istar in her famous descent to the underworld, but it was at least hinted that

she might when it was announced that her next opera would be 'Monna Vanna,' in which, were she to carry realism to its limit, she would be able to appear before the public clad in a loose cloak, her hair, her cuticle, and nothing else."

Apropos of the Chicago Opera Company in New York in 1915: "Not one of the novelties excited more than a modicum of interest, although there was a pretty general expression of astonishment that 'Isabeau'—whose story is founded upon the legend of Lady Godiva, and whose heroine is supposed to begin and end her famous ride in unconventional costume in the presence of the public—was not among Miss Garden's list, but was permitted to fall to the lot of Miss Raisa."

The Other Side

If Mr. Krehbiel can be severe he is also a master of discriminative praise; not honey-daubing, not the praise that is laid on with a trowel. Witness his charming pages about Mr. Itabard's "Marouf." For keen analysis, read the pages about "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," in which he has the courage and good sense to speak of Offenbach's "A Grand

old opera bouffe." There are a few types of criticism chiefly with regard to date. Thus on page 395, a season in New York of the Chicago Opera Co. is said to have begun on January 23, 1917 and ended on February 15, 1918.

The book is dedicated to William J. Henderson, "Too author's colleague and friend for a generation." Mr. Krehbiel might have added: "his co-worker in fearless, intelligent, sane musical criticism."

Hroswitha: Piety and the Comic: "Callimachus" as a Curio

Mr. Walkley contributed to the London Times of Dec. 17 an article about an old miracle play by a man of whom Anatole France has written delightfully. Writing last week about Hroswitha's "Callimachus," as performed by the Art Theatre, I touched upon the unintentionally comic aspect of a tenth-century miracle-play to a 20th-century audience. Naturally this is not an aspect of the matter which recommends itself to a lady who is about to publish a translation of Hroswitha's plays with a preface by a Cardinal, and in a letter to the paper she protests that the fun which the Art Theatre got out of Callimachus was not justified by the text. Let me hasten to acquit the Art Theatre of the misdemeanor attributed to it.

Miss Christopher St. John. There is nothing intentionally funny in its performance. The players acted their parts with all possible simplicity and sincerity. The smiling was all on our side of the footlights. But I said that the smile was "reverent," because of the sacred nature of the subject matter.

This opens up the question of the same of mind in which we moderns ought to approach works of "early" art. The first effort of a critic—we must all be agreed about that—should be to put himself, imaginatively, in the artist's place. He has to try to think himself back into the time, the place, the circumstances of the work, and into the artist's temperament. Intentions, and means of execution. We look at the Madonna of Cimabue in the church of Santa Maria Novella and our first impulse is to find her ungraciously, uncouth, without spiritual significance. It is only by thinking ourselves back among the Florentines of the 13th century that we can understand and appreciate Cimabue's appeal. But consider how difficult—or, rather, impossible—that thinking-back process is. Consider what we have to unlearn. We have to make ourselves as though we had never seen the Madonna of Raphael in the Sistine Chapel; much more than that, we have mentally to wipe out six centuries of human history. Manifestly, it cannot be done; we can never see the Cimabue picture as Cimabue himself saw it, or as his Florentine contemporaries saw it. We have to try; but what we shall at best succeed in attaining is a palimpsest, the superimposition of new artistic interpretation on the old. And when we say that classics are immortal, we only mean that they are capable of yielding a perpetual series of fresh palimpsests of being perpetually "hatched again and hatched different." We cannot see Dante's Commedia as Dante or Dante's first readers saw it. For us its politics are read and its theology grotesque; it lives for us now by its spirituality, its majesty, and the beauty of its form. But with works that are not classics, works that are not susceptible of a perpetual rebirth, the case is even harder. They are inscriptions that we can no longer decipher; we cannot think ourselves, for a moment, back in the mind of the author. They have become for us curios.

And that is what Hroswitha's "Callimachus" has become: a curio. How can we put ourselves back in the mind of a nun in the Convent of Gandersheim in the age of Otho the Great? I say "we." For nuns perhaps (having, I assume, a mentality nearer the 10th century than the rest of us) may take a fair shot at it. So, too, may cardinals, whose august mentality I do not presume to fathom. But it is certain that common, worldly men, mere average playgoers cannot do it.

But, it will be objected, are we not, or most of us, still Christians? Are we not still capable of understanding prayers, miracles, saintliness, raising from the dead, "conversion," and all the other subject-matter of "Callimachus"? To be sure we are; hence my "reverent" smile. If Christianity were dead (or, as in Swift's ironical pamphlet, abolished by Act of Parliament) "Callimachus" would be simply meaningless for us, a nothing, mere mummery. It is not the matter of the play that provokes our smile; but its form. The "fun," says Miss St. John, is "not justified by the text." She is thinking of the matter, abounding in piety and tending to edification; but in point of fact the language, the "text"—at any rate in theatrical representation (far be it from me to prejudice her forthcoming book)—has its comic side. Callimachus's abrupt declaration of his passion to Drusiana and the terms of her rejection of him are both, to a modern audience, irresistibly comic. They are not meaningless, but they are delightfully impossible; they are, in fact, love-making as imagined by a nun, the very person who ex hypothesi knows nothing about it. You have, in fact, precisely the same delicious ab-

surdity, produced from an imagination necessarily constructed by experience, as you get in Miss Daisy Ashford's book. (Several of my confreres have made this comparison. I am really charmed not to have thought of it myself. But it should show Miss St. John that I am, at any rate, not the only one who found Callimachus comic.)

Further, and quite apart from the exquisite naiveties of its text, the form of the play is so childlike and bland as to be really funny. The players, when not engaged in the action, stand motionless in a semi-circle. Changes of scene are indicated by two performers crossing the stage in opposite directions—a genuine cricket "over." Characters are understood to be stricken with death when they comically lie down on their backs. Others trot in pairs round Drusiana's prostrate form and you understand they are journeying to her tomb. All this, of course, is merely primitive "convention." Could we put ourselves back into Hroswitha's time, it would pass unnoticed. In our own time, with a different set of "conventions," that make some attempt at imitation of reality, we naturally laugh at these old conventions. We laugh, but we are interested; our curiosity is being catered for, we like to see what the old conventions were. The curio, in short, is amusing in the fullest sense of the term.

And it leaves us with a desire to know more about Hroswitha, the "white rose" of the 10th century (if that be really the meaning of her name). Perhaps the cardinal's preface will tell us more. One remark occurs. It seems a little significant that a nun should have written all her plays on the one theme of chastity. It must have been an obsession with her, this virtue to which, as Renan said, nature attaches so little importance. And, in hunting her theme, this nun does not scruple to pursue it to the strangest places. She even puts courtesans upon the stage and houses of ill-fame. How on earth did the good lady imagine these unconventional topics? The question suggests some puzzles about the psychology of nuns. But one has only to see "Callimachus" to know that Hroswitha must have been as pure as snow, or as a white rose, as innocently ignorant, in fact, of what she was writing about as Miss Daisy Ashford when she described an elopement.

And now I hope I have made my peace with Miss St. John. It is the misfortune of criticism, with its own point of view, to tread, now and then, quite unwittingly, upon the toes of a reader with a different point of view. I look forward to Miss St. John's book (the cardinal's preface aiding) for that edification and spiritual refreshment which was out of the question at a theatrical performance.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

- SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Recital by Mr. Kreisler, violinist.
- Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Popsical Choral Union of Boston; George S. Dunham, conductor.
- MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert in aid of American women's hospitals. Gert Tompkins, soprano; Salvatore de Stano, harpist; Louise Lord, soprano; Mario Lorenzi, baritone.
- Copley Plaza, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's second concert.
- TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert in aid of Smith College fund; Magdalena Braid, pianist.
- WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Boston Musical Association. Chamber music and song.
- Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Recital by Mrs. Peroux-Williams, soprano.
- THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Floxazey quartet.
- Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Radcliffe College endowment fund concert. Mme. Marie Sordani, soprano; Pablo Casals, violoncello.
- FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor.
- SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Rudolph Reuter's piano recital.
- Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of the Symphony concert.

WERREN RATH

In spite of the inclement weather there was a large audience in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Mr. Reinald Werrenrath, the admirable baritone. Mr. Harry Spier was the pianist. Mr. Werrenrath's selections were as follows: Mozart, "Aprile un po' fogliocchi," from "The Marriage of Figaro"; four Shakespeare songs: Haydn, "She never told her love; Arne, Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind; Dallis's Lute Song, "The Willow Song in 'Othello'; Schubert, "Who Is Sylvia?"; Grieg, "Minstrel et magist Fjeld, med en pigmalverke"; Borte, "Efteraarstormen"; Valle de Paz, "Flor di dolcezza"; P. M. Costa, "Sei morta ne la vita mia"; Santoliquido, "Alba di luna sul bosco"; Tristeza crepuscolare; Harty, "The Ould Lad"; O'Hara, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante"; R. C. Clarke, "The Blind Ploughman"; McGill, Duna; Spier, "A Hymn for America."

Figaro's dramatic and misogynic outburst was sung with fine understanding. It was good to hear the group of Shakespeare's songs and the songs of the modern Italians, but, perhaps, the highest

...the first was ... by the ... through the ... of the ... by G. ... Noteworthily also in the ... form was the ... of O'Connell's ... of ... and ...

It is ... necessary to speak of Mr. ... this voice or art. He is a ... example of the singer that ... the ability to communicate ... his musical and emotional thoughts to the hearer. Would that there were more concert singers like him!

BEDETTI TO PLAY

Miss Terry announces that Mrs. Louise Ford, soprano, on account of sickness, will not be able to sing at the concert at the Copley Plaza tomorrow afternoon. Jean Bedetti, solo violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be substituted.

Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare writes that a topographical error she was asked to say in her communication published last Tuesday that she was the author of an "appreciation" of Bayeux's poems. This "appreciation" was by another.

Yvette's Pupils

Miss Mona Gendreau, who sang and recited last Monday in joyous, skipping mood, was a pupil of Yvette Guilbert, in spite of the statement published in New York that would lead one to think the contrary. She studied with Yvette in Paris, when Miss Lorraine Wyman, the artistic singer of folk songs, was also with Yvette, who brought her out in Paris and London as her accomplished pupil.

Under Mr. Russell's Wing

Will Mr. Maeterlinck, when he finally comes to Boston, be introduced with the words on the platform of Symphony Hall by Mr. Henry Russell? Mr. Russell, at present, seems to be Mr. Maeterlinck's guide, philosopher, friend. It is a pleasure to find a busy man, sacrificing his time, all for the sake of art and the ideal.

The Croakers

Dr. Michaut of Paris on Jan. 16, 1895 said that, talking with a German soon after the Exposition, the latter, praising the French, had believed before the war that the French were a decadent people on account of the development of the cafe-concert and the foolish and vulgar songs and recitations. And so the Germans thought in 1914 that the French were decadent. Victor Hugo, commenting on the reply of Camborne at Waterloo, when an English general asked the survivors of the guard to surrender, said that Camborne, by "a supreme word unfit to be spoken," completed Leonidas by Rabelais.

On Jan. 16, 1897, the Goncourts bewailed the "Americanization" of France as proved by the Exposition: "Industry taking precedence of art; the steam crushing-machine taking the place of the painting. . . . In a word, the Federation of Materialism."

Jiu-Jitsu

Jiu-Jitsu, which Mr. Justice Darling declares that all solicitors' clerks ought to learn, is supposed to come from Japan, but an art of self-defence virtually identical with it was taught in Europe during the 17th century. Its principles are expounded in a book by Nicholas Peters, published at Amsterdam in 1674, which bears the long explanatory title: "The Art of Wrestling and how one can protect oneself in all kinds of quarrels that may occur, how one can with agility and rapidity repel all unfair attacks, and meet one's adversary with science."

The work is illustrated, and both the pictures and the letterpress seem to prove that the author anticipated many of the characteristic grips of modern Japanese wrestlers.—London Daily Chronicle.

In Dear old "Lunnon"

As the World Ways:

Despite his very breezy evocations of "The Old Familiar Places" your correspondent cannot be allowed to pass unheeded. He tells us that Fleet street is what Winton is to Summer street.

"If he were merely speaking topographically his description might pass muster with the uninitiated; but he discourses of 'old familiar places.'"

Now, where the Strand at present merges into Fleet street is a place remote not only with the history of London of England. There stands the Temple Bar, one of the gates to the city of London from the west, which no foreigner could pass without permission from the mayor of the city, who usually presided the immense key of the "Bar."

...the first was ... by the ... through the ... of the ... by G. ... Noteworthily also in the ... form was the ... of O'Connell's ... of ... and ...

To say nothing of the fact that the very name of Temple Bar indicates the proximity of the Temple, the English house of the Knights Templars in the middle ages.

The history of the place makes it very unlike Winton and Summer streets.

Boston. ARTHUR DE GUICHARD.

Johnson and Fleet Street

Our correspondent did not give the title "The Old Familiar Places" to his article, and he no doubt made his comparison only "topographically." Whenever we hear or see the words "Fleet street" we think instinctively of Johnson, not Herkimer, although like Ulysses, our friend the eminent sociologist has seen many cities and many men, but Dr. Samuel. He told Boswell that while Fleet street had a very animated appearance, the "full tide of human existence" was at Charing-Cross. It was across Fleet street that he piloted a gentlewoman, who offered him a shilling, supposing him to be the watchman. "I perceived," said Johnson, "that she was somewhat in liquor." Boswell, always delighted with "the busy hum of men," said one night to Johnson as they were walking in Greenwich Park. In answer to the question "Is not this very fine?" "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet street," whereupon Johnson replied, "You are right, sir." Fleet street, however, was not quiet when Johnson and Savage, unable to pay for a lodging, wandered whole nights in the streets. Shenstone wrote in a letter about that time (1743) that London was dangerous: "the pick-pockets, formerly content with mere filching, make no scruple to knock people down with bludgeons in Fleet street and the Strand, and that at no later hour than 8 o'clock at night; but in the Piazzas, Covent Garden, and the attack whole parties, so that the danger of coming out of the playhouses is of some weight in the opposite scale, when I am disposed to go to them often." Johnson: "Sir, let us take a walk in Fleet street" is not recorded by Boswell. It was coined as a motto for the magazine, Temple Bar.—Ed.

CHORAL UNION HOLDS MID-SEASON CONCERT

The People's Choral Union of Boston held its 16th mid-season concert at Symphony Hall last night. The program was in two parts: Hymn of Praise (Mendelssohn) and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." George Sawyer Dunham was conductor and the soloists were Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano; Miss Minerva Komenarski, contralto; Roy Cropper, tenor, and Willard Flint, bass. Herman A. Shedd was organist and Miss Tsuya Matsuki pianist.

NEW 'TOM JONES'

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Tom Jones" ("Sophia"), a play in four acts, based by Robert Buchanan on incidents in Fielding's novel. First time at the Copley Theatre.

Mistress Honour.....Ada Wingard
Judith.....Leonard Cranke
Sophia Western.....Julia Chippendale
Tom Jones.....Percy Carne Warram
Mr. Allworthy.....Cameron Matthews
Squire Western.....E. E. Clive
Farmer Cope.....Fred C. Barron
Squire.....Nicholas Jones
Miss Tabitha Western.....John Roach
George Seagrind.....William C. Mason
Gamewell.....Sharland Bradbury
Molly Seagrind.....May Kassis
Partridge.....H. Conway Wingfield
Parson Snyple.....K. N. Ross
Lady Bellaston.....Jessamine Newcombe
Fotheringay.....Arthur Irving
Maid.....Florence Wainwright

Strange to say the first appearance of Tom Jones on the stage was at Paris in 1765, 16 years after Fielding's novel was published. Philidor, the famous chess player, who had thrice sojourned in England, wrote the music. Tom appeared at London in Reed's adaptation of this opera (1769), and a good many years later at the Surrey Theatre in Tom Dibden's burlesque; in Edward German's operetta (1907) after it had been produced at Manchester. German's "Tom Jones" was performed in Boston, but without success, although Louise Gunning was a charming Sophia and Mr. Norris labored strenuously as Partridge. Buchanan's "Sophia" was produced at the Vaudeville, London, on April 12, 1886. It was revived in London in 1892. The first performance in the United States was at Wallack's, New York, Nov. 4, 1887; Kyrie Bellew, Tom Jones; Partridge, Charles Groves (not Graves); Bliff, E. J. Henley; Squire Western, Harry Edwards; Allworthy, W. J. Constantine; Sophia, Annie Robb; Tabitha, Mme. Ponis; Lady Bellaston, Katharine Rogers; Molly, Carrie Coot; Mistress Honour, Kate Bartlett. The play ran till Dec. 7.

In the preface to his play, Buchanan gave "holding this enlightened patronage." "Despite a certain talent, which is coarseness rather than immorality, 'Tom Jones' has gained its immortality as a work of art because it is fundamentally pure in its pictures of human nature." What a pity that Fielding was not alive to make reply in his sturdy, flexible, inimitable English! The liberties that Buchanan took with Fielding's characters, especially with Squire Western's sister, Molly Seagrind, Lady Bellaston and Tom, were enough to make the novelist turn in his grave. Molly has an affair with Bliff, but not with Tom. Lady Bellaston wishes innocent Tom to be her husband. It is to be hoped that seeing the play will lead the spectators to re-read the novel. No doubt some in the audience last night, not acquainted with Fielding, thought the dramatist faithful to the story.

The play is curiously old-fashioned, with its asides, its soliloquies, its dialogue, its comic scenes. Perhaps it was worth reviving for the sake of showing what audiences enjoyed in the eighties. Last night there was music for the scenes just before the fall of the curtain. This prevented the audience from hearing the comedians. The introduction of it took us back to the "good old days." The comedy was appropriately mounted, and it was played carefully. No doubt the pace will be quickened in future performances. The comic scenes might well be shortened, although last night the audience laughed heartily when Partridge shaved Farmer Cope, when Partridge was discovered at the wash-tub; it was amused even during the tedious scene between Partridge and Mistress Honour in the third act. A miniature stage coach bearing Sophia and her maid to London also pleased the audience. By the way, why did Buchanan turn Mistress Honour into a young and attractive girl? There were many curtain calls.

Two impersonations stood boldly out. Mr. Clive again gave one of his remarkable characterizations as Squire Western. He is one of the very few comedians now on the American stage who have the power to sink personality. Miss Chippendale, a new-comer, was a charming Sophia, charming in her ingenuousness, her simplicity, her maidenhood. She continually brought to mind Fielding's heroine. There can be no higher praise than this.

Miss Juliet and Nina Payne Divide Evening's Honors

Honors and applause at Keith's last night were divided between Nina Payne, whose dancing act was a wonder of acting and stage setting, and Miss Juliet in her one-girl revue.

Valerie Bergere and her company gave a comedy drama in four scenes, "The Moth," in which Miss Bergere, in the role of the discontented wife, appeared to fine advantage. Victor Moore and company in a skit, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods," provoked hearty applause. Myrtle and Jimmy Dunedin in their "Vaudeville Revue with a Punch," put real punch into their work.

Ed. Pressler, Blanche Klais and Phil. Saxe gave an acrobatic musical and dancing act. Harry Kranz and Bob La Salle in songs and foolishness met the favor of the audience and Frisco's performance on the xylophone was one of merit.

The Curzon sisters as the original flying butterflies staged a scenic and acrobatic spectacle that brilliantly closed the program.

HOLLIS THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Moonlight and Honey-suckle," a comedy in three acts, by George Scarborough. The cast:

Pet Baldwin.....Flora Sheffield
Tom Musgrave.....James Rennie
Halle Baldwin.....Katherine Emmet
Senator Baldwin.....Edward Fielding
Jefferson.....Lawrence Edgington
Congressman Hammond.....Sydney Booth
Courtney Blue.....Charles Frobridge
Judith Baldwin.....Ruth Chatterton
Mrs. Langley.....Anriol Lee

If one were to sum up the whole play, no one expression could accomplish the trick as readily as one of the lines in the play, "Many come to woo who do not stay to wed."

Judith Baldwin is besieged by three suitors, to each of whom she has promised an answer on her 20th birthday. The day arrives, but her mind is not made up. She turns to her aunt and asks for advice. In reply her aunt tells of a girl who was wooed and who surrendered to her lover "in the month of May when the honeysuckles were in blossom." This girl was deserted by her lover. After a year of crying she meets another, who woos and wins. She tells him the story of her mistake and "he folded his tent and quietly slipped away."

Judith listens and decides to try the same plan on her suitors. She tells Congressman Hammond about the moonlight and honeysuckle affair, naming herself as the girl. He had been a minister at one time. After hearing the "confession" he "stalls around" and then offers Judith many reasons why she should not marry him.

The next suitor, Courtney Blue, hears the same story sobbed into a fresh handkerchief and he hardens immediately. Which settles him. The third

suitor, Mr. B. G. A. (B. G. A. is the story from Judith, but from her father, to whom Courtney Blue recites the tale. This third suitor, from the ranges of Arizona, calls the story a lie but, becoming convinced, is anxious to shoot the betrayer.

Such is the mix-up which leads to the third act, where it is eventually straightened out. Of course, the man from the ranges wins out. But not until Judith has raked him over the coals for believing it.

Of course Ruth Chatterton as Judith made the most of her lines. She generally does, and in this vehicle she has ample chance to show to good advantage. Her relating of the "error" to her two suitors was as funny as anything Boston has seen for a long time. As first one then the other listened to her sad story, she stopped crying long enough to peek from her handkerchief to see how her little drama was going. Which bit of pantomime furnished a wave of laughter which grew in volume as the suitors found excuses for the poor young lady. She was clever in the burlesque-melodrama. She could have ruined her part by gushing, but showed delightful restraint.

To James Rennie belongs the lion's share of the credit for the male members of the cast. As a slow-to-speak, but quick-to-act, westerner, he was good. His ingenuousness furnished many a bit of comic relief where the scenes became a bit tense.

The only adverse bit of comment heard during the evening came from a poseur, who imagines himself to be blase. He recited the grievance that it was a bit tame, although even he condescendingly admitted it was a good play, and left a nice taste in the mouth. The group near him protested, but he insisted the lines were bromides served up in a flowery way.

Every one in his party insisted the lines were bright and excellently put over. Which shows what the audience (the theatre was full) thought of it. Which is why Boston will go to see the play and thoroughly enjoy its delicious satire on love-making.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti.

Edgar.....Leonard Sanford
Lucia.....Madrena Passmore
Alice.....Elaide de Sellem
Henry Ashton.....Stanley Deacon
Arthur.....Lynn Griffin
Norman.....William R. Northway
Bide-the-Deer.....Bertram Gotha

Good old Lucia. What need is there to sing its praises? It sings itself throughout the long and tuneful tale of the hapless life of the bride of Lammermoor whose brother insisted on her marrying a man she did not love. As sung by the Boston English Opera Company at the Arlington Theatre last evening it seemed as if it was renewing its youth of three quarters of a century ago.

The enthusiasm of the audience last evening again attested the vitality of Donizetti's opera. Many encores were demanded. A new soprano was heard as Lucia. She is Miss Melvena Passmore, who disclosed a skill that fits her for the florid music. She gave life to Lucia's woes.

Mr. Sanford as Edgar did not make the unfortunate lover too melancholy. Mr. Deacon was vigorous as Henry Ashton. The minor roles were capably taken.

Tonight Mme. Marie Eldra will appear as Lucia, and will alternate throughout the week with Miss Passmore. Next week will bring the end of the three months season with a production of "Aida."

Is the mystic Maeterlinck a good business man or is he not? The story goes that a young worshipper who repaired to the Fortieth street shrine was denied meeting him face to face, though his English valet consented to take in the photograph she brought that "the mawstah" might autograph it. After a few moments the valet returned the picture duly signed. "Five dollars, please," said the English valet. "What!" cried the young worshipper. "The mawstah does not give his autograph for less," explained the valet.

Again the question: Is M. Maeterlinck a good business man or is he not? Somebody is.—N. Y. Evening Post.

In connection with this story it is interesting to note that Mr. Henry Russell is now Mr. Maeterlinck's business manager.

Once in Seven Years

Owners of theatres and amusement halls might profitably ponder a remark made by Mabile, the proprietor of the once famous Garden in Paris where there was loose and reckless dancing heartily enjoyed by American deacons and strait-laced members of committees who thus snatched a fearful joy. This "Jardin" was established about 1840, at a corner of the Champs Elysees and the Allee des Veuves, by Mabile, a teacher of dancing. It was here in 1844 that Elise Sergent, otherwise known as "Reine Pomare," made a sensation. Banville wrote a sonorous poem about her; Gautier an eloquent dithyramb. Alfred Delvau gave a graphic description of this Cytherean garden which in 1864 or '65 found another place.

and Miss Torpade. I think he had kept his palate clean in every seven years of abstinence, and the wiles for a period of seven years corresponds to a revolutionary change in a man's tastes.

Physical Antipathies

For several centuries curious observers have noticed strange antipathies; thus Cardinal de Cardona would faint from the odor of a rose; Quiczo, the secretary of Francis I., stuffed his nostrils with bread if there were apples on the table; another fell in a swoon at the sight of an eel; a Count of Arnstadt fainted if olive oil was in a room. Germanicus could not endure the sight or crowing of a cock; a nobleman of Mantua fell in a fit with cold sweat if he came across a hedgehog. We all know men and women who are physically distressed if a cat, though it be unseen, is in a room.

Here is a still more singular case. We read yesterday that Vaucorbell, a French composer, and in 1880 the director of the Paris Opera, was mortally afraid of velvet. Whenever he was invited to dine at a house for the first time, he made it his business before he accepted to find out whether the table chairs were covered with that stuff.

Moved to Tears

We have all heard of the king who purposed to sound a bell when he was wholly happy and did not sound it until he was dying. Richard Henry Stoddard wrote a poem based on this story. Other mighty men toward the end of life have stated that they knew only one, two or three days of happiness.

Rossini once wrote a letter to Paganini, after hearing him for the first time, in which he said he had wept only three times in his life: when his first opera was hissed; when he had let fall into the Lake of Garda a turkey stuffed with truffles, and finally, hearing Paganini fiddle the night before.

A Last Word

As the World Wags:

I have been interested in the communications in the Herald about places in London, but I have been impressed by the uncertainty of the writers as to what they were writing about.

I think that the man who wrote of the beefsteak pudding must have had the "Cheshire Cheese" in mind, but I never heard of any such ceremony in connection with it as he mentions, and it is a peculiarity of that place that they give you your beer not in pewter, as he says, and as most places do, but in brown earthen mugs. They make a great point of their pie and pudding (of which larks are one ingredient) and I know of no other place that does. We went there often at lunch time and often partook of both those dishes, but there was no formal bringing of them in. On Sundays the place is open only for a few hours about mid-day. I have had to wait for the door to open, but still there was no ceremony about bringing in the dish.

I was more surprised about the uncertainty concerning Simpson's. That is one of the institutions of London. If you get in a cab anywhere and say, "Simpson's," you need say no more. It is on the Strand right next The Savoy. The present building is not over 50 years old. It is built like The Savoy. I was told that it is now under the same management. There is a dining room on the entrance floor and there are two more one flight up; also some private rooms. There are a number of wagons, like large tea wagons, one of which bears a roast of beef, one a saddle of mutton, and others other things, such as boiled beef, boiled mutton, pork, fish, etc. The beef is wonderful. The mutton is usually too well done for me, but I have had it very fine. They wheel the wagon with the meat up to your table and give you what you want. I marvel that anybody who knows London at all should have been in doubt about it.

New York. E. B. H.

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Miss Torpade Returns in New Graces of Voice and with More Strange and Interesting Northern Songs—Mr. Bedetti in Fresh Proof of His Abilities as Violoncellist—Kreisler to Play Beethoven's Concerto

IN the year elapsed since Miss Greta Torpade last sang in Boston, she has materially bettered her voice as instrument for the interpretive imagination she long since proved in songs. As her concert with Mr. Stefano, the harpist, disclosed her tones, in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, they sounded freer, brighter, warmer, rounder than in the past; while, so amplified and plastic, they were the better means to the accenting and the coloring of her songs. Thus, in measure, she surprised faithful hearers by her ease

and grace. We were surprised to find that Miss Torpade has curiously laid upon a little known song of a forsaken and pining shepherd—ornamented designed seemingly to catch the ancient manner with such melancholy pieces. As surprising was Miss Torpade's bright fluency with the rhythms and modulations of a sunny little "Roundelay" about a garden, flowers and birds by Ibsen. Most surprising of all, however, was her singing of two "Negro Spirituals," as arranged the one—"My Lord, What a Mornin'"—by Mr. Burleigh; the other—"Walt Till I Put on My Crown"—by Mr. Reddick. They were not hackneyed pieces in the kind, as "Deep River" and one or two others have come to be; while each was interestingly suggestive of a solitary negro voice, first addressing itself in repetition after repetition to the surrounding folk and so warming into a final exultation. A little superior, moreover, to the rest of the congregation, was this imaginary Negro woman late over the celestial "Mornin'" and as confident about her heavenly crown. Good to hear were the breadth of Miss Torpade's repetitions of the monotonous chant and the warmth that she brought to the ultimate excitement. Seldom has she sung with such illusion of a native and spontaneous rather than a deliberately artful and considered eloquence.

In six numbers from northern composers, Miss Torpade was more the familiar singer of remembered recitals. As usual with her they were interesting, individualized pieces—notably a song by Sibelius, "Autumn Evening," grim, stark picture of bleak and desolate shore of clouded, brooding sky, of plaintive or shrieking sea, of the wanderer when such mood and aspect of nature answer a thousand-fold to his own bitterness and emptiness of spirit. A few chords, a few modulations on the piano, a thin, acrid part for the voice and Sibelius has etched mood and picture in tones. What economy of means, the listener says conventionally to himself, but also what imagination in the choice and the ordering of them! Another and less known Finn gave him contrast—Palmgren in a song of bells, chiming faint and far through a misty music. Now Miss Torpade can edge her tones with Sibelius's grimness and soften them into Palmgren's melancholy charm. Thereby she is imaginative and interpretive singer of no mean quality. She was not less so in a third piece, likewise redolent of the dark imagery haunting these northern composers. For happiness, as one of them, Alnaes, would have it, is not of the cheerful busy day, but of the descending twilight, of the still, lightless night. And so he writes a low-colored, still and quivering music. Yet give them their peasants, say at dance at wedding, or give them the wordless northern spring and summer, and these mournful fellows can be as merry as the magpie about which Grondan made a song or as the swain of Petersen-Berger's rustic marriage. And Miss Torpade in the rhythming and the coloring of her tones can be merry and pointing with them. Not once has she returned to Boston and failed to enrich her concert and to pleasure her more curious hearers with these rare and distinctive northern pieces.

If the harp must be played as a solo instrument—and there are those whom it pleases as such—it is well that Mr. de Stefano should play it. He has fineness of touch and sensitiveness of ear; he comes near to Mr. Holy in the aerial quality of his higher tones, the fullness of his lower; while best of all, he plays few of the conventional and tinkling showpieces. Instead, being musician as well as virtuoso, he makes his own transcriptions, now from the ancients, like Rameau and Handel, again from the moderns, like Ravel and Debussy. So doing, he provides the harp with a genuine, an interesting, an evocative music. Moreover, when he and Miss Torpade join together, she can sing and he can accompany the simple, ambling, sentimental little ditties, harmonized by Mr. Endicott out of song-books of Colonial America. In such fashion, though with less deft skill, were they sung—it is ease to imagine—in the parlors of the time, say for the pleasure of General Sir John Burgoyne or even of Washington himself.

H. T. P.

Mr. Bedetti in Solo Pieces

Music for the violoncello, songs and an aria were the order of the afternoon at the second of Miss Terry's Copley-Plaza concerts yesterday. Mrs. Louise Ford was to have sung, but illness interfered and her place was filled by Mr. Bedetti, the new and admirable first cellist of the Symphony Orchestra. With him was Mr. Mario Loretti, baritone, from the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Arthur Fiedler served as accompanist for both. Mr. Bedetti was heard in a Suite Ancienne by Jean Baptiste Bréval. The programme supplied the date, 1750; but Baker's Dictionary gives the composer's years as 1760-1825. He was first cellist at the opera, afterwards a teacher at the Conservatoire, and a composer of prominence in his day. The suite played yesterday is a fine example of the music of that pe-

riod, the solo instrument is treated effectively in the best sense of the word and one movement, the broad reposeful Adagio, has true distinction. Mr. Bedetti's other numbers were slighter, consisting of a pleasantly melancholy group of Russian melodies arranged by Lalo, a graceful Minuet by Mozart and "Papillons," the inevitable show piece by the essential Chopin. As Mr. Bedetti proved last week in Cambridge, he is a well equipped virtuoso; his technique is flawless, his musicianship impeccable and his tone beautiful, singularly clear in the trying upper register.

When Verdi took upon himself the task of characterizing Iago in tones he attempted the well-nigh impossible. The very nature of music stands in the way of its being the voice of evil. In the opera of "Otello," Iago's celebrated Credo, his declaration of faithlessness, is no more than violent declamation against a sinister orchestra, in which "stopped" horns and the other paraphernalia suggest the composer's intention. Sung by Mr. Loretti, politely costumed, in the ballroom of the Copley-Plaza, the music was singularly ineffectual. Once freed of that obligation, Mr. Loretti lent his agreeable voice and manner to the performance of three Italian songs of ready appeal, two by Toschi, and one by Scuderi, and, for a fourth, a warmly imagined song by the excellent Mr. Walter Kramer, "The Last Hour." Both Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Loretti were compelled to add to the programme, the former with Saint-Saëns's suave melody of "The Swan," and the latter with two songs, one in Italian and one in French which, after the disconcerting fashion of nearly all artists, were nameless.

W. S. S.

FRITZ KREISLER IN SYMPHONY HALL

Great Audience Grets Famous Violinist

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Carl Lamson was accompanist. The program:

Concerto No. 4, D-major, Mozart; Sonata, G-minor, for violin alone, J. S. Bach; Air, Rachmaninoff; Waltz (transcribed by David Hochstein), Brahms; Danse Andalous, Granados; Eklog, A. Walter Kramer; Two Caprices, E-minor, A-minor, Paganini. A footnote at the end of the program explained that the Brahms waltz was played in memory of Sergt. David Hochstein.

It is doubtful if the hall ever held a greater concourse. Every regular seat was filled. All standing room was jammed. The seats on the stage were arranged in high inclines so that more could be made available than by placing them on the flat stage. Kreisler has always been welcomed here with fervor, but never with the clamorous furore of yesterday. The acclaim did not move him a jot from his poise and easy dignity.

As usual in his playing he gave the best there was in him. He never played here with more intensity of emotional appeal, always under control though it was.

It is doubtful if the keenest-eared patriot could have discovered even in the Rachmaninoff air or the Brahms waltz either a Red or a Teuton tonal microbe so threatening to its hearers that it should be made to face a firing squad or be deported.

The concert was an inspiring artistic success.

I desire to converse with people of this world, who bring into company their share, at least, of cheerfulness, good breeding and knowledge of mankind. In common life one much oftener wants small money and silver than gold.

Of Biographical Importance

The Living Age is pleased with the details in Henry Peating Jones's life of Samuel Butler. "We now discover for our delight that Butler was accustomed, when he went for a walk, to carry in his waistcoat pocket a homoeopathic medicine bottle full of Worcester sauce, that he brushed his hair every night a hundred strokes, fifty on each side, that he always worked in his shirt-sleeves. Now these are the kind of details which we ask for in a biography, and which too often elude our search."

And in like manner one learns from William Winter's sketch of Willie Collins that the latter was inordinately fond of black pepper. "It is seldom provided at dinner tables to which I repair, and therefore I take care to provide it myself," he said to Winter.

A New York journalist, writing about Reginald de Koven, informs us that at his studio, when the luncheon hour had

arrived he would sit down at a table to serve him from Delmonico's with the breast of a pheasant and a bottle of Morelle with all the grace and elegance of a Jean Brunel; that in his attire he would go to "an extreme in patterns and color scheme, that made him a rival to Robert Hilliard."

Biographic details like these won the praise of Marcel Schwob in his remarkable preface to his still more remarkable volume entitled "Vies Imaginaires." Schwob complained that grave historians and biographers neglected the important individual, identifying, physical and mental idiosyncrasies, "bizareries." He quoted admiringly little thumb-nail sketches of prominent Englishmen drawn by old John Aubrey. Thus Milton "pronounced the letter R very hard." Thomas Fuller had "a very working head, in so much that walking and meditating before dinner, he would eat up a penny loaf, not knowing that he did it." Aubrey was at Sir William Davenant's funeral. "He had a coffin of walnut tree. Sir John Denham said 'twas the finest coffin that ever he saw.'" Of Francis Bacon: "None of his servants durst appear before him without Spanish leather boots, for he would smell the neat's leather, which offended him." Meriton: "His true name was Head. He had been amongst the gypsies. He looked like a knave with his goggling eyes. He could transform himself into any shape. He maintained himself by scribbling. He earned 20 shillings per sheet. He was drowned going to Plymouth by long sea about 1676." Schwob might have quoted still more curious details from Aubrey's "Lives," which were not published until 1813, when the too scrupulous editor omitted a few passages that seemed to him "gross." Even today the diary of Mr. Pepys, for a similar reason, has not been completely translated from cipher.

At the Hairdresser's

As the World Wags:

Contemplating the various busts and portraits of celebrated philosophers of the past that adorn our Public Library I became aware of the face that few, if any, of them could ever have felt the need or formed the habit of visiting a hair-cutter. And so I no longer wondered why it was that certain peculiarities of such establishments had never been investigated or even publicly noted.

It is a fact, possibly not of great public interest but still a fact, that during a long and I trust not wholly useless life two men only have ever cut my hair. When a boy I was taken to the establishment of one Herchenroder, then on Temple place in this city, and given into the hands of a man called Fred, who continued the office then initiated until his death many years later. I then became the professional property of another man in the same shop by the operation of some uninvestigated law of these places, who has cut my hair ever since. A certain amount of conservatism is implied in this experience I feel obliged to admit in advance of criticism. The operation as now conducted has a very pleasant social and intellectual side. My diminished locks no longer tax the physical energies of the operator as of old, so there is time for enlightening conversation upon many subjects. Last time we spoke of the strange permanence of a certain item of his stock—some venerable bottles of hair-restorer, still upon his shelves, that I clearly recall having considered years ago when a mere lad upon the shelves of Herchenroder, whom he succeeded in business. This led to a consideration of the bald-headed in general and it was then that I asked him a question that he was wholly unable to answer though he readily admitted the fact.

Why does it take longer to cut the surviving hair of a bald-headed man than to trim the abounding locks of another?

It is my hard lot, as it is doubtless that of others now and then, to follow in the operating chair a gentleman whose hirsute adornment lies almost wholly below the line of perpetual hair just below his summit. And I always do so with a sinking heart, knowing full well that just twice as much time will be consumed in bringing these few survivors into presentable shape as would suffice to reduce the hairy efflorescence of some husky football player. Can any of your correspondents give me any information upon the interesting subject?

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
Boston.

Concerning Oyster Loaves

As the World Wags:

There used to be a place in New Orleans, over on the French side of Canal street, a hole in the wall where

story talk at table, conversation to Thackeray's record of conversation at the Cafe Foy, Paris, in 1811. He, masquerading as Mr. Michael Angelo, marsh, was dining at that famous restaurant with his friend G—. They had ordered a julienne soup with a little puree in it; beefsteak with spinach; partridge stuffed with truffles; Roquefort cheese; a bottle of Nuits with the beef and a bottle of Sauterne with the partridge. The partridge was served. Let Mr. Titmarsh continue:

"My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G— said I did not give him his share of the truffles; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper—very little. We began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation:

"Gustavus. Chop, chop, chop.
"Michael Angelo. Globlobloblob.
"Gustavus. Gobble.
"M. A. Obble.
"G. Here's a big one.
"M. A. Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.
"G. It's bad here. Have some Sauterne.
"M. A. Very well. Hobgobglobglob, etc.

"August (opening the Sauterne). Cloo-oo-oo-oo! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock!"

"Nothing more took place in the way of talk."

"Sophia"

To B. S. L.—Yes, the play now at the Copley Theatre was produced at the Boston Museum on Oct. 17, 1887. It was then called "Sophia," the title Robert Buchanan gave it. In a letter to the London Era, he dwelt on the character of Sophia Western and added: "I have not called my play 'Tom Jones.' I have christened it 'Sophia.'" He admitted that he had "purified that scapegrace Tom a little."

At the Museum the chief parts were taken as follows: Tom Jones, Charles Barron; Allworthy, Alfred Hudson; Squire Western, William Seymour; Blifil, Edgar L. Davenport; Partridge, George W. Wilson; Sophia, Isabelle Evesson; Tabitha, Mrs. Farran; Honour, Helen Dayne; Lady Bellaston, Annie Clarke; Molly Seagrim, May Davenport.

The play ran six weeks. Miss Evesson, toward the end of the run, fell sick, and Miss Dayne took the part of Sophia. Mr. Seymour was the stage manager. Others in the cast were Messrs. Nolan, Whittemore, Burrows, Boardman, Rose, Applebee, Jr., and Grace Atwell.

"The Octoroon"

As the World Wags:

You never saw "The Octoroon"? It was worth seeing. It has had at least four performances in Boston in my theatre-going days. During the last year but one of the Museum stock company it was given a performance of about three days to fill out a week. Barron was Salem Scudder; Wilson, Pete; Abbe, the Indian; Junius Booth the younger, George Peyton, and, wonder of wonders, the usually impeccable Mr. Davenport enacted the arch villain. Of the women, Miss O'Leary was the Octoroon; her sister, Miss Acres, the boy Paul, and if I am not mistaken, Miss Evelyn Campbell played Dora. Later I went to see it played at what was at that time known as the Grand Theatre, way up town at Dover street. It gave a performance with the impossible happy ending. The company was not altogether a bad one, the performance of Salem Scudder by an actor, whose name I forget, being one, as it seemed to me and as I remember it, of real distinction. By the way, this Grand Theatre, originally the Windsor, and sometimes known as the "Grand Dime," specialized in melodrama, and as a boy in my upper teens I saw, 30 years ago, some famous plays that I probably never could have seen elsewhere and all for 20 cents for an orchestra seat. There I saw "The Gilded Age," "The Phoenix," "The Marble Heart," "Divorce," "Michael Strogoff," "The Duke's Motto" and several others. I think I saw my first performance of "Camille" there also, and the famously wicked "Clemenceau Case."

But to return to "The Octoroon." I saw it at the Grand Opera House when the management had a brief experience with a stock company gathered around the late Annie M. Clarke. At a time when she should have been playing grand dames, she gave a performance of Romeo and then of Zoe. Of course, it was a pitiful thing. Her Salem Scudder was Barron and her Jacob was Mark Price. The last performance I remember was some time later, just before the Spanish war, I think, when it was given at the Bowdoin Square by John Mason, who played Salem Scudder, though Jacob had been his part when he was at the Museum, and his wife, Marion Manola, who, of course, played the title role. I do not believe it has been played in Boston since that time. Joseph Jefferson, I think, was the original Salem Scudder, playing it in support of Laura Keane. He speaks of the play in his autobiography, and refers particularly to the balance of sympathy

which in the troubled times of the civil war, Bouché made it to maintain between the northern and southern characters.

ROXBY

Joseph Jefferson was the original Salem Scudder (Winter Garden, New York, Dec. 9, 1859), but Laura Keane was not in the company. The original Zoe was Agnes Robertson, the wife of Bouché. As Mr. Townsend Walsh says, in his excellent life of Bouché published by the Dunlop Society, Bouché "solved the difficult problem of portraying southern life upon the stage without offending sensitive southerners or overheating truculent northerners, and he combined truth with picturesqueness."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Some years ago a club in Belfast, Mo., wishing to give an entertainment for charity, applied to my daughter, Mrs. H. G. Carlton, to name a play, take a leading part and stage the same. She selected "The Octoroon," and introduced the words and music of a new song entitled "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining." It was sung in the act just before the auction sale of the slaves of the plantation by the old darky, whose object was to encourage the slaves so they would make a good impression. It was a success. The music was published later by Ditson.

Boston. Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Mme. Sundelius Sings and Pablo Casals Plays at Symphony Hall

Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Pablo Casals, cellist, appeared in joint recital last night at Symphony Hall in aid of the Radcliffe College endowment fund. Mrs. Dudley Fitts was the accompanist for Mme. Sundelius; Mr. Nicolai Schnerer accompanied Mr. Casals. The program: Mr. Casals, sonata in G, Sammartini; Mme. Sundelius, Absence, Berlioz; Pastorale, Stravinsky; Aquarelles: Green, Debussy; Pedro, Moreau; Les Regrets, Godard; Mr. Casals, Larghetto Camerlento, Godowsky; Menuet, Debussy; Danse Espagnole, Granados; L'abeille, Schubert; Allegro Appassionato, Saint-Saens; Mme. Sundelius, aria from "Louise," "Depuis la jour," Charpentier; Mr. Casals, Air, Hure; Papillons, Faure; Serenade Napolitaine, Sgambati; Mazurka, and Tarantella, Popper. Mme. Sundelius, Indian canoe song from "Shanewis," Cadman; The Bird, Dwight-Fiske; The Angels Are Stooping, Rudolph Ganz; Good Morning, Grieg; and the Swedish folk song, "Love in Springtime."

Mme. Sundelius, of the Metropolitan Opera, chose a pretty program for her part of the recital. Her chief number was the popular "Depuis la jour," from Charpentier's "Louise." Her delightful coloring of this aria proved her to be a singer of large intelligence in the more delicate intricacies of her art. Her voice was full and round; and on all but her lower notes, very pleasing. Her singing of the "Louise" aria called forth an encore, for which she sang Puccini's "Musetta Waltz" from "La Bohème."

Mr. Casals was received with great enthusiasm by the large audience. Every piece that he played showed sound, musicianly qualities.

Standing high above the rest of the pieces on his program was a part of Johann Sebastian Bach's sixth cello sonata, ending with the bourree, which he played as his last encore, and unaccompanied. His interpretation of the bourree was the last word in cello playing. The accompaniments by Nicolai Schnerer were excellent in every respect.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "At 9:45," a melodrama in three acts and five scenes, by Owen Davis. The cast:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Judge Robert Clayton..... | Robert Harrison |
| Howard..... | Robert N. Harrigan |
| Jim Everett..... | Kenneth McKenna |
| Jack Grever..... | Lemist Esler |
| Captain Dixon..... | John Cromwell |
| Doane..... | Frank Dawson |
| Doyle..... | Frank Hilton |
| Mac..... | Richard Collins |
| Dr. Norton..... | Urie Collins |
| Gilbert..... | Louis Darclay |
| Mrs. Clayton..... | Edith Shayne |
| Molly..... | Gertrude Shirley |
| Ruth Jordan..... | Dorothy Bernard |
| Mary Doane..... | Marion Berry |
| Margaret Clancy..... | Idalene Cotton |
| Tom Daly..... | Edwin Caldwell |

When a play opens with a mysterious shooting, later proved to be attempted murder, and when three people confess to the shooting, and two others lay themselves open to suspicion, the average theatregoer is in for an evening's entertainment. Which is what "At 9:45" provides.

The play was scheduled to open in Boston Monday night, but Marie Goff, who created the part of Ruth Jordan, was taken seriously ill. A postponement was unavoidable. In the pinch Dorothy Bernard was rushed to the city and stepped into the role, which is as important as any in the cast. She naturally was the object of much attention. Her work was well done. She read her lines intelligently and showed much emotional ability. Her part was difficult,

the result of overdoing would have

Several unusual methods were introduced. To begin with, before the curtain went up at all, a shot was heard, silence for a minute, then screams. The curtain goes up on an empty room. Several persons are trying to enter the room through the door, which is locked. It is broken down. A search reveals a wounded man in a closet. He had been shot from behind. He is carried away unconscious.

It is unfortunate that the door which was broken down was mysteriously and quickly fixed, especially as the present-day carpenter would take much more time than elapsed between the time of the first scene and the third, both of which are in the same room.

The mother of the wounded boy (the latter admitted to be no good) believes his former fiancée did the shooting. The father believes a former suitor of the fiancée committed the crime. Both had strong motives, and both confess. A butler in the house proves a motive and confesses. And two others would be glad to have the hated son killed. And not until the last minute of the last act is the guilty one revealed. A death-bed scene in which the presumably dying person does not confess to a crime is a novelty.

The cast is worthy of much credit. It was uniformly good. Comedy touches were introduced in a perfectly natural manner. Who can blame a detective giving vent to his feelings when three in succession confess to attempted murder—each of whom had a motive? It is no wonder the detective calls to the shade of Sherlock Holmes. John Cromwell must have studied headquarters men, for his interpretation was real.

The roles of the mother and the fiancée called for real ability. Edith Shayne and Dorothy Bernard proved they possessed it.

Idalene Cotton as an Irish woman, whose "father was a cop—and a good one, he died young, you know," was refreshingly funny.

Without doubt the play will make you forget your worries by holding your interest throughout. If you are normal you will have evolved at least one solution of the mystery, and when in the last minute the guilty one is revealed you say to yourself:

"Sure, come to think of it. That's right, too. But I was thinking more about some one else."

Which proves the climax to be logical and satisfying.

REVIVE D'INDY'S SYMPHONY NO. 2

ENGAGE CONDUCTOR FOR TWO YEARS MORE

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, Symphony No. 2 in B flat major; Beethoven, Violin Concerto.

Vincent d'Indy's Symphony, one of the greatest achievements in symphonic music since the death of Beethoven, had not been performed at these concerts since December 1909. Hardly appreciated at first when it was produced by Mr. Gericke in 1905 and played at the end of that year under the direction of the visiting composer, its beauty, nobility, spirituality, consummate workmanship vitalized by the faith, sincerity and humanity of the composer, were at last recognized in 1909, and so fully that a second performance was given "by request" in that season. Ten years have gone by; the Symphony is still a great work, great in the breadth of conception, in the richness of dramatic material, in the wealth of interesting detail, in the masterly instrumentation.

The performance yesterday was an inspiring one. It will probably be even more elastic this evening, for the symphony is extremely treacherous in the matter of entrances and in other ways; but the performance yesterday was one in which Mr. Monteux and the orchestra may well take pride; one that would have delighted the composer, a man not easily pleased.

Mr. d'Indy in a letter to a friend writes that he has not been idle since the composition of his third Symphony, "Do Bello Gallico," which was performed here last October. He has composed a symphonic suite picturing the ocean seen from various shores and under various skies; the incidental music for a drama; piano pieces and French canticles. He hopes to revisit this country next fall.

Mr. Kreisler played Beethoven's Concerto. He had already played it three times at Symphony concerts in Boston.

During the last six years the concerto was played five times. It has been performed 18 times at these concerts. Is it not time to shelve it for a few seasons at least?

It would have been gracious, tactful at least, if Mr. Kreisler had chosen a concerto by Lalo or Saint-Saens, as a tribute to France, the country to which he owes so much; for, as a boy he studied at the Paris Conservatory, and at the age of 12 he received a first prize; and after his first visit to the United States in 1888, he returned to Paris for further study. But gratitude is rarely displayed even by applauded virtuosos; tact has not been for the last six years the distinguishing characteristic of Germans and Austrians at home or abroad. It may here be remarked that on the forthcoming trip of the orchestra Mr. Kreisler will play a concerto by Vioti.

The trustees of the orchestra, the members of the orchestra, and the city of Boston may well be congratulated for the re-appointment of Mr. Monteux for a term of two years. Under his leadership the orchestra, containing new members, has now remarkable technical proficiency. The personnel is brilliant; witness the ensemble yesterday: the solo passages for oboe, clarinet, bassoon, violin, viola, and especially the playing of the small trumpet by Mr. Mager. The strings sing as they have not sung since the rule of Mr. Gericke. Performances are now characterized, not only by euphony, a fine sense of proportion, dash, grandeur, but by an imaginative, poetic spirit. For Mr. Monteux is an interpreter as well as a drill-master; an interpreter of Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner; also fortunate in his readings of the later romantic, also the ultra-modern school. That his musical taste and sympathies are catholic, his programs show. He has given warm encouragement to deserving American composers. As a man, high minded, modest, genuine, he has won the respect of all. No merchant trafficks in his heart. Unlike certain conductors, he is not a poseur. Under his direction the technical and aesthetic future of the orchestra is secure. A change at the beginning of next season would have been fatal to the morale of the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Converse, Symphony in C minor; Schumann, Concerto for violoncello (Jean Bedetti); Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Russian Easter." Mr. Converse's symphony will be performed for the first time.

He never thought an honor done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes.

Face Doctors

On Jan. 22, 1889, one Gilbert, a parlor singer in Paris, told of a physician whose specialty was the massage of women's faces. He obtained astonishing results, refashioning a face deformed by blot or fat, restoring the lost oval. This benefactor of women also destroyed wrinkles; even triumphed over crow's feet. Whereupon a listener made the remark with the air of a deep thinker that the face is the notebook of our griefs, excesses, pleasures; that each one of them writes its mark. This is not always true. Because a man had a flaming red nose, it was not a sign that he was a constant and two-handed drinker of strong waters. We speak, also of the past.

Was facial massage a new thing in the Paris of 1889? We doubt it. Helen of Troy is said to have compiled a book of recipes for beautifying the face. Ten to one she, Cleopatra, Roman dames, orientals, knew all the tricks of massage. Today there is in New York a doctor who charges large sums for correcting noses, smoothing wrinkles, removing blemishes. He has a skilful hand for cutting, stitching, performing delicate operations. More than one woman of fashion, whose face has begun to crumble; more than one actress calls him blessed. The late Mrs. Deacon and Maxine Elliott were among his patients.

Ear Caps

As the World Wags:

Ear muffs do not seem to have been worn by the Romans, but what did the legionaries do in the Alps, or in their winter campaigns in Asia and in northern Europe for the protection of their ears? Our policemen and motormen use them. The girls have their hair, which they draw down over the ears in season and out, but men, not unnaturally, are more exposed at times. In the frightfully cold Russian campaign of 1812 the French, we are told by Robert Kerr Wilson, were forced to wear stockings over the ears—not socks, mark you—stockings which extended over the head from ear to ear and were tied beneath the chin. Even then they perished miserably. Peary's men in the Arctic and Shackleton's in the Antarctic wore fur hoods of caribou. It is so cold at Montreal and Quebec in January (also in Winnipeg) that the French farmers riding into town on their loads of food and wood become deaf and often remain

ear caps. In our little village, but more to be preferred was the fur cap that could be turned down over the ears. The ideal cap had a big button of fur on the top. We saw a man with a cap like this in a trolley car a few days ago, and envied him his comfort and his courage. We boys disliked mittens, and lamored for buckskin gloves. Foolish boys, for the buckskin soon shrank and was stiff. In the coldest weather, when we went sliding down hill, in a road or on the crust, no self-respecting boy wore an overcoat; ear-caps and a tippet were enough, but it should be remembered that in the sixties we were compelled to wear heavy red flannels. The tippet was often a gorgeous affair of Asiatic coloring. It was not called a scarf. Rude boys delighted in pulling the ends and choking some playmate who, justly or unjustly, was called a warty. First of all, Softy's face was rubbed in the snow, and on his way home, bubbling, an iceball would hit him in the ear, for the aim of rude boys was laughing. Joyous days—we would make them over for the wealth of Ind. Peru or Mr. Henry Ford. We saw some sleds in Longwood this week—poor things, not like the spring-runners of our boyhood. They were tamely painted, whereas our sleds shrieked in purple, yellow and red.

To go back to ear-caps. Was it John or Larry Kernell who told of the tragedy in his life? How, warming himself by a bar-room stove, he did not wear an invitation to drink because he had his ear-caps on.

Concerning Spectacles

"The great Go the once said to Eckerman: 'Whenever a stranger steps up to me with spectacles on his nose a disquieting feeling comes over me, which I cannot master.'"

Dean Swift for some reason made a law never to wear spectacles, although he was sadly in need of them. He wrote to Stella on a birthday:

"For Nature always in the right
Your days adapts my sight;
A wrinkle undistinguished pass,
I'm ashamed to use a glass;
I'll see them with these eyes,
When you have them like
Some men and women who
think they were born with
spectacles. What is it that the most
of Nature's preacher loses dignity
when he puts gold-rimmed spectacles on
his nose?"

of insignificant

At the Metropolitan Hall last night when Mr. Burton Holmes gave his richly illustrated lecture, "Alsace Lorraine." Not only were the pictures interesting and naturally of a more peaceful and cheering nature than those shown in the preceding lectures, but the description of the attitude of the inhabitants of the two provinces was engrossing and informing. The pictures showed the rural life, village and farm scenes, the palette industry, bleachers of cotton, the tollers in the fields, the traditional costumes. There were also views of Metz, with the Berlin order of architecture introduced by the Germans after the Franco-Prussian war. Strasbourg was visited. The panoramic views taken from the tower of the cathedral were striking. The holiday in the old town of Thann, with the merry-makers and the procession, was pictured. The castles of Alsace, the day of glory in Colmar—these also contributed to the entertainment.

The lecture will be repeated this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The subject next week will be "Albion on the Rhine." "Battlefields of France" will be given again on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14.

Jan 25 1920

Little, Brown & Co. of Boston publish in the Contemporary Drama Series a carefully written, valuable book, "The Contemporary Drama of Italy," by Lander MacClintock, Ph. D. Would that all books pertaining to the history of the drama in a country were so thoroughly prepared and informing. Not the least important pages are those devoted to a bibliographical appendix; a list of bibliographies, critical works and magazine articles. Furthermore, there is a full index.

The author first considers the foundations of the Italian drama. Fidelity to truth, realism is peculiarly acceptable to the Italian genius; romanticism had no native root in Italy; the mind of the Italian is primarily concerned with the intellectual, more narrowly with the rational, still more narrowly with the logical aspect of things. Mr. Addison McLeod, in his interesting "Plays and Players in Modern Italy," published in Chicago eight years ago, said that the life of an Italian play is generally good and real; the construction often very bad. "There is an obvious tendency to study real life, instead of models for writing; the Italian having a perpetual fear that he may spoil the spontaneity of his art. That is all very well, provided you have first an art to spoil." Mr. MacClintock does not quote Mr. McLeod's opinion, but he probably would not contradict it, in spite of D'Annunzio's remarkable use of the Italian language. He says there is no definite date, as there was in France, at which the dying romantic gave place to the rising realistic drama. The writers of 1835-1860 were divided in allegiance. Nor in Italy did any one man or group of men inaugurate the new movement. The romantic tragedy in verse still flourishes in Italy, and the representative dramatists are not the prose writers of social plays, but poets, as D'Annunzio and Sem Benelli.

After a few words about Goldoni, who created Italian comedy, and Alfieri, who in tragedy is "the fountainhead of Italian inspiration," Mr. MacClintock points out the influence of French models, Dumas, Becque, Zola. The older Italian dramatists, Manzoni, Monti, Niccolini, Cossa, Giacometti and others are treated. There is a separate chapter for Giacosa, who began as a writer of verse, of adventure plays, of delicate trifles, then became a Verist, and finally a realist. His plays are analyzed; they deserve it, for he gave new themes, fresh ideas, a clear style, to the drama. In the chapters on the early realists there is an interesting discussion of Verga, known to us chiefly by "Cavalleria Rusticana," as played by Duse, and as the libretto of Mascagni's opera. Mr. MacClintock well says: "Those who know the 'Rustic Chivalry' only as an opera where it is burdened and tamed by Mascagni's music can scarcely imagine the reality and the brutality of the drama itself." Verga's plays are conspicuous for their violence. "Every one is reeking with lust, crime and murder; adultery, suicide and homicide seemed to be his stock in trade. He has missed all the poetry, the sunny good humor, the native courtesy and piety of Sicilian life." Yet his portrayal of character is remarkable; he has a psycho-imaginative grasp on his characters; "but he was not a psychological thinker like Giacosa; there is no mental development in the case of any of his persons."

Having reviewed the dramas of other early realists, Mr. MacClintock makes an exhaustive study of D'Annunzio as a dramatist. A just appreciation of this study deserves a longer review than can here be given. The final judgment of the critic is that D'Annunzio has no sense of the theatre; no sense of humor, not a spark of wit; no message to convey. "He lives in his own world apart from the rest, a world compounded of the partially unreconcilable elements of literary reminiscence, self-worship, hy-

stent patriotism, blood-lust, instinct, and ritualism, shut off from actuality by an impenetrable ego. . . . He has no convictions and is in consequence not convincing. He has nothing to say to modern men, and contents himself with tickling their aesthetic senses. . . . With all his faults he stands out as the greatest literary man on the stage today. . . . A great lyric poet who has turned to writing plays."

Later realists are grouped together, whose names to the American playgoer are only names, read for the first time by the great majority.

Roberto Bracco, "perhaps the most widely and the most favorably known dramatist in the Italy of today," has a chapter to himself. Having learned technique from Ibsen, Porto-Riche, Becque and others, he adds "the flavor of Italian culture and the imprint of his own salient personality." He leaves a final impression of profound pessimism; for he has no remedy for social ills; he is naturally a destructive critic.

A chapter follows that treats of actors and acting; the popular theatre; the dialect theatre. The younger generation of dramatists is then considered, chief among them Sem Benelli, known in this country by "The Jest" and by the libretto of "The Love of the Three Kings." Other playwrights of the younger generation are Borg, Nicodem, "the Italian Bernstein," two of whose plays have been seen here, interpreted by John Drew ("The Prodigal Husband") and Ethel Barrymore ("The Shadow"); and other dramatists, whose work is typical.

The final chapter, "Futurism and Other Isms," includes a summing up of present conditions in Italy. The theatre and the drama suffer from bad management, poor building, inadequate training of actors and authors. "Nine out of every ten plays of recent years are concerned with the failure of marriage. Marriage being the sacrifice of personal desire and ambitions, adultery is condoned, excused, one might almost say encouraged. If one were to believe the dramatists, he would scarcely expect to find anywhere a pure woman or a man honest in his sex relations. Fortunately, however, the Italians, like the French, are misrepresented in this respect by their dramas—the great mass of the population of both countries being as a matter of fact observant of the domestic virtues and obligations. In Italy as in France, the drama reader and the theatregoer contract a profound weariness of the eternal inescapable menages a trois, of seduction, of rendezvous. . . .

We may well believe that if one may be permitted a bull, the tiresome round of eternal triangles is a fashion, a literary convention, and not a record of a social condition in Italy or any other country."

Little, Brown & Co. of Boston also publish volume two of Little Theatre Classics, adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. The plays "adapted" are the old farce, "Maitre Pierre Pathelin," "Abraham and Isaac" from the Book of Genesis and the Cheater Cycle of Miracles; "The Loathed Lover," a title given arbitrarily to "The Changeling" of Middleton and Rowley; and Moliere's "Sganarelle." "Pathelin" in this form has been played by amateurs at St. Louis and in New York by the Washington Square Players, who also have played the scenes from "Sganarelle." The scene from "Abraham and Isaac" was produced at Detroit. There are illustrations of the stage settings at these performances. Each adaptation has an explanatory, historical introduction, a description of the characters and how they should be dressed, and copious stage directions.

We confess we do not like the violent treatment of Middleton's great tragedy. Not that one should object to the dropping out of Rowley's comic scenes, the under plot that gives the original title; but to omit the soliloquy of Beatrice at the beginning of act 4, her conversation with Dianthe, the strange experiment to detect a thief, the great scene at the beginning of act 5 is to turn a superb tragedy into a paltry play, not to be saved by the skill of the actors following with the most attention the thousand and one stage directions invented for the adaptation. It would have been better to leave the tragedy for the reader than to emasculate it in this fashion.

Boni & Liveright of New York publish "The Craft of the Tortoise," a play in four acts by Algernon Tassin. In a long preface the author discourses about sex antagonisms, woman's slavery for centuries, her emancipation and possible reading. "The first decades of suffrage will doubtless be marked by destruction and chaos." As if we did not already have trouble enough. In the first act we see the abused women of Silwa-Land, and one of them mesmerizing a rough man by her physical attractiveness and liberal exposure of her body. In act 2 wives of a patriarch discuss their lot. In act 3 the feminine tortoise strikes her gait. There is question of clothes, including corsets, marriage and free love. In act 4 Emmeline, who represents the tortoise on the home stretch, plays in a trifling manner on the affection of men. It is not easy to think of this play on the stage. It is not always entertaining reading. There are amusing lines in the two last acts.

We have received from the Four Seas

company of Boston "The South Sea," a play in one act by Verner von Heidenstam, translated by Karoline M. Knudsen, from the Swedish with the author's sanction. Apollo and the Fates are introduced. The action takes place some years before the battle of Salamis. Eurystus, a soothsayer, endeavors to serve the two gods—Love and a god amongst the mighty and awesome. He is stoned by a crowd when he returns, having frightened the dwellers by his report concerning the Persean invitation, and is at last shot down by Apollo.

A Partial Eclipse of Venus: A Note on Annette Kellerman

This week is remarkable on account of the display at several London picture theatres of a partial eclipse of Venus. The obscuring object is a terrestrial body, and belongs to Miss Annette Kellerman, who is playing the leading part in a fairy fantasy or fantastic fairy tale called "Queen of the Sea." Miss Kellerman apparently is called "The Modern Venus." She is said to possess a perfect figure, and with that passion for figures that distinguishes an unmathematical people, an enterprising statistician has collected for the delectation of the multitude a comparative table showing the measurements of "The Modern Venus" and of her less appreciated forerunner, the Venus that was found at Melos. This table is very tactfully set out, since no comment of any kind is added, and, to the uninitiated, it is rather difficult to determine who is the winner of this Homeric contest.

Miss Kellerman is slightly taller than the Venus of Milo, but what she gains on height she loses on girth. It really is beginning to look as though the statue might just win on points, when we find that Miss Kellerman measures 34 in. round the forearm, and the Venus of Milo retires incontinently from the match. The weights of the two combatants are also attached to what would be called in the army their medical history. It is to be assumed that the weight of the lady who posed for the statue is discovered by higher mathematics in something the same manner as the wise calculate the weight of the sun and moon. Apparently she weighed 130 pounds, or 2 pounds more than Miss Kellerman, and if only she could have presented a creditable fore-arm measurement, perhaps the result of the competition might have been declared a draw. Altogether, this idea of comparing modern favorites with ancient works of art presents great possibilities, and the time may come when we shall be presented with similar tables comparing Carpentier and the Discobolus of Myron and Beckett with the unfortunate father in the group of the Laocoon.

In justice to Miss Kellerman, it must be admitted that she has every right to make use of her title. When the Greeks discovered a beautiful woman they turned her into stone. When we discover one she is invited to play for the films.—London Times, Jan. 1.

To Make Mozart "Effective."

Other Notes About Music

The London String Quartet are good players, and do not spare themselves trouble. Let that be said firmly, as firmly as it is meant, and without those superlatives which add nothing for any mind that is accustomed to read words and weigh their meaning. And having said it, let us—since this quartet is good enough to be worth criticizing—ask ourselves why their treatment of the classics is inadequate. The classics are like a religion, which had a founder, indeed, but which subsequently grew in acceptance and inspired in turn an age of faith and an age of practice. Mozart has—we may regret it, but it is true—outlived for many the age of faith. What is a body of four young men, coming to a work like the D Minor Quartet, to make of it in this age of practical reason? They cannot attempt to play it with a piety which they do not feel, and which could only be a pose. Their part must be to convince themselves that such music is the very foundation of all musical morals, and that a belief in it inspires all reasonable practice. The criticism we would make is that it is not this conviction that underlies or that on Saturday evening, their playing at the Aeolian Hall. They desire, rather, to make Mozart effective; to explain him; almost to defend him against unbelievers. By the time they had done with the D Minor, Nature's sunny landscape had become a Dutch garden. The character that should have looked out of the composer's eyes was hardly recognizable in the tailor-made, manicured personage before us. This is due, no doubt, to their excessive zeal. But they are spending it on the wrong things; they guild the lily.—London Times, Dec. 29.

The Art of the Ballet: Leonid Massine's New School

An interesting series of articles on "Some Aspects of the Ballet" is contributed to the December issue of Drama, the magazine issued by the British Drama League.

...the essential, pure, but element in dancing and that the development of other artists' faculties must be in proportion with its perfection. A general education is necessary for the good dancer, but perfection is attainable only through hard work at dancing itself. The human body must be directly learned and know every movement. Human consciousness must be subjected to the voice of the body, or if only the head and brains are working, one gets uncertainty, timidity, shyness, and restraint. Referring to the "toe-dancing" Mlle. Karsina writes: "What a great inspiration was given to him who first invented the art of dancing on the tips of our toes! For thus was drawn a dividing line between the everyday and the wonderful, between what is accessible to all and that which is given only to the chosen, between the stage and life."

M. Leonid Massine believes that in the art of the ballet they must strive to reach a synthesis of movement and form, of choreography and plastic art, a blend in which the two essentials would be balanced, but with a certain inclination, perhaps, toward the plastic element. Besides trying to realize this synthesis in his productions, he is also trying to solve the problem of the relationship of dancing to music. In the beginning it was merely casual and extremely primitive. The correspondence between dancing and music must be created and found, just as movement in dancing has to be created. He is now working at the research for a new school of dancing which will not have anything in common with the "classical" school and will be able to unite in itself and express all the possibilities of the human body. While admitting that the "classical" school of dancing is the creation of a genius which has held us enchanted for more than three centuries, he complains that it is based only on a small part of those possibilities of which the body is capable. He is now trying to find those new "five elementary positions" which in his school of dancing will correspond to the five positions of the classical positions that have held us so long in captivity. He hopes that they will not only regenerate the conception of the art of dancing, but also create a whole living science of choreography.

Mr. Adrian Boult, who writes on conducting the ballet, says that the ballet

conductor must first "soak" the tempo wanted by the dancers, and must then, at the performance, define the rhythm and lead the ballet. At the same time he must watch carefully for any sign of a desire to modify the tempo, and he must "follow" the dancers, always in the metaphorical, but never in the literal, sense of the word.—London Times, Dec. 20.

Notes of the Film Plays and Actors in France and England

To talk of photographs taken at the rate of 100 a second as "ultra-rapid" is, to say the least, rather misleading, when two French savants, MM. Abraham and Bloch, have just discovered a method by which they can take photographs at the rate of 50,000 a second. This figure appears to have staggered some journalists in this country, and it must be admitted there was some excuse for this attitude. Unless one is au courant of what has already been done in rapid cinematography it is almost impossible to conceive how photographs could possibly be taken at the rate of 50,000 a second. So far back as the year 1904, however, the rate of 2000 a second had already been attained by M. Bull at the Marey experimental institute in Paris, and a few years later, a German investigator, Dr. C. Cranz, using a similar method, raised this rate to 5000 a second. The actual exposures of the sensitive film were reckoned in millionths of a second. The intervals were obtained by interrupting the current from a Ruhmkorff coil, which furnished what was apparently a steady light. In reality there were 2000 or 5000 stoppages, as the case might be, each second, and the apparatus was so arranged that the exposures of the film synchronized with the interruptions of the current. By substituting a small Leyden jar for the Ruhmkorff coil used by their predecessors, MM. Abraham and Bloch claim that they can secure 50,000 interruptions of the current in a second. What wonders cinematography may yet have in store for us none can say, but we are almost justified in hoping that it will pull aside the veil that has hitherto shrouded so many of the secret processes of Nature.—London Daily Telegraph.

The art of effective acting for the camera is not the same as before the footlights, but the really good actor can—if he realizes that it is a different art—soon accommodate himself to the changed conditions. First, he must make up his mind to do as the producer tells him—for the reason that this trained authority can see much that it is impossible for the artist to view at all. Next, he must hurry nothing. How to be slow, but effectively slow, is one of the first things to learn. Next, how to use the eyes to replace the spoken word. Think of what you would, on the regular stage, speak, and it is wonderful how your thoughts will cause you to be understood. I hold the opinion that to-

day hundreds of stage actors who so far have faced the camera with a good as the best. But, on the other hand, the failure of some of our acknowledged stars of the stage to "make good" on the screen cannot be denied. An actor whose "effects" are got in the theatre by quick, jerky movements is decidedly handicapped. There have been artists who are often amazed to find when they have given a series of rapid gestures that they have been "taken" with four hands waving over their heads instead of the usual two. It has become the custom now to "try out" a beginner for both the satisfaction of the performer himself and of the firm proposing to engage him.—The Stage.

One film that is being shown this week might have provided an excellent entertainment for children. It is a film version of "Tom Brown's School Days." The book is one of the few British school stories that has become a classic. Not only is it a classic, but it is also read, and it is very often read even by schoolboys—a distinction to which "Eric," for example, another school story, has not yet arisen. It might have been thought, therefore, that a book of such a nature would make quite a good film as it stood. The story has been good enough for millions of readers for many years, but it was not good enough for the critical taste of those whose task it was to convert it into a film. One feels inclined to say, "Tom Brown, how thou art translated!" Tom Brown was all very well at Rugby, but he is far too ingenious for the picture palace, and the result is that he is made to fall in love while at school. He is the last person that one would have credited with the possession of a tender passion as a youth, but the seeds of sentiment

must have been lying dormant, for in the film he is smitten with an affection for a daughter of the great Dr. Arnold. It is just possible that the producers of the film had been reading Ansley's "Vice Versa" before bringing it forth, and had somehow got the two stories a trifle mixed. Dulce is all very well in a school story that is "A Lesson to Fathers," but when she is transformed to Elsa, for that is the name of the maiden who charms Tom, and is made to wander around the boys' studies at Rugby school, the whole thing becomes so ridiculous that it is not possible really to be indignant. What is the issue of this love affair is not divulged, but it does not really matter, for that is overshadowed by the commission of a second and even greater enormity. This is caused by the search for an appropriate ending. The ending of the book, with Tom standing at the grave of Dr. Arnold in Rugby chapel, is not a "happy" ending. Therefore, of course, one had to be evolved. In order to do this a sister of Tom Brown is introduced into the story. She elopes, and at the same time incidentally receives a father's curse. She is not heard of for many years, but she has a son, and when he grows up he goes to Rugby. He turns out to be little Arthur! As in the book he and Tom become great friends, and of course at the end all is forgiven. The idea of transmuting the Arthur of the book into the son of a nebulous sister of Tom himself would have struck no one but a man of very great genius and audacity. If it were not so transcendent it would be quite unparadonable.

It is rather to be regretted, however, that any one should go to the very great trouble of writing what is practically an original film, and should then be so generous as to ascribe it to the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." At any rate, it must be admitted that it is a very great achievement to have given the book not only one but two "love interests," and in addition a conventionally "happy ending."—London Times.

Notes About the Drama: New Plays, Revivals, and Comedians

"Our Peg," a musical play, book by Edward Knobloch, music by Harold Fraser-Simon, was produced at Manchester.

Eng., on Dec. 24. The story is of Peg Woffington's love affair with Vane, and Pomander, Colley Cibber, Kitty Clive and Triplet are introduced as in Charles Reade's novel. Jose Collins took the part of Peg.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" was revived at Manchester, Eng., Dec. 26, by Miss Horniman. William Calvert took the part of Falstaff. "The full original text was given in the broad English language as written by Shakespeare."

At the revival of "Hamlet" by Marlin Harvey at Covent Garden no solid sets are used, but "curtains and hangings, with a blue sky backing, with star effects, frequently shown, and with ornate symbols of heraldry adorning the rich draperies displayed by means of an arrangement of often-varied lights. Typically Gordon Craigesque is the management of the Platform scenes, the lengthy vistas which would rejoice that producer's heart." The few accessories are chiefly in the Play, Churchyard and Fencing scenes.

"The Red Mill" has at last been produced in England (the Empire, London, Dec. 26). A critic found that the story is "none too well constructed." Victor Herbert's music pleased.

"Shame," a melodrama by Lodge, Percy, was produced at Glasgow, Dec. 25. Two working girls, sisters, are tempted to lead an immoral life. One nearly succumbs. "Although sordid in

detail, the play is a good one. The dramatist is proud for producing many topical allusions, excellent entertainment and a good advice."

An opera, "Quentin Durward," by Aleck Maclean, was announced for production at Newcastle-on-Tyne Jan. 13. It is stated that no adaptation of Scott's novel has yet appeared on the stage.

Bolton's "Mephistopheles" was produced for the first time in Paris at the Theatre Lyrique on Christmas day. Vanni Marcoux took the part of Mephistopheles; Edith Mason was the Marguerite. Polacco conducted.

"In the Night" (Kingsway Theatre, London, Dec. 31) George leaves his watch in the room of his beloved for her husband to find the next morning. George was seen leaving Rene's wife by a thief who was stealing bank notes from Rene's desk. The number of the

notes was known, so the thief sold them to George as Rene's friend for a price that was blackmail, but George is arrested as the thief. To save Pauline, he falsely accuses himself. Now Rene happens to be the magistrate before whom George is brought. The real thief calls on him and insists that he release George; otherwise he will expose Pauline's conduct in open court.

The total value of Rostand's property appears to be about \$200,000. The testator wrote in his will: "I wish to die and to be buried with all the sacraments and according to the rites of the Catholic Church in which faith I was born and to which I remain deeply attached. I emphatically declare that the faith has been the strength, the guide and the support of my life." He also wrote that the war had greatly diminished his fortune.

"A Flapper's Married Life," produced at Glasgow, Dec. 23, is "essentially modern, dealing with the present corruptness of society and the social evils accruing from the unprotected 'War Flappers' having had too much liberty while their fathers and brothers were in the fighting forces. Violet is tempted, falls, but 'finally discovers the meaning of true love.'"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Handel & Haydn Society. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Gounod's "Gloria." Soloists, Frieda Hempel, Florence Milford, Morgan Kingston, Jose Mardones. Orchestra, Mr. Tucker, organist.

MONDAY—Copley-Plaza, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's third and last concert.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Swedish songs. Soloists, Misses Zander. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Grace Warner's piano recital. Royce, Theme and Variations. A minor; Mozart, Adagio from sonata in F major; Schubert, Impromptu, No. 4; Schumann, Nocturne, No. 3; Chopin, Etude op. 25, No. 11; Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2; Mazurka op. 41, No. 4; Scherzo op. 20, No. 1; Brahms, Waltzes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13; Rhene-Baton, En Bretagne-Filices pres de Carantec; Palmgren, May Night; Rubinstein, Polonaise.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sunday Tabernacle Choir. Warren W. Adams, conductor, assisted by Laura Linstead, soprano; F. G. Field, baritone; the Masteringers, John Herman Loud, organist, and Anna F. Farnsworth, pianist. Otto Malling's "The Holy Land" and E. S. Hosmer's "Columbus."

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. First Young People's Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Delibes, Suite from the ballet "Sylvia." All tickets for this concert have been distributed through the co-operation of the schools of Greater Boston.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. Concerto, Symphony in C minor (for violin and orchestra) (Jean Beethoven, violinist); Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter," overture on themes of the Russian Church, op. 36.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

Jan 26 1920

An advertisement of a concert contained these words: "Go to hear Frieda Hempel. You will remember it your entire life, as the old folk remember Patti. Then, after listening to the golden notes rippling from the lips of the beautiful songbird," etc.

Years ago Mr. Ambrose Philips wrote verses to Francesca Cuzzoni, an opera singer, who having been the rage in London, died in Italy, very poor, earning her bread by making silk buttons.

Mr. Philips thus addressed her:

Little Syren of the stage,
Charmers of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblers of the heart!
O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence to southern climes again;
Tuneless mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell!
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

This led Dr. Arbuthnot, or Mr. Pope, to remark:

"Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

A Seasonable Gift

The Italian poet Sannazaro, in his "Arcadia," presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. A similar gift, when the present price of oysters is taken into consideration, should touch the heart as well as the stomach of the most coquettish young woman.

Window-Tickers

As the World Wags

When I was living as a boy in a large manufacturing town in England before the days of cheap alarm clocks, window-tickers had regular morning routes about 5 o'clock (factories opening at 6 o'clock in summer), when they rattled a tin can on a pole against the bedroom windows of their clients for a small weekly consideration.

Houses then, and now, were only of two stories, and a pole could easily reach the windows.

Taunton. WALTER J. CLEMONSON.

Temple Bar in Song

As the World Wags

The last I saw of Temple Bar it was in some park or on some estate or something of the sort, where it was re-erected as a historical landmark.

In the early eighties I was one of a dozen eager souls who always procured seats in the front row when the Rentz-Santley Burlesquers came to "Slensby's," Milwaukee. A comedian named Ned West used to sing a song in which these lines occurred. (I've remembered them all these years and forgotten important facts):

I'll never go East o' Temple Bar,
I'll never go East any more.
We would throw cigars on the stage
and Mr. West would respond as long as they held out.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.
In the early seventies Mr. Charles Edward Dunbar was a member of a third-rate variety company that visited New Haven, Ct. He was described on the bills as "England's Great Serious-Comic Vocalist." He was a tall, fat, greasy looking person with a mop of slushed and shining black hair. His smile was a leer; his wink was impudent. He sang a song of which we remember these lines:

Walking in the Strand one day,
Smoking my cigar,
There I met my Nellie love,
Waiting at Temple Bar.

Another song in Mr. Dunbar's repertoire had a refrain beginning "Wait till the moonlight shines on the water." The advice was to take a young woman out, caress her frantically, and assure her that you would wed her "When the days grow short." There was nothing inherently vulgar in the songs themselves, but the vulgarity of the singer on the stage was indescribable. Perhaps in private life, he was a quiet, rather reserved person, whose relaxation was reading Shelley's poems, or annotating the "Anatomy of Melancholy." As another music-hall singer once shouted from the stage in those joyous days when theatre-going was a careless pleasure: "Oh, it's very different just behind the scenes."—Ed.

English Humor

Here is an example of first class English humor, clipped from the London Daily Chronicle:

"Two comedians at a provincial variety house were telling the audience—'The Rockefeller's money was tainted, taint mine and taint yours!'"

"The applause was wanting, giving an opportunity for a voice from the back of the hall to be well heard: 'And I'll tell you something more about your joke—taint new.'"

This, as Prof. Hannibal of Yale University—in a college in the seventies—used to remark, is not funny enough to "make a man laugh out in the woods, all alone, nobody there but hisself."

Fifty-Fifty

A correspondent writes: "No, they did not serve ale in pewter at the Cheshire Cheese in London. I have one of their mugs. The waiter will mysteriously offer to bring one to your hotel on the quiet if you suitably tip him. That is part of the business of the place. My mug cost six shillings. Doubtless the proprietor cut the money, 50-50."

This reminds us that Mr. Deputy Mann Cross, who died last month in London, a member of the City Corporation, a life-long friend of Dr. Parker, and a useful helper at the City Temple, was the proprietor of Baker's Chop House. It never occurred to this man, zealous in church work, that it was wicked or criminal to provide thirsty men with sound ale and sound port.

A Strange Letter

As the World Wags

Hark the herald angels sing—and such a tune it is: "Ici on parle Français! But why on a trombone? How many

Bostonians must say, "J'aime la (sette?) musique qui me herce."

"If Maeterlinck comes here he will be understood," intones the voice. Strange to say the "great Amiens" come from the countryside.

But—"la mentalite primitive," Abbe Constantine, Bernhardt and the translation rattle—the outja-board prophets tell us that D'Annunzio is quitting the goat pastures of southern Istria for these unknown (as yet) shores. Now

...the music of one Rossini. ...we must see to it that the interpretations of "Stabat Mater" etc., be presented in their own immutable idiom.

...I hear that Maxim Gorky is soon coming. Will he be understood? I fear not. What others will the agencies frame then for his phonetic lecture? May a sadhuceer suggest one after old-time bills?

A Night's Lodging East of Sixth Avenue. Isaac Singer as a Model Citizen. How the Sabbath-school Teachers of Riga interpret the spiritual flights of Brian to me. G. A. T. Cambridge.

Some time ago it was reported that Gorky had been killed, or had died, what is now in Russia, an un-natural death. Ed.

A Text for the Times

As the World Wags:

It had to do with the nation-wide campaign. Its pertinent connection with the spiritual conditions soon became very plain to the congregation; nevertheless, there were many who must have thought of something else when a rector of a suburban Episcopal church last Sunday announced this from Ezekiel as his text: "And behold there were very many in the open valley; and lo, they were very dry." J. H. W. Boston.

The moonshiners in the South are mostly mountaineers. A raging thirst is not a matter of altitude. The valley that Ezekiel saw was full of bones and they, not men, were dry. (Ezekiel, xxxvii, 1.)—Ed.

"STABAT MATER"

Handel and Haydn Society Also Give "Gallia" at Symphony

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society gave Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Gounod's "Gallia." The solo singers were Frieda Hempel, soprano; Florence Mulford, alto; Morgan Kingston, tenor, and Jose Mardones, bass. Emil Mollenhauer was conductor. H. G. Tucker

was organist and the instrumental music was played by the Boston Festival Orchestra. John W. Crowley, principal.

The hall was crowded in every part and the audience received the excellent singing of the soloists and the chorus and the fine work of the orchestra with generous applause. It mattered not that the operatic tunefulness of Rossini's music had little or no relation to the tremendous pathos and supplication of the Latin words, or that the alleged transcript of the text in English printed in the program gave no hint of the meaning of the original; there were lovely and appealing melodies and inspiring harmonies beautifully produced, and that was all-sufficient.

The splendid lamentation of Gounod's "Gallia" was given with more zest and power than the singers, chorus and musicians displayed in "Stabat Mater," for here words and music fitted each other and the inspiration for high emotional expression was sincere, direct and strong.

Reuter's Recital Pleases Boston Audience

Rudolph Reuter gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Sonata, op. 2-3, Beethoven; nocturne, op. 62-2, Chopin; Intermezzo, op. 119-3; romance, op. 115-6; rhapsodie, op. 119-4, Brahms; "The Fountains of Aqua Paola," Griffes; melody and Idyl from op. 34, MacDowell; "Avalanche," Dieter; "The Tide," Marion Bauer; intermezzo in D-flat, Reger; scherzo-improvisito, Grieg; eclogue, Liszt; "Bolsterous Party," "To Ada," "Dies Irae," Dohnanyi.

Mr. Reuter, a Chicago pianist, played in Boston, Feb. 15 of last year. His program of yesterday was not particularly well-chosen. As a whole, it presented a rather patched aspect. The only Chopin number on his program was the right lamentable nocturne in E, op. 62-2. Surely he might have made a happier choice of a single Chopin number.

He was at his best in the Brahms pieces, which he seemed to play with more enthusiasm than the others. It was a pleasure to hear octaves played well. His big, tonal effects, too, were well played, and the loud tones

were never in. For one of his scores he used Rubinstein's well-known staircase. In the modern pieces his coloring was very interesting. His recital was a success in every way, from a technical standpoint, and he showed some musical intelligence in his playing of Beethoven and Brahms.

Why is it that men and women realize at first sight that a certain person can be chaffed, ridiculed, maltreated? How is it that the cowardice of this person's soul is at once apparent to the most stupid?

Mrs. Croesus at the Jeweller's

Now that the wives of profiteers are buying diamond necklaces and, when they are informed by clerks, who with difficulty suppress a smile, that diamonds are not worn with a street costume, order nonchalantly a rope of pearls and keep the diamonds, sometimes paying on the spot by taking from a bag a wad of \$1000 bills; now that these women are unable to tell a ruby from a topaz, let us remind them that emeralds of fine color are exceedingly scarce. In London they cost from \$2000 to \$2500 a carat. Mrs. Croesus should at once buy all within reach, for the emerald is the most precious of all green stone. As the learned Friar Bartholomew wrote nearly 400 years ago: "In no herbs nor in precious stone is more greenness than in the stone Emerald. It passeth herbs and grass, twigs and branches. And it infecteth the air about it with passing green color. And his green color abateh not in the sun in no manner wise. . . . Though the Emerald be green by kind, yet if it be meddled with wine or with oil, his green color increaseth. This stone is taken of and from griffins, and plenty of Emeralds may not be found, for great griffins let the coming of man by the way that goeth thereto."

(The griffin, Mrs. Croesus, is four-footed, like an eagle in head and in wings, and like a lion in the rest of the body. Griffins are found in large quantities in Scythia.)

Furthermore, the emerald increaseth the riches of the wearer. If it is put under the tongue, it causes one to prophesy. "If this stone be hanged about the neck, it maketh good mind, and helpeth also against all phantasies and japes of friends, and ceaseth tempest." If put in drink, it is a remedy against deadly venoms, bites and punctures of stings. According to "Fortius Sanitatis" (1490), it makes men chaste and cheerful of body and of speech, and it makes the memory good.

Since the emerald has these virtues, why should Mrs. Croesus hesitate at \$2500 a carat?

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was Jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcidony, the fourth an EMERALD.

Women Boxers

Not long ago it was announced in New York that "society women" would act as judges of boxing at an "amateur tournament" for the benefit of wounded soldiers at Fox Hills Hospital.

This took us back to the good old days of the vestal virgins with their reversible thumbs, who "shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator," etc., etc. (We even now hear young Hankins spouting this in the grammar school of our little village. What was not expected of Hankins, the prize speaker? The Legislature, Congress, possibly the presidency. "Instead of which" he lived and died peaceably, selling fish, oysters, lobsters, also clams.)

The announcement reminded us of the noble dames when knights were bold and lances were splintered:

With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize.

But why did not these "society women" of New York step into the ring and box for the benefit of the sick soldiers in the hospitals? Less than two centuries ago bouts of women were popular in England. For example, in 1721 Miss Ann Field of Stoke Newington—an ass-driver—challenged Mrs. Stokes, "European championess," for a purse of £10. Mrs. Stokes replied: "As the famous Stoke Newington ass woman dares me to fight her for £10, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than any she ever gave her asses."

What a curious description of a boxing-match in the time of Queen Anne, the match between Helmsgill and Phelenghe-Madone, is given by Victor Hugo in "L'Homme qui rit"! Lady Josiane to see it dressed herself in men's clothes. Hugo adds: "Women travelled but little otherwise; of the six passengers that filled the Windsor coach, it was rare that there were not one or two women dressed as men. . . . Lady Josiane betrayed her rank only in this, that she used a lorgnette, which was the habit of the gentlemen."

Foul blows were interchanged at this mill described by Hugo. Helmsgill was carried off in a wheelbarrow.

...David's arm, which is allowed to engaged people. She said to him:

"This was very fine, but"

"But what?"

"I had supposed it would relieve my ennui. But it has not."

We have heard of female boxers in this country. In former years, when we had time to read and improve our mind, we saw pictures of them in the Police Gazette.

The Lower Criticism

Of course, as we all know, the meaning of the word "criticism" was perverted long ago by limiting it to fault-finding. The art of "criticism" has lately deteriorated, too. Worse as a touchstone even than seeing only the bad in a thing is the pointing out what a thing has not—that which, from its very nature, it could never have. So exalted a judge as Bernard Shaw is given to this method, the main difference between him and others being that what he says is always interesting whether you agree with him or not and even if his verdict be unfair. To say that Shakespeare's plays are not epic is saying that Dante did not write drama or that Mr. Howells has failed as a writer of humorous verse. Every now and then some unknown instructor or some superfluous reviewer seeks notoriety by discovering what an utter failure Balzac was as a joke writer.—Joan Benedict in the New York Evening Post.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Man and Superman," a comedy in three acts by G. Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Reebuck Ramsden, . . . Cameron Matthews
Maid, . . . May Ediss
Octavius Robinson, . . . Leonard Craske
John Tanner, . . . Noel Leslie
Ann Whitefield, . . . Jessamine Newcombe
Mrs. Whitefield, . . . Viola Roach
Miss Handson, . . . Ada Wingard
Major Robinson, . . . Julia Chippendale
Henry Straker, . . . E. E. Clive
Hector Malone, Jr., . . . Percy Clive Warram
Hector Malone, Sr., . . . H. Conway Wingfield

The Jewett Players last night revived this brilliant satire of Shaw's, which they gave in their first season at the Copley Theatre, in which he expounds his theory as to whether man or woman is the pursuer. He makes out an excellent case against the woman; indeed, "to Ann" might well become a verb in our language, synonymous with "to camp on the trail," "to pursue (to the death)," etc. The dramatist works up a good deal of sympathy for the poor helpless male creature who, under the stress of "the life force," as Shaw likes to put it, regretfully gives up his freedom for the cares of domesticity. We wonder, however, if it ever occurred to him that a woman might have the same regrets but that, womanlike, she talks and fusses a little less about the inevitable than does the man?

The performance last night was a little ragged, an unusual occurrence at the Copley Theatre. The action limped woefully in spots; the wheels in going around were a little too apparent. Mr. Leslie gave an interesting performance as John Tanner; it would have been more satisfactory to the audience, however, if he had spoken a little more slowly, for in his rapid diction many of the most pungent lines were lost. And it seems hardly necessary for even fiery John Tanner to address the back drop so often during the first act. Miss Newcombe, as Ann, the pursuer, and Miss Roach, as the long suffering Mrs. Whitefield, Ann's mother, were, as always, natural and convincing, and last night very amusing. Mr. Matthews, as the "advanced" guardian, and Mr. Craske, as the poetic young Octavius, did much to help the performance along, and Mr. Clive, as the wise chauffeur, was delightful. But to Mr. Wingfield, as the old Irishman, went the honors of the evening; when an Englishman can so far sink his own personality as to be an Irishman to the life he must begin to sign for new worlds to conquer!

JEAN ADAIR MAKES A PRONOUNCED HIT

"The Girlies' Club," a musical satire book, music and lyrics by William B. Friedlander, and featuring Bobby Bernard, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was evidently pleased.

This is a girly show, and the motive, the melting of the soubrette, is nicely accomplished. The comedians are all convincing and the dialogue is often uproariously funny. The music now and then rises above the commonplace, and the duet, "I'm Going to Kill You With Love," is musically significant and the principals offer a fine dramatic accompaniment. William C. Henderson conducted.

One of the best features of the bill was the act of Jean Adair in a comedy with ruse moments, "Ella Comes to Town." The piece is a congenial outlet for the versatility of Miss Adair.

Other acts were Ed. E. Ford, the Australian comedian, making his first appearance in the United States, in an amusing act of facial play and comedy; Margaret Young, singing comedian; Delmore and Lee, artistic gymnasts; Anna Gray, harpist; McDevitt, Kelly and Quinn, in an act of unusual excellence in comedy "business," and dancing; the Murray Sisters, vocalists, and Peggy Brown and Brother, in an act of ladder manipulation.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Good Fellow," a musical comedy. Libretto and lyrics by Anne Caldwell, music by Jerome Kern. The cast:

Robert Melane, . . . Joseph Santile
Alvin Franklin, . . . James C. Marlowe
Harold Mulard, . . . Maurice Dorey
Chester Lakard, . . . Robert Higgins
Billy Hopkins, . . . Scott Welsh
Melvyn, . . . Amy Wilson
Jacqueline Fay, . . . Ivy Sawyer
Lavinia Lee, . . . Dorothy Maynard
Zed Semare, . . . Cecilia Novasio
Mrs. Penas, . . . Maud Nolan
Mazie Moore, . . . Rozetta Duncan
Betty Blair, . . . Yvonne Duncan
Miss Busby, . . . Florence Castle
Grandmum White, . . . Nellie Filmore
Enna, . . . Irene Daly

The play has a plot. It makes its bow in the first act as good plots should, and then disappears until it is needed to furnish a bit of a lovemaking scene. It concerned the trials of Robert Melane, who wanted to and did marry Jacqueline Fay, but had to disguise himself as a girl and rescue her from the toils of a boarding school mistress, and all that after the marriage had been performed.

The second act (in the boarding school), has nine-tenths of the humor in the show. It is fast and funny. Robert Higgins and Joseph Santile cavort all over the stage in a highly entertaining burlesque. Robert Higgins was ridiculously funny. He portrayed the part of a hand-raised son, of whom his father was unjustly and inordinately proud. His impersonation of what might be called John W. Stupid's own child would cause Chic Sales to worry a bit.

His father, whose "judgment of women changed with each woman he met," was a clever fool.

The Duncan sisters, one of whom has an angelic smile and an ear for harmony, the other a scratched knee and a catty disposition, stopped the show literally. It is well enough for Joseph Santile to be recognized as the star, but for pure frolic fun of a polished sort the Duncan sisters stood head and shoulders over the rest. Their harmonizing of the "Puffrog Patrol" was so much enjoyed they were encored many times, despite their little "We Don't Know Any More" song.

Scott Welsh, his smile and his easy way of singing pleased every one. Dorothy Maynard has a way of dancing which is quite her own. She dances as though she were doing it quite because she enjoyed it and for no other reason in the world. Nor did she appear a bit conscious of the fact that an audience was watching her closely. Her complete abandon was refreshing.

Of course, as the star of the piece Joseph Santile has much to do. His dancing snicks of Donald Brain. He made a fine naval officer and did not lose much when he appeared in civilian clothes.

The best song is in the first act, "A Happy Wedding Day." As the hero and heroine start for the church they receive the sympathies of their friends. It is effective, especially the pantomime in it.

It is a happy play, always easy to watch, and with laughs bubbling up every now and then. Applause often was prolonged, and encores were numerous. It has some brighter-than-usual lines, the music is hummable, the girl in the chorus are what they should be, and that is generally about all necessary to make a musical comedy a hit.

'TEA FOR THREE'

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Tea for Three," a play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced at Washington, D. C., June 5, 1918, when the three leading parts were taken by Margaret Lawrence and Messrs. Byron and Perry.

The Friend, . . . Arthur Byron
The Wife, . . . Laura Hope Crews
The Husband, . . . Frederick Perry
The Maid, . . . Albert L. Marsh
The Maid, . . . Kathryn Keyes

The friend of the husband is in love with the wife. The wife is in love with the friend, who has been in the habit of taking tea with her once a week, but tea does not heat the blood, though it may tan the stomach, and although the husband is dull and jealous, while the friend, a physician, is an accomplished conversationalist, there are no Gallic scenes of rinous passion, there is no shooting; only a farcical duel—suicide by lot. Like Werther in Thackeray's condensation of Goethe's romance, the doctor is a moral man and "for the wealth of Indies would do nothing for to hurt her." Yet he purposes to see the woman, and as his tea-drinking at the husband's house might irritate the lord and master, he must see her elsewhere, so that he can talk freely and at length and interchange with her platonic sentiments.

The curtain is raised on the friend and the wife lunching in a restaurant. They speak of their relations. He, now cynical, now sentimental, swears eternal devotion. The husband's character is discussed with the utmost frankness by the friend who expatiates on his unromantic qualities. The wife admits the truth of the characterization in ver-

...the scene might be en-
titled "A Cure for Jealousy." This cure
is amusing, effective, and as the audi-
ence is not to the confidence of the
plot, there is no reason that prom-
ises to turn into tragedy. The details
of the scene are ingenious, plausible
enough for stage purposes. To tell ex-
actly how the husband was cured would
spoil the enjoyment of the future spec-
tators who surely will be many, for the
play is enrossing by reason of the
dialogue and the skill of the comedians.

It is a play of conversation, with little
or no action, but the interest does not
flag. There are satirical lines; lines of
sawed observation; lines reflecting on
the frailties of men and women and the
insincerity of society life. Marriage is
the one absorbing topic. Even when the
lines are cheap, they sparkle by the
manner in which they are spoken. The
vivacity of the comedians, their ease and
readiness, gave life to what might other-
wise have seemed ordinary or platitudi-
nous.

How delightfully Miss Crews told her
fodder, palpably futile fibs, from the
time she lied about the luncheon to the
time she lied about the photograph! How
womanly she was in her scenes with
the two men, charmingly inconsis-
tent when they expected her to be
emotional or submissive, serious when
her seriousness was misunderstood by
the thick-headed husband intent on his
business deals. Nor is the gift of expres-
sing tenderness and pathos denied her.
An admirable actress, one that graces
the stage in these days when untrained
"personality" is too often accepted for
talent. It is hardly necessary to sound
the praise of Messrs. Byron and Perry.
The reckless gaiety, the strong affec-
tion, the mocking nature of the friend
were as deftly depicted as were the
dullness, the jealous nature, the in-
herent sturdiness of the husband. One
of the finest scenes in the comedy is
that when the husband visits the friend's
room in his jealous quest. The eyes of
the husband as he sat while listening to
astonishing revelations will not soon be
forgotten.

The minor parts of valet and maid
were capably acted. The large audi-
ence was warmly appreciative through-
out the play.

Miss Grace Warner Per-

Miss Grace Warner, pianist, gave a re-
cital last night in Jordan Hall. Her pro-
gram was as follows: Royce, Theme
and Variations in A minor; Mozart,
Adagio from Sonata in F major; Schu-
mann, Novelties; Chopin, Etude op. 25,
No. 11, Nocturne op. 32, No. 2, Mazurka
op. 41, No. 1, Scherzo op. 20, No. 1;
Brahms, Waltzes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 16, 6, 8,
9, 10, 13; Rhene-Baton, Pièces pres de
Carantec; Palmgren, May Night; Rubin-
stein, Polonaise.

Miss Warner had the courage to be-
gin with a very modern composition by
an American. Mr. Royce's Variations
have been heard here before. They do
not lose by repetition either in purely
musical interest or as an opportunity for
the display of virtuoso skill. Mozart's
Adagio was deftly placed by way of
contrast. Have pianists paid any atten-
tion to the curious preface of Saint-
Saens to one edition of Mozart's sonatas
published in Paris five years ago in
which he objects to the prevailing legato
insisted on by the majority in the per-
formance of Mozart's sonatas? Saint-
Saens also has unorthodox ideas about
Mozart's tempi. Brahms's waltzes were
seldom played, yet they deserve the
praise paid them by Ernest Newman.
"What Brahms did in the waltz was to
give its perfect and final expression to
German sentimentality—which term I
here use without any intention of dis-
paragement." And Mr. Newman, men-
tioning dalliers with the waltz from
Beethoven to Ravel thinks that the
waltzes of some of these men will be re-
membered when their more ambitious
works are forgotten.

Miss Warner's playing was pleasur-
able. She has gained in freedom of ex-
pression since she gave a recital a few
seasons ago.

SUNDAY TABERNACLE CHOIR GIVES CONCERT

The Sunday Tabernacle Choir, War-
ren W. Adams, conductor, assisted by
Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, F. G.
Field, baritone, John Herman Loud,
organist, and Ana F. Farnsworth gave a
concert last night in Symphony Hall.
Otto Malling's "Holy Land" and E. S.
Hosmer's "Columbus" were the works
performed. The program stated that
they were then performed for the first
time in Boston.

1802 29 1720

Taking soup gracefully under the difficulties
opposed to it by a dinner dress at that time
fashionable, was reared into an art about 1800
by a Frenchman who lectured upon it to ladies
in London; and the most brilliant duchess of
that day, viz. the Duchess of Devonshire, was
among his best pupils.

Songful Cigar Makers

the World Wags:
There have been of late quite an in-
crease in old New England songs, so-

called folk-songs. I enclose what I can
remember of one sang by the cigar mak-
ers of Suffield, Ct., prior to 1860. Unfor-
tunately I do not know the first verse.
It was usual for the trade to come up to
Suffield from New York and Philadel-
phia for the summer and make a raise,
as it was termed. The person known as
"Sorrell Sam," or "Old Sorrell," was
Sam Austin, who employed 100 or more,
and was, indeed, a character. He was
wholly uneducated. The references to
the "clam" was derived from his at-
tempt to read the Gospel, wherein he
said: "The Lord walked upon the water,
and immediately there came a great
clam." "Rootle" was a slang term for a
cigar maker.

Westminster. S. HARROCKS.
I worked for Reid and Endress and next for
Sorrell Sam.
Who swore the Lord came o'er the sea and
with him brought a clam.

Sorrell Sam's a good old boss, few days, few
days,
Drives around with his old gray boss,
But I'm going home.
Can't stay in the wilderness, but a few days,
Can't stay in the wilderness,
For the rooties travel round.

I worked for Homer on the hill,
But couldn't stand the dirt.
The colish bones stuck through my skin
And spoiled my Sunday shirt.

Chorus:
I worked for Dunbar on Codfish Hill,
Whose tongue was sweet as honey;
Had prayers both morning and night,
But he paid us in hogins money.

Chorus:
And then I worked for Deacon Kent,
A fine old man, indeed,
But all the fishes in his pond
Were of the sucker breed.
Consistent Brown was foreman,
But soon I had to stop;
Three Bibles were too many
To be found in one small shop.

Chorus:
So "rootle" meant cigar maker. In
English military slang as far back as
the seventies of the last century "rooty"
meant bread. Some etymological delver
said that in Tamil and Teluga, "rotie"
means a loaf of bread, so that a Tommy
Atkins returning from Indian service
turned "rotie" into "rooty." Why
"rootie" for a cigar maker?—Ed.

On the Light Fantastic

Mr. Jean Castaner in London is teach-
ing dancing to officers that have lost a
leg or arm in the war. These lessons
are free. They are arranged for by the
treasurer of a hospital, who is also
chairman of the Red Cross Society.
"This instruction in dancing is part of a
general scheme to teach officers poise,
balance and confidence when using an
artificial limb." We know a man with
an artificial leg who is an inveterate
and accomplished dancer.

It may be remembered that Miss Kil-
mansegg with her golden leg stood up
to dance with a Count of France.
And then a space was cleared on the floor,
And she walked the Minuet de la Cour,
With all the pomp of a Pompadour;
But, although she began andante,
Conceive the faces of all the rout,
When she finished off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a flamante!

Mental Arithmetic

With the German mark selling at 1½
cents and American beer legal at ½ of
1 per cent., how drunk could the oldest
citizen of Spitzbergen become if on his
39th birthday he had swapped all the
money he had for Russian rubles with
the intention of investing the dividends
in anything Dr. Cook might feel inclined
to discover?—N. Y. Evening Post.

Long Wills

A London journalist asks: "Who made
the longest will on record?" He men-
tions vaguely a will of 45,000 words.
The Dictionary of National Biography
says that one Thomas Cubitt made the
longest ever seen at Somerset House up
to 1855, the time of his death. Cubitt's
will contained 32,740 words and covered
30 skins of parchment.

Each Particular Hair

As the World Wags:
The Rev. Babblington Brooke asked
on Jan. 21 this question: "Why does it
take longer to cut the surviving hair of
a bald-headed man than to trim the
abounding locks of another?"
My Barber says it takes longer to
find and trim each individual hair.
Boston. SID SMITH.

In the Playhouse

As the World Wags:
The letter about "The Octoroon" from
Mr. Sherwin L. Cook interested me
enough to look up the programs of the
performances at the Boston Museum
which he refers to. The performances
were given on Thursday, Friday and
Saturday evenings and Saturday after-
noon, Nov. 12, 13 and 14, 1891, to fill in
the time before the first production in
this country of Pinero's "Lady Bounti-
ful" which was set for the Monday

following, Nov. 16. A look through the
programs which I have preserved proves
Mr. Cook correct in every member of
the cast he remembered. He quotes
from memory, and also makes the letter
of Dr. W. E. Crockett on the same play
of interest. He refers to the interpellation
of a song by his daughter in a
performance of "The Octoroon" staged
by her at Belfast, Me., a song for Pete,
entitled "Jenny Cloud Has a Silver
Lining." At these performances at the
Museum there also was a song intro-
duced and sung by George W. Wilson.
I quote from the program:

"Pete, an 'ole uncle,' once the late
judge's body servant, but now too 'ole
to work, sa,' with the song, 'Make
the best of it today, for you can't tell what
may come along tomorrow.' Words and
melody by Mr. Wilson. . . . Mr.
George W. Wilson." It seems by this
program that the professional stage
had either adopted Dr. Crockett's daugh-
ter's idea of introducing a song for this
character or else it was a custom.

I wonder if Mr. Cook remembers a
play at the old Windsor Theatre, at
which I also was a regular attendant at
the Saturday matinees, in which the
hero and comedian (Irish, of course, at
that time) are locked in a cell in a cave,
with the keys to the cell on a table four
or five feet below them and out of their
reach. Their jailer falls asleep, and the
comedian calls a stray cat to him, low-
ers it down by the tail, and the cat claws
the keys and is drawn up to the cell
through the bars, and the hero and
comedian escape, to encounter more
thrilling experiences. The name of the
play I have forgotten, but that incident
in it never. The play was exceedingly
popular with us boys at the time and
was played quite often, I remember, for
when it was billed there was some tall
hustling during the early part of the
week to get the money for Saturday per-
formances. We had to earn the money
in those days, for in my case these visits
to the Windsor were clandestine.
Malden. FRED H. HARWOOD.

Young People's Concert by Symphony Orchestra Is Rare Treat

PUPILS COME FROM MANY CITY SCHOOLS

By PHILIP HALE

The first Young People's Concert by
the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr.
Monteux, conductor, took place yester-
day afternoon in Symphony Hall. The
hall was filled with children of all ages
and all sizes from the public and
parochial schools and from the various
settlements.

The program was as follows: Bee-
thoven, overture to "Egmont"; Schu-
bert's Unfinished Symphony; Delibes,
Suite from the ballet "Sylvia."

The question at once comes up: What
orchestral compositions are most ap-
propriate for a concert of this nature?
Should the music be first of all ear-
tickling and heel-stirring? It should
certainly be tuneful, and the rhythms
should be strongly marked. It is a
mistake to think that children do not
enjoy music that gives older persons of
musical experience genuine pleasure.
Music that is often written deliberately
for children may easily bore them. Mr.
Guy Maier, who gave a piano recital
not long ago for children, solved the
problem, nor was their enjoyment
solely derived from his agreeable talk
about the music. They were pleased by
the music itself. The selections were
admirably chosen and the greater num-
ber were by acknowledged masters.

Were the little hearers in Symphony
Hall so pleased yesterday that they
would gladly attend a second concert?
They applauded heartily; but applause
does not necessarily mean enjoyment; it
is often perfunctory, an expression of
politeness, even at the Symphony con-
certs on Friday afternoons and Satur-
day nights. Children, fortunately, are
not sophisticated in this respect. They
are, as a rule, brutally frank. The
faces yesterday showed curiosity, won-
der, pleasure. Some of the younger
children, no doubt, twisted in their
seats. Perhaps they were bodily un-
comfortable; perhaps they were nervous.
We have seen men and women restless
when long winded symphonies were per-
formed.

The experiment was at least worth
trying. In all probability a new world
was opened to many, a world that they
would gladly visit again. They were
not awed by the names "Beethoven,"
"Schubert." If they enjoyed the music
it was not because they thought it nec-
essary to pay homage to these men.

No committee of three or of 10 could
vote unanimously for this or that pro-
gram. One might ask for an overture
by Auber, or the overture to "Mignon,"
or "Zampa"; a gay symphony by
Haydn; some pretty Intermezzo or
Prelude; a waltz by Johann Strauss.

Another, and better, committee
No, we must choose our own musical
music. These children are too young
to have the "fancies." And, through-
out the ages or 10. A symphony
orchestra does not lose dignity on an
occasion like this by playing a spark-
ling overture or one of Johann
Strauss's waltzes.

The second concert will be on Thurs-
day afternoon, Feb. 26 at 1 o'clock.

The program, which contained per-
tinent and entertaining notes by Mr.
John N. Burke of Symphony Hall, made
this announcement:

In allotting tickets for the concert
on Feb. 26, preference will be shown
those schools who applied for tickets
for the first concert but were unable
to obtain them. Applications have al-
ready been received from more than 40
schools—enough to subscribe for all
tickets for the second concert. Since
Feb. 26 falls in the vacation period for
many schools, tickets will be ready for
distribution to the schools, Feb. 16 and
17, and may be returned, if unsold, on
or before Feb. 20 (Prices 25, 35 and 50
cents, tax exempt). In view of the
other engagements of the orchestra it
will not be possible to give additional
Young People's Concerts this season.

Boston clubs that have been in the
habit of entertaining prominent English-
men at luncheon or dinner are now
ashamed because they cannot offer hos-
pitably even the wine of the country.
There need not be any hesitation in ur-
ging Mr. John Drinkwater to accept in-
vitations when he visits Boston.

Mr. Drinkwater, by the way, will fol-
low his "Abraham Lincoln" with a
drama dealing with the life of Gen.
Robert E. Lee. He should not stop with
Lee. There are other prominent Ameri-
cans, some now living, who would not
shrink from this publicity. Mr. William
J. Bryan, for example. The late Col.
Powell would be a hero for a stirring
melodrama. The scene of the forging
of Bowie knife should equal that of the
forging of the sword in "Siegfried." The
duel on an island off Natchez would
excite even members of the Drama
League, and what could be a more sen-
sational finale than the death of the
Colonel at the fall of the Alamo, after
he had slashed and carved and stuck a
whole battalion of wild-eyed, blood-
thirsty Mexicans?

Dr. Johnson at the Ring

Apropos of theatrical events, Mr. A. B.
Walkley wrote an amusing article for
the London Times in which Boswell is
represented as being present with Dr.
Johnson, Burke, Gibbon and others at
the Carpenter-Beckett mill. They all
became a little weary of the preliminary
contests.

"Gibbon—'We are unhappy because we
are kept waiting. "Man never is, but
always to be, blest." Johnson—"And
we are awaiting we know not what. To
the impatience of expectation is added
the disquiet of the unknown." Garrick
(playing round his old friend with a fond
vivacity)—"My dear sir, men are natu-
rally a little restless, when they have
hacked Beckett at 70 to 40." Reynolds—
"But, see, the lights of the kinema-
tographers (We were all abashed by the
word in the presence of the great lexico-
grapher) are brighter than ever. I ob-
serve all the contestants take care to
smile under them." Sheridan—"When
they do agree, their unanimity is won-
derful." Johnson—"Among the anfractu-
sities of the human mind, I know not
if it may not be one, that there is a
morbid longing to figure in the "moving
pictures.""

Marie Van Zandt

How little has been said about the
death of Marie Van Zandt Tcherinova,
who died at Cannes on Dec. 31! For a
few seasons she was famous in Paris.
Having been praised in Turin and Lon-
don, she made her debut at the Opera-
Comique, Paris, March 18, 1880, as
Mignon and at once became a favorite.
Delibes wrote his "Lakme" for her
(1883). She sang triumphantly at Monte
Carlo, Petrograd and other European
cities. On Nov. 8, 1884, at the Opera-
Comique, taking the part of Rosina, she
broke down as she was about to sing
Rosina's famous air. She was accused
of being intoxicated, whereas she was
suddenly indisposed, unable to control
her nerves and her voice. The audi-
ence was in a tumult; the scandal was
great. Wounded to the quick, the
singer left for Russia. She returned to
the Opera-Comique in March, 1885, and
was enthusiastically applauded when
she appeared as Lakme. At the second
performance there was hissing. It ap-
peared that a rival Mlle. d'Adler, had
planned this disturbance. Marie can-
celled her engagement; the rival was
obliged to leave the company.

Marie was seen in Boston as Lakme
at Mechanics building in March, 1892.
The huge room was disadvantageous
to her light but charming voice and to
the delicacy and grace of her acting,
yet we have never seen and heard a
singer in this part that approached her
in exotic charm. She was also seen
that month as Zerlina.

She sang in several operas at the
theatre, from all

...the young men who go to the other...
...to be able to instruct the youth under...
...their charge, not merely in dramatic...
...education as a consolation, but in scenic...
...moral. The scenic embellishments...
...at the universities reached an artistic...
...standard which the theatrical profession...
...in public theatres had never approached.
...
...*"His Happy Home,"* a farce by H. V. Willoughby was produced at the Comedy Theatre Jan. 5. Modelled on the old-fashioned lines of 25 years ago this piece has all the semblance of a stage...
...piece which, to speak frankly, it hardly

...emed worth anyone's while to take...
...on his hiding place." Miss Mary...
...known in Boston, took the part...
...an unjustly suspected wife.
...*"Miss Hickford has the happy knack...
...of looking any age; that is, she is...
...is one of the reasons for the extraordi-...
...nary reputation she has built for her-...
...self."*—London Times.

...*"Napoleon of Nothing...
...Hill"* has been turned into a play by...
...F. D. Grierson and C. W. Miles (East-...
...bourne, Eng., Jan. 12).

...*"Tea for Three,"* now playing here at...
...the Park Square Theatre, will be pro-...
...duced at the Haymarket, London, on...
...Feb. 3. Ray Compton, A. B. Matthews...
...and Stanley Logan will take the chief

...parts.

...Constance Collier in *"Peter Ibbetson"*...
...is to be at the Savoy, London.
...The Paris correspondent of the Stage...
...wrote of Debussy's *"Box of Toys,"* pro-...
...duced as a ballet at the new theatre...
...Lyrique: "It was in 1913, I think, that...
...M. Andre Hille, the artist, called upon...
...M. Georges Ricou, now general secre-...
...tary of the Comedie-Francaise, then at...
...the Opera, and showed him several...
...sketches and a scenario for a ballet. M...
...Ricou suggested Debussy as a composer...
...and the result was the charming toy...
...ballet, originally written for piano,

...which M. Gheusi had had the good taste...
...to stage for us. It reminds one some-...
...what of Barrie's *"Pantaloon."* In their...
...gaily-colored box Pierrot, Harlequin,...
...Gollivog, the policeman and the sailor...
...awake and dance. Then there are the...
...wooden elephant, who goes out sorrow-...
...fully, and the doll, who gives her rose...
...to the lead soldier. Their subsequent...
...adventures and final peaceful settling...
...down beside the ancient Punchinello is...
...very much after the Barrie play, but...
...over all Debussy has cast the youthful...
...spirit and childish insouciance that he...
...found again in his *"Noel des enfants qui...
...n'ont plus de maisons."*

...Mr. Chaplin reappears in a very short...
...film called *"A Day's Pleasure."* It is...
...very difficult to find new adjectives with...
...which to describe Mr. Chaplin. Some-...
...times he is reminiscent of Puck. At...
...other times he more resembles an ex-...
...tremely acrobatic clown. Occasionally...
...he is like nothing so much as the me-...
...diaeval conception of a Mephistopheles...
...who is only perfectly happy when he is...
...tormenting the innocent. The whole...
...time the fact remains that he is simply...
...Mr. Chaplin and unique. He is a per-...
...sonality who inspires either adoration...
...or hatred. There can be no half-meas-...
...ures. He impresses some people as be-...
...ing a genius, and others as being a buf-...
...foon. Whatever opinion may be held...
...of him, it must be recognized that he...
...is an original. He imitates no one, but...
...has thousands of imitators. Fully to...
...appreciate the extraordinary hold he...
...has on the affections of countless mil-...
...lions of people, one has only to compare...
...him with the average film comedian.—

London Times.

...Henry Ainley brought out *"Julius Caesar"*...
...at the St. James's Theatre, Lon-...
...don, Jan. 10. His Mark Antony is de-...
...scribed as an entirely noble figure.
...*"This is neither the voluptuary nor the...
...running schemer who sways the mind...
...of the people as much for the sake of...
...ambition as for his friendship for the...
...murdered Caesar. He is swayed by one...
...passion only—the fiery name of friend-...
...ship. We feel that he is indeed as he...
...describes himself, 'a plain, blunt man,'...
...but inspired by his emotion to heights...
...of eloquence. In order to make this...
...reading of the character quite con-...
...vincing, the scenes with Cephidus and...
...Octavius, in which the less noble side...
...of Antony's character appears in the...
...original, have been cut. Milton Rosmer...
...remembered here by his fine perfor-...
...mance in *"Nan,"* took at short notice the...
...part of Cassius.*

...It will be rather interesting to see...
...what the coming series of Russian films...
...are like. Some 30 in all have been made...
...by M. Ermoloff, almost all dramas of...
...the intense kind for which Russian pro-...
...ducers are famous. Most of them were...
...made in M. Ermoloff's own studios in...
...Moscow and Crimea, though one, *"The...
...Night of the Eleventh of September,"*...
...has been made in Paris. They will...
...probably be shown for trade purposes...
...in London at the rate of three a...
...week, beginning with the last week in...
...February, and may prove formidable...
...new Anglo-American producing com-...
...panies who will begin to be active in...
...this country very shortly. As the world...
...grows settled again, it will be made...
...in a score of fresh places probably.
...Competition is thus certain to become...
...extremely fierce in the near future, and...
...only the very fittest will survive. Al-...
...though settled again, films will be made...
...than the existing cinemas can absorb.

...the supply of films must con-...
...tinue to keep far ahead of the demand.
...As every cinema in the country is al-...
...ways eager, naturally, to get hold of...
...the film that appears most likely to hit...
...the popular taste, and to neglect the...
...others, film producing bids fair to be-...
...come a business in which there will be...
...a few immense prizes and a very large...
...number of blanks.—London Daily Tele-...
...graph.

Random Notes About Music, Concerts and Musicians

...If Albert Coates has not "made...
...good" by his conducting of Liszt's...
...*"Faust"* Symphony and the *"Poeme...
...de l'Extase"* this week, in the eyes of...
...his fellow-countrymen, then I, even I...
...will begin to despair of them. I don't...
...suppose Liszt has ever been played in...
...London—if elsewhere—as by Coates in this...
...case (and I recall with perfect...
...clearness Nikisch's historic perfor-...
...mance of 30 odd years ago in the Leip-...
...zig opera, what time Coates was a...
...baby in arms) and by Busoni, of the...
...great sonata. The damage, so to...
...speak, was done to Liszt a generation...
...ago by the Brahms-Schumann critics...
...here, who could never praise their own...
...gods without decrying those of some...
...one else, and by the fact that, as all...
...or nearly all, pianists are as sheep...
...following a leader, so all pianists, and...
...especially the worst, thought it de-...
...rigueur to end their recitals with a...
...Liszt Rhapsody or Paraphrase. They...
...may have had the technique, but they...
...certainly lacked the necessary intellect...
...for a proper appreciation, and if they...
...themselves did not understand their...
...subject, how could they explain it to...
...their hearers?—London Daily Tele-...
...graph.

...Even now in New York Liszt is pa-...
...tronized or pooh-poohed by the critics...
...except the ever-faithful Mr. Finck.

...Miss Ethel Fenton has plenty of voice...
...and, if she had not unfortunately been...
...taught, or taught herself, to make a...
...powerful crescendo in perfect tune, an...
...art which she applies at every possible...
...and impossible moment, would give...
...pleasure with her singing. She regards...
...a song as a responsibility, almost a...
...moral responsibility; and rules out light-...
...heartedness from things like *"Chevaux...
...de bois"* or *"Where the bee sucks"*...
...(which for some reason was repeated),...
...because it might be mistaken for frivol-...
...ity. Miss Fenton was not responsible...
...except in the negative sense that she...
...did not reject them, for the words of...
...*"The Three Ravens,"* Somebody or other...
...has said to himself that the word...
...*"lemana"* is, God bless us, a thing of...
...naught, and has thought fit to emasculate...
...the whole song in consequence. *"Le-...
...mana"* is altered to "friend," "bloudy,"...
...to "lifeless," "make," in defiance of...
...rhyme, to "mate," and the "earthen...
...lake" and the "big with young" disap-...
...pear altogether in favor of two witless...
...lines that strip the verse of all poetry.
...We were glad to see that Dr. Terry...
...made the same point the other day

...about the words of English carols.—Lon-...
...don Times.

...Chief among the most recent publica-...
...tions of each is a little volume entitled...
...*"Songs of a Roving Celt."* Of this the...
...author is Murdoch Maclean and the...
...composer Charles Villiers Stanford. One...
...can well imagine such verses as these...
...appealing to the distinguished Irish pro-...
...fessor who has made, as it were, a...
...hobby of Gaelic idiom:

...There's a driving mist in Aiscent of the shadows
... (My heart is sore, Mo Bhron, my heart is sore).
... The glamour of the dead comes o'er me creeping,
... And eulls the pulsing of my bosom's core.

...For eyes that gaze on death behold its travail!
... (My heart is sore, Mo Bhron, my heart is sore).
... And rain and doubly rain is hope and longing
... For him who turns not when his race is o'er.

...Sir Charles's music is eminently his own...
...—smooth, straightforward, without em-...
...bellishment, rather austere, scornful...
...mere sweetness, anti-exotic, but withal...
...a little lacking in that warmth of feel-...
...ing which is by way of being an Irish...
...characteristic. As compositions the set-...
...tings are very neat, very adroit, achiev-...
...ing the maximum of effect by the mini-...
...mum of means; but if that maximum...
...leaves one slightly chill it is perhaps...
...because the composer has devoted more...
...attention to the composition than to the...
...music. There is "atmosphere" of sorts...
...in *"The Pibroch,"* produced by the sim-...
...ple and rather obvious use of a pipe tune...
...in the piano part, and there is a nice...
...sentiment in *"The Call."* But nowhere...
...in this volume has Sir Charles Stanford...
...quite reached the emotional heights of...
...his best lyrical work. Nevertheless...
...there are points in these little composi-...
...tions well worth studying on the part...
...of budding song-writers.—London Daily...
...Telegraph.

...A welcome correspondent writes: A...
...celebrated Irish play, Synge's *"Shadow...
...of the Glen,"* has been made into an...
...opera, and was performed a few days...
...ago in Milan. The composer is Arrigo...
...Pedrollo, a young musician who com-...
...pleted his education at the Milan Con-...
...servatoire, where he gave promise of a...
...brilliant future. Synge's play, it ap-...
...pears, has not been translated into Ital-...
...ian verse according to the usual custom...
...of opera but into "rhythmic prose,"...
...whatever that may mean. At any rate...
...it is not blank verse, as one might have...
...supposed, because the critic of one of

...the *"L'Espresso"* writes: "The shadow...
...of the Glen" is a play of poetry, and...
...Pedrollo for failing to conform to ac-...
...cepted usage. *"The Shadow of the Glen,"*...
...of which the Italian title is *"La...
...Veila"*—has had a fair success on its...
...first performance under the patronage...
...of the Lyrica Nova Society. Two other...
...new operas were performed on the same...
...evening—*"Falene,"* composed by M...
...Gourmand, a Swiss, and *"Barnabe Chlo-...
...zotte,"* by Franco Leoni, a Milanese.
...The reception, on the whole, seems to...
...have been favorable enough.—London...
...Daily Telegraph, Jan. 10.

...The late Luigi Illica, who died at...
...Rome in December, wrote over 50 opera...
...librettos.

...Florent Schmitt reviewed a Lamou-...
...reux concert in Paris conducted by...
...Landon Ronald. He then said of Grieg:
...*"Grieg, who was an amiable singer in...
...the drawing room of the sheep fold, cut...
...but a modest figure in the Palace of...
...Music."* See how M. Schmitt disposed...
...of Elgar: *"As for Sir Edward Elgar's...
...symphony in A flat, his last, says the...
...program—may it speak the truth!—al-...
...though absolutely unknown in France...
...it was less of a revelation than any of...
...the others. In the very first bars of the...
...introduction the mystery was unveiled...
...and all hope subsided flatly. During the...
...next 40 minutes we had time to remem-...
...ber Mendelssohn, Brahms, Tchaikovsky...
...with all their vocabulary—limited, no...
...doubt, yet large enough to express in...
...their own words the little they had to...
...say. It is a pity that M. Ronald, in his...
...laudable desire to initiate us into the art...
...of his fellow-countrymen, should have...
...been so uninspired in his choice. While...
...England can plume herself on musicians...
...like Eugene Goossens, Gerald Berners...
...Frederic Delius, Cyril Scott and...
...Vaughan-Williams, to mention the most...
...conspicuous, he trots out one who is...
...doubtless an official and administrator...
...a member of the Institute in his time...
...no doubt, and covered with decorations...
...but, all the same, the most colorless and...
...faded. We know him already only too...
...well through his *"Variations,"* his unfor-...
...gettable *"Dream of Gerontius"* and other...
...things."*

...After a long struggle the magistrates...
...of Manchester, Eng., have consented to...
...the holding of a series of four Sunday...
...concerts.

...It has been calculated that between...
...the dates Oct. 1, 1919, and June 15, 1920...
...no fewer than 300 symphony concerts...
...1500 chamber concerts, and recitals, and...
...1000 operatic performances will have...
...taken place in Paris. . . . An increas-...
...ing interest is being shown in British

...music among the more enlightened...
...French musical circles; and works by...
...Frank Bridge, Eugene Goossens, Arnold...
...Bax, Cyril Scott, Holbrooke and others...
...have been performed on several occa-...
...sions during the year. Several French...
...conductors have expressed their willing-...
...ness to perform works by British com-...
...posers, but appear to have difficulty in...
...obtaining the parts and scores. It...
...would be a good thing if this difficulty...
...could be removed, as it surely could, by...
...concerted action on the part of leading...
...English music-publishing houses. Of...
...new French instrumental music there...
...has not been much produced, although...
...mention should be made of M. d'Indy's...
...new symphony, *De Bello Gallico*, a nota-...
...ble example of definitely "war music,"...
...and M. Alfred Casella's very remarka-...
...ble *Pageine di guerra*, a series of five...
...brief but intensely vivid and powerful...
...orchestral impressions of scenes in vari-...
...ous theatres of the great war. Apart...
...from these works, the general tendency...
...has been to write music on subjects as...
...far removed from the war as possible."
...—London Times.

...The Times (Jan. 7) said of the London...
...Trio that it is the flywheel of the ma-...
...chinery of London music. "Incidents and...
...accidents happen elsewhere; elsewhere...
...people grind axes of their own, exhibit...
...new inventions, or exploit the latest...
...fashion. The Aeolian Hall, when the...
...London Trio occupies it, is the scene of...
...no such escapades. Things are as long...
...experience has shown it best that they...
...should be. And what long experience...
...has shown is that when you have done...
...with the wild impulses of private judg-...
...ment, it comes back after all to playing...
...the notes as they are written. Though...
...there is much to be said for the impetu-...
...ous vagaries of enthusiasts, there is...
...something, too, to be said for this au-...
...thoritative serenity; there is an enthusi-...
...asm not without value in the mere fact...
...of going on year after year."

...Arthur Honegger's *"Chant de Niga-...
...mon,"* produced at a Pasdeloup concert...
...in Paris, Jan. 3, has something to do...
...with American Indians, it appears, but...
...the critics did not find it interesting.
...Raoul Laparra's *"Basque Sunday,"*...
...played in Boston for the first time, was...
...produced in Paris, Jan. 10, at a Colonne...
...concert.

...Mine, Edvina was recently heard and...
...seen in Brussels as Thais.

...Georgette Lublane has been going...
...about in Belgium reciting poems by

...Belgian writers and singing songs by...
...Masterlinck.

New and Old Plays in Paris Seen by the Times Correspondent

...A correspondent of the London Times...
...writing from Paris (Jan. 6) gives a lively...
...account of theatrical doings:
...*"The new year sees the Paris stage...
...not only enjoying unprecedented pros-...
...perity, but offering to a greedy public...
...entertainment to suit all tastes, from*

...the simplest to the most refined. The...
...time of Philhell, whose story is the...
...represented as being more important than...
...conventional, to a play illustrating the...
...thesis that Time is a dream, and that...
...past, present and future are essentially...
...one. It must be admitted that the public...
...swallows everything down with such...
...avidity that one cannot tell what it...
...likes. Like a dog which has only three...
...minutes on the kitchen table before the...
...cook is expected to return, the Paris...
...playgoer indiscriminately bolts every-...
...thing in sight, from the soup to the...
...savory.

...Nevertheless, there are one or two...
...productions which stand out for one...
...reason or another. A success of curi-...
...osity has been achieved by Gemier's...
...extraordinary staging of *"Oedipus, King...
...of Thebes,"* a play in verse by a French...
...poet, St. Georges de Pouhelle. Before...
...the poem was staged there was much...
...discussion as to its nature, for M. St...
...Georges has wished to combine the...
...Greek with the Shakespearian idea of...
...drama. It must be admitted, however...
...that, although certain critics attended...
...to the poem when they first heard it...
...and wrote of it with some asperity...
...the production so overpowers it that Eur-...
...ipides himself would hardly be noticed.
...The ordinary stage not being large...
...enough for M. Gemier, the piece is...
...played in a circus. There is no cir-...
...culation, and the action takes place on...
...the steps of the royal palace. The ob-...
...jection to this method is that even the...
...most easy-going spectator cannot help...
...thinking it unlikely that all the most...
...intimate conversations should take...
...place in a public square from which the...
...public has kindly removed itself for...
...the purpose. Is it admissible that Oedi-...
...pus should call his wife on the doorstep...
...in order to tell her that he is dread-...
...fully afraid she must be his mother?

...London heard of Reinhardt long be-

...fore Gemier's name had crossed the...
...channel; in some quarters, however, it is...
...said that Gemier invented the method...
...afterward baptized by Reinhardt. He...
...certainly out-Reinhardt Reinhardt...
...now. It may have been very well for...
...the Athenians to be practically a part...
...of the crowd in the plays they witnessed...
...but then they were indistinguishable...
...from that crowd. The spectacle of rows...
...of snug Parisians staring with all their...
...eyes at an Oedipus whose blindness is ob-...
...viously a question of white paint blotched...
...with red, as he staggers through the...
...stalls on his way to Colonus and his...
...dressing room, is one which can only de-...
...stroy rather than foster the illusion of...
...the theatre. Numbers of Thebans lying...
...down in the street in very graceful at-...
...titudes while Oedipus addressed them, tes-...
...tify more to their foreknowledge of the...
...length of his speeches than to our con-...
...viction that even in Thebes they would...
...have done it. A theatre which uses ev-...
...ery modern resource, from flashlight up-...
...wards, fosters illusion far better by keep-...
...ing than by discarding that ancient con-...
...vention, the frame. Gemier has over-...
...stepped himself in this production, espe-...
...cially in the introduction of athletic ex-...
...ercises by well-known athletes, who are...
...used to large spaces and not to theatres.
...The most natural, and certainly the...
...most gymnastic, movement made by the...
...carefully-trained crowd, on the night I...
...was there, was the spontaneous action...
...with which they swayed like corn in the...
...wind when the spear-thrower made a...
...mistake in the direction of his missile."

...Lavedan's *"Prince d'Aurec,"* which...
...was rejected by the Theatre Francaise...
...27 years ago and then made a sensa-...
...tion at the Vaudeville, has been brought...
...out at the former theatre at a time...
...when "we are incapable of understand-...
...ing any longer the attitude of the prin-...
...cipal personage."

...But the outstanding success of this...
...season, the success one welcomes with...
...a glow of appreciation, is Georges...
...Berri's *"Monsieur Dassoency,"* at the...
...Odeon. It is a success not only of play...
...but of a man. It has been compared...
...with *"Cyrano de Bergerac,"* but Cyrano...
...was a melancholy poseur beside this...
...eager, alert, ardent little man, who is...
...to be forever saving Moliere from...
...prison, or from disgrace, or from un-...
...happiness, and is forever to take up...
...again, with another wound in his large...
...heart, but with undaunted cheerfulness...
...his wandering way 'along the great...
...roads of the world.' He is a funny lit-...
...tle man in his earnestness, and the...
...public I have described as swallow-...
...ing everything without discrimination...
...laguhs at him even when he is any-...
...thing but funny. This is the fruit of...
...M. Hasti. Could an actor make a more...
...disastrous mistake than to be consist-...
...ent throughout? Dassoency is never a...
...comedian, he is amusing and odd in-...
...cidentally, he never knows it, wishes it...
...or resents it. Therefore, when he is...
...making love, or facing the shipwreck...
...of all his hopes, his eccentricities of...
...mien and gait remain unchanged—how...
...could they change, since they are part...
...of the man?

...So much the worse for the few gig-...
...gling noodles, who cannot understand the...
...break in the voice is heart-break, that...
...the twist in the features is the twist...
...in the heart, that the sudden resumption...
...of gaiety, the cheery farewell, is not a...
...relaxation, but a mighty conquest! All...
...Paris is talking of Dassoency-Hasti; it...
...is hardly an exaggeration to say that...
...all Paris is loving him. Here's a pret-

characters, the wife, sharp, rather reaching happiness, the mother-in-law with much to say about the virtue of truthfulness; the young aristocrat who is romantic in the wife's eyes; the faithful servant of the aristocrat, the valet that has been in the family for "40 year, man and boy"; the husband, devoted to research and forgetting that his wife is in need of affectionate demonstrations, nor should the female assistant of the eminent scientist be forgotten, the assistant consumed by an admiration and a devotion that are the highest forms of self-sacrificing love.

This particular variation brings in the fight between Duval, who has discovered a serum for tuberculosis, and the Grand Council of Ethics in Medicine. Duval suspects his wife. She avows her love for Henri. The young marquis, hoping to see her, visits Duval as a patient. Duval finds out that the lover is in the last stages of consumption; nevertheless, as he puts science above sentiment, he squirts the serum into his arm. Marie visits the marquis in his ancestral chateau, but nothing comes of it, for she, in an adjoining room, hears the conversation between doctor and patient, and as she afterwards confesses, from that moment her love for Duval returned. Henri, knowing that Marie will remain virtuous, takes a dose, not of the serum, but of a drug that cools his flame forever. Duval thinks that the serum killed him, so does Dr. Michels, his arch-foe. The council is summoned. Duval is cleared by Marie bursting into the room with a letter thoughtfully written by Henri, announcing to her his suicidal intention. Jacques and Marie embrace. She promises to help him in his future research work. But what becomes of the admirable and passionate Nada, who has been his constant helper?

The play is written for the scene in which Duval insists that his wife should tell the council of ethics that Henri was her lover and Duval practically poisoned him, so that even if Duval should be taken into the criminal court, the serum would benefit mankind; also for the scene in which Marie produces the letter. Before these scenes are reached there is no end of laboratory talk, medical diagnosis and medical treatment. Duval is bitterly in earnest; a slave to science; grim and ironical in his scenes

with his wife and with Henri. Mr. Arliss showed this side of Duval's character in a manner that brought back his strong impersonations of unpleasant or malevolent characters, before he entered upon his series of biographical, historical, anecdotal plays. Nevertheless the audience, unconscious of the grimness of the dialogue, or preferring to regard Duval as a comic character, snickered or laughed heartily. It is a pleasure to find Mr. Arliss breaking away from the impersonation of famous men—did he not talk of a "Voltaire"? It is a pity that he did not find a play wholly worthy of his experience and skill.

The other characters, conventional for the most part, without true life, were adequately portrayed. Yet the appearance of the Ethical Council with varied whiskerage excited laughter: The wife is not sharply characterized by the dramatist. Her attractions and repulsions are capricious. Miss Hildon was agreeable to the eyes. Miss Ellsen made Nava a living creature, and the part of the old family servant was well played by Mr. Collins. Mrs. Arliss was appropriately motherly, and the platitudes put into her mouth by the dramatist evidently touched the heart of the audience, for they were applauded as if they came from the oracle at Delphi or from the burning bush.

After the second act Mr. Arliss made the customary and expected speech.

Max Gunn

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Gunn, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor; Daquin, Le Coucou; Debussy, Prelude, Feuilles Mortes, Pagodes, L'Isle Joyeuse; Chopin, Fantaisie in F minor; Brahms, Two Waltzes; MacDowell, To the Sea, From a Wandering Iceberg, From the Depths; Chabrier, Bourree Fantasque.

Mr. Gunn is a young man, but youth, as we learned from the "Standard Speaker" at school in our little village, is not an atrocious crime. Was it not Liszt who said that youth is the time for virtuosity? ("Virtuosity" is a vile word, but is there any satisfactory equivalent?)

Yesterday Mr. Gunn showed that he has many of the qualities which enter into the equipment of the true virtuoso. He has an agreeable touch, a command of nuances, sufficient technique for a brilliant display when brilliance is required, and fine taste. These qualities were not, however, always discernible. They were sometimes obscured by nervousness.

He did well to play a prelude and fugue by Bach, and to follow with music by Daquin and Debussy. His interpretation of the pieces by the two older masters was charming; Seldom, if ever, have we heard "The Cuckoo"

played more in the manner of the old associate with the old clavichord. Nor was it rash to plunge at once into the music of Debussy. Mr. Newman in one of his essays calls Bach the first Cubist and Debussy the first Classicist. This saying is not necessarily paradoxical, nor is it intended to make the bourgeois sit up and rub his eyes in wonder. No doubt in Leipzig the conservatives shuddered at the name of Bach, as today the hide-bound turn pale when the latest Russian with a teeth-dislocating name is mentioned. Debussy is perhaps, already the classic model of the next generation, for as William Wallace put it some years ago, we are only on the threshold of music. To go back to Mr. Gunn. Only in "L'Isle Joyeuse" of the pieces by Debussy was he disappointing. Here he

lost authority. The other pieces by Debussy were played delightfully. Seldom does one hear so perfect a glissando as those of Mr. Gunn in the Prelude. Listening to the "Pagodes" one was easily in China, and not the China of comic opera.

Mr. Gunn will gain in authority through frequent appearances in public and the bitter-sweet experiences of life. He was born to play the piano. He is not yet so familiar with it that he has lost respect for it, or for music that is peculiarly suited to this instrument of decided limitations.

Dr. George K. Brelsford of Dayton, O., insists that men, women and children should wear night-caps. He recommends the "plain old woollen variety, either red, white or blue, placed squarely over the head and tied around the ears and under the chin." Thus protected at night the sleeper will not "catch a cold." As the old advertisement read: "Colds lead to catarrh; catarrh to consumption; consumption to the grave." This sign used to cheer anyone coughing, sneezing or blowing his nose; it stared him in the face, whether he looked at signs or read a newspaper.

But night-caps, although they were worn in Chaucer's time and undoubtedly long before, were not necessarily of plain woollen material, or of red, white or blue. The orientals delighted in gay colors. The Prince Kamar-al-Zaman, having recited passages of the Koran and prayed, drew on his bag trousers and "lay down in a shirt of delicate stuff smooth as wax; and he donned a head-kerchief of azure Marazi cloth; and at such time and on this guise Kamar-al-Zaman was like the full-orbed moon, when it rises on its 14th night." The ingenious Burton added this anthropological note: "Easterners are too sensible to sleep with bodies kept warm by bedding, and heads bared to catch every blast. Our grandfathers and grandmothers did well to wear bonnets-de-nuit, however ridiculous they may have looked."

Were they ridiculous to the eye? Were not many women with this head-dress the more coquettish and alluring. We do not refer to the poor poets with their greasy nightcaps which incited satirists of Queen Anne's time to ridicule. Even in New England there were night-caps made of silk, with gold lace and embroidery. Men wearing them were not regarded as effeminate. Queen Elizabeth's were of "cut-work flourished with silver and set with spangles." Even at the beginning of the 19th century men wore nightcaps of silk. The outfit of wealthy brides included a Brussels laced head as well as a plain cambric head. When the wife of Ralph Verney died, we read in the Verney memoirs that he ordered mourning not only for his outer garments, but "black taffety night clothes, with black Night-caps, and black Comb and Brush." He never married again.

It is true that Dr. Johnson did not wear a night-cap, but he put a handkerchief on his head at night. Boswell once asked him if he had ever been accustomed to wear a night-cap. Johnson answered, "no." Then Boswell asked him if it was best not to wear one. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I had this custom by chance, and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap." Boswell soon afterwards referred to the subject and was answered suitably: "Nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed."

Nor is a night-cap always a consolation. Strophon was punctiliously neat, yet as he had bristles

His night-cap bordered round with lace Could give no softness to his face.

Society Notes

Some one in Paris was recorded by a diarist (Feb. 3, 1895) as saying that the stiff handshake, with the elbow against the body, came from the Prince of Wales shaking hands in this manner when he had a rheumatic shoulder; that it was then the fashion for Parisian

Women to cover their hands because the Princess of Wales at one time covered scrupulous patches. "And these fashions, already dead and buried in London, will be adopted by us, as the fashions of Paris will be by belated provincials."

It was on Feb. 3, 1890, that a charming young girl confessed that waltzers smelling of warm flannel repelled and disgusted her. Yet all the young men were wearing flannel because they had contracted the habit in performing military service.

"The Ordeal"

As the World Wags:

I have in my possession a book which I think may be a little rare as a specimen of early Boston literature. It is called "The Ordeal, a Critical Journal of Politics and Literature," printed by J. T. Buckingham, Winter street, Boston, in 1809. It is a medium sized book of about 400 pages, mostly essays, poems and short articles. I should think some talent is shown by the writer. The name "Ben Austin" has been written in with a pen a few times. The writer evidently had a small opinion of him. In one rather strong poem translated from the German is depicted his visit to Hades. The last verse goes:

"My name is Ben Austin," no sooner he said,
Than Beelzebub rose with a grin.
He embraced the foul monster,
Who also displayed his joy at the meeting
And both of them made
All Hell echo round with their din.
I thought you would know whether the book is at all rare or not.

WILLIAM F. BIRD.

Joseph T. Buckingham, who was born in Windham, Ct., in 1779, was a famous journalist for many years. From 1802 to '15 he was a publisher in Boston. Among his publications was the Polyanthus, a monthly magazine. He was connected with the Ordeal, which was published for six months in 1809, and other periodicals; but he was known chiefly by the Boston Courier (1824-'48), in his "Personal Memoirs" appeared in 1852. Old Doc. Allibone thought that these works should be in every American library. Benjamin Austin was a great gun of the Democratic party in Boston. "Our First Men," published in Boston in 1846, said that his nephew, James T. Austin, was worth \$150,000. When Buckingham was 14 years old he earned ninepence, his first piece of silver, by selling to a brush-maker "the ver, by selling to the swine as bristles that came from the swine as they were slaughtered." In 1827 he ridiculed the "railroad mania," saying that a railroad from Boston to Albany was impracticable and would be as useless as a railroad to the moon, but within a year he joined in a petition to the Legislature for a road from Boston to Ogdensburg. A dealer in second-hand books will inform you as to the worth of the Ordeal.—Ed.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "The Rose of China," a musical comedy by Guy Bolton, lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, music by Armand Vecsey. The cast, in order of appearance:

Dum Tong, gardener.....Paul Irving
Ton Ka, a Chinese dancer.....Swan Wood
Ling Tao, Tsao Ling's daughter.....
Ting-Fang-Lee.....Jane Richardson
Tsao Ling.....Stanley Ridges
Tommy Tilford.....Wm. H. Pringle
Wilson Peters.....Oscar Shaw
Polly Baldwin.....Cecil Cunningham
Priest.....Leo Dwyer
Chung, Tommy's servant.....Jos. Hadley
Grace Hobson.....Jean Barnett
Mr. Hobson, his guardian.....Herbert Belmore

If you belong to that class of people who are sick and tired of meaningless thumpings, disguised under the all-inclusive name of jazz, have not yet lost all your appreciation of beauty and your sense of romance has not been blunted, go see "The Rose of China," for it is as pretty a play as Boston has seen in a long time.

The plot is a real one; its thread is ever-present. It concerns the trials of an American who fell in love with a Chinese girl. Tommy Tilford is the man. Wilson Peters, played by none other than our old friend Frank McIntyre of "A Pair of Sixes" and "Oh, Oh, Delphine" fame, kisses the Chinese girl and thereby she loses caste, according to the traditions of her country.

Her father demands that the man who kissed her marry her. The Chinese girl is confronted by the pair, and naturally accuses Tommy Tilford of having been the "villain." It would be difficult for a dainty, demure Chinese girl to fall in love with a galloping, grinning, ever-funny 300-pound American.

Of course an American fiancée of Tommy's has to arrive in China just as everything seems rosy. But she turns out to be one of those convenient fiancées who fall out of love as easily and prettily as she can fall in love and so releases him.

The plot outline shows the chances of fun-making which McIntyre enjoyed. It was remarked last night that Boston is so accustomed to laughing at him that if he tried to be serious it would be useless. As a sympathetic friend, full of quips about married life, he was good.

Once in a long time a girl is found

who is pretty, who is sharp and who has a real voice. Jan. Richardson has all those requisites and a personality which goes right over the footlights and makes one feel a trifle jealous of Oscar Shaw. If you are a man and well, whatever feeling a woman experiences when confronted with a large amount of ability wrapped up in a charming girl.

The costumes of the piece are striking. The music is more than usually tuneful and the stage setting is excellent. There are many high-lights and several situations of dramatic tense-ness.

An Oriental dance of the whirlwind variety, introduced by Miss Louise Brownell, brought forth applause. A song by McIntyre and Miss Cunningham, the latter a cynical person whose world-wisdom set off the ingenuousness of the star to perfection, brought forth much applause. The name is "On the Banks of the Subway."

The play smacks of "Madame Butterfly," has a bit of the atmosphere of "East Is West," but yet has individuality.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," a play in four acts by Harry Gribble.

Rowena Herrick, Mrs. Palmer's Married Daughter.....Cora Witherspoon
Carton, Mrs. Palmer's Maid.....Eugenie Blair
The Hon. Charles Cardigan North, Mrs. Palmer's second husband.....Rupert Lumley
Brandon Sullivan, An Established Playwright.....John Craig
Lehle, A Tailleur.....Oscar Grey Briggs
Miss Tripp, of "The Echo".....
Mrs. Charles Cardigan North, Known on the Stage as Mrs. Michael Palmer, Mary Young
James Holden, A Rising Playwright, Keith Ross
Cozy Wooley.....Bol Loo-Yang
Philip Michael Palmer.....Charles Bickford
Mrs. Herbert Rollins, Friend of Mrs. Palmer.....Minna Gale Haynes
Miss Clara Beebe, Friend of Mrs. Rollins.....Marjorie Dalton
Guy Dunn, Friend of Mrs. Rollins.....Bert Pennington
Maid at Mrs. Rollins'.....Jessie Allison
Natalie Thompson, Philip's Fiancee, Miriam Doyle

Mr. Craig's special company last night put on this play for its first "regular performance," having tried it out at the end of their fall season.

The action centres around the "outrageous" Mrs. Palmer, an actress—English, we presume, from Miss Young's delightful accent—who has long been a favorite in the theatre. She is the mother of two unspoiled, attractive children, a girl and boy, now grown to maturity. Her boy enlists in the army and goes to the Plattsburg camp of 1916. After he has won his commission and becomes engaged to a very young girl, his fiancée overhears a bit of gossip to the effect that Philip is Mrs. Palmer's illegitimate child, the son of a former admirer who later had shot himself because of Mrs. Palmer's vagaries. Mrs. Palmer when confronted with the story tells the girl a lie; that Philip is illegitimate, giving as her reason to Philip that she was jealous of his fiancée. He goes overseas, estranged from his mother. Months later, on the night of her greatest theatrical triumph, she receives word that he has been killed. Later on, however, the report proves untrue; he has been badly wounded, and he is returned to his mother; the fiancée is sent for, and the last curtain falls on a happily reunited family.

Excepting for its too great length, Mr. Gribble's play is very interesting. But it is a little too much to ask an audience to sit through four acts, one with two long scenes. There is no necessity for it; the second act could well be shortened by the omission of some of the "society chatter." The last act had a hard time coming to a close. Aside from this fault, however,

the author has contrived a play of great human interest. His characters—with the exception of the society chatters and the girl reporter—are true to life; the story is plausible and convincing, and the conversation bright. Mrs. Palmer is a typical spoiled darling of the footlights, unreasonable, amusing in her tantrums; irresistible in her softer moments.

Miss Young's performance was wholly admirable, and her conception of Mrs. Palmer's appearance—dangling golden ornaments; trailing, useless garments; ineffectual little feet, all making the sort of woman who, like Ninon d'Enclos, never loses her power—was a delight. Her supporting company were extremely capable. Mr. Craig was, as usual, simple and natural, and always at ease.

Miss Witherspoon and Mr. Bickford, as the daughter and son, respectively, gave an excellent performance as sensible, unaffected young American people. Mr. Ross, late of the Jewett Players, did well with a rather thankless part. The play should be successful if Mr. Gribble will remember that "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows."

TREMONT THEATRE—The Ed Wynn "First Edition"—words and music by Ed Wynn, described as a frisky, froesome, jazzy and joyous musical melange in a prologue, two acts and 12 scenes. All of which was true in liberal quantity with the added attraction of clever performers, pretty girls and gorgeous costumes.

Now anyone who recalls Ed Wynn, himself, and he is very much himself in this, his first show, realizes that it is impossible not to enjoy an evening while he is about, and Wynn is about everything in the show. He is really the Mr. Cook who leads his audience through the maze, guiding footsteps and offering explanations where his plot fails—but why speak of plot? There is nothing to tax the mind. A heroine and a hero are introduced at the opening and then promptly forgotten, to be reunited in the final number by Wynn himself.

He says he knows he has failed to create heart interest, but he has been busy. "I carry a side line of candy," he adds. So in the long evening's entertainment, all too short, there is enough to pack the Tremont for the stay of this "First Edition" and a demand was created for many other editions in seasons to come.

To attempt to relate what happened would be like attempting to describe a merry-go-round in full swing. There is melody of the catchy, whistling sort. There is jazz and shlimmie of the jazziest and shimmiest type.

The production is carefully and artistically staged and, while Wynn tries to give his patrons all there is in him, he very graciously presents his company in that inimitable manner which first gained him prominence in vaudeville.

Lillian Fitzgerald jumped immediately into favor in her offering, "A Little Parisian Atmosphere" and later sang a "comeallye" in true Irish style.

The Meyakoo, three Japanese, furnished a musical number that delighted and later proved themselves clever gymnasts. As an added feature they sang an English song and danced, this being among the daintiest numbers offered in any revue or melange seen in Boston this season.

Regal and Moore, two clever dancers and acrobats, were conspicuous and satisfying in the extreme. The White Melody Boys in jazz numbers, Ida Gerber in toe dances, and a group of statuesque girls gowned in stunning costumes to delight the feminine portion of the audience, are but a few from the long list of numbers on this attractive program.

After the first act Mr. Wynn was forced to make a speech, which developed into a story, so it may be seen that the first edition of the Ed Wynn carnival is likely to prove a drawing card.

ROSE COGHLAN HEADS KEITH BILL

Delights Audience with Her
Famous "Forget Me Not"

Fifteen minutes with Rose Coghlan at Keith's this week in a vest pocket edition of her famous success, "Forget Me Not," is so fascinating one cannot help wishing it were twice as long. What pleasant memories it revives. Actresses must of course grow old same as other folks, but fortunate are those, and Rose Coghlan is among them, who grow old gracefully and never tire in deriving their pleasure from the pleasure they afford others. This one bit on the Keith bill this week is a whole show in itself.

But there are others. For downright fun Leon Errol as Fuller Rye in "The Guest" is entitled to the crown. You simply can't keep from laughing while he is on the stage. He keeps the house roaring. Then there are Bob Nelson and Frank Cronin in "Smiles." Bob comes pretty close to being the Charlie Greenwood of his sex. He keeps his audience convulsed with his amusing antics and droll songs while his partner tickles the piano.

These are but three numbers in an exceptionally interesting bill, one that includes acrobatics, trained dogs, some mighty clever dancing, and musical moments with violin and cello that are all too brief.

CLEF CLUB GIVES FIRST CONCERT

At Symphony Hall, last night, the Clef Club, W. H. Tyers, conductor, an organization of Negro musicians, gave a concert of Negro specialties.

plantation songs and popular music. The organization originated in the brain of the late James Europe, the leader who was shot while playing in Boston last fall. It was his idea that real 100 per cent jazz, full of sliding, weirdly harmonious syncopation would prove popular. He was right. Under his leadership the organization flourished.

Jazzers Are Subdued

Last night's performance proved that someone had taken it upon himself to restrain the work of the jazzers to such an extent that the performance was neither real jazz nor could it by any stretch of imagination be considered symphonic. Even the "St. Louis Blues," which has been thumped out in Syncopated harmony by every so-called jazz team in Boston, was not handled any too capably by the Clef Club. The players seemed to have been cautioned against letting go. They held back so much that they didn't really get started. There were not a few exceptions, however.

Tom Fletcher was billed as the "big noise" in story songs. He was big, he made much noise, but not half as much as the audience made in their efforts to keep him singing. Which tells their opinion of him. He was funny. He had an original viewpoint, and a deep bass voice, both of which he utilized to their fullest.

The Creole Serenaders turned out to be a quartet who used Hawaiian instruments with good effect. Their vocal efforts proved the truth of the old burlesque man's saying: "A good quartet consists of a good tenor and three men." The tenor's voice was as sweet and natural as any one could wish for.

The organization will repeat its performance tonight for the benefit of the Bay State Lodge, I. B. P. O. E. W.

HEAR ADAMSKY

By PHILIP HALE

Sergei Adamsky, tenor, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Edna Sheppard was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Osma, third and fifth songs in the cycle "Contares di mi terra;" Borod'n, Arabian melody; Rachmaninoff, Twilight; Gliere, Awake, My Child; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Ari of the Tsar in "The Snow Maiden;" Mousorgsky, King Saul; Storey-Smith, A Caravan from China comes; Redman, Sing, Heigh-Ho! Crist, Into a Ship; Treharn, The Terrible Robber; Men: Five Russian folk songs including the Volga Boat song arranged by Adamsky.

The program was of an exotic nature, but there was no thought of monotony, for there was variety of sentiment and of musical thought and expression. After the interesting Spanish songs came the entrancing Arabian melody of Borodin. Possibly an Arabian might find the music of the Russian foreign to him, yet he would recognize the mood of the song, while a Spaniard might find it profitable to trace the influence of the Moors on the music of his country. Rachmaninoff and Gliere are less oriental, but the "Twilight" of the former is beautiful in its artful simplicity. With Rimsky-Korsakoff we were in the east again. The real Mousorgsky, the Mousorgsky of the wild and irregular genius, is not revealed in "King Saul," which, composed in 1863, sounds like a fragment of some dramatic work, and a commonplace one at that.

In the group of songs sung in English, Storey-Smith's "A Caravan from China Comes" was the most noteworthy. Here, without laborious striving, the composer caught the spirit of the East. If the song had been signed with a name ending in "off" or "sky," reviewers might expatiate on the Oriental coloring characteristic of Russian and Polish composers; yet here is a hyphenated Smith that works a miracle as Mr. Griffith did in his orchestral "Kubla Khan"; succeeds in putting an Eastern scene, Eastern speech and the mystery of the East before one.

Mr. Adamsky has gained in vocal control, but even if he had not, his sincerity and effectiveness of interpretation would command respect. He was interesting throughout. He felt as well as knew his songs. The melancholy and the pride, the passion, now flaming, now smoldering, of Spaniard, Russian and of those farther east found convincing expression. Nor is the gift of communicating tender and joyous sentiment denied him.

Miss Sheppard played the accompaniments delightfully, as a pianist; as a musician in sympathy with the singer. The songs were full of meaning to her also. An audience of fair size applauded warmly.

In February, 1882, that dreamer, realist and ironist, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, knowing cruel poverty, became a mannequin at an insane asylum; he was the false madman of whom the doctor said to visitors: "He is not wholly restored to reason, but he is becoming sane!"

press. The doctor's skip. The day that this was reported, Villiers gave a description of the Cros family. "One night at the end of a dinner a son announced that he was searching to means to resurrect the dead. His father said he was utterly opposed to this discovery for it would unsettle her. Thereupon the three sons arose from the table and left the house with the contemptuous remark to the head of the family: 'You are a Saturnian.'"

The wonder is that Villiers did not write one of his "Cruel Tales" about this madhouse. Was his oriental imagination a species of madness? Anatole France said that Villiers since his 20th year had not had for a day a table or a hearth. "For 30 years he wandered from cafe to cafe at night, effacing himself as a shadow early in the morning." Yet what a genius he was! Living in a perpetual dream, he was happy. "In thought he lived constantly in enchanted gardens, in marvellous palaces, in vaults full of Asiatic treasure, where royal sapphires and hieratic virgins shone on him." Does any American read today Villiers's "Axel" and the other plays, among them "The Revolt," in which "The Doll's House" was anticipated? "The Future Eve," in which Edison invents an electric woman, an android of surpassing beauty, whose face, movements and speech produce the illusion that she is alive, should be more widely known.

Another anecdote goes with the day: A Parisian financially ruined told his sad story to a friend, ending with: "And now I'm looking for 100 francs." "And I for 2,000,000," answered the friend, putting the 100 francs in his friend's hand.

How Identified

As the World Wags:

When an almost forgotten acquaintance is recalled, one is surprised at the insignificant details that are remembered—a foot that turned in; a little finger that betrayed self-consciousness as its companions raised the coffee cup; a right ear scratched by a left hand.

So it is with cities; St. John, N. B., for instance, is the only city I know of to boast fringed, embroidered and lace edges to the linen window shades. Pawtucket, R. I., is forever associated with its inhabitants' penchant for beating carpets by moonlight. It seems to have some peculiar attraction also for people whose names announce their calling: Watt, the electrician; S. Needle, the tailor; Berry and Cheatham, undertakers. Speaking of undertakers reminds me of St. Louis with its elegant establishments for shuffling off our mortal coils—Greek columned edifices, stained-glass windows bespeaking decorous magnificence. Worcester shall always be associated in my mind with policemen in groups; back streets, main streets, wherever one of them is gathered together there are two, three and four marching, marching, marching. The best sandwiches in the world, I believe, are to be found at Lexington, Ky. A concoction I particularly relished was called "Belgian," of two kinds of cheese, yolk of egg, catchup and onion. Bostonians are superb and unique in their maintenance of supremacy in the matter of street traffic. Where else could you find that calm proprietorship which envelops the jay-walkers swarming over Winter and Washington streets? M. B. W. Worcester.

"Wait Till the Moonlight"

As the World Wags:

What a curious thing is memory! You quote precisely the first verse of the song of which I could remember only the chorus line. Ned West was a London comedian. He got into all sorts of trouble by meeting Nellie, and vowed he'd "Never go east of Temple Bar" again. And those silly old songs you resurrect! Some of them were melodically attractive in a sickly-sweet manner. How strange that I should remember every word of "Wait Till the Moonlight," whilst forgetting "Temple Bar"! Wait 'till the moonlight falls on the water, Then take your sweet 'cart out for a walk; Mind what you say, boys; that's 'ow to court 'er. Tell 'er you will wed 'er when the days grow short. She's sure to cheer you and when she comes near you. She's ever waiting for a fond sweet kiss. And if you're inclined for a midnight ramble, Tell me wot you think about a scene like this.

Boston.

L. R. R.

In "The Jest"

The New York critics are excited because Miss Gilda Varesi is taking Mr. John Barrymore's part, Giletto Malesini in "The Jest." But this part had been played before in this country by a woman, by Sarah Bernhardt; and in Boston by Mimi Aguglia in the original Italian version.

Ways of Fishing there are but few: for what fish there are are taken either with a Hook, Nets, Weels, Nooses, Jackspears and Darts. But Fishing deserves the less praise, for that fish are of hard and bad Digestion, neither grateful to the Stomach, nor were they ever accepted in Sacrifice.—Henry Cornelius Agrippa.

Trout

As the World Wags:

I received a New Year's gift this year

which I fully appreciate and feel more than grateful for. It is a book I have long desired to own, but never before had a copy. The book is Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler." I have at divers times owned some of the books on angling, the literature of which is quite extensive; Charles Haddock's "Fish and Fishing," a gift from the author, now unfortunately lost; Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia," the Rev. Dr. Prince's "I Go Fishing," Robert Blakey, "Angling." But one of my most treasured gems is a small pocket edition, by Charles Bowlker of Ludlow, Eng., on the "Art of Angling," printed at Ludlow in 1814 and containing nearly all the original flies. His preface is remarkable, or would be so considered at the present day. I quote: "In your excursions to or from fishing should you overheat yourself with walking, avoid small Liquors and Water as you would poison. A glass of generous wine, brandy or rum is more likely to promote cooling effects without danger of taking cold."

Our old teacher, Walton, is quite explicit in his directions as to the dressing and cooking of his fish, but his recipes belong to a more crude and coarser age than the present time of high moral uplift. They all contain too much claret and Madeira wine. But for a good trout, say 1½ to 2 pounds, I prefer "trout a la Roosevelt." This was introduced by Robert Roosevelt, uncle of Theodore, at the Middle Dam camp in '76, or that is where I first saw the method. Mr. Roosevelt was a guest at the camp and was given the credit of the innovation. And now to the trout.

Take a nice trout, 15 inches or more, and wipe him good and dry; take the inside out as follows. Do not slit the belly. With a small-bladed and sharp knife, cut around the gills and under the tongue, leaving the throat latch intact. Draw the inside and the gills out through the mouth, leaving the fish practically intact. Wipe the inside with a cloth and if any blood remains, wipe it out. Now rub some salt down the backbone and a little pepper. Take some pencils of nice salt pork (some prefer butter) and slip them down the throat of the fish—two ounces is plenty. Put your fish in a baking-pan. Score two or three times half way across the back. Cover with thin slices of salt pork. One pint of good fresh cream or enough to half cover the fish, bake in a medium oven and paste with the cream quite often. When done, the cream should be nearly all absorbed by the fish and come out a delicate brown. Serve from the pan with green peas and a good baked potato, jacket on, early Ohio preferable. Have a quartered lemon for any who like a few drops of lemon juice on their fish. Some shredded lemon peel placed inside the fish, not too much, improves the flavor for some persons.

The best trout I think I ever ate (pond fish) were from the Little Diamond pond near Dixville Notch, N. H. Flesh red and entirely insect fed, as I never saw any minnows in the pond. For brook trout the south branch of the Westfield river in Hampden county, this state. In June a fish of 9½ inches would weigh one-half pound; small head and roached up in the back. I used generally to draw them as soon as caught on a warm day and pack in cold damp moss.

With a fair catch—they were never very plentiful—bake over to the Four-Mile House on the Russell road to have them cooked for supper. The Four-Mile House had in times past been a great resort for "hoss" traders' conventions and other sinful games. But they had a garden, and being somewhat of a privileged person, the writer was allowed to gather his own green peas, and, in season, strawberries or raspberries. At the foot of the garden was a little brook edged with spear-mint and filled with English water cress and little fingerling trout darting out of sight and a bed of Old Maid clove pinks that I can smell now. And they kept Hudson ale, a dead-ringer for Bass—Oh, what's the use?

The Four-Mile House is gone: the trout are gone, so those say who should know, and the river is gone. The insatiable hand of progress seized the river as a water supply for Springfield and in the dry season the stream is but a thread. The timber on the Wild Cat is dead and down, and the face of the cliff has been gashed and torn with dynamite to lay the Aqueduct.

If the surmise of Sir Oliver Lodge is correct and the spirits of the departed visit the scenes of their former activities we may rest assured that my old fishing partner, Frank Cannon, when not at either Gettysburg or the Wilderness, is catching spectral trout from the streams of Blandford Russell or Granville, but I am denied the poor satisfaction of Joyce Kilmer (blest be his sleep on the banks of the Ourcq), who wished to pour a libation to the spirit of his friend at the oak tree's foot, for I doubt if the

big henlock at Pot Rock still stands. Nor would I know where to get a half pint.

And the destruction still goes on, "A mad world, my masters." II. S. Westminster.

Rhais and Magnus d'scommend all fish, and say they breed viscous, slimy nutriment, little and humorous nutriment. This controversy is easily decided. In my judgment by Ruennus I. 22, c. 13. The difference arises from the site and nature of pools, sometimes muddy, sometimes sweet; they vie in taste as the place is from whence they may be taken. In like manner almost we may conclude of other fresh fish.—Robert Burton.

BAUER AND THIBAUD

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist, gave in Jordan Hall last night the last of three joint recitals, which included all of the violin sonatas of Beethoven. Upon this occasion the sonatas in A major, Op. 12; in F major, Op. 24; and in A major, Op. 47, were played. The first of these, none too fruitful, would scarcely have been brought forth save for the sake of completion; the second is a stamping ground of amateurs, with a rondo of special beauty; the third is famous by the name of "Kreutzer."

When musicians of the first rank come together with neither stardom nor profits in mind, but primarily to play Beethoven, then rampant musical professionalism is surprised at their unqualified success. This series of concerts is a good instance of such success. Sizzling virtuosity was evidently not missed. Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer subordinated their talents to the rather simple beauties of Beethoven. And an audience large and mixed gladly listened to Beethoven and all his works—even in their varying degrees of inspiration.

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The recent statistics of births in France are reassuring to the French, who have long deplored the depopulation of their country. For many years before 1914 there was much discussion of this subject. In February, 1893, Carriere, the painter, in conversation said that it required a certain amount of courage for him to walk in the street followed by his five children. Some looked in astonishment, some laughed, and others counted aloud the children behind him. They have changed all that in France.

A Boy's Pride

On Feb. 7, 1895, the poet Mallarme told of his boyhood. He was put into a boarding school by a grandmother who was a social climber and wished to see at her house on Sundays boys of aristocratic families. On account of his plebeian name, he was kicked and euffed by his swell playmates; so that he finally told them that Mallarme was not his real name; he was the Count de Boulainvilliers. When his grandmother, visiting the school, called for him, he remained a long time in the park before answering, letting his real name die away, so slow he was in answering.

Teutons Still Toot

As the World Wags:

Did you notice how the recent Symphony concert at which Wagner reappeared brought out our pre-war German friends? One greeted me "sehr lebhaft" in the corridor during the intermission—"Isn't it beautiful, like a little bit of Germany again yet, German songs and a German singer?" (Matzenauer).

I couldn't let it go. "Oh, Matzenauer? She is a Hungarian."

"So? Yes, but she married a German."

I couldn't let it go either. "Oh, yes, but she also married an Italian."

Spiteful American. Yet I did refrain from saying, "Bruennhilde sings English now." I didn't think of it in time.

Boston. SYLVA LYNING.

John Brown's Bowie Knife

T. H. B. informs us that a family in Medford possesses a bowie knife that was John Brown's when he went to Kansas. Brown took it from a southerner whom he captured.

The Town and the Game

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Tivoli. The place was a favorite resort of the ancient Roman aristocracy and of the fashionables of the Renaissance. In Erckmann-Chatrian's "Story of a Peasant" the Tivoli of 1789 in Alsace was a little park for pleasure parties exactly as described by "G. T. J.'s" Swedish maid. As for the game, Tivoli, what more natural than to name a gambling game after a place that was a pleasure resort for more than 1000 years?

ALBERT FRENCH.

Concord.

Yes, Tivoli is an old and famous city, older than Rome. We have read of it; how the poet Horace is supposed to have owned, or rented, a small property there, and prayed that Tivoli (Tibur)

might be his last resting place. May it be the goal to one who is weary of voyages and travels and warfare? It was at Tivoli that Zenobia, whose teeth were like pearls, lived in the villa presented to her by the victorious Aurelian, or as Gibbon put it pompously: "The Syrian Queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron." President de Brosses visited Tivoli in 1749, saw the waterfalls, noticed that the Temple of the Sibyl was sadly in need of repairs, was reminded of the villas in which Macanum, Sallust and Catullus summured, found fault with the Duke of Modena for neglecting the gardens of the Villa d'Este, laid out in 1549. Hazlitt found Tivoli an enchanting, a fairy spot; he also found time to say that Byron's description of the waterfall was fine poetry, but not an accurate description. And at Tivoli our Hazlitt gave vent to his thoughts about freedom, pondering the fate of the Italians and the Greeks. "The Americans," he said, "will perhaps lose theirs when they begin fully to reap all the fruits of it; for the energy necessary to acquire freedom, and the ease that follows the enjoyment of it, are almost incompatible." Again we ask, why was the game Tivoli named after Tivoli, the ancient Tibur? Mr. French speaks of the game as a gambling one. It was not so in our little village. Maiden aunts and little children, all reeking with innocence, shared in the harmless indoor sport. One can gamble at any game; with a fly and two lumps of sugar. Tivoli is pre-eminently a game for children and milk and water innocence.—Ed.

Spats and Bonds

As the World Wags:

I was more than usually interested in your column on Saturday, not merely because I was mentioned by name in it, but on account of the intrinsic interest of its contents. I am the modest possessor of a pair of spats, which I purchased (not bought) at Selfridge's in London in 1912. I think for the sum of 2 shillings and 6. I got them because my friend, the late B. O. Pelce, whom I respected and loved more than any teacher I ever had at Harvard, had a pair, and he was no snob. I wore them at a wedding at which I was a prominent. I will not say imposing, figure, and they have lain in abeyance since. I do not think spats a low word.

I also am touched by the remarks of Mr. Gaylord Quex regarding advertisements of bonds, for which I have had to have a special waste basket made. In the form of a barrel. I have elsewhere characterized the bond salesman as the lowest form of human intellect, and his trade the favorite pursuit of the college graduate who cannot think of anything else to do. For this innocent remark I have been out on the street by a charming young man of these parts, who, it dawned on me later, was in that business. ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER. Worcester.

BURTON HOLMES TALKS ON RUSSIA

Burton Holmes gave the last illustrated lecture of his series last night in Symphony Hall. The subject was "Vanished Russia," peculiarly interesting at this time. Russian Poland was first visited. There were reminders of the old days at Warsaw, with a description of the Sokol movement of the Slavic nations and with a picture of the great demonstration by 12,000 Sokols. Then the journey to Petrograd was made. The sharp contrasts between the old imperial splendor and the present distressful days were strongly emphasized. Pictures of Bolshevik orators, riots that foreshadowed the end, were followed by pictures of the Duma and men that suddenly became prominent. Nijni Novgorod was shown with its markets, as were the winter streets of Moscow.

Not the least interesting portion of the travelogue was that devoted to the Russian women, from beauties of the ballet to the amazons of the Battalion of Death. The new army of the Soviet republic was seen in a review. Then came a call on Tolstoi, life portraits of the czar, with a study of William Hohenzollern. From the Kremlin the audience was transported into the country. Peasant dances pleased the eye. The final portion of the travelogue was concerned with Siberia, its present condition, the work of the Y. M. C. A. in that land, the struggles of the anti-bolsheviks, and the life of American soldiers on the edge of the Arctic. Pictures and descriptions were of engrossing interest.

The lecture will be repeated this afternoon. There will be a repetition of "The Battle Fields of France" on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 2:30.

JOSEF LHEVINNE

By PHILIP HALE

Josef Lhevinne, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach-d'Albert, Prelude and Fugue, D. major; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Beethoven-Saint Saens, ehorus of Dervishes; Schumann, Etudes, Symphoniques; Rachmaninoff, Preludes, E. flat minor, op. 23; G major op. 23; G minor, op. 23; Schloetzer, Etude; Glinka-Balakireff, L'Alouette; Dohnanyi, Etude Caprice; Balakireff, Islamery.

Mr. Lhevinne was a formidable pianist when he played here 14 years ago; he was a formidable pianist in 1912; he is formidable today, formidable as a pianist and a maker of programs. Because a pianist is formidable, he may nevertheless be treated respectfully; he may even inspire awe. There is room for all sorts and conditions of pianists in the great Temple of Music. When a man has attained a high position we may accept him as he is, as his nature impels him, as his intelligence allows. Mr. de Bachmann is not the less delightful by reason of his whims and caprices, his oral volubility as he annotates the music and his performance of it while he plays. Mr. Paderevski gives pleasure, but not on account of scenic and spectacular accessories; the lowered lights, the long waiting after the appointed hour before he comes upon the stage.

Mr. Lhevinne is indisputably a master of technique; he has great strength; yet, on occasion, he will "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." His playing of ehorus is noteworthy for a solidity that is not metalle; also for a crispness that is unusual. He can sing plausibly a melody. His speed does

not destroy clearness. He launches his thunderbolts with the coolness of Olympian Jove. He understands the structure of compositions, but does not underrate the intelligence of a hearer by turning himself into a painstaking analyst.

What is all this worth of the performance is not intimate, sensuous—we use the word in the higher sense—emotional? There is a lack of warmth; there is a lack of spirituality in Mr. Lhevinne's playing. The music does not come from within; it is all objective.

In Bach's Prelude and Fugue, a piano virtuoso organ piece, which shines throughout the o'ermastering influence of Buxtehude; in Saint-Saens's brilliant paraphrase of Beethoven's music in "The Ruins of Athens"; in music of this nature, Mr. Lhevinne shines as a star of the first magnitude; but this music is not of the highest order; it only excites wonder at the proficiency of the player; it is a sure trap for the applause of those wishing to be stunned or to join in the madness of whirling Dervishes.

A sonata by Beethoven or one of Schumann's better compositions calls for a poet. It is to be observed that Mr. Lhevinne ignores the ultra-modern French school. It is not easy to think of him as an exponent of impressionism. Can he justly be classed as an interpreter, even of the classics?

"Sacred and Profane Love," a play in three acts, founded on the novel of the same name, by Arnold Bennett, is published by George H. Doran Company, New York. The novel itself is better known in this country as "The Story of Carlotta." It is not one of Mr. Bennett's best romances. As in the novel, so in the play, it is not easy to see where the "sacred love" comes in. In the novel, Carlotta hears a pianist play, and is so moved that she speaks to him, goes to his lodgings and spends the night with him. In London she has an affair with a publisher which ends tragically and is known as a novelist who makes a specialty of sex problems. In Paris she runs across her pianist, now a dope fiend. She rescues him from his slavery. He composes an opera that is at once successful. He leaves to give a concert tour in America. She dies suddenly from appendicitis and there are a few lines about her in a Paris journal.

The play has a happy ending. Carlotta and Diaz marry, after she returns him to the concert stage. They marry after having lived together; for as Carlotta wisely remarks: "I quite see that we can't continue to shock London indefinitely."

The first performance of this play was at Liverpool, Sept. 15, 1919, when Iris Hoey took the part of Carlotta and Franklyn Dyall played Diaz. The first performance in London was on Nov. 10 of last year. While the play was condemned as being curiously disconnected and episodic, it was described by some as ingenious and interesting with humorous touches. A "needlessly bad effect"

was produced, after the kind shown in the self-explanatory dialogue of the first act, by "the audacity of exposing the girl to give herself to Diaz almost uninvited." A leading critic found the play not so much hard as cold, "rather sentimental than cynical, diffuse, poetic, and quite anxious to explain itself in terms of respectability." Mr. Winkley characterized Carlotta as "a thoroughly competent woman, as Mr. Bennett's women are apt to be, and much the superior of the men she loves, whether morphinomaniacs or publishers."

In this country Miss Elsie Ferguson takes the part of Carlotta.

"Rip Van Winkle," a folk-opera in three acts, by Percy MacKaye, for which De Koven composed music, is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. It is not safe to judge a play or a libretto until the play or the opera is seen on the stage. A literary charm is too often injurious to dramatic effects. This opera has been performed in Chicago and New York. The critics are not of one mind concerning the libretto. When an opera fails or has only moderate success, friends of the composer put the blame on the librettist, while the friends of the librettist sniff at the music. It is not easy to see why Mr. MacKaye calls his libretto a "folk" opera. He has taken the old story of Rip, made familiar by Irving and later by Joseph Jefferson, and has re-shaped it curiously. Rip is not married before he goes to the mountains. Katrina has a little sister, Peterkee, who meets with Rip the crew of the Half Moon. They like her and give her a magic flask. When Rip returns, old, bent, flouted by the villagers, she hands him the magic flask, and lo, he is as he was before his sleep. Hudson and his crew accompany the couple to the church. A Goose Girl with a song is introduced to pass away the time, and a supposedly comic element is supplied by young Van Bummel, who stutters throughout the play. Until the opera is performed here, it would not be fair to say whether the text inspired the composer or is advantageous to the singers. Merely reading the libretto, one might say that a good story had been needlessly spoiled.

"Cleopatra's Night," text by Alice L. Pollock, who based the libretto on Gautier's story, music by Henry Hadley, is published in handsome form for voice and piano by Oliver Ditson Company. The opera was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on Jan. 31, when Mme. Alba took the part of Cleopatra. Strange to say, the critics did not then note the fact that an opera based on this story of Gautier's was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, on April 25, 1885, when Sophie Heilbron took the part of Cleopatra. The composer, Victor Masse, died in 1884. The librettist was the experienced Jules Barbier. There were 39 performances.

The librettist of Mr. Hadley's opera was censured because she "softened" the character of Cleopatra, who gave the amorous man of the people, who pleased her fancy, a night of love on condition that he would die the next morning. In Gautier's story the Queen is thus classed with Margaret of Burgundy and Thamar. Gautier pictures the slave, poisoned, lying on the floor when Antony returns. He asks the meaning. Cleopatra smiles and says she was only testing a poison that she might take if Augustus should make her prisoner. But in Mr. Hadley's opera she caresses the dead body, sings lovingly to it with "her voice breaking," kisses his lips tenderly as she hears Antony calling from without.

In Masse's opera "Charmion," the attendant of the Queen is in love with the fellah, whose mother is introduced, as are Bocchoris, the chief of the guards, and a muleteer, who has a song of "local color."

The lover of a night appears also in Mme. de Girardin's drama "Cleopatra," which was produced at the Theatre Francais on Nov. 13, 1847, when Rachel took the part of the Queen. But this lover, a slave, though poisoned, does not die. He is brought to life by Venetian Diomedes and a Greek physician, so that, for political reasons, Antony, made jealous, could be separated from the Queen. This slave is appointed to act as spy on Cleopatra, but he strives to save her. At the end, when Antony is dead, there is a stormy scene between Cleopatra and Octavia. The latter cries: "The true wife is the one that does not outlive her husband." Cleopatra tries to stab herself, but is prevented. The slave, disguised as a priest of Ammon, brings her the asp. Beauvallet added to his reputation by his impersonation of the slave. In spite of the glowing eulogy of Theophile Gautier, the play was not successful.

E. Robert Schmitz

E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, who will play at the Symphony concerts this week, was born in Paris of an Alsatian family. He studied the piano at the Paris Conservatory with the late Louis Diemer and was awarded the first prize in 1910. He then made concert tours and accompanied Maggie Teyte, Julia Child, Lula Myscz-Gmeiner and other singers. In 1911-12 he began as a pianist and con-

Michel Fokine

"I have composed many dances and pantomimes," he says, "and other people have taken them around the world, sometimes with my permission, sometimes without, often doing violence to my ideas, and many times calling what is mine their own. But here I am. I spent my last roubles for a horse to assist me in traveling. I reached Denmark without money and went to work. In six months I was on my feet again." Then he described his flight from Petrograd.

"From 1904 to 1909, I was a young chap working in the Imperial Ballet at Petrograd, following the usual formulas which the institution had inherited. I was skeptical of the old methods. I asked one of my professors why we followed them. 'Because that is tradition,' he said. 'It can't be different.'

"I thought it could be different, so I composed two or three ballets each year, and produced them with pupils. I did not dare attempt to interfere with the stiff corsetine 'toutou' or dancing costume or with the 'toe of metal' or the regular geometrical arrangement of the corps de ballet of the Imperial Theatre. My first, 'Les Sylphides,' 'Cleopatre,' 'Coppiliana,' 'Acls and Galatea,' and 'Prince Igor,'

"As ballet master of the Paris season of Russian ballet in 1909 I introduced some of these spectacles and the success was phenomenal. The following year in Paris I composed 'Schekera-zade,' 'Fire Bird,' 'Spectre of the Ross' and a number of others. In 1911 I did 'Petrouchka' and 'Thamar.' In 1912 I composed 'Daphnis and Chloe,' with music by Ravel. That same year I produced at Petrograd 'Orpheus and Eurydice' and at last my ideas had been completely accepted. In 1913 I composed for Mme. Pavlova 'Les Preludes' to music of Liszt, and two weeks before the war started I composed and produced at Paris 'Le Coq d'Or.' Since, I have produced a number of important works, chiefly at Petrograd—notably 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice,' with Dukas's music.

"Formerly the solo dancer made the same kind of entrance—went through the same motions, whether the subject was a pantomime of modern Europe or ancient Assyria. She wore a short, umbrella skirt and a laced bodice; her hair in modern style, diamonds in her ears and a fixed smile on her face. All this was tradition. No one ever had the idea that a Spanish effect might be desirable for the ballet of the opera 'Carmen.' 'Ah, Mr. Fokine,' said an expert to me once, 'do not risk changing the entrance, or you will surely spoil the performance.' Now it is different. We look for expression, rather than for technique in the dance."

Wilkie Bard at Keith's

Theatre: His Peculiar Art

Willie Bard, for many years a favorite with the audiences of London music halls, will be at E. F. Keith's new theatre this week. Romantic stories have been told about his name; the following one is said to be true.

"There is a British custom for those desiring a professional cognomen to use their own Christian name in conjunction

with the mother's maiden name. Mr. Bard's Christian name was Willie, and his mother's name was Gerhard. In those days the comedians wore very high collars, cloakers very much like those used by Louis Mann and Sam Bernard. These collars had to be made to order. When placing an order with a new firm the name and address were left with a clerk. When the collars were delivered the label read "Willie Bard." It seemed an unusual name, and impressed Mr. Bard so much that he decided in the future it would be the cognomen he would try to make famous. In this manner, an unknown haberdashery clerk created a name that was to become known all over the world."

It is also said that Mr. Bard 24 years ago was a clerk in a cotton broker's office in Manchester, Eng. He was also the star of an amateur theatrical company.

Mr. W. R. Titterton in his amusing book, "From Theatre to Music Hall," published eight years ago, studied the art of Mr. Bard in contrast with that of Mark Sheridan, and entitled the study: "The Unctuous and the Dry." He spoke of Bard's "Sympathetic, confidential oiliness, that comfortable, generous self-complacency." He saw him as a policeman falling asleep, murmuring happily:

"A'm here—if A'm wanted,

Mr. Titterton continued: "Wilkie Bard comes from a Lancashire village or a Lancashire town. He is not a peasant because there are no peasants in Lancashire, but he is as near to the peasant as the humorous Lancastrian can come. He loves the types he creates, and they are all leisurely. You cannot dream of bustle while he speaks. And all his types are sunny—at peace with all men and in hopes of a bright hereafter. When he makes fun of people—as he sometimes does of those who are supposed to help him in his song—the ridicule sounds like a benediction."

Notes of a Personal Nature About Stage Folk and Musicians

Albert Coates has been offered the conductorship of the Royal Philharmonic Society of London. According to all reports, he is a remarkable conductor. His name was mentioned in connection with the Boston Symphony orchestra before Mr. Rabaud was engaged. Mr. Coates had then left Petrograd, or was about to leave, if the Bolsheviki could be persuaded to let him go.

Weedon Grossmith's "few things" sold at auction in London included "mainly household trappings and decorations, ranging from an old English cruet frame (with spirally fluted glass casters and bone tops), various pewter tankards, including one from the old Globe Tavern at Wapping, to Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton cosy chairs and useful cabinets; a porter's chair entirely covered with green leather, a tall Tansley clock in Sheraton oak case, an old table piano by Astor of Cornhill, a chandelier of green porcelain, with branches fitted for a dozen electric lights, and old Jacobean, Queen Anne and Georgian chests and settees.

Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson) will reappear at a West end theatre, London, with Peggy Primrose in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

The Daily Telegraph speaks England's indebtedness to Bolshevism for the appearance of Lawrance Collingwood, a composer of English birth who studied in 1911 at Petrograd with Tcherepin and Steinberg. His "Symphonic Poem" was performed there by the Court orchestra and in 1916 a scene from his "remarkable" music to "Macbeth" was played. He has written two piano sonatas, and settings for voice and piano of some of Dowson's poems. "It is probably in his 'Macbeth' music—that tremendous monologue of Macbeth before and the interview with Lady Macbeth after the murder—that Collingwood has gone furthest and is more completely himself."

and is more completely himself. Often one comes across odd names of composers, but I seriously hope that Drifill is no more than a name of him who wrote the Andantino in 5-4 time, which Mr. J. A. Meale is to play at his recital in the Central Hall on Wednesday next at 1. I remember a flutist named Tootill. Wagner, Rubinstein and Chopin also figure in Mr. Meale's scheme with one Mansfield. The last I take not to be Edgar Mansfield, our own H. H. Pierson of pious' memory, who Germanised his name because we didn't like his music, and died in Hamburg or Leipzig. I forget which. Anyhow, I've wrote the music always used in my time for the performances of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." How many folk remember or have heard that? —London Daily Telegraph.

Miss Felice Lyne sang the "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Hamlet." She ought, of course, by rights to be competing with the multitude in the fashionable folksong and the sempiternal song of atmosphere. Instead of which she goes about haling souls out of men's bodies by slinging actual tunes and trolling wonderful roudales in the fashion of our grandmothers better than anyone else at this moment can do it, and, what is more, as well as she has ever done it herself in the past.—London Times.

Grock is going wonderfully well. Confidentially, I think Percy Reiss put over a splendid bit of business the way he

handed the crown. Last Sunday many New York papers carried a Press story regarding a brook which was a "masterpiece" of my pal, Walter Kingsley's publicity man to the Keith houses. Had Walt r "pulled" such a story in London he would have been promptly removed to the Tower, there to be hung by the neck or shot. The story was to the effect that when the Germans broke through at Cambrai, and the English were temporarily retreating (Walter did not say temporarily), the English nation became despondent. "Even King George and the royal family," so the story ran, "felt the depressing effect of the coun-

try's setback. In their sad extremity they sent for Grock. The famous clown hurried to Buckingham Palace, and by his comedy genius he restored the smiles and the confidence of the nation's rulers." America is a democratic country, yet it falls for this sort of nonsense. The story of Grock's wonderful effect on royalty is also carried on the Palace programs, and was carried the whole week prior to his appearance. I met Kingsley tonight and said: "You'd be shot at sunrise if you tried to launch that sort of a story in a London paper." Of course, Walter, with a smile, answered with the old gag: "I don't get up that early."—New York correspondent of the Stage (London).

Details of the will of the late Mr. H. B. Irving, who died on Oct. 17 last, are announced as follows: Gross estate was sworn at \$39,176 15s. 3d; net value of the estate after deduction of deceased's debts, etc., \$27,824 2s. 4d. From this sum is to be deducted \$343 8s. 8d., the estate duty payable. Pecuniary legacies were left to Mrs. Irving of £500, and to the two children of £1000 each; the remainder was left upon trust, the income being payable to Mrs. Irving for her life, and at her death to the two children in equal shares.

The multitude of friends made by Emile Milynarski, for so long conductor of the Scottish orchestra, and a familiar figure in London musical life, will be glad to hear that, according to information recently received, he has been enabled to leave Moscow for his estate on the Niemen, together with his family. But, to the infinite regret of all who ever knew him, Alexander Siloti died in the early autumn of last year—God rest him, for a better never walked. I have in my possession a book in which many distinguished musicians who have visited England in many past days have inscribed their names, some of them with funny attachments, so to speak. Dear old friend Siloti—I knew him 27 years ago—wrote the last time he was here, and among other things that he wrote were the most remarkable “forgeries” of the signatures of Anton Rubinstein and Liszt. When I remarked on the extraordinary similarity of the “forgeries” to the originals (I know Liszt’s handwriting as well as Liszt knew it) Siloti told me that during the year he lived with Liszt at Weimar he was Liszt’s secretary in nearly all his letter writing. But was limited only by the cheque book so close was the “forgery” to the original. This fact may have its significance, since as Siloti was full of fun, he may well have written Lisztian letters with his own hand that have passed into libraries as original; if they have, I’ll wager that they have not been discovered! Many readers may recall a magnificent pronunciamento I printed in this page at

the beginning of the war which Siliti had issued to the German press, in which he declared his firm determination never again to set his foot upon a German concert platform. A great pianist was Siliti, and an even greater man. A fine appreciation by him of the Liszt he adored and served so well was issued. I think, in Edinburgh by his friend (and mine), Mr. James Simpson. Hail to Mlynarski; farewell to dear old friend Siliti!—London Daily Telegraph.

W. F. Clitheroe, an English actor, who was for 30 years out of a stage life of 50 years, associated with Wilson Barrett in "The Sign of the Cross," "Claudian," etc., died recently at the age of 87.

Gaby Deslys, very sick in Paris, has undergone another operation.

Some eight days ago I returned home to find, without any warning, that our old friend Fernandez Arbos was sitting in my own chair! There he was, smiling, twinkling, fun—all as in those 30 years that he lived among us when we thought nothing of wars and things, and only were out to make the most of life as we saw it then, when all the world was young, as it will be again for all but the black-edged by nature. Arbos had made a mad rush from Paris, where he had conducted a concert of Spanish music at the Opera (whigh, incidentally, the "strikers" insisted on giving in spite of the strike), in order to see a few friends, I for one regret very much that his immensely arduous work in Madrid, the Spanish provinces, and San Sebastian necessitates his remaining in Spain; for a more genial, earnest, capable, human musician never breathed our fog.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Arbos is well remembered here. Perhaps he was not the one for the position of concert master, but he was a fine musician, an accomplished mimic, and a delightful gentleman.

**Lady Gregory's New Play; Notes
About the Stage and Actors**

"The Golden Apple," a play in three acts and 19 scenes, by Lady Gregory, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Jan. 8. The Stage remarked: "What-

ever it may be. In the meantime (and the book has long been published), in the theatre "The Golden Apple" does not "get across." Not even the good acting it had at the hands of the Abbey Players could save it from the condemnation of faint applause. Regretfully must it be said Lady Gregory has essayed the impossible. One can no more evoke drama out of a subject essentially undramatic than one can make bricks without straw. The defect is in the theme—Lady Gregory has hopelessly hampered herself by weaving a 'story of old world enchantment' in which the characters are perpetually going hither and thither across half the world, and the clear conduct of

the plot necessitates the breaking up of the action into an excessive number of short scenes, which call for a frequent lowering of the tableaux curtains—an expedient frittering away the interest. Added to this, the general air of leisurely progression, such as renders the old-fashioned histories wearisome to the flesh when put into action, is painfully accentuated by Lady Gregory's unique predilection for discursive and embroidered speech. Although fine feathers make fine birds, fine writing does not make a fine play. Equally clumsy with the sohem of 'The Golden Apple' is its treatment. Although designed as a child's play, fun is almost wholly absent."

At the old Vic in London 11 plays and five operas were performed between Dec. 20 and Jan. 30. Among the plays were "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Coriolanus" and "The Tempest," alternating with operas so widely contrasted as "The Bohemian Girl" and "Figaro," "Carmen" and "Lohengrin." To a house packed from the three-shilling stalls to the three-penny gallery, "Lohengrin" was performed.

In the devastated area of France, where British soldiers are engaged this winter in searching for the bodies of their dead comrades and removing them to the cemeteries, the Y. M. C. A. reports that it has established huts for the comfort of the men working in these isolated places. At Roisel, in the Somme area, a hut has been constructed entirely from the debris of the battlefields, even the stage scenery being painted on the backs of dummy tanks. On its stage, quite ambitious plays have been presented.

Mr. H. C. Bailey, discussing a revival of "Julius Caesar" in London, says that while Antony is the most interesting character in Shakespeare's story, the great actors have usually preferred to play Brutus; that the play is not the tragedy of Caesar, but of Brutus, for whom our sympathies are asked, and Brutus dominates the play. Yet "it is quite certain that the real Brutus was as poor a creature as any professional politician in all the ages," Mr. Bailey also thinks that Caesar could have saved himself. "He had done so much that nothing was left to do; he was tired, his health was weakening—and so they could kill him if it amused them."

"The Snows of Destiny" is a Swedish film of more than usual interest. We have often in these columns had occasion to protest against the prevalence of the unexpected "happy ending" in present-day films, and it is left to this Swedish film to prove to an audience that a story can be quite conclusive even though it ends unhappily. It is perfectly obvious that an unhappy ending does not inevitably lead to perfection. It is equally obvious that a happy ending is not invariably suitable. What should be aimed at is a logical ending. So many film authors construct a plot that is pure drama for three-quarters of its length and then becomes sentimental nonsense."—London Times.

News of Parisian Theatres as Reported by The Stage

Mme. Bernhardt has produced at her theatre a play by Pierre Frondale, author of several dramatizations and one or two plays of his own. 'I doubt if 'La Maison Cernée' is much suited to the usual public of the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, for all its romantic intrigue and setting. In craftsmanship, it is an advance on the author's earlier work, 'Montmartre,' but it is little more or less than a domesticated melodrama. The plot is very similar to 'L'Aïbî' and Augustin Thomas's 'Rio Grande,' with the difference that it does not present the same shrewd study of certain phases of military life, for M. Frondale has chosen English officers for his characters and Mesopotamia for his setting; neither of which bear the stamp of much personal observation or intimate knowledge on the part of the author. 'The old and ever harrowing dilemma of a man who must sacrifice his honor or compromise the woman he loves is the main plot of the play. Jeff Gordon and Lady Ward are platonic lovers, we are given to understand, but when he is ordered on a dangerous mission they arrange a secret meeting to say 'Good-by.' Maj. Davis has an eye on Jeff, and has the house surrounded—hence the title. Jeff cannot leave without com-

"Quentin Durward," a new opera in one act, based on Scott's novel, music by Allick Maclean, was produced at Newcastle, Eng., on Jan. 13. "Here," said the Times, "at last is a British opera with a healthy story, combined with live and original music of which the critic can write with unreserved appreciation. The usual tale of new British operas is a monotonous one, either of a work conceived on a 'grand scale' wending its turgid way through storm and passion to the accompaniment of music 'advanced' to the point of eccentricity or popular to the verge of banal triviality. 'Quentin Durward' teems with real melody. The leitmotif is freely used throughout, but to give coherence to the development of the story, not as a mere label to characters as they appear. The orchestration is bright, sparkling, melodious, and full of warmth and color. It is grateful to a musician's ear. The singers also have real vocal music to interpret. Isabelle's songs are full of tender beauty. There is genuine characterization in music of the other characters, and not the least part of the listener's joy comes from the choruses, which are removed from British traditions both of oratorio and musical comedy. Mr. Maclean has a true operatic sense of climax, which he achieves without any time-worn tricks. To this he adds a fine dramatic sense and power of contrast. The best praise of his work is that it faithfully reproduces the romantic atmosphere of Scott. The performance was good. Mr. Kirkman played the alternately dignified and obsequious King with ability and insight. Miss Eda Bennie sang Isabelle like a musician. Mr. Perry has a charming tenor voice, and made a great success of Quentin, but would do well to put more impetuosity into the part. The rest of the characters were all in adequate hands, and the enthusiastic reception of this genuinely British work was thoroughly deserved."

When Mr. Bridge was called on suddenly to conduct an orchestral concert for Sir Henry Wood, who had caught a chill, the program asked for "Sympathy and Intuition." This led the critic of the London Times to say: "We drew a check on the former and paid out what small change we happened to possess of the latter, and had a good deal for our money. The 'Habanera,' in Ravel's Rapsodie Espagnole, with the original theme inverted, and the lifelike 'Fair' pleased us most. These Frenchmen, and promising the colonel's wife; he cannot remain without compromising his career. He therefore resolves to shoot himself. Lady Ward's brother had guessed their secret, and performed Jeff's mission in his place. The latter is prevented from committing suicide, and eventually both he and Lady Ward confess. The gallant colonel gets himself decently shot, and, in a hospital overlooking Jerusalem, he unites the two lovers with his final benediction. The play is very trite, and the style is melodramatic. Louis Gautier, who has long been seen in lover's parts, made a sympathetic figure of the Colonel; MM. Yonnel and Decœur were good as the romantic lover and the suspicious major; Mlle. Michelle, who had been greatly over-tired by the final rehearsals, fainted away on the opening night. It is difficult to judge what she is capable of doing in an emotional part for this reason."

"L'Alceon" was revived for the holidays with Mme. Simone in the leading part. Mme. Bernhardt will play in Rene Fauchois's new play "Rossini," taking the part of the composer's mother. The play was announced for Lyons this month. It will then go to Paris. "Mme. Bernhardt is very enthusiastic, and declares that this play is vastly superior to all the author's previous work. "Three managers are already trying to secure the Paris rights, but it is probable that Mme. Bernhardt will produce it at her own theatre in the spring."

"Fauchois, leaving for Milan to secure the rights to important selections of Rossini's music which will accompany the play, told me that Sarah Bernhardt had learned nearly all her part in three days, and was as energetic as ever at rehearsals."

"Following the example of the prolific Sacha and the literary attempts of Lucien Guitry, Mme. Jeanne Desclès (Mme. Lucien Guitry) has also written a play, in which she is now appearing at the Theatre Michel. Mme. Desclès had already taken up sculpturing a while ago, and as Sacha Guitry neglected to provide a part for her in the Guitry family play, 'Mon Pere Avait Raison,' it gave her an excellent opportunity to write one for herself. A piece of music lying on the piano in her drawing room suggested the title, 'L'Heure Exquise.' The rest is chiefly words. Mme. Desclès should know the modern artist's set, which she tries to depict, rather well, yet her observations are very elementary, and her characters trivial and vaguely traced. Mme. Desclès cannot be truthfully said to show any special aptitude as a playwright. Her little comedy was more like a reception in her own house; the bandage broken by such interludes as Mlle. Paulette Duval, in a Spanish dance, and Reynoldo Hahn's charming melody, 'L'Heure Exquise,' which we heard again with genuine delight. Mme. Desclès, of course, plays the leading

part with a dash. Sacha Guitry, who for some time in Paris, in the past, "Sacha Guitry has just opened his own tiny theatre. Bought before the war, it has been closed for five years, and during that time Sacha Guitry's talent and popularity have outgrown the playhouse. He now plans to devote it to the plays of his friends, and has chosen 'L'Heure Exquise' as his first production. It is by Henri Duvernois, whose novels and short stories have gained a wide popularity, and who already shows many qualities that should insure his success upon the stage. His style is delicate and witty; his characters are amusingly drawn, and his ideas are sufficiently original to be entertaining."

"Francois de Curel's new play, 'L'Ame en Folie,' produced by the French Dramatists' Corporation at the Theatre des Arts, has met with a huge success. It is extremely fine, more philosophical than dramatic, and is undoubtedly a piece of literature that will live. It is astonishing that the Comedie Francaise refused it."

"After Mlle. Jane Marnac, Mlle. Jane Renouardt will have her own theatre. It appears to be the style among the young and most successful French actresses. Her theatre will be a small new playhouse in the Rue Dauphine, just off the Avenue de l'Opera, and will contain some 500 persons, the decorations and general appearance of the theatre will be luxurious. These drawing-room theatres are springing up on all sides in Paris. Among the plays that Mlle. Renouardt will produce will be comedies by Donnay and Yves Mirande. Above the theatre a large dancing hall has been arranged for devotees of fox-trotting."

"Tristan Bernard has also acquired a theatre of his own. This is the novelty, a little music-hall-theatre-de-genre off the boulevards. He intends to give intimate little comedies and farces of his own, and as soon as the success of the piece begins to wane to send it on tour with the original company, and put on another play."

"The Opera-Comique has produced a new comic opera, 'La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque,' taken from the novel of Anatole France, with music by Le Vade."

"The Odeon has just produced a new play by Brieux, 'Les Americains Chez Nous.'"

Ravel not least, have extraordinary perception of the moment when a flavor is beginning to pall. It must be very exciting, too, to be able to think so orchestrally that what you write would make nonsense on the piano. That, thinking orchestrally, is a virtue that Mr. de Greef possesses in his fingers. He makes the piano sound like a miniature orchestra—some crisp chords in the left hand just like horns, a theme in the left hand (f) and the octaves of it in the right (pp), just like the low notes of the flute, and so on. When Saint-Saëns (Fifth Concerto) is played like that, our doubts are answered. His strong sense of rhythm made the accompaniment an easy task, but he took as much help as he gave. Butterworth's 'English Rhapsody,' one of the most poetical pieces of modern English music, and Schubert's C major, where one never knows whether to admire most the 'inevitable' Scherzo or the tremendous lift of the Finale, were the other two orchestral works."

The London Times evidently did not like some of John Ireland's songs last month: "All of Ireland's, except the 'Heart's Desire,' which is a real song, are recitatives, which are one stage removed from the recitation to music. Mr. Ireland writes these, no doubt, because it gives him pleasure to do so, and Mr. Douglas sings them because he likes them, but we think it will be a long time before any audience of English people, however musical, will honestly enjoy them. They are far removed from ordinary thought and feeling; we do not live like this in the abstract; our blood pulses more warmly, and we cannot get a full meal of verbal felicities. Mr. Gibbs's 'Nod' is excellent—once; but no one who really appreciated its carefully sustained mood could have dreamed of singing it twice running. The 'Scarecrow' would lose nothing by repetition—it has nothing to lose."

Appropos of Messrs. Bauer and Thibaud with their series of Beethoven's violin sonatas, we quote from the London Daily Telegraph: "When the other day the L. S. Q. gave their second concert in Aeolian Hall I referred to their forthcoming Beethoven Festival of the Quartets, and I suggested that there were many objections to the playing of the Quartets in strictly chronological order, and that I, for one, would prefer infinitely that the works would be heard to greater advantage by being judiciously mixed. I understand now that the L. S. Q. themselves, while agreeing with my suggestion, hold that the chronological order is the most attractive to the general public. I have not the slightest doubt that the L. S. Q. know their own business better than I, but, for curiosity's sake, I would rather like to know what my readers think in the matter. I can understand the Liszt-Mozsky Quartets being thoroughly enjoyable, even if the whole of them were played at one sitting; but when it comes to the other end of the scale—what then?"

An interesting concert of modern Spanish orchestral music took place on Wednesday (Jan. 14) at the Paris Opera

House, the celebrated pianist, and the orchestra, who, in the opinion of the critic, "the concert was a success, and the whole of the performance, were authorized by the syndicate to give their services, and in this way the success of the concert was assured. The late Senor Granades was represented by his symphonic poem, 'Lilliana,' and the two preludes, 'Follet' and 'Maria del Carmen,' which were conducted by his son Eduardo. Senor Arco directed the remainder of the program, which contained a number of new works, including Senor de Fallas' 'Nana dans les Jardins d'Espanne,' for piano and orchestra (soloist Joaquin Nin); 'La Divina Comedia,' a symphonic poem by Conrado del Campo; a striking little 'Legenda Basque,' by J. Turidi; and 'Ereton's' delightful 'Polo Gitano.' Senor Arco's brilliant orchestral versions of 'El Puerto' and 'Triana' (Albeniz) were enthusiastically received and the latter had to be repeated. Turina's 'Procesion del Rocio' completed the program. The concert afforded additional evidence (if any were needed) that the modern Spanish school is producing composers and works of first rank and welcome originality.—London Times."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

At the Boston Symphony concerts in Symphony Hall next Friday and Saturday the Piano Concertino by John Alden Carpenter of Chicago will have its first performances here. The piano part will be played by E. Robert Schmitz, a French pianist, who will be heard here for the first time. For the same program Mr. Monteux has chosen Schumann's 'Rhenish' Symphony, No. 3, and Goldmark's overture to 'Sakuntala.'

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Messrs. Ysaye and Elman, violinists. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Maud Cuney Hare in a music talk and recital of Afro-American and Creole folk-music. William H. Richardson, baritone. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-soprano, Calhara, Gernie, and J. S. Searl, tenor. Songs: 'L'Heure Exquise,' Clara Schumann, 'Among the Shadows,' Cornelia, Violets; Rimsky-Korsakoff, 'Nature's Voice,' Weeping of the Waters; Franck, 'La Procession,' Dubois, 'Par le Sentier,' G. Faure, 'Après un Reve,' Chabrier, 'Ballade des Gros Dindons,' Tremsot, 'Crepuscule,' Hahn, 'Trois Jours de Vendange,' Massenet, 'Les Adieux de Divonne' ('Sapho'), Kramer, 'The Fettered Dusk,' Scott, 'A Song of London,' Ireland, 'Spring Sorow,' Peterson, 'Children's Songs from Australia,' A Little Aborigine, 'Kangaroo Song,' Cadman, 'Hor Shadow' ('Shanewis'), Mrs. Dudley Fitts, pianist.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Quintet Club. Florent Schmitt's piano quintet and Haydn's Quartet, op. 64, No. 3.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 14th Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor, D. Robert Schmitz, pianist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Emilio de Gogorza, baritone. Three songs of old France; Rachmaninoff, 'The Isle; Moussorgsky, 'The Goat; Rachmaninoff, 'In Silence of Night; Alvarez, 'En Calaca; Ericella, 'Cancion Vascongada; Granados, 'Amor y Odo; Alvarez, 'Los Ojos Negros; Paladino, 'Suzanne; Lalo, 'Abade from 'Le Roi d'ys'; Widor, 'Le Plongeur; Homer, 'Requiem; Cyril Scott, 'Old Loves; J. A. Loud, 'The Sea Gypsy.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

CONCERT NOTES

Tomorrow night, in Jordan Hall, Herbert Ringwall and Rudolph Ringwall, of the New England Conservatory of Music faculty, will play these pieces: Brahms, sonata in G, for piano and violin; Langley, sonata in F minor, for piano and viola; Grieg, sonata in C minor for piano and violin.

The date of the second free chamber concert provided by Mrs. Coolidge of New York, in Paine Hall, Cambridge, has been changed from Feb. 19 to Monday evening, Feb. 16. The program will consist of Beethoven's quartet in E flat major, op. 74, a quartet by Kreisler, and lighter pieces.

"L. C. C. trams in London now display the notice: 'Disabled men first, please.' Belfast trams used to bear—and perhaps still do—the legend: 'The liftboat rule is women and children first.' This reminds us of a little story.

Boston Chivalry

A few nights ago a lady, arriving after midnight by train at the Back Bay station, with two traveling bags, saw only one cab for passengers. Two men were getting into it. They looked at her and—got in. The driver, a Negro, seeing the lady's plight, asked her here she wished to go. She answered: 'The Chilton Club.' He said: 'Would you mind, ma'am, sitting up here with me?' The two men inside heard this. They did not ask her to share the cab with them; they were not shamed

by the New Englanders and their dogs. One said to the other: 'I think I'll try the Albanian cab.' The other said: 'I'll drive off, the men inside the lady on the box, sitting next a gentleman.'

Songs of the Pump

As the World Wags

The foreign news in Hoppers for December, 1850, contains the following item:

"A temperance festival was held on the 11th at the London Tavern. The company, between five and six hundred, were entertained with tea, speeches and temperance melodies. The principal speaker was Mr. George Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, who was vehemently applauded."

Will you not hear our cry and publish some of these cheering "temperance melodies" as a duty to the public? No longer may we raise our voices in "Brown October Ale" and we must have something more stirring than "Drink to me only with thine eyes" or "The Old Oaken Bucket." What did they sing in London in 1850 that should rouse vehement applause for the speaker?

Modern composers who have anticipated the desecrated age have offered more of reminiscence than of consolation; for example, "How are you going to wet your whistle when the whole darn world goes dry." The multitude of old drinking songs may be diluted down to half of one per cent. to conform with the Volstead act, the odes to Bacchus might be sung with reservations, or we might change the meter as in "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl with unfettered grape juice."

Here is the opportunity of a life time for some genius to reduce "Wine, woman and song" to euphonious aridity. It wouldn't do to sing "There is a restaurant in the town" and the music must be rewritten if we say "tavern operated under the strict observance of the prohibition act." The retention of the "Stein" song may be argued before the full bench on a technicality. It says nothing about the contents of the stein and states distinctly that it is on the table with no inference that the contents are to be used for beverage purposes. May we not (in the Wilsonian sense) avoid all such difficulties, however, by reviving the fables of 1850? CRAVATICUS.

There have been song-books for teetotalers. Was there not a "Washington Songster"? Were no songs sung at social meetings of the Independent Order of Rechabites? Late in the 17th century a book was published that might bear reprinting. "The English Rechabite, or a Defiance to Bacchus and all His Works." If bacchanalian ditties are to be watered, there is no better model than Dr. Holmes's "Ode for a Social Meeting—with Slight Alterations by a Teetotaler." "Stable-boys smoking long-pipes" was a happy substitution for "maidens who laughed thro' the vines." We know of only one prohibition song. It was in a "Reader" of the Sixties used in the grammar school of our little village. It began something like this:

O water for me, O water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
Water cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
And it maketh the faint one strong again.
We have quoted these lines before, but they are of never fading beauty.—Ed.

Verbal Coinage

A West end furnishing firm in London advertised for a "receptionaire." We'll give any bewildered reader two guesses. What the firm asked for was a floor-walker. "Receptionaire!" Yes, there is a French word with two "n's," but it means a receiver of merchandise. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this London firm did not ask for a "receptionist," not knowing that it is a theological term. The English prefer "shop-walker" to "floor-walker." The latter word is an Americanism.

What Does He Sell?

As the World Wags:

Coming out of a concert after Bruennhilde's "Immolation" music had been sung, I heard two men talking it over. One said: "That's a fine song." The other said: "Yes, and she demonstrated it well, too." J. L. B.

A Professor of English

A Boston publisher recently received a letter from a "professor of English" in a southern school.

"I am writing (sic) in regard to a

which I will not know the price of. I will not see money until I have seen the two acts of 'The Black Brigade.'"

JOHN M'CORMACK

John M'Cormack, tenor, gave the first of a series of four concerts at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Lauri Kennedy, cellist and Edwin Schneider, pianist. The program was as follows:

Anna, A. C. (a cantata), Mozart (from "The Marriage of Figaro"). Mr. M'Cormack, "Variations on a Theme by Beethoven," L. Beethoven, Mr. Kennedy, "May Night," L. Beethoven, "Love's Secret," Grandfather Bantock, "Oh, Cease Thy Singing," S. Rachmaninoff, "Before the Dawn," George W. Chadwick, Mr. M'Cormack, "Irish Folk Songs," "The Falling Star," (Cantata), arr. Stanford; "The Soliloquy," arr. Stanford; "The Irish Love Song," arr. Stanford; "The Foggy Dew," arr. Millican; Fox, Mr. M'Cormack, "Prelude," Van Goyen; "The Song of the Lark," Mr. Kennedy; "The Song of the Lark," Liza Lehmann; "Sweet, Sweet O'Neil," Ida Waldrop; "Your Eyes," Edwin Schneider; "Eleanore," Coleridge-Taylor, Mr. M'Cormack.

A usual, the hall was crowded in every part, including the extra seating space on the stage. Mr. M'Cormack seemed to be at his best. The Irish folk-songs were unusually interesting. There were, of course, several added numbers. Mr. Kennedy, who looked very youthful, made a favorable impression. He had to play extra pieces at each of his appearances. Mr. Schneider was the capable accompanist with whom M'Cormack audiences are familiar. The tenor, as usual, insisted on his acknowledging the applause which followed the singing of "Your Eyes." Mr. Schneider's own composition, Mr. M'Cormack sings again tomorrow and Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoon.

YSAYE AND ELMAN

In a joint recital at Symphony Hall last night Eugene Ysaye and Mischa Elman played the following music for two violins: Mozart's Concertante in D major, Bach's Concerto in D minor, Molique's Concertante in F major and six duets by Godard.

Virtuosos once had contests in which one ultimately vanquished the other. These two musicians scrupulously avoided comparisons by playing always together. Their performance was finely attuned and sympathetic; their reason for coming together seemed to be the matchless duets thus brought to light. Still, comparisons must have been made by the hundreds present.

In Mozart's music of "heavenly lengths" Elman seemed to score by the rest of youth, and by a hand sometimes more delicately firm. Whereupon Mr. Ysaye majestically waved the intricate score of Bach aside, and with his head thrown back scaled heights with its Largo and finale which only a genius of leonine powers may hope to reach. With the music of Godard Mr. Elman's "tone" must have caused more delight than his companions'.

The large audience enjoyed every moment of this program, particularly exacting in length and content.

Feb 10 1920

A Touch of Genius

Women must not be blamed, says Prof. Pinkerton, for using peroxide on the hair a little too freely. Sweet Auburn, lovely village of the plain. My thoughts misquoted, marking Della's tresses. Whose very hue, indicative of brain, Yet played the dickens with her bats and dresses.

Bra'm's? I should think she has," I heard one say.

Who knew the art by which she advertised it; That hair of hers was going whiter-gray, But brainy Della superoxidized it.

-A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle

"Snollygoster"

A contributor to the New York Tribune asks: "What is a Snollygoster?" In his letter he says that H. W. J. Ham, who had been a member of the 50th Congress and "quit Congress to save Georgia from the invasion of populism from Kansas. Mr. Ham defined in 1892 a snollygoster as a little fellow who wants to get an office which he can't get and which he could not fill if he got it, but who, in order to get it, will try both parties or start a new one." The contributor also quotes the Standard Dictionary: "Snollygoster (slang local, U. S.) a pretentious, swaggering, prattling fellow."

But "snollygoster" was in use long before Mr. Ham lifted up his voice. We remember hearing the Yale Glee Club in 1872 sing a song entitled "The Black Brigade." The song contained these lines:

We am de snolly-gosters—
Gwine to jine the Union!
At lubb Jim Ribber oysters
The great Dan Emmett, wrote the

words and music. The song was published shortly before or during the civil war. There are allusions to Lincoln and Greeley.

"Snollygoster" is unknown to the compilers of slang dictionaries and colloquial terms. Bartlett, Thornton, Farmer and Henley know it not. Did Emmett coin it, or did he hear it from some Negro fond of big words, as "magnollus" for something superlatively good?

The singing of the Yale Glee Club was then of the collar-and-elbow description; the boys sang by main strength; but there was a heartiness about it more pleasurable than the "artistic" singing of the club in later years. A college glee club in those days was expected by an audience to sing college songs, sentimental, humorous, foolish; not choruses of greater musical importance that demanded fine voices, skilful training and many rehearsals.

"Strike" and "Studio"

The sections of the Oxford English Dictionary—"Stratus-Styx" and "Sweep-Szmikite"—have finally arrived. The longest article in the former section is that on the verb "strike" (29 columns). The use of "strike" in the sense "to refuse to work" is an 18th century development from the nautical use in "to strike a mast." The earliest quotation with reference to the verb is from the Annual Register of 1768: "This day the hatters 'struck' and refused to work till their wages were raised." In one of Sir Walter Scott's letters (1803) he says: "I never heard of authors striking work, as the mechanics call it, until their masters the booksellers should increase their pay." The transitive verb appeared in the nineties of the 19th century; that is, in newspapers: "Pending the outcome, no fresh firms will be struck."

The nautical action was thus described in 1768: "A body of sailors proceeded to Sunderland and at the cross there read a paper, setting forth their grievances. After this they went on board the several ships in that harbor, and struck (lowered down) their yards in order to prevent them proceeding to sea." The noun "strike" appeared in print about 1810. "On a strike" instead of "on strike" is classed as an Americanism.

"Studio" is now a common word. Every piano teacher, singing teacher has a "studio." A bootblack sign reads "Studio." When did this word come into the jargon of musicians? The Oxford English Dictionary contains these definitions only: A study, as an original study for a painting; now obsolete. "The work room of a sculptor or painter, also that of a photographer."

Marie at Groton

We wrote recently about Marie Van Zandt, the singer. Menestrel (Paris) commenting on her death, reprinted a strange story told by Arnold Mortier in Figaro, in 1883. According to Mortier, the parents of Marie rented a summer cottage at Groton in this commonwealth. There the little Marie ran from morning to night in the woods, singing in a manner to excite the envy of the birds. "A band of Indians camped in these woods, a large band whose chief was Venicalita. Charmed by the voice of the little pale-faced singer, these Indians followed her about and regarded her as a supernatural being. She was then only 6 years old, yet she exercised so great a power over these Indians that they would have risked their lives 20 times to suit any one of her childish whims."

Mortier told many good stories. This is one of them. Marie Van Zandt was born in 1861. (Her mother was Jenny Van Zandt, the opera singer, a daughter of Signor Blitz, the magician). Were there any Indians near Groton in 1867 or '68? Let us hear from the oldest inhabitant. Does he remember Marie's singing and the adoration of the Indians led by Venicalita?

Waywiser and Walking

An English journalist thinks that walking as a pastime is on the wane, because pedometers are no longer being made. Was there no walking for pleasure before 1712, when the "podometre" or "Compte-pas" appeared in France? In 1723 the word "pedometer" appeared in England. The instrument was also known as a "Waywiser," later a "pace" or "step-teller." The most delightful accounts of walking for pleasure that we know are by Hazlitt and Hilaire Belloc. Neither one sported a pedometer; neither did "Walking" Stewart, who excited De Quincey's admiration, nor did Walt Whitman, when "afloat and light-hearted" he took "to the open road . . . the long brown path."

LETTY IS LONG

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Linger Longer Letty," a comedy in three acts by Anna Nichols; music by Alfred Goodman, lyrics by Bernard Grossman. Produced by Mr. Morosco. Harry James, musical director.

Letty Charlotte Greenwood
Nancy Valerie True

Marie Olga Keller
Julia Curtayne Englar
Mrs. Brewster Louise Malt
Robert May Muriel Cole
Robert Cholina Paulina
Marie Virginia Tavares
J. H. John Kennedy
Walter George Sweet
Colonel Cyril Ring
Laudie France Houston
Father Oscar Pieman

Dame Nature gave Miss Greenwood a physical equipment for playing grotesque characters in farces. Her fortune has been in the length of her arms and legs. Helen of Troy possessed the 30 attributes of beauty and, of these, three were characterized by length—hair, body and hands. Nothing was said about her four limbs.

When at a cabinet meeting there was a discussion about a statue to be erected, and there was fault-finding with regard to the legs of the public man as represented by the sculptor, Mr. Seward asked the opinion of Mr. Lincoln, who said he supposed that a man's legs should be long enough to reach to the ground. Now, unusual length of the four limbs does not necessarily detract from feminine attractiveness. Bacon, justly regarded as a curious observer and a deep-thinking philosopher, once remarked: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." Miss Greenwood should treasure these words. They might be interpolated in the scene where she is discussing her personal appearance with sailor-boy Jim.

But what about the play produced last night?

Miss Greenwood is the play. The other characters are what is known as feeders to her, or stop-gaps; for even he indefatigable Miss Greenwood must have breathing spells and time to change costumes. She was more amusing in her Cinderella dress in the kitchen than in the gown of green and gold and sapphire blue. She does not need fine plumage to create laughter, and donning it, she necessarily loses the piquancy that is dashed with the suspicion of not displeasing coarseness.

Mr. Pitterton, who wrote so frankly in praise of Marie Lloyd and her music hall ditties of former years, should have seen Miss Greenwood before he wrote his volume.

Yes, Miss Greenwood is the whole show. When she is on the stage the laughter of the audience is hearty. Such is the power of her personality that when she utters a commonplace the audience finds it funny. The spectators are ready to laugh before she opens her mouth. When she is not on the stage they are not restless, for they know she will soon appear with some ludicrous gesture, some deliberate but funny twisting of another's speech, some queer comparison, some trick of arm or leg. It cannot be said that a little of her goes a long way; it is the length of her that goes a long way.

She sings, but has no illusions about her voice or her vocal ability. This is uncommon on the stage, and the more refreshing. Perhaps for this reason the tune "Linger Longer, Letty," a pretty lilt, makes the stronger appeal.

The other singers were Miss Cole and Miss Paulina, whose imitation of frolicsome children took up valuable time; Miss True and Mr. Sweet, Miss Englar, Miss Mink and Miss Roller. As for the play—it is, as we have said, Miss Greenwood.

WILKIE BARD IS HIT AT KEITH'S

Wilkie Bard, billed as England's greatest comedian, this week's headliner at Keith's, gives a novel and interesting entertainment. He holds your eye and ear every minute he is on the stage, and he is not off once during his turn. Whether it be as "The Scrub-woman," an exceptionally clever bit, or as "The Night Watchman," one of the best sketches ever put on, the audience hangs on his every word and action. He is capably seconded by a young lady not mentioned in the program, though well worthy of it.

Sir Harry Lauder was present at yesterday afternoon's performance and was the first to congratulate Wilkie Bard at the conclusion of his act. It is the first time since Wilkie Bard came to this country that he and the Scotch comedian have met, although both are friends of long standing.

Second on the bill is Anna Held, Jr., assisted by Emmet Gilfoyle, in bits of musical comedy, song and patter. Miss Held, well worth looking at any time, is a dream in her succession of costumes. "Mind Your Business," with Hugh Herbert as Mr. Hirsch in the leading role, was a decided hit.

There is a fascinating ice skating act by the Naces; a lot of irresistibly funny nonsense by Joe Cook; clever dancing by Jay Dillon and Betty Parker; more by Jack Daly and Hazel Berlew and real vaudeville by Frank Parish and Steven Peru.

LAUDER CHARMS

Sir Harry Lauder, just back from his Australian tour, is the same pleasing entertainer as before he was honored with a title, and his appearance at the

Boston Opera House last evening was greeted by an audience that was appreciative and sympathetic. There is a different note at times in the Lauder merriment, a more sombre strain, but all the hearty humor, the character impersonation and the charming singing remain.

Several new songs were introduced in last night's program, including "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summertime," "I Wish You Were Here Again," "Somebody's Waiting for Me," "When I Was Twenty-one," "Wo' A Go Home the Same Way" and the Peace Song. There is a taking lilt to some of these that proves very attractive and for two of them the audience readily joined in the refrain at the invitation of the singer.

Sir Harry referred to his experience in the war and made a plea for the Harry Lauder fund, which has now reached beyond the half-million mark.

He sang only one of the old favorites, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

Lauder is assisted by a new company, a bagpipe band, Miss Marlan Vallance, a Scotch soprano; Milo the comedian; The Act Beautiful, animals in living statuary, a xylophonist and a Japanese trio who were interesting to those who like to see to what extent the human body can be stretched and distorted.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Buntie Pulls the Strings," a comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat, performed by the Henry Jewett players.

Rub Biggar Noel Leslie
Buntie Biggar Viola Roach
Susie Simpson Ada Wingard
Tammias Biggar Cameron Matthews
Weelum Sprunt E. E. Clive
Eelun Dunlop Jassamine Newcombe
Teenie Dunlop Julia Chippendale
Jeems Gibbs H. Conway Wingfield
Maggie Mercer Mabel Hubbard
Daniel Birrell Percy Carne Waram

This charming Scottish comedy, which has had so many long runs both in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic, was revived for the second successive year last night before a large audience, whose frequent gales of laughter and repeated curtain calls testified to their exuberant enjoyment.

It is a play in which the Jewett company find themselves very much at home—perhaps almost too much so for ears unfamiliar with the Scottish vernacular—and they presented in intimate and vivid fashion the quaintly amusing pictures of kirk and cottage life in which Buntie's managerial skill shines resplendent, even though female genius be "an abomination" in the eyes of the elders, and especially to her father, Thomas Biggar, that venerable and unconscious hypocrite.

Miss Roach's "Buntie" is a triumph of naturalness. Never assertive, always alive with quiet, restrained power, she played the part with a personal magnetism, a charm that proves rare endowments and convinced all the assembly that "Weelum" spoke but the simple truth when, at the final curtain, he avowed, "I dinna ken if I'm the most hen-pecked husband in a' Scotland."

Mr. Clive won new laurels as "Weelum," subordinating his personality and again demonstrating artistry in portraying the awkward, honest, infatuated swain. Clowning he avoids.

A great improvement on the portrayal given by Miss Ralph last year of "Susie Simpson" is that of Miss Wingard, who keeps the part safely above melodrama and articulates delightfully. Mr. Matthews' "Tammias" showed few flickerings of remorse. He played the part on the one key of a God-fearing, abused, unfortunate, whose errors were due to the faults of others, and to the end was blind to the genius of his daughter. Mr. Leslie's "Rab" was an amusing bit of the uncouth. Miss Newcombe, Miss Chippendale, Mr. Waram, Mr. Wingfield lifted lesser parts to distinction, and the supernumeraries who came on as villagers showed careful training, and added picturesqueness, composing an harmonious whole which added new

proofs of the high standards of excellence of this extraordinarily well-balanced stock company.

Feb 11 1920

M'CORMACK GIVES

SECOND RECITAL

Singer Assisted by Lauri Kennedy and Edwin Schneider

John M'Cormack gave the second recital of a series of four last night in Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Lauri Kennedy, cellist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. Mr. M'Cormack's program included an air from Handel's "Samson," the lullaby from "Jocelyn," "Una furtiva lagrima" from "L'Elisir d'Amore," Chausson's "Caravan," Frank Bridge's "Go not happy Day," Tosti's "Ideal," Arthur Whiting's "Birthday," and four Irish folk songs: "The Bard of Armagh," "The Light of the Moon," "Kathleen O'Moore," and (by request) the "Irish Emigrant." Mr. Kennedy's selections were Saint-Saens's Concerto in A minor, Handel's Largo and Popper's Tarantelle. There was the customary large audience and the usual enthusiasm.

AFRICAN SONGS

By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, pianist, assisted by William H. Richardson, baritone, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. The program included African songs—the Song of the Spear and the Coronation song, the former arranged by Mrs. Hare and sung, the latter played in the transcription by Coleridge-Taylor; six Afro-American folk-songs; Spanish creole songs, a Spanish folk-song, creole songs from the French West Indies and Louisiana; also "D'Juba," by W. T. Francis, and an excerpt from Gottschalk's "Bamboula" for the piano.

Before each selection Mrs. Hare talked in an instructive and interesting manner about the origin and character of the music. She is a fluent speaker, fortunate in her choice of words. Nor is she too didactic in giving information. She and Mr. Richardson have been heard here in lecture-concerts of this nature, but the program of last night included unfamiliar songs.

The songs of the Creoles, songs of love, satire and ridicule, attracted the attention of Lafcadio Hearn, who, having no musical ear, was interested chiefly in the words—there are allusions to some of the songs in his collection of Creole proverbs—Mr. Cable and Mr. Krehbiel. The folk-lorist is prominent today, sometimes noisy. We hear much about the folk songs of the Kentucky mountains, of Vermont, of Canada; most of the "Appalachian" songs came from England and Scotland and were sung with many variants. Many of the Canadian songs came from the French provinces. The Creole songs have not yet been studied as they deserve. We understand that Mrs. Hare is making an annotated collection that will soon be published.

Mr. Gilbert has used the Bamboula theme for his symphonic poem, "Dance in Place Congo," which he turned into a ballet produced at the Metropolitan Opera House and performed here. This theme was developed by Gottschalk, a Creole, when he was a young man in Paris, and his "Bamboula," played there by him, made a sensation. He used other Creole melodies as thematic material.

Mr. Richardson has a rich voice of liberal compass. At present he is inclined to sing with full force. In a small room which has the admirable acoustic properties of Steinert Hall this force was often overpowering. He should cultivate moderation in expression; he should acquire facility in the differentiation of sentiments and emotion; he should also strive after vocal flexibility. With his voice and his musical instinct he should have, with patient study, a future.

GERTRUDE TINGLEY

Last night Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-contralto, gave a song recital in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Dudley Fitts was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Caldara, Como razzo di sol; Scarlatti, Se Florindo e fedele; Clara Schumann, Among the Shadows; Cornelius, Viols; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Nature's Voice; Wooring of the Waters; Franck, La procession; Dubois, Par le sentier; Massenet, Crepuscule; Tremisot, Novembre; Hahn, Trois jours de vendage; Massenet, Les adieux de Divonne (from "Sappho"); Kramer, The Faltering Dusk; Ireland, Spring Sorrow; Scott, A Song of London; Peterson, children's songs from the Australian Bush: (a) A Little Aborigine; (b) Kangaroo Song; Cadman, Her Shadow (from Shanewis).

Miss Gertrude Tingley is a Boston singer, well known and liked by many who have heard her in her church performances. Her recital last night was very successful and her singing called forth much applause. Her charming interpretation of the Scarlatti song made us wish that she had included in her program more pieces by that composer. Miss Tingley was at her best, though, in the group of French songs. She sang Franck's beautiful "La procession" with a calm reverence that was very effective; and her singing of Massenet's delicate "Crepuscule" was so thoroughly delightful that the audience insisted upon hearing it again.

Her last two songs were so well received, too, that they also had to be repeated. Miss Tingley's manner of interpretation and her personality on the concert stage are not especially of the very intimate kind; she exhibited, rather, a pretty dignity and a certain modest air of reserve which were perhaps more convincing and decidedly more attractive because of its obvious sincerity. Her diction was very clear and added much to the charm of her singing.

BOSTON QUINTET

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Quintet, Messrs. Di Natale, first violin; Gundersen, second violin; Berlin, viola; Ebell, pianist, and Miss La Palme, violoncellist, gave its second concert in Steinert Hall last evening. The program comprised Florent Schmitt's Piano Quintet, op. 61, and Haydn's String Quartet, op. 64, No. 3. Schmitt's quintet, composed in 1905-1908, was first performed at a concert of the Cercle Musical, Paris, in April, 1909. A little later it was performed at a concert of the Societe Nationale in Paris, when Mr. Dumesnil, now in New York, was the pianist.

The quintet is laid out on a great scale, too great perhaps for immediate and full appreciation. There are only three movements, but each one is long and crowded with details. The themes have a sharply defined profile, are well contrasted and of a nature to admit of complex development. There is ingenious, surprising and fascinating employment of the piano with and against the stringed instruments. While there are certain daring harmonic devices, the general harmonic scheme is not ultra-modern.

The Schmitt of this quintet is not a devout worshipper in any particular Parisian musical chapel. He has not been influenced by Gabriel Faure or by Debussy, nor is the influence of Cesar Franck noticeable except in a few instances. He has his own idiom, as Delius has his. Having heard two or three of his orchestral works and a few minor compositions, one wondered at the praise awarded him by certain Parisian critics. There is his remarkable Psalm, which according to good judges was poorly performed in Boston. (We escaped the performance and must take the opinion of others.) The music of Schmitt that, before last night, made the most marked impression was a portion of his "Tragedy of Salome"; also, strange to say, a piano piece, "The Passing Bell," played here by Miss Winifred Christie. In these compositions a musician of genuine fancy and compelling expression was revealed.

But this quintet is a work containing page after page of dramatically effective music, music that is stirring, passionate, intense, with pages of a peculiar beauty, pages now serene, now deeply emotional, but without a touch of sensuousness. There is nothing feminine, nothing that suggests the thought of woman in the whole work. There is little so subtle that it passes unnoticed.

At a first hearing one is tempted to say that there is over-elaboration in the first and the third movement; that there is occasionally too long and rather tedious preparation for the return of a theme or for the explosion of a climax. There are moments when the composer seems to be treading water, or intoxicated with his own rhetoric. On the other hand, there are introductions, preparations that are singularly effective, as the opening of the finale, which as a whole seems to us the least inspired movement of the three. The grave opening of the first movement, with the entrance of the chief allegro theme; the beauty, the passion, and the tenderness of the slow movement, and many details, as when the piano works against long continued trills in the strings, will not soon be forgotten.

This quintet, bristling with difficulties, was played in a spirit of thorough understanding and sympathy. The frequently occurring entrancing passages moved the hearer by the performance of them. The rendering of the more dramatic pages was appropriately fiery. There was a pleasing freshness, a contagious enthusiasm in the whole interpretation. Mr. Ebell and his colleagues are to be thanked heartily for the production of this work.

GEORGE SMITH

By PHILIP HALE

George Smith, pianist, gave his postponed recital, the second this season, yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp major; Preludes, G minor and B flat major; Etude, F major; Mazurkas, G minor op. 24 No. 1, F minor op. 63 No. 2, Valse, D flat major; Scherzo, B minor. Bach, Bourree in G major; Beethoven, Menuet from Sonata op. 10 No. 3; Mendelssohn, Scherzo a Capriccio, F sharp minor; Grieg, Scenes of Norwegian Life (On the mountains, Bridal Procession, On the Carnival); Schumann, Faschingsschwank aus Wien.

Mr. Smith began by playing eight pieces of Chopin, avoiding for the most part the more hackneyed ones, if any music by Chopin can justly be so called. It has been said that only pianists of Slav blood can do justice to this composer. It is a foolish saying, which can be honestly applied only to the interpretation of the Mazurkas, and we have heard Slav pianists play these mazurkas in an exaggerated or a per-

functory manner. One might as well say that only a German tenor can impersonate Tristan, yet the two most satisfactory performances of Wagner here known to us were by a Pol, and by an Italian. Or one might say that only a German can play Bach's organ music, whereas the best French organists easily surpass the Germans in this respect.

It is true that it is not given to every one, however fully equipped he may be, to play the music of Chopin. There are justly celebrated pianists who are admirable interpreters of music by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Franck and even Liszt; yet when they come to Chopin they leave us cold. An American, even a New Englander, need not shrink from playing the French-

Polo's music in public, on the ground of nationality.

Mr. Smith, who made a favorable impression at his first recital, confirmed and strengthened it yesterday. He has the most important qualifications as a Chopin player: a beautiful touch, the art of singing a melodic figure, a command of nuances, adequate technique, and above all a truly poetic spirit. The mazurkas were at times arbitrarily capricious; there were a few passages in the Scherzo that were not clearly defined; they seemed foreign to the composition as a whole; but pianists of established reputation, whose descent upon the city has been loudly trumpeted, have given less pleasure, whether their selection was from the works of the lesser or the greater Chopin.

By PHILIP HALE:

"Why, you remember what Calpurnius Bassus says about all blondes?"

"No, I believe not. What did he say, dear?"

"I would only spoil the splendid passage by quoting it inaccurately from memory. But he was quite right, and his opinion is mine in every particular."

Believing Non-Believers

It was remarked on Feb. 11, 1887, in a Parisian parlor that women wholly anti-religious satisfy their need of believing. This need does not suffer contradiction by cultivating other forms of the supernatural, as table-tipping, mediums, etc.

Mr. Ganz in Portland, Or.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist, played recently in Portland, Oregon. We quote from the review of the concert by the leading music critic of the town. "The concert was as welcome as the visit of an old tried friend—as welcome as cool water on a hot day—as grateful to the jaded music sense as a pilgrimage to the big music shrine in the East, and lo, we had it at our very doors. . . . The curtain was lifted, and the piano was placed well to the front of the stage in full view of the audience. Mr. Ganz sat on the piano bench and waited Mr. Denton's signal to play, just as the youngest member of that orchestra. It came—and off Mr. Ganz dashed amid a maze of black and white keys." Mr. Ganz played besides Grieg's concerto, several pieces by Liszt. One of them was "the lovely exquisitely sentimental theme 'Liebestraum.' It is a well known composition, and has great poetic appeal. It has the fragrance of a Caroline Testout rose in full bloom, and the music throbbed in a charming setting of silver."

An Old Spiker Case

A German count named Rudolph Gleichen was captured in a fight with the Turks and taken to Turkey, where he languished. One day when he was working in the fields the daughter of the Sultan, his master, saw him, talked with him and was pleased, so that she promised to free him, and follow him, if he would wed her. He said, the honest man: "I have a wife and children." "That doesn't matter," answered the good and beautiful princess; "it's the custom in Turkey for a man to have several wives." The count promised to wed her. They escaped and arrived at Venice. There he heard that his family was in good health. He then obtained the permission of the church to have two wives; at least so goes the story as told by Andreas Hundorff, in the fifth edition of his "Historical Theatre," published at Frankfurt in 1633. The count's first wife welcomed heartily the Turkish lady, and grew very fond of her. The Turkish wife reciprocated this affection and was devoted to the children of the other wife, for she herself was barren.

One of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" based on this story is entitled "The Count Gleichen; the Countess; Their Children, and Zaida." It is written in a delightful manner. Here is an excerpt:

"Countess—We can love but one."

"Zaida—We, indeed, can love only one; but men have large hearts."

"Count—You say girl!"
"Zaida—The very dearest in the world."
"Countess—Ah, inexperienced creature!"
"Zaida—The happier for that, perhaps."
"Countess—But the sin!"

"Zaida—Where sin is there must be sorrow; and I, my sweet sister, feel none whatever. Even when tears fall from my eyes, they fall only to cool my breast; I would not have one the fewer; they are all for him. Whatever he does, whatever he causes, is dear to me."

The count, it is true, was not a Spiker in all respects, nor was he a "piker." He told the princess he was already married. On the other hand, the princess had freed him and the countess owed her a heavy debt of gratitude. At any rate there was a happy family, and they continued so "till there took them the Destroyer of delights and the Severer of societies, the Desolator of dwelling-places and Garnerer of grave-yards, and they were translated to the rath of Almighty Allah." It was said that a monument at Erfurt showed the count with a wife on each side: "The Princess," to quote from the Latin of Hundorff, "adorned with a marble crown; the Countess sculptured nude with her children creeping at her feet."

We regret to say that the justly celebrated Pierre Bayle doubted the truth of this story. He called Hundorff a mere compiler who cited no authorities. The monument proved nothing. "Do two female figures clearly signify polygamy? Can it not signify among other things two successive marriages, or two marriages contracted by a husband and two living wives, but with the last marriage annulled?" Bayle quotes Mr. Darts, a contributor to the Hamburg Journal (1696), who in turn discussed a story by le Noble, "Zulima, or Pure Love," suggested by the adventure of Count Gleichen. But Bayle doubted everything. We like to think of Gleichen introducing Zaida to the Countess. Since the Spiker episode, we read Landor's "Imaginary Conversation" with the greater pleasure.

Toll-Gates and Taxes

Lord Roundway, as Mr. Edward Colston, known as one of the finest four-in-hand drivers in England, suggests that it may become necessary to revive toll-gates on the high roads "in order that motor cars may be forced to pay towards the costly upkeep of these splendid ways." An ad valorem rate could be established, according to the power of the car. If the stops by the way were not too frequent, the Daily Chronicle thinks that there would not be any great outcry. Heavy commercial cars could afford better than any others to pay their toll. The Daily Chronicle complains of the neglect of the roads in London and in the country, which on rainy days are nothing but a series of disconnected puddles. "Road construction and repairs are problems which have always baffled our engineers, and they have seldom achieved the great Roman triumph of constructing roadways adequate to the traffic requirements." The writer also admits that in the days of turnpikes, when users of the roads paid in tolls money for their repairs, the English highways were often almost impassable in bad weather.

There are fine roads on Cape Cod for motor cars, but they require constant repairing, and humble summer cottagers are taxed heavily for the pleasure of those daily going from Buzzard's Bay to Provincetown, and for the pleasure of those living in "cottages" that are imposing and sumptuously appointed. The man without an automobile contributes to the gaiety of the rich, who too often have little or no respect for his life when he ventures to walk on the highway.

JOHN McCORMACK IN THIRD RECITAL

Last night John McCormack gave his third recital at Symphony Hall. The assisting artists were Lauri Kennedy, 'cello-soloist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist at the piano. The program: Mr. McCormack, Plaisir d'amour, Martini; Pur dieci, Lotti; The Heavy Hours, Endicott; Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Grove, Handel; Mr. Kennedy, Rachmaninoff; Scherzo, Van Goens; Vocalise, Mr. McCormack, By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame; The Scythe Song, A Cradle Song, and Come, Oh, Come, My Heart's Delight, Hamilton Hart; Irish folk songs, Norah O'Neale; The Ballymudge ballad, The Lagan Love, Nelly My Love and Me; Mr. Kennedy, Koi Nidrei, Max Bruch; Mr. McCormack, A Spirit Flower, Campbell-Tipton; The White Rose Whispers of Passion, Arthur Foote; The Cave, Edwin Schneider; A song of thanksgiving, Frances Allitsen.

The release to be able about Mr. Montoux. In the French songs the pure and lively qualities of his voice were shown to their best advantage; in such songs his voice showed best those gentle, pleasing qualities which have endeared him so much to his audiences. Perhaps the chief reason for his great popularity is his wonderful power to sing everything that he sings even down to the most trifling pieces that he sings to include in his programs. Mr. Montoux responded to many encores, and played everything. Mr. Kennedy played his cello in very musicianly fashion, and called forth encores after each performance, he was especially good in the playing of the Bruch piece.

Introduces Pianist Schmitz, Who Plays Carpen- ter's Concertino

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, symphony, E flat major, No. 3; Carpenter, concertino for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala"; Mr. E. Robert Schmitz, the pianist, played for the first time in this city.

This was an unusually interesting concert. Although the symphony and the overture have been heard here many times, the nature of the performance gave new life to the former, while Goldmark's overture, now over a half-century old, is as fresh and modern as if it were dated 1919.

To us the symphony known as the "Rhenish" is not so romantically beautiful and dramatic as the one in D minor, not so essentially peculiar to Schumann, yet in the "Rhenish" there is the third movement, which reminds one of Schumann, the composer of the piano pieces, the songs, and pages of the piano concerto; and there is the sturdy, vigorous first movement. Perhaps Mr. Athorp was right in finding the scherzo's chief theme a version of a Rhine wine song of which the tune and the words are well suited to the "ponderous joviality" of the drinkers; but neither the scherzo nor the so-called "cathedral" movement, nor the finale are of the greater Schumann, who, when fully inspired and most poetic, was a dreamer of miniature works for the piano and of music that is worthy of Heine's verses; that is, with the exception already noted, the D minor symphony; in this he is most appealing when he is least symphonic.

There has been a mass of so-called oriental music written since Goldmark's overture was first performed, but the majority of the composers give one the impression of writing in an idiom not natural to them; as if they had said: "Come now, see how Oriental I can be!" As French writers after Galland introduced "The Thousand Nights and a Night," wrote countless Arabian and Persian tales which are dull reading. Fehmen David and Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote music as if they were of the East. There is the suggestion of the Orient in Rubinstein's "Feramors" ballet music, and in some of his songs. But Goldmark in this overture and in his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," caught and held the spirit of the East, the sensuousness, the gorgeousness, and the Prelude to "The Queen of Sheba," he revealed to us the mystery and the monotony of the Desert as well as the splendor of Balkis, from whom Menelik of Abyssinia, boasted descent by reason of her visit to King Solomon. In the "Sakuntala" overture there is the thought of tropic heat, lush vegetation about calm pools and bubbling springs, swooning sensuousness, the barbaric chase. The overture was superbly played. No wonder that for once there was no mad rush for the doors during the closing measures. No wonder that appreciation was shown in enthusiastic, prolonged applause.

It was the original plan to have both Cesar Franck's "Djinns" and Mr. Carpenter's Concertino on the program to introduce Mr. Schmitz, the pianist. It was found that thus the concert would be too long. Mr. Schmitz, a pianist of the first rank, is a modest man as he is a most accomplished musician and virtuoso. The Concertino is not a work that an arrogant pianist, eager for applause, would choose, for the piano is used by Mr. Carpenter as an orchestral instrument. Nevertheless, there was opportunity for Mr. Schmitz to display a singularly beautiful and liquid touch, a strength that is in contrast with his delicate, sensitive appearance, compelling brilliance and exquisite phrasing.

The Concertino itself is a highly fantastical composition, abounding in surprises that come chiefly from unusual employment and combinations of instruments, with melodic ideas that are now charming and now exciting; with exotic coloring; with dance tunes that narrow escape being commonplace, but are

saved by rhythmic vigor and unexpected orchestration. The work as a whole is episodic, but not the less entertaining for that. Mr. Carpenter's devotion to pulsatile instruments is well known here. Never shall we forget the curv'd bodies of the busy, energetic xylophone players in the "Adventures of a Perambulator." In the Concertino there is, *Mirabile Dictu!* no xylophone, but drums, cymbals, tambourine, castanets, Glockenspiel. In his next orchestral work Mr. Carpenter should experiment with the marimba, and other African instruments so dear to our Percy Grainger.

The composer, Mr. Schmitz, Mr. Montoux and the orchestra—the performance was a dazzling one—were loudly applauded. Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," will be performed here by the Chicago Opera Association with "The Elixir of Love" on Saturday, March 6.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Lalo, Spanish Symphony for Violin (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); H. F. Gilbert, "The Dance in Place Congo"; Symphonic poem (after George W. Cable) of ballet based on this work was performed here by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Let me die to sweet music.—J. W. Shuckers.
I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be Rescued.—N. T. Nash.
Go in on your muscle.—President Buchanan's instructions to the Collector of Toledo.
Westward the hoe of Empire Stars its way.—George N. True.

An English Opinion

London has at last seen "Broken Blossoms." The Times notes that there is not a moment of comedy or of laughter. "It is the skill of Mr. Griffith that makes the gradual evolution of the tragedy inevitable." (No, there is no happy ending, the "happy ending" that ruined Conrad's "Victory," when it was produced in London as a play on the stage, and in Boston as a film play). The Times describes Miss Lillian Gish's conception of the part as a "film classic," and for this reason: "It is an instance of an actress who has studied the different requirements of the screen and the stage, and has concentrated everything in facial expression." But The Times cannot accept Mr. Griffith's idea of Limehouse. "This is a Limehouse which neither Mr. Burke nor any other man who knows his East end of London will be able to recognize. It may be a very good impression of an American producer's idea of Limehouse, but it is nothing more, and it might be well before the picture is publicly shown to lay the action in an imaginary Chinatown, concerning which an audience cannot be critical. * * * From an English point of view 'Broken Blossoms' has its defects; but it is a genuine attempt to bring real tragedy on to the screen as apart from machine-made drama, and for that Mr. Griffith deserves the gratitude of all who are convinced of the potentialities of the film."

"W. C. T." on Spiritism

As the World Wags:

Yes, I have had some experience with spiritism, in my chip-in-a-whirlpool career—since Mr. Michael Fitzgerald inquires. This Lodge business is an old story to me; I have heard respectable and honest exponents state their case, and I once smashed a Cincinnati fake medium's game, by sitting in the dark circle a few evenings and doing some sleight of hand myself. The newspapers made three or four racy columns of the affair; but that did not prevent the medium from getting several thousand dollars out of a deluded widow, for pretended conversations with a son, this continuing until the courts appointed a custodian for her property. Such work is the main "graft" of the medium business, not the 25 or 50 cent fees for seances. As to the attention bestowed upon Sir Oliver, I should say:

Boston squanders its brains as New York does its money. There is some credit in having the money to squander; New York unmistakably has it. Just as unmistakably, Boston has a surplus of mental activity and power, a wealth which some possessors spend and bestow wisely, and some not so wisely. It certainly is entitled to rank as the Athens of America; nowhere else on earth are there more cults and cliques, more religions and opinions, more ferment of mind.

There is a great deal of waste, but much good also. Great minds get a hearing, as well as great humbugs. Just now part of Boston is listening to talk of "signals from Mars"; but Boston also listened to those wild, impractical dreamers who invented the telephone.

Separate the chaff from the wheat; skim off the froth. An appetite for chaff and froth is a defect of character. I think if we all do our best to sweeten up this world, whatever other worlds and lives there are will pretty well take care of themselves. And squaring the circle, perpetual motion, the fourth dimension and trying to lift the veil of futurity are barren jobs. W. C. T. Brookline.

Upsetting Our Gravity

(The beginning that Professor Einstein is a

He who can find a slip in
Our cosmic law of gravity,
Dearly the "Newton Pipin"
With scientific suavity,

Deflect the curves in plummets,
The lightning's cool passivity,
Ascending mountain summits
On waves of relativity,

Dissecting Euclid's learning
With logic anatomical,
Has just the brain for turning
The cosmic to comical,
A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

These Noble Romans

Mr. Walkiey seeing John Masfield's tragedy "Pompey" for the second time respects it. "Who can help respecting these noble Romans, so monumental, so austere, always making speeches, laying down their lives with such a fine gesture? Only we sometimes wish Shakespeare had never had his Plutarch, and then we should not have had his Roman plays—or Mr. Masfield's Roman play, either. For they are a little heavy, these noble Romans; they are apt to oppress us with their magnanimity and to bore us with their eternal camp discussions about tactics and quarrels about politics. But we feel we must go on respecting them quondam meme."

We have before this called attention to the excellent reviews of concerts published in the London Times. Even when one does not agree with the critic in matters of opinion concerning the worth of a work, the manner of expressing the opinion commands admiration. The obiter dicta are always entertaining, often texts for sermons.

His critic heard Ethel Hobday and Felix Salmond play, and was moved to write as follows:

"We want concert-givers to tell us things we did not know before and could not know of ourselves—not news, but truths. When Ethel Hobday and Felix Salmond played Ropartz in G minor they were, of course, giving us news, for, though we were supposed to have heard it once before, most of us had not. But less competent players can, and frequently do, give that sort of news, and there was something that these gave which others do not give. When they played Grieg's Sonata they were giving us stale news, for one piece of Grieg is singularly like another—a plethora of ideas and a helplessness in sorting them out. When they came to Brahms there was no news for them to give, for we all—except those with a parti pris—know it and love it; and all they could do was to say that they felt the same. So that news is entirely out of court in musical matters, and the American plan of intelligently appreciating musical events even before they occur is wholly beside the mark. The only possible 'news' about music is the conviction that dawns in the act of hearing, and no one can say beforehand when or where that will be born; it is a spirit that blows where it lists." Ethel Hobday as a player of chamber music is unsurpassed. She gives us the very bones of the thing. She has made the music her own, as if she had composed it; she cares for it, as if it were a human being. Felix Salmond's playing is virile; he must lead, not follow. He rather broke up a quartet the other day, for instance, by this positive virtue which is so much in place in a sonata. He knows the music, not, like many, by note, but like few, by heart; it is vital to him that the phrase should be 'so and not otherwise.' He is like a wise purchaser; he does not fritter away his power of execution on vanities, but saves it up to buy the golden moment, and then spends it freely. It is from the fingers of players like these that truth comes dropping slow."

Edward Mitchell gave a recital of Scriabin's later piano music. "There was a large audience of musical people, most of whom accepted Mr. Percy Scholes's invitation to stay on afterwards and either discuss the music with the pianist or secure repetition performances from him. They seemed most anxious for the latter. But it did strike us as curious that in a room full, more or less, of musicians, nobody seemed to have any intelligent comment to offer. Mr. Scholes tried to stimulate discussion by asking the critics to begin to criticize. But the official critics naturally 'remembered' the proverb, 'Keep your breath to cool your porridge.' It was a chance for the others and they missed it. Nobody wanted them to try to be learned if they were not. What it would have been interesting to know was whether one thing impressed anybody more than another, and in what way. For ourselves, we find 'Vers la Flamme' a wholly convincing and absorbing piece of music, and the Tenth Sonata an irritating and pedantic one. In his later phases Scriabin was very apt to repeat himself both emotionally and textually, and in the Tenth Sonata, as well as in the 'Poeme Nocturne' (op. 81), we feel that there are whole passages which might go without any material loss. It is not so with 'Vers la Flamme,' which from its

brooding chords to its ecstatic ending is conceived in a single emotional impulse. It may be urged, on the other hand, that the sonata necessarily implies a more complex design, that with Scriabin, as with Mozart or any of the classicists, the sonata is built on contrast, combination and restatement of ideas, and in these respects Scriabin's design is perfectly orthodox. But our feeling at present is that in the Tenth Sonata the ideas are not emotionally absorbing enough to bear the elaborate treatment."

And here is an opinion about the violoncello and its players:

"Dirt is matter, and noise is sound, where it is not wanted. And of instruments the violoncello can be, and frequently is, a noise-monger. A certain amount of noise is inherent in all instruments. One remembers being taken as a boy of eight to hear Norman Neruda, and asking one's elders why the violin squeaked so—this was in Mozart's G minor. We have long ceased to hear that squeak, or the clatter of the pianoforte keys; but we can never quite get over the squeaks and grunts of the violoncello. Yet there is no instrument that can sing more humanly—the violin only sings divinely—more in the very middle of our hearts, when it likes. If it soars above the harmonies it is well, and if it holds on the tenor of its way in their midst it is better; if it touches the bass with a firm but gentle finger it gives a reason for all the rest. It can persuade or exhort, remonstrate or command. But it can do none of these delightful things unless the player has a firm grip of the musical idea, and is intent on communicating it to others. This is where so many cellists fail. They seem often content with an external detached view, if their attitude is not sometimes that of the youthful translator of Latin, to whom it never occurs that whatever else a Roman did he talked sense just as much as an Englishman. Mr. Cedric Sharpe, who played at the Wigmore Hall, was not entirely immune from this criticism. His tone is what is called in the voice a light tenor, and he can dandle a phrase very prettily; but we do not get from him any conviction that the phrase was wanted there particularly, or that another one may not come along presently, just as graciously irrelevant. Moreover, he seems to look on his metal strings as plebeians and as if it was not much good expecting any of the finer qualities from them."

The critic wrote that Georges d'Orlay's "Lyrical Symphonic Poem" (London, Jan. 29) is based on "some words of which we can but say that if a poet suffered like that he would have nobler thoughts, and if he felt like that without suffering he had better not have said so. This is a bad start for any composer, though, to do him justice, Mr. d'Orlay completely ignored the words, choking the voice with thick orchestral texture and driving a wedge of symphony into the middle of a sentence. But, to say the truth, we did not discover the words, which were poked away at the end of the program, until it was all over, and we did not appear to have lost very much. The music is sincere with the sincerity of a man who is caught in the toils and sees no way out, at reminds one of George Cruikshank's picture of Fagan sitting on the bed gnawing his nails. As it went on we found ourselves crooning for our comfort and while rolling a ravenous red eye, or lifting a mutinous lid, to all monarchs and matrons, I said I would knock 'em, and did.' It aches Strauss more than imitates him. It has caught his power of writing an imbecile-innocent tune as a protest against his own megalomania, but it has not acquired his dexterity with the thunderbolts. One thing one can certainly praise, and that is the fulness and sonorousness of the orchestration; but this goes on almost all the time, and without some relief one does not taste it. There is less dif-

iculty in following the themes than in liking them, and the harmonic sequences are clear through all the sophistication. The work appears to be difficult, and was a triumph both for orchestra and conductor. We could not repress a feeling of resentment at the way in which the voice was reduced to the level of a tutti instrument and was never once given a vocal phrase, or of admiration at the meekness with which Mme. Buckman bore the indignity thus put upon it in her person."

The London Daily Telegraph and British Drama in 1919

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing the British drama in 1919, thus disposes of Mr. Arnold Bennett:

"In his tardy assumption of the role of playwright, Mr. Arnold Bennett rarely allows himself or his listeners to forget that he is, first and foremost, a writer of books. He seems to take a perverse delight in setting at defiance the accepted laws of dramatic composition, and in so doing he visibly weakens the stability and symmetry of his work. 'Sacred and Profane Love' is avowedly founded on his novel of that name, and bears all the marks of its origin. Scene after scene, intensely interesting, but the effect is marred by digressions that merely serve to distract attention from

The first of these is a play by a young man, a student of the law, who has written a number of plays, and is now a member of the Berlin theatre. The second is a play by a young woman, a student of the law, who has written a number of plays, and is now a member of the Berlin theatre. The third is a play by a young man, a student of the law, who has written a number of plays, and is now a member of the Berlin theatre.

According to this writer, B. Macdonald Hastings's attempt to dramatize Conrad's "Victory" succeeded only in depicting the original of its psychology and transforming it into sheer melodrama. Somerset Maugham came with "Caesar's Wife" and "Home and Beauty," known in Boston as "Too Many Husbands." The first, says the Daily Telegraph, "appealed by reason of the tactful treatment of what in less careful hands might have proved an unpleasant theme. As a lady in the stalls remarked of the characters after the first performance, 'They're all such nice people.' 'Caesar's Wife,' in fact, might be aptly described as the triumph of common sense and breeding over youthful passion. One can hardly say so much for 'Home and Beauty,' in which the author, allowed his humor to run riot in the manipulation of a subject that might well be considered immune from the hands of even the most discreet writer of farce. To a large extent brilliant acting served to save the situation and to secure for the piece a long and prosperous run."

Robert Hiehens's "Voice from the Minaret" is a "thoughtful, interesting and powerfully written play, infinitely superior to anything he has yet contributed to the stage."

Two Notable Plays

"In striking contrast" (to Sutro's choice) "stands 'Abraham Lincoln,' a piece that has brought its author, Mr. John Drinkwater, into well-deserved prominence. Fragmentary, and loose in construction, it possesses, notwithstanding, those vitally important qualities in which 'The Choice' is largely wanting. The methods adopted by Mr. Drinkwater are, of course, open to objection as needless interruptions to the progress of the story, while, in place of an unbroken thread of interest, the plot is set forth in a series of episodic scenes. These, with a play of a less absorbing description, would unquestionably be great drawbacks. But they are forgotten as the life drama of the great American patriot is unfolded with a force, an earnestness and a singleness of purpose irresistible in their appeal. To have accomplished this is to have achieved much. There are other reasons for satisfaction, inasmuch as the success of 'Abraham Lincoln' clearly shows that the ordinary playgoing public is not so indifferent to serious work as some would have us believe; also, that it is still prepared to put its trust in 'an honest tale, pleasantly told,' even if it be presented with practically nothing in the shape of stage decoration or elaborate accessories."

"In Mr. Lehnnox Robinson's 'The Lost Leader' may be traced the same sincerity and the same lofty aims seeking expression, coupled with an even richer vein of the imaginative faculty. The root idea of the play is extraordinarily fascinating; the suggestion that Ireland should have awakened one morning to the conviction that her uncrowned King, Charles Stuart Parnell, still lives has a thrillingly attractive air about it. Particularly in the earlier stages of its development this theme is handled with real dramatic skill and ingenuity. The author has, too, a quick eye for character, and a sympathetic tolerance for the weaknesses; together with a hearty admiration of the virtues, of the Irish people. It may be accounted by some as a demerit that he ends upon a note of interrogation; howsoever the fact may offend against dramatic convention, it leaves the spectator free to adopt of two possible conclusions the one he deems the more plausible."

Tchekov's Three Plays

Three one-act plays by Tchekov made up the pleasant little afternoon's entertainment provided at St. Martin's Theatre by the Pioneer Players yesterday for the first meeting of the present season. Perhaps "The Bear" would not have been produced had the author borne a less famous name; it is amusing, but it is crude in its satire on the hollow devotion of a lusty young widow to the memory of her husband and to the drawing of a violent-natured stranger who is raging at her one minute and razing for her the next. Simpler minds than Tchekov's can do this sort of thing as well as he; and simpler audiences than the Pioneers' can enjoy it.

"On the High Road" is of a finer caliber. Night in a country inn of low character; with thieves, drunkards, saints, all huddled together in shelter

from the storm. A drunken soldier, an owner drinking himself to death, a tramp with a perverted hatred of women, an old man dying; here and there a tragic story peeping out and disappearing again, getting itself told in the end, but composed in the Tchekov manner, with no central point, no emphasis. A strange, ugly, beautiful atmospheric effect, and, we should imagine, very difficult to "produce" (Miss Edith Craig got the best out of it) and to act.

Last came that pitiful little farce, "The Wedding," which some of us first saw at the Russian exhibition, with its presentment, its exposure, of a Russian middle-class family, all greed and snobbery and stupidity, set against the moral dignity of a noble old fool and bore. We cannot believe that Tchekov intended it to be played (or that Stanislavsky could have allowed it to be played) in the exaggerated manner adopted by the Pioneers; and yet, if it were not played so, we cannot imagine it as doing other than "go for nothing" before an audience not ussian. Be that as it may, it

formed a lively finale to the program.—London Times, Jan. 26.

"Hamlet" Without Men

A current announcement tells us that an all-women production of "Hamlet" is being seriously considered.

The part of the "moody Dane" has, of course, been attempted more than once by women, and perhaps the one that came nearest to success was Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation of many years ago. And possibly the most unhappy failure was that of an American actress, whose ample proportions as she declared, "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt," sent a giggle round the "house" and ruined the production. But a woman Hamlet and a woman Polonius, gravedigger and ghost would be a great adventure.

Those, by the way, who urge that the plays of Shakespeare should be produced with the extreme economy of scenic effect usual in the Elizabethan theatre are apt to forget that Elizabethan managers made up for simplicity of scenery with elaborate costumes.

The contents of the wardrobe room almost equalled in value the theatre's library, where manuscripts of plays were carefully preserved and jealously guarded. We learn from John Allen's notebook that he paid as much as £20 10s. for one cloak and £10 for another costume. Translated into the present value of money, these are great sums.—London Daily Chronicle.

An English "Humorist" Discusses Women's Injury to Music

If any newspaper editor or debating society is in need of an idea for a "silly season" correspondence, I cordially suggest to either or both to argue the question as to whether the English have lost all sense of humor, and to invite Mr. James Swinburne, F. R. S., to open the discussion. At the meeting of the Musical Association a few days ago that highly distinguished gentleman "read" a paper on "Women and Music," which was full of the funniest and truest, boldest and bravest obiter dicta imaginable. Now I see a veritable hornets' nest has fixed itself upon his devoted head, the hornets mostly of the female persuasion! On the whole, I am not surprised, and I am quite sure Mr. Swinburne is not. Years ago Mr. Swinburne allowed me to print on this page long extracts from a most amusing article he wrote elsewhere on the subject of "Bessie's foraging of the sword. Somewhat later, I seem to recollect, he wrote a specification for an organ of his own invention, and gave all possible details of its construction; the whole appearing month by month in a well-known musical magazine, and yards of correspondence ensuing from organists and organ-builders. Who discovered that the whole affair was "spoof" I know not; but that is the story as I heard it.

I have no space to go into detail of the Swinburnian paper, but the author's thesis was, roughly, that as women had never accomplished anything of the smallest importance in art, the art of music here at least has suffered, because all the women "learn" music while hardly a boy does. "There has never been a woman critic. No woman has brought out a system of harmony. No woman has written a leading text-book on any branch of music. No woman has made a name as a teacher of composition or even of piano or fiddle playing. There has never been an eminent woman organist. No musical instrument has ever been invented by a woman. Yet every day a million women waste some million hours working a million pianos, costing as much as a navy." Our system of education is at fault, and is "almost wholly

feminine." "Classics, history, geography, mathematics up to a certain point, literature, that is to say, books by small people about books by bigger people, divinity, and so on, as taught at schools, all appeal to the feminine mind, and with the exception of mathematics, appeal to it alone." That gives you some idea of why Mr. Swinburne's paper was taken as mad. But I still want to know if the sense of humor is dead!—London Daily Telegraph.

The German Stage: During the War and Today

The Berlin correspondent of the Lon-

don Times writes from Berlin that about theatrical conditions in Germany. The opening of Mrs. Reinhardt's new

theatre, Des Grosse Schauspielhaus, was the theatrical novelty of the month in Berlin.

It is not a matter of merely local interest, for the success of the experiment may, and probably will, have a divided influence on dramatic art elsewhere than in Germany. The new playhouse, with more than 3000 seats, is a product of the altered conditions of the time. One might have supposed that the stage in Germany would have suffered from the war. It has lost, it is true, some of its players. On an average four or five in every large theatre have fallen, but they were for the most part young and unknown men.

"In general the managers of theatres received fairly generous treatment from the authorities, and it was not difficult

to get exemptions for actors of special talent or promise. There was probably more than one reason for this. The desire to encourage art may have been not altogether foreign to it, but the expediency of keeping the public amused was doubtless not without its influence. Reinhardt himself, who has given me his views of the German stage of today, assured me that the drama enjoyed great prosperity during the war. The public, which is devoted to the theatre, flocked to the play in such numbers that the managements had no reason at all to complain. Indeed, he thought there had been an improvement as compared with the pre-war time. This was true of Berlin, but even in small provincial towns the attendances in the war years were larger than ever.

"It is remarkable that the pieces which enjoyed most popularity were not war plays, nor were they comic productions, but serious pieces such as Buechner's 'Dantons Tod,' plays by Strindberg and Wedekind (whose 'Buechse der Pandora' was produced after the revolution) and Hauptmann's plays, both his old ones and the new play, 'Winterballade,' produced at the Deutsches Theatre. 'Faust' has been played to crowded houses throughout the war, while of the French classics, Moliere's 'Malade imaginaire' and 'Le bourgeois Gentilhomme' have proved popular in German translations. Quite recently Schiller's 'Maria Stuart' has been produced at the Luisen Theatre."

Shakespeare is the greatest standby German theatre managers possess.

"A Socialist member of the Prussian Assembly said the other day that while the theatre should serve to improve taste and elevate morals, the Berlin stage has long been tending to become entirely commercialized. He demanded the socialization of the theatre. Reinhardt does not go as far as that, but he is endeavoring by his new enterprise to reach the theatregoing masses to whom the play is a matter of serious interest. He has, therefore, decided to dispense with the elaborate and costly mounting of plays which in many countries has been carried to extreme lengths, and to make his appeal to the intellect and imagination rather than primarily to the eye of the spectator. His new house is a cheap one in comparison with the existing theatres. The average price of seats is marks 3.50 (3s. 6d.) and, as the house is a subscription theatre, the management knows where it stands financially for many months in advance. There are thousands of persons in Berlin—intelligent artisans, typists, bookkeepers, shop assistants—to whom the play makes an irresistible appeal, but who cannot afford present-day prices. It is to these classes that Reinhardt mainly looks to fill his new house. The plays are announced in advance, and in many a family the date on which the periodical visit to the theatre is to take place is looked forward to with eagerness. Fathers and mothers take their children and the occasion is a domestic event.

"By bringing the actors into the middle of the house Reinhardt believes he will re-establish that intimate association between player and audience which has been lost in great measure owing to the present construction of theatres, and that the drama will again come into its own as an important factor in the social and intellectual life of the nation. In his opinion 'the play's the thing'; the words of the author are what should tell on the audience, and once this is achieved there is no longer any need for minute antiquarian exactness or extravagantly lavish pictorial or realistic accessories, since the imagination of the spectator, like that of children at play, will supply all, or almost all, that is necessary. And in Reinhardt's view this was Shakespeare's own attitude toward

the stage. The first piece produced at the Grosse Schauspielhaus was a version of the Orestia of Aeschylus. Its choruses bring upon the stage a rather numerous company of actors, but, said Reinhardt to me, 'the next piece I shall produce will be "Hamlet," because I wish to show that the new house is adapted not only to choruses but to the unfolding of the single intellectual fate of Hamlet without great decorative accessories. The next piece after that will be Hauptmann's new play, "Der weisse Heiland" (The White Redeemer), the time of which is that of the conquest of Mexico and of which Cortes and Montezuma are characters. Then will come a new play called "Danton," by Romain

Rolland, which I have acquired and which I shall be the first to produce. "Jakobs Traum," a Jewish play by Richard Beer-Hofmann, has been produced at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin. "It is, and has been for weeks, attracting nightly crowded audiences, largely composed of Jews. The play is starred with wonderful effects of light by Reinhardt, one of whose stars, a Jewish actor, the Berlin favorite Meissel, is seen in the part of the youthful patriarch Jacob. There is so much anti-Jewish feeling in Berlin as well as elsewhere in Germany today that the success of this play deserves to be chronicled as a social and political, if not as a dramatic, phenomenon."

The Theatre in Spain: Opera and Pantomime; Miss Pavlova

The opera season, which began so brilliantly with the appearance of Mile. Pavlova's dancers, is now in full swing. Mile. Pavlova arrived from Lisbon, where she had had an enthusiastic reception. In Madrid Russian dances had been presented during the war by Diaghilev's ballet, who had left an excellent impression as interpreters of the sense of the music to which they danced. Mile. Pavlova was given out as being chiefly concerned with dancing rather than interpretation. When she appeared it was agreed that she combined both powers.

The first performance, however, hardly came up to expectations. The music of Glazounov, Drigo, and Tchaikovsky (in "Snowflakes") did not seem to please, but Grieg's Gavotte and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" changed the humor of the audience.

Italian, German and Spanish opera have been well represented. Dino Borgioli scored a great success in "La Favorita"; Genevieve Vix in "Manon," "Thais," and—as a most realistic Mimi—in "La Boheme"; Enrico Molinari in "Rigoletto"; and Angel Lolla limping from sciatica contracted at the Italian front in "Il Trovatore." Madrid is still waiting, however, for Titta Ruffo and Caruso. Volpini, the director of the Real, as the Opera House is familiarly called, has been successful in securing for the German opera Charles Rousseliere, whose interpretation of Siegmund's part in the "Valkyrie" left nothing to be desired. Since he sang in "Parsifal" in 1914, given then for the first time outside Bayreuth, Rousseliere is regarded by the Madrid public as among the best exponents of the difficult parts of the Wagnerian heroes. His return from the war has been warmly welcomed, and he divided an ovation with Otto Hess, the director of the Munich Opera orchestra which Volpini has brought to Madrid.

"El Avapias," the musical drama, text by Tomas Borrás, music by Conrado del Campo and Angel Barrio, was given at the first of the 70 performances that make up the season. Ricardo Villa conducted the orchestra, and the parts were all filled by Spanish artists, prominent among whom was Maria Llaer, a beautiful Valencian singer, and the tenor, Inchausti. The success that "Goyescas" had had in Paris makes Madrid rather regret having neglected Granados, and efforts are now being made to bring with it to Madrid the representative of the French opera who played it and Zuloaga's original scenery.

The great children's feast in England is Christmas, in France, the Nouvel an. In Spain the little ones rejoice in both these and another, los Reyes (the Kings), or Epiphany. This year they have the most wonderful pantomimes Madrid has ever seen to amuse them. Producers can afford to be lavish, for the theatres are always crowded. Benavente at the Espanol was the first to put "Cinderella" ("Cenicienta" in Spanish) on the stage. His adaptation has the classic setting of the time of Louis XIV, and the Prince is impersonated by the beautiful wife of one of Spain's best-known bull-fighters.

Magnificent in its extravagance is the presentation at the Principe of a fairy tale, also written by Benavente, called "Y va de Cuento" (once upon a time). But it is a fairy tale which also makes its appeal to grown-ups. The parts are all far below the capabilities of the principal actors, and it is part of the interest to see the great Maria Guerrero and Diaz de Mendoza literally playing on the stage where they have worked so hard. The setting of the 21 scenes is of great richness and variety, that showing the seashore during a rising storm being admirable.

First nights have taken place in all the other theatres. The success scored by Fernando de Mendoza, Maria Guerrero's son in "El Alma es Mía," a powerful tragedy by Guimerà, in which the tyranny of the Turk over the unhappy populations of the East is depicted, deserves special mention; also the fact that La Argentinita, reputed to be Spain's daintiest dancer, has made her debut on the stage in "Rosaura, the Astute Widow," the old-time Italian comedy by Goldoni, revived by Martinez Sierra at Eslava. At the Centro, Borrás and La Xirgu continue to represent typical Spanish drama, such as Almana, by Eduardo Marquina, and "La Red" (the Net), by Jose Lopez Pinillos, the tale of a poignant judicial error, both forcefully drawn episodes of village life.—London Times, Jan. 13.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. John G. ...
TUESDAY Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. ...
THURSDAY ...
FRIDAY ...
SATURDAY ...

Feb 15 1920

No one ever falls among a crowd of ...

A Boy's Memory

As the World Wags:
A philosopher of my acquaintance ...

COL. MARSHALL TREDD.

Boston.

A Question in "Rhetoric"

As the World Wags:

A recent speaker, regrettably under ...

ABEL SEAMAN.

Boston.

Ways That Are Dark

As the World Wags:

The ways of extreme youth are al- ...

GAYLORD QUEx.

Boston.

Theatre Speculators

As the World Wags:

On Wednesday, Jan. 7, I went to the ...

IL 30

A ticket agent who was not ...

So the fact is that it is advertised ...

It has been said that the speculator ...

The evil is said to be a difficult one ...

Boston. ERNEST M. SKINNER.

M'CORMACK GIVES FINAL CONCERT

John McCormack gave the fourth and ...

My dearest Jesus, Rach. Vinto e L'amor da ...

Although Mr. McCormack apparently ...

Mr. Kennedy merited the warmth of ...

Feb 15 1920

DE GOGORZA HEARD

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, gave a ...

Mr. de Gogorza sang his program in ...

A ticket agent who was not ...

Feb 17 1920

I have been either a fortunate or a prudent ...

-W. S. LANDOR.

A Timely Warning

As the World Wags:

It reaches me from trustworthy ...

I venture to suggest, therefore, that ...

Boston.

GAYLORD QUEx.

A. D. 2020

As the World Wags:

Science has stridden on. To scient- ...

But Tausendundeinstein was pensive. ...

Since it was known that he com- ...

Cambridge.

H. L. D.

Corked Humor

As the World Wags:

It is no mere figure of speech to say ...

portion of the end man to whom it ...

JOHN J. RUNYAN.

In London Courts

Justice Darling, speaking from the ...

Isaac Katzoff appealed to the court of ...

The lord chief justice—So instead of ...

Mr. Abinger (for the appellant) said ...

The lord chief justice—He doesn't seem ...

Mr. Abinger—But a man doesn't go ...

The lord chief justice—Perhaps that is ...

The lord chief justice—My experience is ...

Mr. Abinger—I don't think so. Perhaps ...

The wonder is that London courts are ...

COPLY THEATRE—"The Liars," a

dramatic comedy in four acts, by Henry ...

The cast:
Freddie Tatton, Lady Rosamund's hus- ...

The Jewett Players staged last even- ...

The story of the play, turning upon the ...

The play gains by a rehearing. The ...

The excellence of the company's work ...

Mr. Clive as Frederick Tatton, who ...

attack, even in the matter of the role among the symphonic writers of musicians. Indeed, the complex of Rachmanninoff and Wagner yielded a splendor of tone that might be called the Philharmonic's own. Soft passages were scrupulously subdued with an eye to contrast. As for the haven of "Eroten" Symphony saving the Scherzo in which the conductor kept his often finely in hand, the music befell rather dryly, with a certain lack of warmth to the alternate voices. Eloquence and continuity seemed to lie hidden in a subtler motive power than the leader could sometimes command.

Feb 14 192

W. Carew Hazlitt, in his multivolume, "Four Generations of a Literary Family"—were they suppressed or withdrawn?—tells a story about Henry Huth, "a gentleman, a scholar and linguist," also a collector of books. "At first in his letters I was 'Sir,' then 'Dear Sir.' Once I became 'My Dear Sir'; but he repented this gushing familiarity and returned and adhered to the mild form?"

Hazlitt first met Huth in 1806. Huth died in 1878. It appears, then, that during those 12 years "Dear Sir" was considered a more formal address than "Dear Sir." Today we are informed that those punctilious in all social matters that if you write to Mrs. Ferguson, and know her slightly, you must write "Dear Mrs. Ferguson." When did the change in epistolary deportment take place?

Finis

On Feb. 18, 1839, one of our old friends the Goncourt brothers, was at the Café Riche in Paris. An old man sat next him. The waiter named the dishes in order and asked him what he would like. "I should like," said the old man, "to wish—that I could have a desire," said the Goncourt saw in this old man, Old Age itself.

Let us all be unhappy together.

Concerning Shoppers

As the World Wags:

Girls of 12 or so go on shopping expeditions in swarming bunches of two to eight. There is much chatter and fudge and shy observation of other shoppers and very little business done. Young women of 16 to 18 shop in groups of three or four. It is an animal

process involving much conversation. There is a marked consciousness of their presumed attractiveness to the bystanders. Young married women are so convinced that there is strength in numbers, though individual members of their little groups begin to display a high degree of self-confidence. Ladies of clubwoman age shop in couples, usually, though as a rule their counsel does not seem actually to need support. It is only late in life that a lady ventures to face the perils of a shop single-handed and unaided.

Yet shopkeepers are, as a rule, a more and inoffensive lot, not calculated to arouse terror in the most timid heart. They live to please, and are little likely to do anything of a fierce or truculent nature. Why, then, this distrust of them in the feminine mind? Men who are very much of women, as do the people in shops, rapidly lose the primitive repugnance of sex attraction, and are by means prone to be so far overcome by the physical charms of customers that they forget the proprieties and emboldened to seduce the most delicate or osculate feminine customers. I have sometimes noted that the particularly individual from whom money is being extracted with the usual difficulty is a "peach" or "a pippin," but this estimate is made in a purely critical and academic spirit, and emotions dangerous to the commercial ends in view do not underlie it. Were a lady to so far forget herself as to proffer a kiss, she would be instantly suspected of something to substitute barter for pure love, and her advances be coldly repelled. Altogether it is a pity.

Boston. GAYLORD QUINN

"Party" and "Voter"

As the World Wags:

Who or what is the "party"? President Taft, as reported, used in a lecture the phrase "the party the voters." When I reached the village, I selected the party whose principles appealed to me, and I have consistently voted with it and considered myself a unit of that party. Am I or voter?

G.

Exeter, N. H.

We should say that you were a member belonging to a party. By the way, a

10

The music is appealing and melodious. The costumes and scenery are beautiful in color and design. The singing by both principals and chorus is unusually good. It is a pity that the libretto is so poor.

good, especially that of Alice Hills and Miss Barnett.

Feb 18 1920

'39 EAST' COMES

By PHILIP HALE
WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "59 East," a comedy in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Introduced at Stamford on March 13.

at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York
on March 31, 1919.

| | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Evalina..... | Jessie Gra |
| Boa..... | Gertrude Cier |
| Conat Gloneil..... | Lula All |
| Washington..... | R. P. D. |
| Timothy O'Brien..... | Victor Suther |
| Miss McMaisters..... | Blauche Frid |

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Mrs. D. Maybey..... | Anson Skipw |
| Dr. Hubbard..... | Albert Ca |

'TAKE IT FROM ME' AGAIN IN BOSTON

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Take It from Me," a musical play in a prologue and two acts, book and lyrics by Will E. Johnstone, music by Will R. Anderson.

"Take It from Me" returned to Boston last night for a return engagement after a year's absence. Mr. Johnstone, the author, is a New York newspaper illustrator and a cartoonist. He has proved in this novel piece of comedy, which he aptly calls "a tuneful tale of love and beauty," that he is also a clever artist in stagecraft.

The music is appealing and melodious. The costumes and scenery are beautiful in color and design. The singing of both principals and chorus is unusually good, especially that of Hillebrand, Alice Hills and Miss Barrett.

Feb 18 1920.

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "33 East," a comedy in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced at Stamford on March 13, 1919 at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York on March 31, 1919.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Evelina..... | Jessie Graham |
| Rosa..... | Gertrude Clemens |
| Conat Glendon..... | Lulu Abner |
| Washington..... | R. P. Davis |
| Timothy O'Brien..... | Victor Sutherland |
| Miss Mc Masters..... | Blanche Fridelle |
| Mrs. De Maffee..... | Alison Skipworth |
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The Philharmonic orchestra of New York, Josef Stransky conductor, gave a concert in Symphony Hall last night. The program follows: Beethoven's Third Symphony ("Eroica"), Rachmaninoff's Symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead"; Wagner's Bacchanale from "Tannhauser"; Tschaiakowsky's Overture "1812."

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It was a party for person. It was a party to the Oxford party. It was a party, vulgar. It was a party, as "party," should, in their shop. It was a party, or going into an party. It was a party, but in his house. It was a party, Mrs. Bollons's party. It was a party, but a vase, or less beautiful and the material of her gown, having been honored by her gown and shaped by her figure, is to linear goods. Mr. Sheldon's party. Mr. Law's tea. Mr. Stewart's silk. It was a party, but we neither read nor drink goods; how, then, do we wear goods? . . . Mrs. Bollons, when she is sold out, may rightly enumerate her gown among her goods, and her sexless vase among her articles of party and virtue."—Ed.

Sick-Room Courtesy

It was on an 18th of February that Mr. James Howells excused himself for not visiting a friend whose feet suffered from "podagrical pain." "I have observed a civility they use in Italy and Spain, not to visit a Sick Person too often, for fear of putting him to waste his Spirits by talk, which they say spends much of the inward man."

First Bolshevik Republic

A writer in a French newspaper has just discovered that a Bolshevik Republic existed in China 70 years ago at Chetuga, in Manchuria. It was founded by conscript miners who had been sent by the Chinese Emperor to dig for gold.

These men, treated as slaves, deserted and established a Communist republic in the mountains. Their example was followed by an entirely different class, a race of brigands, who however, continued to "spoil the Egyptians" while leaving their Communist neighbors unmolested. Their menfolk are now policing Manchuria on behalf of Japan, which adopted the plan of setting thieves to catch thieves, and in return for their services protected them from Chinese and Russian persecutors.—London Daily Chronicle

Consulting an old English calendar in search of a cheerful thought for the day, we find: February 13, the navelwort or houndstongue, begins to flower." Let us go out and pick them; for in a medical treatise by a physician that sported a wig and a gold-headed cane, we read that the water of this plant cures gout, sciatica and scrofula.

Dining Room and Kitchen

The brother of Gustave Flaubert supported life chiefly on bread and wine. As he was a surgeon, working daily on flesh, he loathed the sight and smell of meat.

Wholesale Amiability

Carriers, the painter, on Feb. 19, 1891, was talking about his imprisonment at Dresden in the Franco-Prussian war. During the first months the imprisoned soldiers were fed chiefly on millet soup. As he talked he was often interrupted by clanking women asking foolish questions. He happened to say that he and his comrades had no cause to complain of the Germans, when a woman piped up: "Then, they treated you very amiably." To which he answered, "Madam, one is not amiable towards 25,000 men."

Village Peddlers

Do any peddlers of the old-fashioned sort still ply their trade in New England, going from one village to another with a covered cart, on the back of which tin-ware jingles, selling anything from a pan with a hole in it to a spool of thread, from a gaudy ribbon to "Napoleon's Dream Book." We have not seen a cart of this sort for many years, not even on Cape Cod. In the days when Col. Jim Fisk, Jr., was swelling it in vulgar fashion, running the Grand Opera House in New York and supporting French actresses, there were housewives in the Connecticut valley from Northampton to White River village, who remembered him driving a cart, daily chasing and amusingly impudent.

President Dwight a century ago thought poorly of these wandering tradesmen. "The consequences of this employment, and of all others like it, are generally malignant. Men, who begin life with bargaining for small wares, will almost invariably become sharpers. The commanding aim of every such man will soon be to make a good bargain; and he will speedily consider every gainful bargain as a good one. . . . Often employed in

As to merchandising," remarked an old friend Cicero, "if on a small scale it is mean, but if it is extensive and rich, bringing numerous commodities from all parts of the world, and giving bread to numbers without fraud, it is not so despicable. But if a merchant, satiated, or rather satisfied with his profits, as he sometimes used to leave the open sea and make the harbor, shall from the harbor step into an estate and lands; such a man seems more justly deserving of praise." What

snobs Cicero and his friends could be on an occasion!

The Cinema's Conventions

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, condescended last month to attend a "film" rehearsal. "The heroine appeared (she was the daughter of the house, and this was her first ball—indicated by a stray curl down her back), and her ravishing pink gown, evidently a choice product of the West end, looked strange in a disused East end factory. Of course she had adopted the inexorable 'cinema' convention of a 'Cupid's bow' mouth. Here is the youngest of the arts already past breeding its own conventions. Surely the variety of female lips might be recognized. Women's own mouths are generally prettier, and certainly more suitable to their faces, than some rigidly fixed type. It would be ungallant to say that the leading lady's 'Cupid's bow' did not become her, but the shape of her own mouth, I venture to suggest, would have been better still. . . . Will the heroes of the 'silent stage,' I wonder, ever deviate into 'spoken drama'? It would be startling to hear Charlie Chaplin speak."

Come over here, Mr. Walkley, if only to see and hear Thelma Bara in a "spoken melodrama." She will be in Boston soon. We are looking forward to the arrival of Pearl White as Camille or Juliet.

As the World Wags:

With pleasure I read your note regarding the improvement of the birth-rate in France. Didn't Leroy Beaudieu, rated by many as the leading economist of that country, say something to the effect that it would be a tremendous advantage for France if 50,000 French Canadians, most prolific of progeny, as is well known—could be induced to settle there?

Regarding Tivoli, Danish friends of mine have told me that it is the name of a wonderful amusement park in Copenhagen, comprising a theatre and all manner of minor amusements.

Arlington. EMIL SCHWAB. Yes, we have read about this Tivoli, with the Column of Liberty at the entrance, an obelisk of granite erected in 1778 to commemorate the abolition of serfdom; but no one has yet answered our simple question. Lexicographers say that the name of the game Tivoli is derived from the Italian town Tivoli near Rome. Again we ask, why?—Ed.

Deep Penetration

"Charles Parsons dreams of a bore hole 42 miles deep to the earth." We know men—they are not dreamers—who can bore deeper than that.

FLONZALEY QUARTET GIVES FINE CONCERT

Plays Compositions by Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart

At a concert in Jordan Hall last night the Flonzaley Quartet played quartets by Haydn in D major (Op. 76, No. 5); by Beethoven in F minor (Op. 95), and by Mozart in C major (K. 456). To exclude this quartet of Beethoven from the so-called third period is to admit that the line between periods is none too distinct. At any rate, it is perplexing and enigmatic—bears frequent profiles characteristic of the master's last works. D'Indy wrote that to do justice to the slow movement of the Hammerklavier Sonata, the musician must have known suffering. There is also tragic suffering in the closing pages of this quartet, infinitely more poignant than Tchaikowsky, with neither sob nor spectacle. These measures of three or four minutes were worth the whole concert.

Mozart's quartet, both in its lively and grave moods, is good to return to. Haydn's quartet was in large part perfunctory, with a saving largo. The audience was large—the performance impeccable.

The Hull Corporation conferred the honorary freedom of the city on Earl Haig last month. In acknowledgment of the honor he quoted a verse of the early 17th century:

There is a proverb and a prayer withal, That we may not to three strange places fall, From Hull, from Halifax, from Hell, from all These three, Good Lord deliver us.

It is fair to add that Earl Haig said these verses proved that the writer had a jaundiced mind.

"From hell, Hull and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us," was a part of the beggars and vagrants litany. It was said over 156 years ago that of these three frightful things, the vagrants feared the first least, "conceiving it the farthest from them." The "late Rev. and Learned" J. Ray, M. A., F. R. S., added: "Hull is terrible to them as a town of good government, where beggars meet with punitive charity, and it is to be feared are oftener corrected than amended. Halifax is formidable for the law thereof, whereby thieves taken 'epaulophoro,' in the very act of stealing cloth, are instantly beheaded with an engine, without any further legal proceedings." Did Ray here quote from Fuller's "Worthies of England?"

Not only in England, but in other countries, have the people of one town made bitter remarks about the people of another. Probably the most scathing characterization is that of the Genoese. Old Fuller was of a more generous mind. Stating that Suffolk had a reputation for fair maids, he said: "It seems the God of Nature hath been bountiful in giving them beautiful complexions; which I am willing to believe, so far forth as it fixeth not a comparative disparagement on the same sex in other places."

The Power of the Press

As the World Wags:

The "paper for people who think" tells us about literary activity in Rome under the patronage of Augustus and Macenas (sic). Does any one know where the fine old Irish family of Mac Cenas settled in Rome? In the same paper the passionate press agent grows ecstatic over "new innovations" at a theatre in Boston. That's the stuff; we're not going to let anybody put old innovations over on us. HORROSCO REFERENS. Arlington.

In April, 1865

As the World Wags:

I read "A Boy's Memory," in which Col. Marshall Tredd told of his hearing in Cleveland the news of Lincoln's death.

That event left a vivid impression on my mind like the shutting off of a camera picture. I was sitting on our door steps watching a gardener getting the flower garden ready. The April morning was very warm. Our grocer came up the yard and brought the news that Lincoln had been shot. On the day of Lincoln's funeral, public services were held over the country and "our town" had a public service in the church on the hill. Storekeepers loaned black goods, women lent black shawls and the church was very sombre and funereal. Our mother said, "I want to be at the church at dinner time, but you will find roasted veal plenty for dinner." (To this day stuffed roasted veal has always carried an air of distinction.) Our chums came in and there was a mixture of mourning and feasting, and we made and wore rosettes of black and white ribbon as a token of mourning and respect, which I think was very genuine.

Ipswich. A. L. NEWMAN. Col. Marshall Tredd, describing how the news of Lincoln's death affected him as a little boy, asked for the experience of others. The Herald has received several letters in reply, which will be published here in due time.—Ed.

Unfastened Overshoes

As the World Wags:

With no thought of qualifying as an expert, but merely as a casual looker-on, I would suggest to Mr. Gaylord Quex that the present fad among girls as well as boys of going about with overshoes unfastened is not so difficult to explain. The boys do it to avoid the bother of sitting down to buckle them; the girls, partly to appear mannish, but also, I surmise, to attract extra attention to their ankles and legs as a rule well covered with silk or even woollen hose. To me they look for all the world like feather-legged chickens.

LIBRARIUS EBORACENSIS.

New Haven, Ct.

A Girl's Memory

As the World Wags:

At the time of President Lincoln's assassination I was a girl of 10. My second brother, 15 years of age, was a telegraph operator and clerk in the country store where the telegraph office was located. He had learned to read messages by ear and while busy in the store on that April morning heard the message "President Lincoln shot!" He rushed to the instrument to confirm the news and then sent my oldest brother, who was in the store, to the office of the local paper to spread the news.

On his way he stopped to tell my mother, who was near the gate, and I recall, as if it were yesterday, seeing her leaning against the fence, and her white, stricken face. "She looked as if one of us had died," my brother said, in speaking of it.

Shortly after my father came home, and with the tears streaming down his

face said to my mother, "What shall we do now?" I had never before seen my father shed tears and a pall seemed settle over my little world.

Later in the day I was to see men meet and wring each others' hands, their faces working with emotion; others made no attempt to check their tears. Andover. E. J. L.

Frackin Brilliant Violin Soloist for Lalo's Spanish Symphony

ORCHESTRA PLAYS PIECE BY GILBERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Manteux, conductor, gave its 15th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Frackin was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Lalo, Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra; Gilbert, "The Dance in Place Congo" (first time at these concerts).

The performance of Mozart's symphony was a beautiful one; beautiful in its clarity, its euphony, its unflinching regard for proportion. Some years ago, a prominent writer about music, a wild-eyed worshipper of Liszt and Wagner, published the statement that this symphony is interesting only in a historical sense. His idols would have been the first to laugh at him. There are few things in art that are perfect. The G minor symphony is one of them. Its apparent simplicity is an adorable triumph of supreme art.

Too often this music is played in a perfunctory manner, as if the conductor had said to himself: "We should play at least one symphony by Mozart each season. Let's see—what did we play last year? The one in E flat major. O yes. Well, we'll play the one in G minor. You all know it but we'll run through it for form's sake," and he yawns during the rehearsal, impatient to put some thunderous modern work on his rack, so that he can show the audience what he can do. The French have long been famous for their interpretation of music by Mozart and Haydn, as Habeneck's performance of Beethoven's 9th symphony excited the wonder and praise of Wagner when he heard the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory.

Mr. Frackin gave a brilliant interpretation of Lalo's fascinating "Spanish" Symphony, a performance that was also sensational. Furthermore there was the capriciousness, the elegance demanded by the music. Technically and aesthetically, the interpretation was a fine one. It was thoroughly appreciated by the great audience. Applause in this instance was not perfunctory, courteous, respectful; it was enthusiastic.

Mr. Gilbert, inspired by a magazine article of George W. Cable, wrote a symphonic poem, "The Dance in Place Congo," over 12 years ago. Discouraged by indifferent or ignorant conductors, he used this music for a ballet, which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in March, 1918, and performed here by the Metropolitan company in April. The music was heard yesterday as the composer wished it to be heard; but yesterday, as two years ago, he was unfortunate in this respect: his composition when played here as a ballet followed Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Cock d'Or," yesterday it followed music by Lalo. Now, the Russian and the Frenchman were masters of orchestration. Mr. Gilbert, indisputable as his native talent is, has yet to learn the value of economy of means. The orchestration of "Dance in Place Congo" is thick. The temptation to use all the instruments at his disposal was not always resisted by him. For this reason, and possibly for other reasons, the poem, although it made a more marked impression than when it served the purposes of a ballet, did not firmly hold the attention throughout. The opening episode is powerful; there is the true tragic note with the thought of barbaric feeling. The Bamboula theme is announced with the splendid and fitting vulgarity. The lyrical episode has charming measures, but from here until the dramatic ending there are pages that are of comparative little significance. It is easy to say that this or that composition is too long. Sometimes the mental and physical state of the hearer prompts the reproach; but as a rule the fault is in the composer's unwillingness or inability to say much in a few pages. Over-elaboration is always ruinous. Garrulity is tiresome in art as in life. The desire to be explicit, circumstantial in narration, often lessens the immediate effect and forbids remembrance.

Mr. Manteux is to be thanked for putting this symphonic poem on the program. Music does not deserve to be heard at a Symphony concert, simply because it was written by an American. If the music has importance, it should be heard even if the composer happens to be an American. What Mr. Gilbert writes is certainly worthy of serious consideration.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next

week is as follows: "Phigeneia in Aulis," Haydn, Symphony in G major (B. & H. No. 13), Debussy, "The Blessed Damsel" (Ethel Frank, soprano; Claramond Thompson, contralto; female chorus trained by Mr. Townsend); Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy."

BARLEBEN GIVES BRILLIANT RECITAL

Violin Soloist Appears in Note-worthy Program

Karl Barleben, violinist, gave a recital last night at Jordan Hall. Mr. De Voto was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Concerto; Paganini-Kreisler, Caprice No. 24, Variations; Kuzdo Witches' Dance; Spohr, Adagio from the 5th Century; Vieuxtemps, Introduction and Rondo from the Concerto in E major; Wieniawski, Legende; Bazzini, the Round of the Goblins, Scherzo-Fantastique.

Mr. Barleben was born in Bremen, Germany, and studied under Brodsky at the Leipzig Conservatory, where he was graduated with highest honors. He was

a concertmaster at Hanover, and led a string quartet in this country. In 1901-1903 he toured in Germany and Russia as a virtuoso. At a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1905, he played Tschaiakowski's violin concerto. He was formerly a dozen years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, until 1912; since then he has devoted his time to solo work and teaching.

Mr. Barleben gave a brilliant performance last night of a difficult program. His playing of the Mendelssohn concerto and the Paganini-Kreisler variations were especially noteworthy. The last movement of the concerto he played with great brilliance and clarity, and never once permitted the maze of technical intricacies of this movement to overshadow the substance. In the Vieuxtemps concerto he displayed a beautiful and well-rounded tone, unusual for its clearness and quality of sincerity. Mr. Barleben's playing is distinguished by great brilliance and an abundant and thorough technique. He won much applause from his audience after each number; but was apparently too much exhausted by his program to respond to more than one encore.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "The Wedding Ring," a play in four acts, by Owen Davis.

David Compton.....John Cromwell
Jack Compton.....Kenneth MacKenna
Daniel Glover.....Robert Harrison
Martin Glover.....Frank Dawson
Bill Harlow.....Richard Collins
Edward Herford.....Leahist Elser
Jim Sutton.....Urie Blair Collins
Doris, a detective.....Frank Hilton
John, an Indian.....Robert Harrigan
Emily Rand.....Marie Goff
Mrs. Blackton.....Edith Shayne
Miss Sutton.....Marion Berry
Celia Herford.....Gertrude Shirley
Mrs. Compton.....Adeline Cotton

The author of "The Wedding Ring" evidently believes in action from the moment the curtain rises—as witness the pistol shot opening of "At 9:45." In this new play which was tried out yesterday the curtain goes up on a heated argument in the Compton family. David, the elder son, is cashier in the Greenfield bank; Jack is assistant cashier. There is a shortage of \$15,000, and suspicion points to Jack. He is arrested, and in this crisis Emily Rand, David's fiancée, realizes it is really Jack she loves. She admits it to David, but on his promise that he will keep the case from coming to trial, she agrees to go through with their marriage.

On their wedding day, when they have returned from the church, she finds David has deceived her; that he has not saved his brother, and that the case comes to trial the following morning. Emily and Jack go away to a ranch in Oklahoma, the property of Emily's uncle. Two months later they are found by David, Brisco, the teller in the bank, and a detective, who have been hunting for the fugitives. Although Jack is seriously ill, Emily plans to take him away, but before they can leave David, crazed with drink, comes in. There is a struggle. Jack cries out from the bed and David fires. Instead of killing Jack, they find that it is Brisco who has been shot. He had entered Jack's room through the window to prevent his escape, and with his last breath Brisco confesses it was he who took the money. The last act ends with David in custody for the murder, and Jack and Emily preparing to go back East, for Jack to be cleared of the charge of theft, and for Emily to get a divorce from David. The rest is tactfully left to the imagination of the audience.

Mr. Davis has contrived an interesting and plausible play, and the suspense is well sustained until the surprising moment when Brisco confesses. Perhaps the author is a little hard on the elder brother; it is a little trying to be elder brother—practical, hardworking, and unromantic—to a whimsical, lovable per-

son, whose personality wins more for him in a day than months of conscientious effort have gained for the elder brother. But there must be a villain, of course, to every hero, and Mr. Cromwell, as David, is a good villain. Mr. MacKenna is very attractively as the scapegrace Jack Compton.

Miss Goff, in the role of Emily Rand, again proved her unusual ability. She has, in addition, a rare charm of manner; it is always pleasing to have her in the stage. Miss Cotton, as Mrs. Compton, the mother, has a small part, but one which gives her an opportunity for some fine emotional acting. The other members of the company all contribute to an unusually smooth and well-balanced first performance.

If Mr. Brady has been casting about for a next season's play for Miss Brady, it is to be hoped that he will choose "The Wedding Ring" instead of Mr. Davis's less fortunate and osculatory "Anna Ascends."

We have the pleasure of having known Louis C. Elson for 30 years. During those years, meeting him frequently in the course of our calling and talking with him freely, we do not recall an unkind or malicious word spoken by him with reference to a colleague, composer, or performer on the stage. He criticized frankly, but criticism was not with him merely fault finding. If he did not like a composition, if he found a singer or pianist wanting, he gave an adverse opinion, but not in a capricious or dogmatic manner; he stated the reasons for his disapprobation, and his opinions were founded on musical knowledge, for he was a learned man, of long and wide experience, and a taste, which, if it was conservative, was sound.

His industry was remarkable. He taught at the New England Conservatory of Music, where he will be sadly missed; he exercised faithfully for many years his duties as a critic; he wrote many books, theoretical, critical, historical, and in lighter vein; he was a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers, and in this field his versatility was uncommon; he lectured on musical subjects throughout the United States. As a lecturer, whether at a university, in the Lowell course or in some little town, he had the gift of imparting knowledge, awakening interest; in a word, working for musical righteousness in an unusually entertaining manner. In public, as in private, he was anecdotal, but not after the tiresome manner of the professional raconteur.

As a comrade, he was always good-humored, responsive, generous, high-minded. If he had trials and troubles, he kept them to himself. He preserved his good nature even through dismal and distressing musical performances.

When we came to this city late in 1889 the leading musical critics with Elson were Benjamin E. Woolf, William F. Apthorp, Charles A. Capen, F. H. Jenks, Howard M. Ticknor and Arthur Weld. The art of music was then treated seriously; it was not merely a matter of press agents, newspaper pictures and flaring advertisements. Boston, then, with the Symphony orchestra; the Knelsel Quartet, the Adamowski Quartet and other chamber music organizations; the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia, the Boylston, the Apollo; its singers, pianists and teachers who had more than local reputation, was justly regarded as a great, if not the great, musical centre of this country. To this reputation the music critics of Boston contributed in no small degree. It was the fashion to attend concerts, nor was any one deterred by the fact that the concert giver played or sang here for the first time. (This was before bridge and the automobile, which are now superior attractions.) The newspaper articles about these concerts were eagerly read and hotly discussed.

Of these critics named, Louis Elson was the last to leave us. A few days before his death—he was mercifully spared a long and distressing sickness—he told us that he dreaded the approaching opera season, the going and coming, the possibly inclement weather, but there was no note of the querulousness that is often a sign of tired old age. For he was still young in mind and spirit, still ready to hear and consider that which is new, even unexpected, in the art that he loved dearly. In the art to which he devoted his life. During the many years of his activity there was the inevitable drudgery of his profession to balance the days and nights of musical enjoyment; but this drudgery was accepted by him gayly. His cheerfulness, his tolerance, his enthusiasm in his work will long be remembered by those that knew him personally and also by the great public that read his reviews, relying on his knowledge and his integrity.

David Bispham's Most Interesting Story of His Long Career

"A Quaker Singer's Recollections," by David Bispham, is published by the Macmillan Company of New York. The volume of 401 pages contains 14 portraits of Mr. Bispham as a child, man in citizen's

dress, actor in various parts, portraits of his parents, the Bispham coat of arms, also the Seal coat of arms. There is a very full index.

Mr. Bispham has a good deal to say about his family; how the name was known in England long before the time of William the Conqueror; how it means "the home of the bishops" and was spelled in different ways. The name of his mother's family, Scull, or Shull, is also of great antiquity. Mr. Bispham says he is descended on his mother's side from a long line of Norman ancestors. Nine signed the Magna Charta. "Good Americans as I am, I see nothing to be ashamed of in such researches or in their results." For "American" Mr. Bispham might justly substitute the word "Philadelphian."

Mr. Bispham has had a long and honorable career, in the course of which he has met many men and women worth knowing. As he has a retentive memory and a sense of humor, his recollections pleasantly set down will entertain any reader, whether he is a melomaniac, slightly interested in music, or one that can say with Charles Lamb, "I have no ear," for when Mr. Bispham speaks of his art he is anecdotal rather than technical.

There is a pleasant description of the years in Philadelphia, of the social and musical life there. His parents did not look with favoring eyes on "stage folks," and they wished their boy to be a business man, yet others of the family were more liberal. An uncle gave him a zither and took him to his first opera, "Martha," with Clara Louise Kellogg and Joseph Maas in the company. David became acquainted with Max Heinrich, who was singing in a beer-hall provided with a stage for variety performances. Max told him of his adventures; how he was stranded in America by reason of Jay Cooke's failure and the loss of his own savings. After David left Haverford College an uncle took him to Europe. Returning to Philadelphia he heard Thomas's orchestra, the Richings-Bernard Opera Company, Nilsson, Tietjens. His father finally allowed him to see plays. David became an amateur actor, but he was more interested in singing, and he joined choral societies and church choirs. He remembers a hostess of the Orpheus asking President Grant what he would like to hear, and Grant's reply: "Anything you please, madam; I don't know one note from another." David was soon entrusted with solo parts in oratorios.

These early memories are recounted in an easy, charming manner, with thumbnail sketches of famous men and women. He used to see Walt Whitman walking "in his shapeless shoes and light tweed suit of no cut at all, several buttons of his waistcoat open, and what was apparently his night shirt, with its collar lying loose over that of his coat, likewise open at the neck and showing his gray and hairy breast. Crowning a superb and rather massive Homerel-looking head was a broad, light felt slouch hat. Thus Whitman proceeded in serene indifference to the attention of passers-by, who would almost have stared him out of countenance had he deigned to notice them."

Bispham decided to give up business and be a singer. He came to Boston and asked George Henschel's advice. Henschel heard him sing and discouraged him, but admitted that his voice was naturally good. Bispham, however, went to Europe in 1885, heard opera in various cities, returned to work as a clerk for \$12 a week. In 1886 he left Philadelphia, went to London, and did not see his native city again for many years. Meeting E. J. Lang at a Birmingham festival, he told the Bostonian of his intention to sing in oratorio because his mother disliked opera. Lang answered, "Oratorio is only opera spoiled." Nevertheless Bispham went to Florence, where he studied with Vennucini.

Bispham in Florence

In Florence he met Marion Crawford, Thomas Ball, the sculptor, who was the first to sing the part of Elijah in Boston at a Handel and Haydn concert; Salvini, Constance Fenimore Woolson, John Sargent, who was visiting his sisters at the house once occupied by Mrs. Browning. He saw George F. Root, the song writer, tall, old, bare-headed, carrying a little girl on his shoulder as he went about the streets. Ouida he knew well. His description of her is worth quotation:

"Ouida's old-fashioned style of dress and slippers of the sort my mother used for my personal chastisement, square-toed, with ribbons tied over the instep, are still a picture in my memory. She had never been beautiful, but was always fascinating. Her feet and hands, all that remained small about her, were always in evidence; her dainty toes rested upon a small stool before her, her hands, in becoming gestures, accompanying her speech; yet I judged from her girth and much augmented complexion that the dim light was a concession to the ravages made upon her by advancing years. She was a strange creature to me, with curious ideas about paying bills and getting married, escaping both with unvarying consistency. Her creditors began suing her, one by one; and, acting on this hint, she began

counting her longest socks, whose tender portions had been unable to survive the strain of her disfigurement. She seemed to be as erratic as she was crozier, and shocked my quivering belief in the sanctity of the matrimonial bond by assuring me that the only certainty of married happiness lay in treating one's wife as if she were one's mistress."

Bispham sang at an orchestral concert given by Buonamici, the father of Carlo Buonamici, well known in the musical life of Boston. He heard Tamagno sing at a performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The audience was enthusiastic, for no one ever sang the "Cujus Animam" with so great a volume of tone. Vennucini was highly displeased. "He said he did not think it singing at all. He called it 'bleating like a goat' and asked what could be done with a singer who knew nothing but opera. To my amazement he told me that Tamagno had not only never sung the 'Stabat Mater,' but until a fortnight before had never so much as heard of the work, which he had first studied with Vennucini for this occasion."

Spirits and Planchette

Going to London, Bispham attended meetings of the Society for Psychical Research, and heard papers by Meyers, Sidgwick, Crookes, Gurney, Lodge. He went to Spiritualistic seances. At a country house, the daughter of the hostess, a woman socially distinguished, would "paint pictures indistinguishable from those of Blake, write in foreign languages with which she was unacquainted, or extemporaneously composed poetry of great grandeur. In one instance, the poem thus produced afterward proved to be the translation of a papyrus found upon the body of an Egyptian mummy in the British Museum." This lady, a remarkable psychic subject, knew nothing about Bispham's private affairs. He had been puzzled by the non-arrival of a sum of money due to him through an American agent whose honesty had been questioned. The psychic young woman, looking into a crystal, gave the message that Bispham need not be uneasy; that the agent had been sick. Returning to London, Bispham found the draft and an apology for the delay caused by sickness.

It was in 1892 that Bispham, having sung in London in concert and in "The Basochie," watched Planchette, visiting at the house of Baron Waleen, a Swede. He was not touching the board nor had he asked any questions; but the machine soon wrote "Opera, by all means." Bispham had thought of asking whether he should continue in concert or strive toward opera. He then asked what operas he should study. Planchette answered, "The operas of Verdi and Wagner." Bispham did not know a note of the baritone parts in those operas except the Romance to the Evening Star in "Tannhauser." The next question was, "Which?" the answer was, "Aida," "Tannhauser," "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Mastersingers." The answer to another question was with regard to the parts: "Amonasso, Wolfram, Kurwenal and Beckmesser." Bispham was so impressed that he began to study the roles. The prophecy came true; for in a very short time he was called on suddenly to appear as Kurwenal and Amonasso, and would have taken the part of Beckmesser at Covent Garden if the performance of the opera had not been postponed owing to Jean de Reszke's sickness.

Dreaded Boston

There is hardly a page in this large volume that does not contain an anecdote, a description of some celebrated man or woman. And unlike Clara Louise Kellogg, Mr. Bispham is not malicious in his reminiscences. In his cheerfulness and good nature he reminds one in this respect of Charles Santley as a narrator. Yet Mr. Bispham has a sly crack at Boston.

"When it was decided that I should give the Mueller Lied in Boston, I felt a distinct sense of alarm. I had looked up to Boston from my youth, and now that I visited its classic precincts, though I found the Bostonese much the same as other people, yet there still clung about them and their city and everything pertaining to it, from its hallowed Common to its crooked streets, from its Handel and Haydn Society to its Symphony Orchestra, something indefinitely alarming which a mere Philadelphian could not consider without trepidation. That curious assumption of right, that distinction of superiority that hangs about Boston, is undeniably felt as we approach the Hub from any quarter. We sense it, as we would Rome, with a feeling of something everlasting, as being the mundane spot where Deity deigns to touch the earth and make it brighter. As we approach we remember that we have heard of the sounds which turned out to be its people reciting Browning, and as we approach still nearer we recognize an order—can it be that of sanctity? Upon stepping across the threshold of our American Mecca even the Negro porter who carries our bags at the railway station has something su-

the porters of other hotels. They have they not access to the Boston papers? They must know about it who make music, and I feel a vague alarm that the critics—shall be at my heels. Will any one recognize me in the city? Yes, I am recognized; the porter has heard me sing in New York. Oh, joy, the waiter at the table has heard me from Europe! I am surrounded by one or two friends. I have been there many a time, I have wondered at my tenacity in tempting fate, and wondered, too, whether such visits were not made in a sort of bravado, not in the endeavor to conquer Boston, but just to show the rest of the United States that I am not afraid of it. Though it did not need my attention, I was not to be induced to pass by on the other side. I have felt that it might be well to receive from Boston that little corrective of which my system is in need, after a good deal of feeding up in other parts of the country—the feeding up that makes me feel so good and yet is so bad for me, the success that is so beneficial and yet so harmful; the sweet little morsels rolled under the tongue which are said to be so deleterious.

This was written apropos of his visit to Boston in December, 1898. As he says, he had been here before. He sang in Boston for the first time in "The Messiah," Dec. 20, 21, 1896. At the first performance the other singers were Emma Juch, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Thomas E. Johnson; at the second, Mme. Albani, Mrs. Alves, Charles Kaiser. He had also sung in opera, appearing as Alberich, Telramund, Plunkett, Wolfram, the Dutchman. A few years later he was seen and heard as Beckmesser, Urok ("Manru"), Tristan ("Martha") and in other parts, not to mention his portrayal of Beethoven in "Adelaide," a dreary play.

A Long Career

The lists of operatic appearances, concert engagements, miles traveled, give one an idea of Mr. Bispham's remarkable activity. As late as 1916-18 he was singing in New York in English operatic performances given by the Society of American Singers.

We note one slip (page 359). He was not the first to introduce to the public H. W. Parker's "Cahal Mor." That romantic ballad with orchestra was first sung by Max Heinrich at a Symphony concert in Boston.

It is surprising to find Mr. Bispham saying: "It is wellnigh impossible to comprehend the most advanced vocal music of today," for he has brains, artistic curiosity, and a lively love of the beautiful.

The chapter on "Program Making"—Mr. Bispham says he has actually sung a out 140 songs—should be read by givers of song recitals. "The last group, whether it consists of English, American or foreign composers of the present time, must be of such a character as to send the people away sorry to go, but glad that they have come. I have often found that at the end of such a concert the homely ditties of the British Isles or folk songs, including American Negro 'Spirituals,' are very useful." There is little, alas, about the worth of modern French songs.

A man of system, he has kept a book in which all his engagements, with their dates, places and the work performed, have been entered. Beginning as an actor, he has acted in 25 plays, and given as many recitations to music. (We remember him best reciting "Enoch Arden" with Richard Strauss playing his own piano music. He has impersonated 50 operatic characters of all sorts, light, comic and grand; of oratorios, cantatas, masses and services, madrigals and part songs the list accounts for some 200.)

Three Chicago Opera Singers Not Unknown Here

Caro Galeffi, a leading baritone of the Chicago Opera Association, was for a season a shining light of the Boston Opera Company. He sang here for the first time on Nov. 16, 1910, when he took the part of Tonio in "Pagliacci," a member of that year he was seen

in "Tonio on the 22d and 31st. His appearances as a member of the Boston Opera Company were as follows: "Hansel and Gretel" Nov. 25, "Carmen" Dec. 1, "Luna, Nov. 26, Dec. 10, "Rigoletto" Dec. 17, "Aida" Dec. 28, "The Girl of the Golden West" Jan. 17, 21, 27, Feb. 1, 6, "The Sheriff in Puccini's opera he was most impressive, as singer and

actor. In the other roles he was interesting. Why did Mr. Russell let him go before the season was over? But this is only one of many questions that might be asked about the management of that opera house under Henry Russell.

Galeffi was born in Rome. His home in later years was Parma. Having studied at Bologna and Milan, and gained experience in small Italian towns, he appeared at Rome as Amonaro. Since he left Boston he has been applauded in cities of Italy, Spain and South America. He joined the Chicago company last fall.

Nor is Edward Johnson, wholly unknown in Boston. He sang here with the Cecilia Society in "The Damnation of Faust" Dec. 12, 1904. When Edward Colonne came over from New York to conduct the Wage Earner's concert, but was prevented by a storm from conducting the subscription concert. On Feb. 18, 1906, he sang at a Handel and Haydn concert "Hymn of Praise" and the "Cujus Animam" and on April 19, 1906, he took the part of Radames in a concert performance of "Aida." He went into light opera, appearing as Liliu, Niki in "The Waltz Dream" in New York, Jan. 27, 1908, but grand opera tempted him and he studied with Lombardi in Florence. Italianizing his name, he soon became a favorite with Italian audiences, singing in Italian and Wagnerian roles at Rome, Bologna and Milan. He has also sung in South America.

Titta Ruffo sang here in Symphony hall Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, 1914.

On Feb. 5 he sang with Mme. Tetrazzini in Mechanics building. Ruffo, who for volume of voice is among baritones what Tamagno was among tenors, was born in 1878 at Pisa. It is said that at Rome he was dismissed from the Academy of Saint Cecilia and advised to abandon singing, whereupon Cassini in Milan taught him gratuitously. In 1898 he made his debut in Rome as the Herald in "Lohengrin," but he won his first success at Rio Janeiro and other South American cities. Returning to Italy, he was applauded in various towns; he sang at La Scala, Milan, Vienna, and in May, 1912, at the Paris Opera (Rigoletto, Jack Rance, Figaro in "The Barber of Seville"). Joining the Chicago-Philadelphia company that year he sang for the first time in this country on Nov. 4,

1912, at Philadelphia ("Rigoletto"). He also appeared in the two cities in "Hansel," "Pagliacci," "Otello," "Cristoforo Colombo," "Un Ballo in Maschera" and "Andrea Chénier." During the war he served in the Italian aviation corps, and before returning to Chicago he sang in South America.

An Essay on Stilted Rules of Comedy in Film Plays

There are two cinematograph comedies that are being shown in London this week which, without being in the least interesting in themselves, might provide a certain amount of interest to an earnest student who had the hardihood and patience to give them a little study. One is called "Back Stage" and the other "His Naughty Wife."

Neither of these films has any intrinsic merit whatever. They both depend upon the kind of physical humor which has proved so strong a weapon of attack in the hands of those to whom the picture theatre does not appeal. They are no worse than any of their predecessors, and it must be admitted that they seem to give a great deal of pleasure to their audiences, but they are really very poor stuff indeed. Their interest arises from the fact that they are so strictly faithful to type. The type will eventually, it is to be hoped, vanish utterly—perhaps much sooner than many pessimistic people imagine, and a time will come when a curious historian of the cinematograph may set himself to analyze it. In a hundred years' time it will be well worth a little critical study.

The great majority of film comedies are modelled upon an extremely rigid pattern. There seems to be an unwritten set of rules, beside which the laws of the Medes and Persians were very flimsy affairs. To put the matter upon a mathematical basis, there are some quite arbitrary axioms and a number of postulates, and upon these a body of theorems and a larger body of problems have been constructed. The outstanding axiom apparently is that no cinematograph comedy shall possess a plot with any claim to coherence whatever. Once this is assumed the ground is cleared to a very great extent. The postulates fall into several general divisions, and these may be very briefly pointed out.

One of the great divisions is concerned with all forms of locomotion. If a motor car is introduced into the story it must never behave in a normal manner. It may go backwards or overturn; fly through the air or blow up. Otherwise its movements are rather circumscribed. As regards human locomotion, a character is very seldom allowed to walk. He may run or jump, and there is one rule he must not break. He must not retain his balance, if it is humanly possible for him to fall down. In "His Naughty Wife" quite a dozen characters slip on banana skins, and thereby illustrate the truth of Professor

Parkinson's contention as to the causes of laughter. Another division deals with hydraulics, and especially with the habits of water-taps and baths. Taps must always be left turned on until a flood results, and baths are always full and must always be fallen into by at least one person in the course of the action.

Around public servants a very large body of lore has grown up. Policemen always dress like scarecrows and invariably perform their public duties in a body. If they are called upon to pursue a criminal they crowd themselves in a small but swift motored car and fall out on to the road at regular intervals. When they pick themselves up they jump into the air once or twice (they are allowed a certain amount of latitude in this particular case) and run after the car with appropriate gesticulations. Firemen follow the same rules as policemen. Humbler servants of the public, like waiters, are encircled with a rather bolshevistic aura. Their mission in life is destruction. They are rather reminiscent of those entertainers who aver that they break so many pounds' worth of crockery every night. Film waiters, however, have the more satisfactory lot, because it is a point of honor with them that a good proportion of their crockery must be broken by contact with a customer. There are also a few riders to these propositions. An example of these is the pessimistic assumption that all those who venture in a ship must immediately suffer visible physical inconvenience.

These are only a very few of the rules of film comedies, but they are sufficient to indicate that the subject will be well worth the learned research of some future scholiast, who shall lay aside his inquiries into the digamma in order to study the earliest manifestations of humor upon the screen. Of the two examples that have been mentioned, "Back Stage" is above the average of the type. "His Naughty Wife" goes even further than the rules that have been laid down, for after a series of permutations and combinations upon them it introduces what seems to be an entirely new postulate. This is that, if it be granted that a large square piece of ice slides down an inclined plane, it will then start upon a long journey that can only be stopped by human intervention. The root of the matter is the assumption, which is partly correct, that people will always laugh at the misfortunes of others. This may explain the proverb that tears and laughter are very nearly akin. At any rate, it suggests a reason why the participants in film comedies are always in trouble.—London Times, Jan. 15.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. "Samson and Delilah." Performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. First recital in Boston by Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano: Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Handel, Care Selve from "Atlantia" and Alleluia from "Esther"; Charpentier, Chanson du Chemin; Debussy, Bourne Mon Moulin; Duparc, Extase; Georges, Hymne au Soleil; Rossini, Bel Raggio from "Semiramide"; Rogers, The Time for Making Songs; Henschel, The Gypsy Serenade and The Angels Dear; Storey-Smith, A Caravan from China; Denmore, Marble Tone; Mrs. Bloch, Far Away; Hanson, Joy, Shipmate, Joy.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of the Boston Musical Association. Mr. Longy, conductor. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Young people's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Marjorie Church: Chopin, Impromptu, F-sharp major; nocturne, G major; etude, G-sharp minor; Scherzo, C-sharp minor; Scriabin, sonata, No. 3, and four preludes; Meotner, An Idyl; Stravinsky-Repper, Berceuse from "The Fire-Bird"; Bachmanoff, two preludes, E-flat major, E major; Griffes, Night Wind; Rax, The Maiden With the Daffodil; Repper, Lullaby; Scriabin, Stravinsky-Godowsky, waltz, "Wind, Woman and Song."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Montoux, conductor.

MAIER-PATTISON

Yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall Guy Maier and Lee Pattison gave a recital (for young people) of pieces for two pianos. The program: Saint-Saens Danse Macabre; Ophele's Spinning Wheel; Chabrier, Valse romantique; Bach, Sicilienne; Beethoven, Turkish march from "The ruins of Athens"; Arensky, Scherzo; Stravinsky, (a) Andante; (b) Balalaika; (c) Galop; Moussorgsky-Pattison, Coronation scene from "Boris Godounoff"; Casella, (a) Little march; (b) Lullaby; (c) Polka; Iljinsky, The orgy.

Before each piece Mr. Maier spoke about the music at hand in a descriptive and vastly entertaining way for the benefit of his youthful audience. The program was very well chosen and of exceptional interest throughout. Both Mr. Pattison and Mr. Maier possess a good technique, and their playing is very intimate and suggestive.

Their interpretations showed originality and were marked in the modern

style by an intelligent sense of contrast. The audience applauded the humorous little "Galop" of Stravinsky's so long and lustily that it had to be repeated. Messrs. Maier and Pattison played four encores, chief of which was a "Spanish Rhapsody" by Chabrier, which was remarkable for its rhythmic beauty. This was one of the pieces that stood out from the rest of the performance, both because of its beauty of content and of the very satisfying interpretation that it found under the hands of Messrs. Maier and Pattison.

One of the best pieces on the program was the "Coronation scene" from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," excellently arranged for two pianos by Mr. Pattison. Mr. Pattison deserves high commendation for having done that work—and for having done it so well. Some of the effects in this piece were the finest parts of the whole recital. Altogether, the recital was a delightful and very interesting event; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison will be heard soon again. We would like to hear them play some bigger things, too, next time; we would suggest some more of J. S. Bach, for two pianos.

716 23 1929

Edmond De Goncourt made a curious note about Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's romance "Elsie Venner" in his Journal on Feb. 23, 1893. He was talking with an American woman about the novel: how Elsie was cursed from birth by the biting of her mother by a rattlesnake. His visitor told him that she knew Dr. Holmes. The story was wholly imaginative, but he had received from two towns in the United States letters asking him how he had discovered a family secret which had been carefully hidden from the world.

On Feb. 23, 1880, a woman said to Goncourt: "Have you observed how the stupidest women sometimes are truly witty when they are speaking ill of their husbands?"

A Good Old World

As the World Wags:

"H. L. D." of Cambridge is evidently a discreet and reflective person. He asks, apropos of the universe, "Why was the play staged and who staged it?" They say in Burmah that "the universe is the dream of a drunken god," a view which the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice put into verse as follows:

"There was a feast in heaven,
As gay as gay could be—
The high gods sat and feasted,
A merry company.

"There was a feast in heaven,
The gods high revel kept;
And when the feast was over,
They lay them down and slept.

"One dreamt that a sun was shining
And dark worlds round about;
And men that lived upon them,
He woke—and the sun went out.

"He told the gods his vision,
They laughed and dived merrily,
The gods who dwell in heaven
Are a merry company."

Perhaps if "H. L. D." will meditate on it prayerfully he may come to a realization that the universe is simpler than it seems.

W. S. B.

Boston.

Amos, the Copperhead

As the World Wags:

In answer to Col. Marshall Tredd—The morning after "Abo" Lincoln was shot a man named Amos Griswold (a Copperhead) came to our house—we were living at the old homestead farm in Lisbon, Ct.—to get a hot-air stove my father had sold him.

Griswold came in to get the stove from the sitting room. He was very much excited and was rejoicing over the fact that the President was shot. I remember his saying that "Old Abe was shot last night, and he ought to have been shot four years ago." As he said these words he stooped over to pick up the stove. A dog we had at the time, excited at the noise and confusion, grabbed Griswold by the calf of the leg and would not let go. My mother, who was in the room, said: "I'm glad the dog bit you."

My father took Griswold by the collar and the seat of the trousers, pushing him into the kitchen, and would have thrown him out of doors, but the door shut at that moment and Griswold's head came in contact with the panels and he fell to the floor.

I was trying to hold the dog (I was 10 years old), but could not do so, and he jumped on Griswold's back, and it seemed for a second or two as if he would tear the clothes off of the man.

I had never seen my father angry before, and my mother was a perfect gentlewoman.

Griswold threatened all manner of dire things that would happen to my father and the whole family. My father told him that if he showed his face in our house again or came on the farm he "would set the dog on him."

I think this little scene put more patriotism into me than all other things combined that have happened in my life.

I can see that dog on Griswold now, and have wished when President Gar-

old and President Lincoln was that some dog could bite the ass. My brother had gone out of the South Free Academy, 16 years old, and at the moment when the dog was biting the Copperhead was with his regiment as major in Richmond, Va. My brother had been a prisoner in Libby prison, and I have the saddle he rode to the door of the prison the morning Richmond fell. I think very likely that there was a little patriotism in my blood at that time, but the look on my mother's face makes my blood boil when any one slurs the United States. G. A. R. Wellesley.

Spirits and Luncheon

As the World Wags:

A friend is shocked at my saying in connection with spiritism, that Boston squanders its brains as New York does its money. "But pshaw! he has the habit of being shocked." "Squander" means to waste; to expend money carelessly and recklessly; to spend upon trivial or unworthy objects. Will any one say that Boston never does this?

Incidentally, the invention of electric flashlights changed the character of spiritistic seances. The dark circle had to be given up, for a light that could be flashed on instantaneously was fatal to the game. The scratching of a match gave enough warning so that the quick manipulator could drop the tin trumpet or replace his hands in the noose or otherwise protect himself; but the electric flash was too quick for him. The manifestations now are manoeuvred in full light; the resources of telepathy, coincidence, generality, clever work of confederates, are now depended upon.

And while I think of it, a neighboring note in the "line of tripe" refers to a queer luncheon order, of "a baked potato served for two," etc. The queerest luncheon I ever saw consumed was ordered by a man in a New York restaurant; lobster salad, honey and a cup of tea. No cream or sugar, no bread, no anything but the salad, honey and tea. Can any one interpret it or beat it for queerness? W. C. T. Brookline.

Delights Audience with "Samson and Delilah"

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society gave a notable performance of Saint-Saens' oratorio "Samson and Delilah." It was the third time the society had given the work. Emil Mollenhauer was conductor. The Boston Festival Orchestra, J. W. Crowley, principal, assisted.

The solo singers were Margarete Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, contralto; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Clarence Whitehill of the Metropolitan Opera Company, baritone, and Frederic Martin, bass. Emilio de Gogorza had been announced as the baritone singer, but an attack of influenza made it impossible for him to be present, and Mr. Whitehill, who took part in the recent performance of "Parsifal" in New York, came here as his substitute. The hall was crowded as it is for the most popular musical celebrities, and the big audience heard a production that its members will long remember. The work of chorus, soloists and orchestra throughout gave keen satisfaction, the oriental beauties of the Philistine festival music by the orchestra, the chorus just preceding it and the singing by Miss Matzenauer and Mr. Murphy of the exquisite duet of Samson and Delilah that led to the strong man's fall being particularly noteworthy.

Mr. Whitehill sang the French words of the original book, while the other soloists and the chorus used Nathan Haskell Dole's English translation. This furnished striking evidence of the greater adaptability of the French version to the music.

MOISEWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE

Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, played in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. His program was as follows: Bach, Prelude in C; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata, op. 57; Schumann, Carnival; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in B minor; Stravinsky, Etude in F sharp; Palmgren, Refrain de Berceau and Bird Song; Chopin, Nocturne in E minor; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch is a remarkably fine and interesting pianist. His program was unusual in this respect: he began with Bach's famous prelude from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord," which was a courageous act; and for a final selection he chose Brahms's Variations, which made one doubt whether he has a keen sense of humor.

His audacity in beginning with Bach's Prelude was rewarded. The audience at once recognized the musical taste and equality and also the quality of his

finer work. The recognition was as hearty as it was prompt.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch is a master of dynamic gradations. This was shown not only in the Prelude, where he made a most skilfully contrived crescendo, which did not become in the climax too forcible, but continually in the selections that followed. His piano and pianissimo remind one by their tonal beauty, their clarity, their suggestion of reserve force of Vladimir de Pachmann, when he is wholly in the vein.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch is more than a virtuoso of supreme technical ability; he is an engrossing interpreter, one that appeals to the soul as well as to the ear. Everything that he does has been carefully considered, but in performance there is the appearance of spontaneity, an appearance that carries conviction; so that, listening to him, one forgets the personality of the player; there is no inquiry into his rationality or his antecedents; the audience simply hears enchanting interpretations, which are individual, but not extravagant. There is no thought of a pianist endeavoring to differ from others in his conceptions and his readings.

Take the "Carnival," for example, as it was played yesterday. This suite of little pieces, so eminently Schumannesque, has been performed here so often that the hearing of it has become as perfunctory, as the performance in too many instances; but as Mr. Moiseiwitsch interpreted it, the music was fresh and beautifully capricious, and even the titles that Schumann added after he had written the suite were for once charged with romantic significance.

An audience of good size was most enthusiastic. Mr. Moiseiwitsch should be heard here many times. Will there be no opportunity for him to play with the Symphony Orchestra?

"The Girl in the Limousine" Is Still Another Bedroom Play

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Girl in the Limousine," a farce in three acts by Wilson Collinson and Avery Hopwood. The cast:

Kargan.....Edward Butler
Benny.....J. A. Curtis
Betty Neville.....Doris Kenyon
Dr. Jimmie Galen.....Charles Ruggles
Tony Hamilton.....John Cumberland
Biggs.....Barnett Parker
Freddie Neville.....Frank Thomas
Bernice Warren.....Vivian Rushmore
Lucia Galen.....Claiborne Foster
Aunt Cicely.....Marion Ballou
Giles.....Harry Charles

As far back as February, 1919, it was announced that Mr. A. H. Woods, in his heroic endeavor to raise the standard of the pyjama drama, would bring out a play entitled "Betty in Bed." Mr. Cumberland, who was engaged for this play, remarked, it is said: "At the beginning of the war I was in 'Twin Beds,' at the close of it I found myself 'Up in Mable's Room.'" The title of the next play might have suggested a continuance of his fanciful remark.

But when this farce was brought out in New York at the Eltinge Theatre, on Oct. 6 last year, the title was "The Girl in the Limousine," although a critic said in his merry Sunday mood that the farce might be entitled "In Mable's Room and Warner."

It would be interesting to know how many times the word "girl" occurs in titles of plays. The Gaiety Theatre in London overworked the word. How about "The Girl in —"? There are "The Girl in Grey," "The Girl in Style," "The Girl in the Barracks," "The Girl in the Taxi," "The Girl in the Train," why not "The Girl in the Diving Bell," "The Girl in Air"?

And yet "The Girl in the Limousine" is after all a bedroom play. Mr. Woods might say: "So is 'Othello'; so is 'Cymbeline.'" Like popular physicians, Mr. Woods has an agreeable bedside manner, so one hears with astonishment that he has solemnly promised not to produce another play in which the bed is the centre around which the plot revolves, or one might say, the habitat by accident of the leading man and the leading woman.

Robbers held up Tony—his limousine skidded—he was senseless. They took him to Neville's house, where there is dancing down stairs. They put him in Betty's bed room which is dark. They strip him of his clothes, except a silk union suit. Betty of course wakes up. What is the poor man to do? He hides under the bed, in boxes, in a telephone booth, but chiefly in Betty's bed, where he is surprised by guests, mistaken for Betty's husband by Aunt Cicely from California. She had never seen him, but she liked him at first sight and treated him for the gripe with old-fashioned remedies—including an onion poultice. Incident follows incident in true Palais Royal fashion. There is almost incessant action, so that Demosthenes would approve, if the remark attributed to him is not spurious. It is enough to say, that there is prodigious hopping and skipping about, jumping in and out of bed and less suspicious receptacles, running in and out of doors and windows, with a dialogue that is so frank that it cannot be called salacious.

In fact the play is so honestly naïf that it might be classed with the "roaring farces" that a good many years ago delighted staid Bostonians at the Boston Museum. The scenes are so impossible, the characters are so extravagant, creatures not of this everyday world, that one laughs heartily—the audience roared—and sees and hears nothing harmful.

Mr. Cumberland was amusing, by reason of his physical activity, by his quiet speech, by his imperturbable manner. He did not force the note. There was no soul snigger behind his words. He knows the value of repose—that is in dialogue, for the dramatists do not allow him bodily repose—even in bed. Miss Kenyon was a pretty sight in her negligee, and Miss Rushmore and Miss Foster were sufficiently attractive. Miss Ballou gave a spirited portrayal of the aunt. Mr. Ruggles contributed largely to the hilarity, as did Mr. Parker. If Mr. Parker would only change his laugh. He brought it with him when he appeared in "Hobson's Choice," and he has not yet got rid of it. Surely this is not his only stock-in-trade. It is now shop-worn.

There is a certain list of vices committed in all ages, and declaimed against by all authors, which will last as long as human nature; which digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date until doomsday.

At the Box Office

As the World Wags:

Patrons of the theatre whose experience goes back far enough will bitterly recall the truculence of the old-time custodians of the box office. A timid supplicant for tickets encountered harshness, contumely and even insult if matters did not go wholly to the liking of the ticket agent. The mystery of the theatre was then carefully maintained, and the lady who scrubbed the auditorium of the house in the dim morning light possessed a distinction and claim to respect that a mere patron lacked. There was, it is true, some slight justification for this. A man who paid for theatre tickets at a period when the dimly comedies of the late H. J. Byron represented the top note of popular achievement in drama more or less deserved contempt, but in the parallel character of an essential supporter of the theatre he got rather more than he deserved. Critics of the modern theatre should always gratefully bear in mind that this is all changed. Of course, in the old days if one went early enough all the seats in the house were in the racks and obtainable after the usual interchange of brutalities, but there is some consolation now in the fact that, however early one may turn up, one is assured with studied and untiring courtesy that there are regrettable no decent seats to be had. The young, who necessarily lack this bitter experience of the old days, may obtain an approximation to it in the process of paying their income tax, provided the payment is upon a considerable scale. If the sum to be paid is a modest one, the strict democracy of the governmental code prescribes the highest courtesy and consideration; but if the tax to be paid is large, the contempt of the office for a probable malefactor of great wealth is manifest with unmistakable candor.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Overheard

Scene: A subway car.

Characters: Two excitable and garrulous ladies.

Mrs. Jones: "You know Mr. Robinson is passionately fond of blackberry jam, but his wife won't buy any or make any, although they have a summer cottage and blackberries are thick, because she says that the seeds get in her teeth, so Mr. Robinson goes without. What do you think of that?"

Mrs. Smith: "I have always heard that he was an ideal husband."

Sad Memories

As the World Wags:

The letter from Col. Marshall Tredd in your column of Feb. 16, relative to the death of Abraham Lincoln, recalls to my mind the stirring events of April, 1865. I was seven years old, attending a little district school in Wayland, Mass. We were one day out at recess, when suddenly the church bells in the village not far away began to ring. Some of the older boys ran to find out if it was for a fire and soon came running back with the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee. Of course we did not understand the importance of the event, but we knew it was good news and we all shouted. The teacher was so pleased that she gave us an extra recess. We could understand that and gave another shout and we had quite an excitement.

A few days later I was sitting in the kitchen of my grandfather's farmhouse watching my aunt making pies. We had seen my grandfather talking with some passerby out in the road, and presently he came in and dropping into a chair he bowed his head and exclaimed: "Lincoln has been assassinated!"

My grandfather was the picture of grief and despair. He could not have looked more stricken if his wife or children had suddenly died before him. He was a tall, spare man of more than three score and ten years, a typical New Englander, not given to demonstration. The incident made a vivid im-

pression on my mind, and the man who was stricken at the great tragedy came forcibly to me when I read your column and will abide with life lists.

JOHN H. EDWARDS.

Lawyer

In Canada

As the World Wags:

I was under a flag other than Uncle Sam's in 1865, and the news I had of the assassination of Lincoln came when Toronto fellow-gamblers filled the "Evening of Dick Verall in selling the Evening Leader; "Magic lantern of the Lincoln." That was as near as poor Dick could get to the big word "assassination." The serious import of the startling news did not escape me, for I had just begun to read newspaper headlines, and I well remember my joy on seeing the line: "Surrender of Joe Johnston," soon after the fall of Richmond.

My native town harbored in 1865 a great many Southerners, not because Canada loved slavery or favored the slaveholders' rebellion, for such in essence it was, but because she was jealous. I think, of the giant strides of the young republic in all material directions, and she disliked Uncle Sam because he had successfully resisted the rule of the Breckenridges and Stringfelloes in Toronto, the St. Albans raiders, and the tolerance of other conspirators against the northern people aroused protest and the resentment on the American side. The destructive work of the Alabama and other confederate privateers built in England added to the anger of the North.

How we boys listened evenings in corner groups to the stories of the Canadian youth who had lately returned from the wilderness campaign, or one who told us of the slaughter at Cold Harbor or Petersburg. "Grant's a butcher," Tom Knowlton used to say. But for all that, my heart, at least, was with the federals. WM. B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Honey Girl," a musical comedy in three acts.

Built on the play "Checkers," by Henry Blossom. Book by Edward Clark. Music by Albert Von Tilzer, lyrics by Neville Plesson. The cast:

Judge Martin.....Peter Lang
Cynthia.....Rene Riano
Honora (Honey) Parker.....Edna Bates
Lucy Martin.....Louise Meyers
David (Checkers) Graham.....Lynne Overman
Ovilly Bean.....Robert Armstrong
Timothy (Tip) Smiley.....George McKay
G. W. Parker.....Edwin Holt
Sol Frankenstein.....William Mortimer
Carmenita.....Sklonia Esporo
Jim Hayward.....Edmund Elton
Charles Hawkins.....Mercer Templeton
Marion Rose.....Clasie Sewell
Thomas Lyons.....Charlie Yorkshire
Ester Blake.....Ottie Andine

If you can imagine a musical show with pretty girls, plenty of good dancing, much humor of a clean sort, built on a plot which is really dramatic at times, you'll have a good idea of "Honey Girl."

The plot is founded on the play, "Checkers," and includes a race track scene, a threatened bank failure, a love story or two and the reformation of two race track gamblers. Which is certainly enough plot.

In addition to the plot there are songs. "Close to Your Heart," which bubbles up every now and then, is a melody with sweet, wholesome words. It is catchy enough to make you remember it and withal easy to whistle. And that is only one of the songs.

The opening scene is set in a town, characterized by one of the gamblers (before his reformation) as a "burg where they roll the sidewalks up every night." Naturally, one does not expect to find half-dressed, cynical, bored-looking maidens in such a town, and be it said the person who selected the chorus girls had realized as much, for the girls are well costumed and are easy to gaze upon.

Most of the humor spouts out from the lips of George McKay. His race-track slang and various definitions were refreshingly funny. It is good to be reassured that humor can be found in scenes other than those laid in a bedroom.

But McKay does more than talk amusingly. He dances. And in the last act when he and Rene Riano dance together they simply stop the show. This Rene Riano must have a backbone and hip joints. But she ignores them completely. Her feet seem as much at home around her face as on the ground. Throughout the play she is of the Sis Hopkins type so that the burlesque dancing is right in character.

They introduce a burlesque Apache dance. Rene, does the split. She registers relief as McKay starts to pull her to her feet, but gloom comes as he lets her drop. After three or four tries, he lets her drop with a thud. The audience howled.

The race track scene furnished the real punch. Lynne Overman could easi-

SPANISH REVUE FIRST AT KEITH'S

The Spanish Revue, a song and dance divertissement, with a large company of dancers and principals, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

This act, staged by Paul Durand, is in three scenes. The act is colorful, high spirited and is chiefly interesting as an exposition of the technique of the Spanish school. The singing is inconsequential and suffers in comparison. The dances include classical, provincial, epic and folk interpretations. The feature of the performance was the dancing of Senora Lola Bravo, who excelled in agility, in her unflagging zeal

and the personal enjoyment which she took in her act and which she shared with her audience. Antonia Salvatti conducted.

One of the best acts on the bill was the monologue of Arthur Deagon. This is a style of act that is too often of late littleness; nor is it one of the easiest to put over. Besides offering a fund of pertinent and laugh-provoking chatter, the comedian, who appeared immediately after the Spanish Revue, was particularly fortunate in presenting a travesty of the Spanish bolero, made still more interesting by his ponderous physique.

Other acts on the bill were Lucy Gillett, juggler; Anna Chandler, singing comedienne; Swift and Kelley, in a neat act of song and banter; Tarzan, in an act that had better be left unanalyzed for the benefit of future audiences; Frank and Milt Britton, jazz instrumentalists; Lovenberg Sisters and Sime Neary, in a dancing act that commended itself for its elegance and, for the versatility of Mr. Neary; and Siegel and Irwin, acrobats.

Feb 25 1920

Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander Had Diversified Program

Last night Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, gave a song recital at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful (from the Pfingst Cantata); Handel, Care Selve (from "Atlanta"); Alleluia (from "Esther"); Charpentier, Chanson du Chemin; Delmet, Tourne mon moulin; Duparc, Extase; Georges, Hymne au soleil; Rossini, aria, "Bell Raggio" (from "Semiramide"); Rogers, The Time for Making Songs Has Come; Henschel, The Gypsy Serenade, The Angels Dear; Smith, A Caravan from China; Denmore, Marble-Time (first time); Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Far Away; Hanson, Joy, Shipmate, Joy.

Mme. Hudson-Alexander began her program with three excellent renderings of Bach and Handel. The first Handel song showed her voice very pure and clear and possessed of rare sustaining qualities without the usual miserable accompanying tendencies toward a tremolo on every sustained note. Her voice has a wide range and the power to hold high notes long, without that fatal weakness of sliding down and the consequent flat effect, so common and so depressing.

Her purity of tone is such that we could wish she had sung a Mozart aria instead of the Rossini. Mme. Hudson-Alexander's voice is one that we believe would find its best expression in the clear and lovely music of Mozart. But she traversed all of her program with a nice versatility, and gave in this indisputable evidence of a fine control. Mme. Alexander's trilling was exceptionally good; her trills were even, not a mere weak and wabbling succession of sounds—but strong and rich tones perfectly pitched, and of lovely clarity. Her diction was nearly always as clear as the notes she sang, and, throughout her recital was highly satisfying. Mr. Huyman Buitkan was the accompanist, at the piano.

Feb 26 1920 Third Concert of Season by Boston Musical Association

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Musical Association, Georges Longy, director, gave its third concert last night in Jordan Hall, assisted by Ethel Frank, soprano; Marion Jordan, flute, and Carlos Salzedo and his harp ensemble. The program was as follows: Bach, Sixth French Suite; Songs: Mousorgsky, Lamentation from "Jesua Navine"; Rimsky-

Korsakoff, Chanson Hebraique (Miss Frank, strings and harp); Ravel, Introduction and Allegro for harp solo, flute, clarinet and strings (Mr. Salzedo); Salzedo, Three Poems by Sara Yarrow op. 37, Ecstasy, Despair, Humility, for soprano, six harps, oboe, Mr. Longy, bassoon, Mr. Laus; horn, Mr. Wendler; Salzedo, Bolshermic (music for a pantomime), Salzedo harp ensemble.

On account of the sickness of Mr. Griffes and an unavoidable delay in receiving manuscript parts, the performance of his "Poem for flute and small orchestra" was postponed until the next concert.

The concert last night was of an unusual nature. One was reminded of the traditional text of a Western preacher: "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings: Spirits of just men made perfect." Mr. Salzedo's harp in his more exuberant moments sounded as if it possessed that number of strings, and he brought with him six accomplished young women harpists whose ensemble was conspicuous for precision, whose gestures were synchronous and charming.

The most noteworthy selections were the arrangement for harps of Bach's Sixth French Suite, an arrangement skilfully made and singularly effective, and Ravel's composition played by Mr. Salzedo, harp, Miss Jordan, flute, Mr. Arcier, clarinet, and a body of stringed instruments. Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro" had been performed here at a concert of the Longy Club 10 years ago.

Miss Frank was not happy in the selection of her music. Neither Mousorgsky's nor Rimsky-Korsakoff's can be classed with the best of their songs; in fact they have little decided character, and the orientalism of the "Chanson Hebraique" does not save it, for it consists chiefly of monotonous walling without the consciousness that one would naturally associate with the text. The three poems by Mrs. Yarrow are examples of extravagant "verse libre." Despair "flashes in a black flame." There are "knives of ice" to blind a beloved. Narcisse has a heaven-colored mouth, which smells, which tastes like a deep, red acanthus bud closed in a hot palm.

This graphic description is broken into single lines, to impress one with its poetic nature. The pulse of an unfortunate person is heard "beating with the resonance of drums, beating of how sweetly I drowned in you with suffocating nostrils." No wonder that the despairing woman asks, "Beloved, where are you?"

Mr. Salzedo's music fitted these words by its lack of form, its straining after effect, its general inconsequentiality. A neighbor remarked that certain supposedly dramatic effects reminded him of the whistles in the early morning when the signing of the armistice was announced.

Miss Frank was thus handicapped, yet the five songs should have given her an opportunity for varied expression. While she is to be commended for memorizing the notes of Mr. Salzedo's rhapsodic utterances, it must be confessed that she sang with little rhetorical force, in a matter-of-fact manner, as if ecstasy, despair and humility were synonymous terms.

Mr. Salzedo is undoubtedly a remarkable virtuoso, a master of his instrument, as was shown also in the solo pieces he added to the program. He wishes to emphasize the importance of the harp, to extend its sphere, to discover new sonorities. He and his ensemble gave great pleasure—when they were playing music by other composers; his own music excited surprise, and also consternation.

The program of the concert, on March 24 will include Two Sketches for string quartet by Eugene Goossens, "Native Landscapes," suite for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano by John Beach; a Sonata for oboe, violoncello and piano by Leclair; the "Poem" by Griffes, and Vaughan Williams' "On Wenlock Edge," a cycle of six songs for tenor with piano and string quartet.

What a lucky person is he who can draw attention to his own excellence! It is the rarest of attributes in the sincerely virtuous.

That Memorable Morning

As the World Wags:

As Col. Marshall Tredd asks for indorsers of his note, I will give the recollections of a boy of 11 years at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

We were living in East Boston. On that balmy spring morning I was walking down Bennington street, and in passing a little carpenter shop a man standing in the doorway asked me if I would come in and turn his grindstone while he ground a chisel. I went in, and after we got to work, he said to me: "Did you know that President Lincoln was shot last night?" At first I thought he was fooling, as I didn't believe that anyone would dare to shoot such a great man. He soon, however, convinced me that he was in earnest. Another thing stands out very vividly in my recollection. The Atlantic Works at that time, I think, were away out on Chelsea street, towards what was

called the fourth section. Their flag had been flying since the news of the fall of Richmond. In walking home I noticed it had been taken down and put up again with a border of black around the edges, about the width of one of the stripes, or a trifle wider. It was rather a large flag for the size of the staff, and my impression is that it was flying at the peak and not half mast. I saw no other flag treated in the same manner. Very vivid also is the recollection of how I first heard of the death of Booth. I overheard a man on the street say to a little girl, "Go home and tell your mother John Wilkes Booth has been shot."

It seems but a short time ago since I sat in Turn Hall on a Sunday afternoon in April, listening to a very fine eulogistic address on Abraham Lincoln by the late Rabbi Shindler, in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of his death. The audience was of course mostly German, but I venture to say all good citizens, some of whom I knew as veterans of the civil war. But that was long, long before 1914.

CHARLES DUNCAN.

Dorchester.

"A. F. A." of Boston tells how the men around the stove in a village store heard the news read from the Troy (N. Y.) Times; the pages heavily bordered and spaced with black; how every man was moved to tears "except one old copperhead Democrat who exulted." The boy's father went home and told the news. When it was carried upstairs to the family living there "the woman threw her big kitchen apron over her head and sank into a chair in a flood of tears." To this boy of seven, a pall "the next morning seemed to hang over the village. The church bells tolled and the populace moved about the streets with tears and mourning."

One of the most graphic descriptions of scenes on that April day, in this instance by a little girl, is the chapter "A Dead President" in that delightful book, "Cameos of Childhood," written by a descendant of the Burgomaster of Ghent in 1310, and published in Boston two years ago for the benefit of the children of Belgium.

Morals and Advertising

A special correspondent of the London Times writing from New York, speaks of the amusing advertising of the spectacle "Aphrodite," which produced a "moral wrangle."

"It was alleged that the women were insufficiently clad. Loud calls for the police. Parsons sent to examine and report in the press. Fearful cries from the management that if more dress material were introduced the cause of art would be betrayed. Equally fearful appeals from the moralists for just a

little more drapery and the cause of morality would be saved. Result: Crowds thronging to see a dreary, brutally inartistic affair that is so dull that it is inconceivable that it could harm the morals of anyone not already thoroughly damned. Rumor has it that a large part of the audience is always angry—some because they find the play shocking, and others because it is not as shocking as they had been led to expect."

This correspondent speaks "right out in meetin'." "On Broadway the 'tired business man' reigns supreme. He has long since supplanted the 'pure young girl' as the arbiter of taste. For him do suppliant managers produce the innumerable 'girl and music' shows, for him they contrive the melodramas flavored with a little farce, for him the mildly naughty bed-room plays; for his women folk—and himself when in the right mood—they provide the pretty sentimentalities that serve as 'stellar vehicles' for popular favorites."

"Scut," the Verb

A speaker in Boston recently said that a certain nation should turn up another nation and "scut" her. The Oxford Dictionary, the dialect dictionaries, and the slang dictionaries do not know the verb "scut" except as meaning to scamper away, to crouch down or to peep at. Is not "scut," as used by this north of Ireland speaker, a variant of "scutch" meaning to beat, to switch lightly, to strike with a thin stick, as in the correction of a child? No doubt the speaker said "scutch," which sounded in the reporters' ears "scut." Was the phrase "You poor scut," which we heard freely used in the seventies in commiseration, also in contempt, imparted with a twisted meaning? As a term of contempt it is credited to Australia alone in dialect dictionaries and is not in the great dictionaries of slang.

have raised it but with rare judgment he maintained his restraint and when he did let go with a heartfelt prayer for his home, the audience all prayed with him.

Bates, the Honey Girl, was at all times convincing. She loved Checkers, and when she told him so, she read her lines with such naturalness that a scene went over well. Her chum, Louise Meyers, who, it is presumed eventually married Checkers' pal, did much singing and dancing. She has a voice which is easy to listen to, and she did not attempt to be a prima donna. "You're Just the Boy for Me" was a merry little specialty, which somehow did not seem dragged in by the heels as so many specialties are.

The last scene featured "The Blue Bird." The heroine of the play—for at that minute the situation was dramatic—tells the story of the blue bird to a little girl. As she talked the characters appear and dance. The costumes are striking and the dancing effective.

Probably the most striking thing about the whole show is the complete absence of anything suggestive. There is not the slightest trace of anything off color. Even the chorus girls were dressed, a novel sight in these days.

Furthermore one hardly expects a musical comedy to have so much plot that it holds the attention throughout. But "Honey Girl" has that much plot. Much credit goes to the author of the lyrics and music, for it must have been a task to weave music through a play as dramatic as "Checkers," but it has been done and done well.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Hobson's Choice," a leap year comedy, by Harold Brighouse, by the Jewett Players, for the first time in Boston. The cast:

Alice Hobson.....Jessamine Newcombe
Maggie Hobson.....Viola Rodchi
Viskey Hobson.....May Ediss
Albert Prosser.....Noel Leslie
Henry Horatio Hobson.....H. Conway Wingfield
Mrs. Hepworth.....Ada Wingard
Timothy Wadlow.....E. E. Clive
William Mossop.....Lyonel Watts
Jim Heeler.....Percy Carne Waram
Ada Figgins.....Florence Wainwright
Fred Beensstock.....Nicholas Joy
Dr. MacFarlane.....Cameron Matthews

Hobson's choice, a comedy of situation, of character and of dialogue, entertaining in every aspect, is a story of Lancashire, where speech is direct, and action without finesse. Hobson keeps a bootshop, and his "choice," of which much is made in the title of the play, is confined to his choice of language, which corruscates with verbal fireworks. His acts, however, are automatically responsive to the manipulations of the eldest of his three daughters, who manages the shop and the entire Hobson family.

Maggie, the managing daughter, decides that she has "had enough of feyther," and that the time has come to marry. She summons from the cellar her father's young and skilful apprentice. Having extricated him, as a business-like robin deals with a helpless but wriggling angle-worm, Maggie proposes to him, marries him, educates him, sets him up in business, evolves him into a vertebrate with an exceedingly stiff backbone, and then allows herself and him a bit of sentiment.

While engaged in this main business, as a mere by-product of her efficiency, she marries off her two sisters; and after her father falls into numerous misadventures without her guiding hand she returns to the paternal roof to enforce a prohibition act upon him.

Lyonel Watts made a decidedly favorable impression as William Mossop, the dazed young bootmaker, who is moved and married before he has really caught his breath. Miss Roach brought all her art and humor to make Maggie Hobson a joy to the ear and eye. She is represented by the author as being of a certain age; but she wasn't, or at least she didn't look it. Mr. Wingfield gave an admirable character study of the hot-tempered, penurious, bibulous Hobson.

Miss Newcombe and Miss Ediss were "oophish minxes" very much "oot of hand" of their irate father. His indictment of the "boostle" of 1830 was quite in the line of parental comment on short skirts and georgette blouses and was as barren of results. The costumes of the three married daughters in the last act were especially appreciated by the audience.

Miss Wingard as an acid-tongued British matron, and Miss Wainwright as Ada Figgins, the quondam sweetheart of William, who is wiped off the map by the serene Maggie, were amusingly done.

Mr. Matthews, as a Scotch physician whose professional manner lacked somewhat of suavity, was excellent, and Mr. Joy, Mr. Waram and Mr. Olive handled their minor characters with humor.

Anglers All

As the World Wags:

I was mighty glad to read the interesting letter on the 6th from "H. S." of Westminster relative to trout. Noting that "H. S." was a former pal of Frank Cannon, I can vouch for him without knowing his identity as an honest angler. Mr. Cannon has witnessed the shrivelling up of many a favorite stream if his spirit returns to his favorite haunts, and I wager it does if any spirits ever flit back to realms of the earth, arthry. If there was ever a fisherman in the true sense of the word, without any frills, it was Frank Cannon. He knew the streams hereabouts as well as better than any man of his day. Trout landed in his basket with such regularity and with such apparent ease that less skillful anglers believed him to be possessed of some sort of craftiness that was almost uncanny in its results. "H. S." don't say the old Westfield river is pouring down the throats of our neighbors over in Springfield. To be sure, the old Four Mile House is but a memory, with its "hoss" traders and cockfights and other "sinful games" you mention, to say nothing of the Hudson ale and the former landlords, Cornelius Sackett and Johnny O'Neil; but our big and grasping neighbor did not get the Westfield river water and fishermen still gather from the main stream and its branches, bass and trout. Up Huntington way and in Littleville you may, when the water is right and the "signs" some fishermen are always consulting, say the word, you may still get your 9½-inch trout, and the new species introduced by the fish and game commission, the rainbow, is quite common. I have seen some taken by "Ed" Brennan of Russell and others, that would tip the scales at from one to two pounds.

The Little river fills up the stomachs of Springfield folks. At times here in Westfield the stream is a veritable thread, but up in the gorge and up Blandford way, from Blair pond down, Frank Cannon's ghost can still revel in the sight of many a speckled beauty flopping on the bank of that beautiful stream. I thank "H. S." for mentioning the Wild Cat road, one of the supposed drives or lakes of New England. Wending its way through Cranville, Blandford and on to East Otis, skirted by several virgin forests, practically depopulated, it provides a trip that is a rare treat to those who love nature's wildest moods and revel in the great sweet-scented silence of the woods, far from the roar and the rush and the smell and the oil of the traffic-congested state highway. Last summer in June we saw cross a swampy section of this road a beautiful doe and with her a remarkably handsome fawn with his speckled sides sparkling in the sunlight. Tails up and away they go—surely a sight worth going miles to witness.

Then on we travel to the famous lakes of Otis to content ourselves with skittering for pickerel with Burt Babb, that philosopher of Big pond, another fisherman of class and a romancer of real merit. Then at night bullheads call us into an occasional white perch comes into our boat. Yes, good friend "H. S.," whoever you may be, we still enjoy an occasional fishing trip up this way and do catch a few—but not as Frank Cannon did. Pray for us that his spirit and skill may find at least a temporary resting place in some one of us mortals. And, though it may be a mite selfish, I wouldn't mind harboring it for a few seasons myself.

E. G. C.

Whole races of men have been exterminated by war and pestilence; families and names have slipped down and lost themselves by slow and imperceptible decay; but I doubt whether any breed of fish, with heron and otter and angler in pursuit of it, hath been extinguished since the leprechaun. They might humble our pride a whit, methinks, though they hold their tongues.

Strictly Personal

We have received several letters signed only with the initials. They went into the waste basket. Unless a contributor signs his or her name, "not for publication but as a guarantee, etc.," the letter is not published. "Constant Reader," "Junior," and good old "Pro Bono Publico," are not enough.

We are indebted to "C. L. G." of Newtonville for a short account of her impressions at the age of six on hearing the news of Lincoln's taking-off.

At the Farmhouse

As the World Wags:

I was at the time of President Lincoln's death a boy of 11. The event made a profound impression upon me, one equalled by few, if any, since or before. I was at the time visiting at the farmhouse of my grandfather at Charlestown, N. H. While at breakfast that morning our next neighbor from a quarter of a mile down the road en-

tered the room with a long "W. H. Mr. Frost," said my grandfather, using the usual notation of the day, "what's the news?" "Bad news," Mr. Keene," said Frost. "The President is shot." "What?" cried my grandfather, starting from his chair. It was a dramatic moment, and has remained very distinctly in my memory.

The boy had at first understood Mr. Frost to say that "the prisoners were shot." It was therefore an added and harder shock to learn, as he did a minute later, that it was Lincoln who was killed.

Later in the day, while driving to "The Street" for more particulars, I was struck with the symbols of grief in the windows of every farmhouse; a band of black or a crane-draped flag or portrait, even a copy of the newspaper, black-lined, telling about the tragedy.

My grandfather, though of English birth, was 100 per cent. American, as have been all his descendants. His only son was a Union soldier under Custer. Melrose.

EDDIE DAGGY.

The Symphony Orchestra

The statement made by the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is straightforward and reassuring. It should put an end to gossip about the present condition and the future of the orchestra. Erroneous statements have been published; there has been much idle chatter. Malicious reports have been circulated in other cities by those who, for selfish reasons, would welcome the downfall of our orchestra. Nor is the German propaganda at an end. There are some who cannot endure the thought of anyone but a German as conductor.

The trustees show irrefutably that the stories about the inadequate pay of the members have been extravagant and in some instances false. They have stated their side of the case calmly; they have contented themselves with showing the facts. And facts are stubborn things. The trustees have made no attempt at intimidation: they say to the few restless members: "If you are not satisfied, the door is open. Others, capable musicians, will be knocking for admission."

It is not surprising in these days of general discontent that a few of the younger men in the orchestra should make trouble; men who have served only a short time and are not ranked with the indispensable members. They have found relief in excited talk; they, perhaps, have been taken seriously by some, always ready to entertain gossip; by others, who were wholly unacquainted with the truth of the situation. Members that needlessly stir up strife are not wanted. If they should leave at the expiration of their contracts, their contracts would not be renewed.

The trustees begin by saying: "In any event, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be carried on and its great qualities maintained." That is enough. The character of the trustees is such that these words will not be misunderstood. The orchestra was never musically in a more enviable position than it is today. Its standard and its proficiency were never higher. It has for a conductor a man of great ability as a drill master; a musician of fine and catholic taste; a poetic interpreter of classic, modern and ultra-modern compositions. It is for the people of Boston to support gladly this orchestra, which has for years, is now, and will be, a source of civic pride. Nor will any demands made for this support be unreasonable, or burdensome.

CHILDREN HEAR FINAL CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second and last Young People's Concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon—the last because on account of the orchestra's engagements it will not be possible to give another concert this season. The experiment has been highly successful. As at the first the seats

throughout the hall were filled with interested children of all ages from the schools of Greater Boston. The audience was most attentive and evidently greatly interested.

The program included the overture to "Der Freischuetz," the Andante from Beethoven's first Symphony, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Berlioz's "Rakoczi March." Mr. Montoux conducted. As was to be expected, the audience was greatly amused by Grieg's music for the scene in the Mountain King's home. In this respect they did not differ from hearers of maturer years whenever the Suite is played.

Some may question the advisability of performing excerpts from symphonies at these concerts. Surely the Andante from Beethoven's first is not beyond the comprehension of any child that has any ear for music. It is a good thing to acquaint the young with the names and music of great composers so that they do not sit awe-stricken when they are older. After all, Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn were mortals; they all wrote pot-boilers, perfunctory pieces, in which only superstitious believers in plenary inspiration take pleasure. It is also a good thing for children to hear the good music of famous composers so that later they will not accept the poorer stuff simply because it is signed by a famous name.

It is to be hoped that these concerts will be a feature of every season; that, if possible, there will be more of them; so that as children grow up they will learn to look upon this orchestra as a civic institution, which it is; to realize that as a source of civic pride, one that gives pure and varied enjoyment, it should be supported by all, whatever their walk or condition in life may be.

Feb 28 1900

16TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. 13); Debussy, "The Blessed Damsel" (Female Chorus trained by Mr. Townsend; Ethel Frank, soprano; Claramond Thompson, contralto); Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy."

There is old music that defies time: as motets of Vittoria, airs of Purcell and Handel, piano pieces of Scarlatti, Couperin and Bach. Gluck's overture was first heard in Paris nearly 150 years ago, yet, even with an inevitable formula of its period, it is still nobly pathetic. We have seen and heard what Richard Strauss did with the story of Electra. One shudders at the thought of what he might do to Iphigenia. It is not necessary to label, as Wagner did, the themes of Gluck. The whole story is in the music; the title is enough: the overture is purely Grecian in its restrained passion, pathetic calm, the suggestion of inexorable Fate.

Haydn's symphony was written for Paris. It is one of his best. Whatever Haydn wrote is conspicuous for careful workmanship; but this symphony was composed with even more than his customary care. Played delightfully, it again made its appeal.

Mr. Montoux gave a very brilliant reading of Charpentier's "Impressions." The most brilliant we have heard; for never before in Boston have the last three movements had so much character. Some of the pages have already lost their freshness: for example, we could spare some in the "Serenade," also in "Naples"—this last movement is long, drawn-out—nor does "At the Fountain" hold firmly the attention; but on the whole, and in spite of the too great influence of Massenet heard here and there, and the occasional touch of vulgarity, the Suite is melodious, agreeable music, skillfully orchestrated, agreeable to the ear. "On the Summits," by reason of Mr. Montoux's interpretation, had a significance not given to it before.

Is the beauty of a famous poem enhanced by music? Mr. Bantock, greatly daring, has set music to the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon," and there was an Englishman, we forget his highly respectable name, who turned nearly all of Shakespeare's sonnets into songs with piano accompaniment. No wonder that Debussy was fascinated by "The Blessed Damsel." If any one was to choose it for a cantata, he was the man. But does his music emphasize the inherent beauty of the

verse? The introduction suggests the proper mood. Charles Lamb thought that Milton should be read after a hearing of organ music. Debussy's orchestral introduction prepares one for reading Rossetti's poem. The orchestral pages are more in the Rossetian mystically sensuous spirit than the measures to be sung; the words of the waiting and longing woman need no music. It is true that the solo singers yesterday were inadequate; but could any singers change the inherent and disappointing character of the music allotted them? One listened with delight to Debussy's orchestra; the chorus of women was heard with pleasure; but

while the reciter and the Damsel were at work, there was consolation in the printed text.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Berlioz, "Fantastic" Symphony; Mahipiero, "Tausas of Silence"; Borodin, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"; Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

The Rev. John Mitford, having inquired anxiously into the matter, assures us that John Milton drank little wine, "and fed without any luxurious delicacy of choice"; that before going to bed he smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water, having supped upon olives "or some light thing." John Aubrey, who knew Milton's widow, says that the poet was temperate, "rarely drank between meals."

And yet in "Paradise Lost" (Book IX.) Milton stands firmly with Mr. Herkimmer Johnson, Eugene Gollightly, Esq., the Hon. Gaylord Quex, all the members of the Porphyry, and thousands on thousands of others:

No glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree Of prohibition, roof of all our woe.

The Choir Will Now—

And now let us all sing the wild bacchanalian ditty contributed by Mr. Walter Pulitzer to the Evening Post of New York.

THE NEW DRINKING SONG

Bring me, boys, a lusty jorum.
Filtered from the local main:
Let us drink and drown decorum;
Let us sing and banish pain.
Till the cup and every glass
Bid the cares of being pass.
Tell us, who can find a nipple
To compare with H 2 O?

Foreign people squander life on
Spanish grape or British hop,
Mountain dew with gassy syphon,
Juniper with ginger pop;
Watch them, swollen, gale, dishevelled
Slam the door and see them jump!
Better far that they had revelled
On the boiled and filtered pump.

Gives us Yankees full libation
From the constant town supply,
Void of consequent inflation,
Achy head and rheumy eye;
Keep the pot a-boiling, laddie!
Let the jolly filter flow;
Foreigners can use the caddy—
We shall stick to H 2 O.

In Illinois

As the World Wags:

In the little town of Lincoln, Ill., where Abraham Lincoln had practised law and for whom the town was named, in the winter of 1860-61 there assembled at the railroad station a number of townspeople to welcome the President-elect when the train upon which he was traveling arrived. I was a boy of 13 then, but remember how very tall he looked in his suit of black and high hat. In response to repeated calls, Lincoln stepped out on the car platform, and when he appeared a small boy (how I envied him) sprang up the steps and exclaimed: "Hullo, Uncle Abe!" And "Old Abe" stooped to take the little fellow's hand and smiled upon him.

I recalled the scene when, in 1865, the news of the President's assassination was flashed throughout the world. At that time I was employed on a weekly newspaper in Charleston, Ill., a town in which there were many southern sympathizers. As the news went over the wire the telegraph operator at the railroad station, "listening in," realized its importance and quickly brought a bulletin to the office where I was at work. "Now get out an extra," he cried in a trembling voice. The "extra" consisted of a small slip printed on a Gordon press. The extra did not sell, however, and I gave away a few copies, one of which fell into the hands of a half-witted young man, who, upon learning its contents, moved from one group of men to another and told the story in his own pathetic way: "He did not know not that he was going to be shot, the poor boy so far away from his home!" And there were men there who laughed! Boston. W. G. T.

Those Arctic

As the World Wags:

I had to laugh at Mr. Gaylord Quex's letter about unfastened overshoes. He seems to have been about a lot, but it only shows how simple a man can stay about women, no matter how long he lives. "Trim ankles" indeed! The woman that invented that fashion—if it was a woman—had thick ones, and if she buckled her overshoes up tight, she simply gave it away. If she let them flap loose, she kept them guessing and had some chance.

Boston. MISS SARAH HEPATICA.

As the World Wags:

I understand that the uncouth fashion of wearing the overshoe unbuckled was set by certain Harvard students, who, reluctantly tearing themselves from their studies at the very last moment to run across the yard to recitation, lacked the time to perform the somewhat gymnastic feat of fastening their footwear. I had formed the attractive theory that

... of the Cavalier period... was... to find that... I have personally... upon one occasion... the stress of great haste and... most uncomfortable and ob... to rapid and orderly progress.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.

Milan

Van Zandt at Groton

As the World Wags

No one writes pertaining to Marie Van Zandt, the singer who, as a little girl, summered in the old town of Groton. The question was asked "if there were Indians in Groton in 1857 with a chief named Venealita" who revered the sweet-voiced singer. Unfortunately our Dr. Samuel Green who was authority on all historical data of Groton is not here to enlighten us, but in my study of the old town history Pausus was the name of the Indian chief there.

Marie and Wessie Van Zandt, I remember well. Signor Blitz was a frequent visitor at a neighbor's whose daughter he had married. As a child of early years I looked upon him in wonderment when he demonstrated his art as a magician by picking pins off the end of his nose, etc. Tony Van Zandt and other family connections, the Metzes of New York, were visitors there. They all had artistic temperaments and were imbued with the stage.

A. L. PIERCE.

Hyde Park.

An Abused Verb

As the World Wags:

I have long suspected that some newspaper men were using the word flay in the sense of beat or belabor, but I was not sure of it till last Sunday, when I read in a biographical sketch of the late R. M. Morse that "he never flayed the air." The word is a favorite for headlines, and headline practice may in time become dictionary practice. Are we seeing here one of those curious instances in which an initial blunder grows to be good custom? Turning from words to clothes, is it a fair guess that the habit of wearing trousers turned up sprang from the absentmindedness of some distinguished personage on some public occasion? E. H. H.

Cambridge.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

Last night the Harvard Glee Club was heard in concert at Symphony Hall with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The program was as follows: Harvard Glee Club, Adoramus Te, Palestrina; Ave Maria, Victoria; Crucifixus, Lotti; Mr. Kreisler, Sonata in E major, J. S. Bach; Largo in G minor, Friedemann Bach; Prelude and Allegro, Pugnani; Harvard Glee Club, Give a Rouse, Bantock; Lady of the Lagoon, Bantock; Serenade, Borodine; Drake's Drum, Coleridge-Taylor; Mr. Kreisler, Hymn to the Sun, from "Le Cou d'Or," Rimsky Korsakoff; Two Slavonic Dances, (a) G minor, (b) G major, Dvorak; Valse-Caprice, Chabrier-Loeffler; Harvard Glee Club, Matona, Lovely Maiden, Lassus; Love Songs (waltzes), Brahms; Now Let Every Tongue, Bach.

The Harvard Glee Club sang best the group of old songs. The singing of Victoria's "Ave Maria" and the "Crucifixus" of Lotti showed a fine sense of appreciation of the spirit of these fine old pieces, besides a very high degree of musicianship. The accords were rich and finely shaded. Their crescendos were carefully approached and the rich swellings of those big, sonorous parts were highly satisfying. An interesting feature on their program was Bantock's setting of Browning's "Give a Rouse." Of this they gave a very spirited performance which won much applause. The Borodine piece did not seem to make so much of an impression—perhaps because the audience received it too solemnly. The program was completed appropriately with a splendid rendition of Bach's "Now Let Every Tongue." Throughout their program the organization gave evidence of thorough and highly intelligent training, and Dr. A. T. Davison, '06, deserves high praise for having developed this group to such a degree.

Mr. Kreisler's program was of exceptional interest. By this time hardly anything remains to be said of his playing. Suffice it that his magnificent performance of the Bach sonata was one of the highest single things that Boston has heard for a long time. His tone in the piece of Rimsky-Korsakoff was the old Kreisler tone raised to the degree of its mellow loveliness. In the Valse-caprice Mr. Kreisler's tone suggested the unwinding of a spool of golden thread. Among his encores were two of his own compositions—"Caprice Viennois" and "La Gitana." The Harvard Glee Club was very fortunate in having secured Mr. Kreisler as a soloist; and altogether the concert was a very interesting and highly successful event.

L. of W. Colb

The repertoire of the Chicago Opera Association included several operas which will be heard in Boston for the first time.

"Aphrodite" will be performed on next Wednesday night at the Boston Opera House. It is not a new opera; it must not be confounded with "Aphrodite," the spectacular play now in New York, although the two are based on Pierre Louys's sensual romance, which was published in 1896.

"Aphrodite," the opera, in six scenes, libretto by Louis Le Gramont, music by Camille Erlanger, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, on March 27, 1906, when Miss Mary Garden took the part of Chrysis.

The story is as follows: At Alexandria, Demetrios, a handsome sculptor, the friend of Queen Berenice who wished to serve him as a model for his statue of Aphrodite, rich, influential, is bored. He consults the Jewess, Chmairis, who, holding his hand, tells him that his future will be lost in the blood of a woman, and then in his own blood. Demetrios passes on, sceptical, when he sees a woman whose tawny golden hair lightens the night, whose gait is supple and harmonious. The beauty of her body is revealed at every step. This is Chrysis of Galilee. Demetrios is at once enslaved. She says to him: "I have never yet refused myself to any one, but you, master of Alexandria, will never know my beauty."

"I'll give you all the gold in the world."

"I am tired of gold. I wish of you only three things: A looking-glass, a comb, a necklace."

Demetrios swears by Aphrodite to steal for Chrysis the looking glass of Bacchis, in which Sappho had admired herself; to kill Touni, the wife of the high priest, so as to secure her ivory comb, and, infamous sacrifice, to take the sacred necklace of pearls from the statue of Aphrodite in her temple. Demetrios, though horrified, swears to accomplish all this. Chrysis, in turn, swears to be his.

On a moonlit night Demetrios enters the temple. There stands the colossal statue of the goddess on a pedestal of rosy stone, and about her neck is the necklace of pearls in seven rows. Hearing the priests enter, he hides. Chrysis comes in and puts her own mirror, comb and necklace before the statue as an offering. Demetrios already has the silver mirror of Bacchis; having stabbed Touni, he possesses her sacred ivory comb. He now steals the necklace.

There is a banquet at the house of Bacchis and all are joyous, except Chrysis, who is indifferent. Bacchis orders a slave to bring in the sacred mirror. Lo, it has disappeared. Chrysis can hardly conceal her exultation, but her cry is lost in the exclamations of the guests. A slave, Solene, jealous of the admiration excited by her sister, accuses her of the theft. Corinna is dragged out to be crucified. Chrysis, now madly in love with Demetrios, seeks him.

She finds him in his studio. He places the comb in her hair, the necklace about her neck; she gazes into the sacred looking-glass. There is a glowing scene of love. Together they repeat the last lines of a Galilean love song, when suddenly there are distant rumors. The city is aroused by the crimes and sacrilege. The people curse the unknown criminal. Now, remorseful, Demetrios bids Chrysis leave him. She begs to be his slave; she will obey him in everything, and she swears obedience, not by Aphrodite, but by Jahveh, the god of her Israel. Demetrios commands her to go through the city wearing comb and necklace and carrying the mirror. "Thus you will walk in the city, and tomorrow I shall visit you in prison." The people ask Chrysis, wrapped in a cloak, who the guilty one can be. She enters the lighthouse and appears on the outer balcony displaying the three ornaments. The crowd at first believe her to be Aphrodite. Recognizing her at last, there is a rush toward her.

Demetrios does not fulfil his promise. Chrysis pines for his coming. She drinks the deadly hemlock, while of her friends only two little flute players, Myrto and Rhodis, are near her. Demetrios finds her dead, and he, remembering the words of the palmist, falls lifeless. The little flute players bear to the sacred wood of sycamores and cypress trees, the adorable and adored body of Chrysis and bury it beneath flowers, at the bottom of the tomb, in the pale moonlight.

At the first performance in Paris, the chief parts were thus taken: Demetrios, Leon Beyle; Bacchis, Claire Friche; Theano, Regina Badet; Myrto and Rhodis, Miss Mathieu-Lutz and Miss Demallier; Corinna, Miss Dumesnil; Chmairis, Miss Brophy; the Jailer, Huberdeau. Luigini conducted. This first performance was given for the benefit of the victims of the catastrophe of Courriers.

There were 53 performances at the Opera Comique in 1906, 7 in 1907, 13 in 1908, 2 in 1909, 2 in 1910, 10 in 1911, 17 in 1913, 4 in 1914, 15 in 1915.

"Aphrodite," a drama in five acts and in verse, based by Pierre Frondaie on the romance of Pierre Louys, was produced at the theatre of the Grand Sancy, Paris, on March 18, 1914. Henri Feyler

wrote the incidental music. The part of Chrysis was taken by Cora Labarthe. The part of Corinna (Korina) was first taken by Miss Castello, but on April 27 Miss Isis d'Arcey wildly the bacchanale and ruined the drunken scene. "And when her slim and harmonious body appeared on the cross there was a murmur of admiration in the theatre." Jean Worms took the part of Demetrios. There were 88 performances before the Huns invaded Belgium.

"The Spanish Hour"

"L'Heure Espagnole," which will be performed here next Saturday night for the first time in Boston, is a musical comedy in one act, poem by Franc-Nohain, music by Maurice Ravel. It was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, on May 19, 1911. The cast was as follows: Ramiro, Jean Perier; Don Inigo, Delvoys; Gonzalve, Coulomb; Torquemada, Cazeneuve; Concepcion, Genevieve Vix. Ruhlmann conducted. There were 10 performances that year.

Franc-Nohain's comedy had been played before at the Odeon, Paris, Oct. 28, 1904. Don Inigo Gomez, Darras; Gonzalve, Cazalis; Torquemada, Liser; Ramiro, Decard; Concepcion (sic) Mme. Rosni-Derys. There were 27 performances that year; 17 in 1905, 11 in 1906.

The story is a joyous one. Torquemada is a watch and clock maker. The muleteer Ramiro brings a watch into his shop to be repaired. "It's a family treasure. It saved my uncle, the torreador, from death. When a bull in the arena at Barcelona tried to jab him in the belly, this watch in his pocket saved him from the horn." Torquemada will repair the watch, but it is the day of the week on which he winds the city clocks. He'll be back in an hour if Ramiro will wait. This does not suit Concepcion, the jeweller's wife, for at this hour she receives the visits of her lover, Gonzalve, a poet. She asks the muleteer to carry into her room one of the tall Catalanian clocks. He gladly consents, for he dreaded a talk with the woman. "I'm only too happy to find something to do. It is I, senora, that make excuses. I cut, alas, a sorry figure in a parlor. A muleteer has no conversation." So Ramiro carries this clock up to Concepcion's room. Now the poet has hidden in one of the clocks. There is an interchange and Ramiro takes the concealed Gonzalve into the wife's room. Inigo, the banker, another lover, comes in. He too, hides in a clock, and is taken up. But Concepcion is now admiring the muleteer. She wonders at the ease shown in carrying the two heavy burdens. "And there was always a smile on his lips. Truly his muscles surpass belief." She takes Ramiro to her room, and is happy. The husband returning, finds Gonzalve and Don Inigo, for they have left their hiding places. They buy the clocks, and if Ramiro will take them to their respective houses, he will be paid in ducats. The muleteer has a proud soul: in view of the circumstances, he should refuse, but Concepcion puts an end to his scruples: "Do it Ramiro; such is life!"

Revel's music is said to be as gay, piquant, humorous, ironical as the libretto. There is an interesting study "Concerning a Musical Comedy" with special reference to "The Spanish Hour" in Jean-Aubry's "French Music of Today." "Though we thought it exquisite, 'L'Heure Espagnole' cannot contribute a date in the history of French music, as was the case with 'Pelleas,' but this amusing work, conceived in a profoundly French spirit, by a musician of extremely marked individuality, merits more attention, and is more suggestive of side-issues than some heavy symphonies or some too-well-written quartets.

... There was question of applying to opera-comique from the same ingenuity and the same comprehension of the actual requirements as were applied by Wagner in writing 'Tristan,' or Debussy in composing 'Pelleas.' It is against the view that such a task is unworthy of a musician that we must protest, and precisely in 'L'Heure Espagnole' is its proof. ... The contrast of characters is carried out with rare sureness. The part of Gonzalve is, in its entirety, one of the best examples of musical caricature that have succeeded in remaining delicate and truly musical. Those of Ramiro and of Concepcion suggest how much Maurice Ravel could accomplish for the stage if he were to devote himself to a work of greater development. But what transpires above all from this 'L'Heure Espagnole' besides the vivacious 'personality' of the composer, is the delicacy and tact with which he has contrived to avoid the insipid flavor of operetta and the heavy humor of opera-bouffe. Equally distant from vulgarity and from bombast, this musical comedy pursues its course with spirit, combined with the twofold pleasant charm of a pungent vocal substance, and of the subtly colored orchestration with which the 'Rapsodie' had made us acquainted, and of which 'Daphnis et Chloe' was afterward to furnish the most exquisite of proofs. ... It proves today that the comic sense and the musical sense are not so remote from each other as certain Puritans of music would have us believe."

Carpenter's Ballet

John Alton Carpenter's ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," will be per-

formed here next Saturday afternoon with Donizetti's sparkling opera "L'Elisir d'Amore."

This ballet was produced by the Chicago Opera Association in Chicago Dec. 23, 1912. The stage settings and costumes were designed by Robert Edmond Jones. Adolph Bolm took the part of the Dwarf; Ruth Page that of the Infanta.

The ballet is based on Oscar Wilde's story of the same name. "The Birthday of the Infanta," first called "The Birthday of the Little Princess," was published in Paris Illustré, a weekly journal (Paris, London and New York), March 30, 1889. In the Paris edition, which appeared simultaneously with the English, the French translation was entitled "L'Anniversaire de la Naissance de la Petite Princesse." The translation into Dutch by Dr. P. H. Ritter was published at Utrecht in 1889 with three of the stories in "The Happy Prince"; Fantasia naar het engelsch van Oscar Wilde." The story was included in "A House of Pomegranates" (London 1891). The story then entitled "The Birthday of the Infanta" was dedicated in this volume to Mrs. William H. Grenfell of Taplow Court (Lady Desborough). Wilde wrote in a letter to a friend: "I am delighted at what you say about the 'Little Princess.' In point of style it is my best story. . . . I thought of it in black and silver, and the French makes it pink and silver."

The story, adapted for the stage by Stuart Walker of the Portmanteau Theatre, was performed here on Nov. 20, 1916, when the settings and costumes were by Mrs. J. W. Alexander. Gregory Kelly took the part of the Dwarf; Nancy Winston played the Infanta.

When Mr. Carpenter's ballet was performed in Chicago, Mr. Edward C. Moore wrote the following description for the Chicago Daily Journal:

"Much use was made of brilliant colors against a neutral background. To right and left were two doorways leading into gray buildings, the doorways high and rather narrow, with an effect of gigantic height. In the centre, toward the rear, was a raised platform with grided railing. In the background a row of mountains was uplifted against a sunset sky."

"Whereupon at one side and another began to appear servants, court attendants, heralds, the infanta, Ruth Page in private life, her duennas, and her playmates. The grown-ups of the piece were costumed exaggeratedly upwards, the children, equally exaggeratedly, sideways, with the effect of increasing the height of the one and lessening that of the other. The infanta and her playmates wore enormous puffed sleeves, hoop-skirts that measured yards in diameter, preposterous fuzzy-wigs.

"They nodded, swayed, and bobbed about the stage like a field of popples, and not at all unlike them in shape and

color. The major-domo led on a file of servants bearing birthday gifts to the little infanta. These were duly exclaimed over in pantomime. Finally the children took their seats on the platform and the games began.

"First there was a Spanish dance, the most brilliant single bit of dancing in the piece, done by Margit Leeraas and some companions who ordinarily belong to the opera company's ballet corps. Then a pair of clown jugglers, then a most delectable bull-fight, with bull, hobby-horses, picadors, and matador, all complete. Finally the climax of the show.

"It was Bolm, appearing as Pedro, the grotesque, misshapen dwarf, whose caperings were to afford the infanta her final bit of pleasure. They did. His springs, tumbles and grimaces resulted in his bearing off the prize, her handkerchief tossed to him over the railing."

"Those who went to the Portmanteau organization will remember that Pedro fell in love with the infanta with all the force of his uncivilized little heart, and that he died of shock at seeing his own grotesque image in a mirror. All this was in the ballet. It worked out quite as intelligent and good a story for pantomime as it was for words, peculiarly well fitted for the accentuated gestures that are miming."

"Here there was another scene, the interior of the gloomy hall, again with enormous effects of height, with gigantic candles in their holders and a pair of immense mirrors before which the dwarf died. It ended with the children returning from their banquet, discovering the body, and, saddened, stealing away."

How the Greenwich Village Shows Had Their Origin

Apropos of the appearance here tomorrow of the Greenwich Village Follies, with Frances White and other riotous comedians, Mr. J. C. Drum has written the following story of Greenwich Village:

"The origin of the Greenwich Village movement in New York city was a real estate promotion scheme. Fifteen years ago a smart firm took options on a vast expanse of run-down dwellings, stables, alley shacks, almost everything of a run-down nature in the locality, and then started to clothe the entire group with the romance of the Parisian Quarter Latin. Result, today there is in New York a distinct colony devoted to

in pursuit of the subject. Living in Greenwich-apartment dweller, she is now fabulous. The game worked, at brought with it many benefits, the principal one of which was the colonization of the devotees of the higher thought in painting, sculpture, drama and literature.

"The biggest result of all was in the dramatic field, for the Greenwich Village theatre resulted. From its portals there has been launched in three brief seasons, 'The Better Ole,' which went up town to larger theatre; the Greenwich Village follies, the unique reviviscad comedy, which moved to the larger Nora Bayes Theatre later, and Nance O'Neill's latest success, which has also just moved up-town.

"Through the Washington Square Players, and the Provincetown Players, Greenwich Village has developed Philip Moeller, author of 'Mme. Sand' for Mrs. Fiske, and 'Mollere' for Henry Miller and Blanche Bates; and the bright particular dramatic revelation of the season, Eugene O'Neill, son of the veteran actor James O'Neill, and author of 'On the Horizon.'"

Dramatically, therefore, the real estate promotion scheme has been worth while. And the artistic world has been holed out of the stables of MacDougal alley, and the literary world as well. Jo Johnson, the famous sculptor, helped his inspirations from the tables of the Brevort and the Lafayette. And there are others, perhaps oblique in their artistic developments, who have village addresses. Lenine and Trotsky shambled about this purlieu; Harry Kemp, the poet, had many a crust of bread in Schuman's all-night feeder of the Jefferson Market police court; "Benny" Decasceres utilized the locality as an intellectual chopping-block when he couldn't get an audience at Jack's up-town; Carlo Fornaro wrote his "Diaz the Tyrant" there before going on a vacation for criminal libel to Blackwell's island, and suffering martyrdom while Madero won the presidency of Mexico and lost it; and John Reed, wanted for soviet associations, browsed about the village. Some others are John Fleming Wilson, Floyd Dell, Dudley Digges, Helen Westley, Paul Thompson, Guido Bruno. Of course, the most of the artistic publicity has centred about Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and her studio; but there are hundreds of earnest workers, all striving for the elusive fame down there.

New French Plays as Seen by the Stage's Correspondent

Sacha Guitry's "Beranger": "Interrupting the run of 'Mon Pere avait Raison' in full career, he has just given a new play, 'Beranger,' at the Porte St. Martin. It was natural that after the success of the satirical comedy he should return to his biographical plays, but 'Beranger' can hardly be said to equal 'Debureau' or 'Pasteur.' Of course, there are brilliant passages, as there always are in his plays, but in some respects the piece is a trifle empty. It is a difficult thing to school oneself into seeing above the adulation of the hour and easy brilliant victories, but even with this present vogue I venture to think that

the new piece will not please the public taste as have some of his earlier plays. M. Guitry lacks the human sympathy that would make of such a play a great play, but in 'La Pelerin Ecossaise' he had found his real path towards satirical comedy. In 'Beranger' he is, of course, the famous song writer, and here again one must, in all frankness, warn him that, as an actor, he is not suited to compositions of this kind. Lucien Guitry, his father, gives a magnificent portrait of Talleyrand, and Mme. Yvonne Printemps sings charmingly several airs of the old ballad writer. Some day, when I have time and space—if the ever-crowded Paris stage ever allows me both—I may deal more fully with M. Sacha Guitry's latest play."

Curel's "L'Amé en Folie": "I think that we all felt the stir of greatness at the first performance of 'L'Amé en Folie,' by Francois de Curel, at the Theatre des Arts. Rarely have I seen a more appreciative audience; rarely have the critics been so unanimous in praise, and, what is even more gratifying, the public has indorsed the verdict of the press, and are flocking to the little theatre on the outer boulevards. Ever since the days when Antoine discovered him and produced his first plays at the Theatre Libre, M. de Curel has ranked among the chief French dramatists of his time and earned the admiration of his literary confreres. His plays are always intellectual treats, and his powerful reasoning and the clarity of the problems that he essays have not heretofore made him popular with the masses. He is a thinking-lacking at times the human sensibility that endears, and his plays are often subtle, and too philosophical make good drama. Even 'L'Amé en Folie,' unquestionably a masterpiece, one of the finest works of modern literature, is more a philosophy than a play. In Justin Rielle the author consciously or unconsciously, drawn portrait of himself. Rielle is a blue-eyed philosopher, living in the hills of the Ardennes forests with his simple, honest, pious soul, who

sees nothing unusual in her life, and the fact that he is the author of a Darwinian book, 'L'Amé en Folie.' But the greatness of the man with whom she has spent her simple housewife life is suddenly revealed to her. Rielle's niece and ward, Rosa, who some years before had developed a half-girlish attachment for her uncle, and run away to Paris, suddenly returns a celebrated actress. She has fled from the capital to escape the attentions of Michel Fleuret, a likewise famous young dramatist. Rosa does not love Michel; she is sincerely and devotedly attached to an older companion of many years, to whom she wishes to remain faithful, but the youth and ardor of the young author awaken in her an unsuspected physical passion. She discovers the humiliating fact that she can love one man and yet be unable to resist another, and that while she wishes to overcome physical passion, yet she desires to yield to it. Therefore she flies to her old uncle, but she leaves her address behind her, and Michael follows. It is from the conversation of Rielle and Michel that Mme. Rielle begins to discern the intellectual measure of greatness of her husband. She, in turn, is horrified to find that her growing jealousy of Rosa is really the outcome of her growing fondness for the handsome Michel, and in the end she dies from an attack of the heart while she is searching in the encyclopaedia for the history of Messalina. But besides the admirable character drawing, the beauty and sobriety of the dialogue, the superiority of the play lies in the philosophical passages in which M. de Curel, with a daring and a frankness that are admirable in their honesty, discusses

the problem of youth and love. I may say that never have I heard certain subjects so freely discussed upon any stage, and yet how far removed is this from the dirty double meanings of some modern writers. Whether one agrees or not with M. de Curel's theories—and I, for one, do not—'L'Amé en Folie' remains a work that commands respect and admiration. We were too strongly moved to applaud overmuch on the first night, but we lingered in groups, in the rainy night after the performance, with that glowing, wholesome sensation that one derives from a plain, honest conversation with a friend in this world of half-truths and evasions. The primitive grandeur of the wild beasts and the voice of nature had spoken to us through a man who had dared to look life in the face and say exactly what he saw. That such a play as this should not have been produced at the Comedie Francaise is at once a lasting shame to the first theatre of France and a singular good fortune for the author. For at present, strange as it may seem, the Comedie Francaise would have been incapable of doing justice to 'L'Amé en Folie.' Indeed, with the possible exception of Lucien Guitry and Gémier, no one could have lived the part of Rielle as did Grettillat. He was perfect, and even his friends who have followed his long career at the Odeon were astonished. Tomorrow he will be a Boulevard star. Mlle. Mady Berry was also very human as Mme. Rielle. M. Angelo as Michel Fleuret, Mlle. Coulomb and M. Melchior were simply true, and Mlle. Juliette Depasse, whom I had never heard of before, played Rosa with remarkable penetration and grace. The play was well mounted. Another drama of M. de Curel will be produced at the Vaudeville shortly."

"The Ambigu Theatre has just produced an adaptation of the American farce, 'The Very Idea.' It is sad and exasperating to see such barren and worthless stuff imported as typical of English and American drama. The plot is absurd and the treatment devoid of wit, so that in a French adaptation it becomes preposterously inane and wearisome. When there are so many clever and interesting plays to bring over, why do managers persist in importing the worst of our plays? Indeed, I haven't the heart to say more upon the subject, unless it is to offer my sympathy to Albert Brasseur, Louis Gauthier and my friend Saturnin Fabre, and to Mlle. Dietricle, who are obliged to waste their time upon such twaddle."

Sarah Bernhardt reappeared on the stage at Lyons, Jan. 27, in Rene Fauchois's new play, 'Rossini.' She plays the composer's mother; Fauchois, Rossini.

MISS CHURCH GIVES PIANO RECITAL

Saturday afternoon Marjorie Church gave a piano recital at Jordan Hall. The program: Chopin, Impromptu in F sharp, Nocturne in G, Etude, G sharp minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Skryabin, Third Sonata and four preludes; Medtner, An Idyl; Stravinsky, Berceuse from 'L'Oiseau de Feu' (arranged by Charles Repper); Rachmaninoff, two preludes in E flat and E major; Griffes, 'Night Winds'; Arnold Bax, 'The Maiden With the Daffodil'; Charles Repper, Rode Serienne; Strauss-Godowsky, waltz; 'Wine, Woman and Song.'

Saturday afternoon was not the first time that Miss Church has played here; and her program was interesting. She is to be complimented for having in-

cluded in her program a variety of music, but in a recital of this kind, although in a sense of the word, it was otherwise very excellent. It is a piece of fortunate technique, and carefully avoided by most pianists for that reason. The Impromptu—essentially a no-nonsense character—was very well played; but the G major nocturne was given a rather dry and conventional rendering. Miss Church played Skryabin's very beautiful third sonata very well, and was at her best in the same composer's preludes, which followed. The Stravinsky 'Berceuse' received delicate and intelligent treatment in her hands.

The last part of the program was, compared with the other groups, rather weak; it was just saved from dullness by Mr. Repper's spirited 'Ronde Serienne'—a simple little composition made very interesting by the reiteration of a fast dance figure, about which the whole piece is built. Of the piece called 'The Maiden With the Daffodil' we cannot say as much. Were the piece called 'The Maiden With the Daffodil,' it had been much more appropriately named; and we feel that then many things would suggest themselves to be said of it. For it impresses one as a vague, clumsy and vain striving after incensuousness of expression. No, the 'maiden' in the piece is not, alas! a youngish, and delectable 'flapper,' but would approach more definitely to the type suggested. The excellent Godowsky arrangement of the Strauss waltz Miss Church played very nicely, thereby completely rescuing the last group of pieces.

Miss Church has a delicate and facile touch and a good technique, although by no means an ample one. Her dynamic effects were not what could have been desired; they were sometimes incoherent and somewhat muddled. But the greater part of her playing was of a very satisfactory nature, and she deserves praise for her selection of such a fine Chopin group—and for having given the Skryabin pieces.

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The New York Evening Post, in order to cheer its readers, published an article by Mr. Richard H. Fitch showing that old records of winter storms in New York's last storm to shame; how in 1730 a snowstorm lasted nine days; how the winters of 1857 and 1888 were terrible. John Winthrop wrote from New Haven, Ct., in 1717 that there had been 15 feet of snow in that vicinity the previous winter. Two sheep, which had been buried for 23 days, were alive when dug out. In 1601 the Black Sea was frozen over; in 788 the Dardanelles were frozen over and the snow in some places rose 50 feet high, etc., etc.

We commend to Mr. Fitch and to all interested in the fall of the imprisoned mercury, snowdrifts, ice, a treatise by Gabriel Peignot of Dijon on "the most severe winters, from 233 B. C. to 1820 inclusive; followed by researches concerning the most singular effects of lighting from 1675 to 1821; the whole preceded by an elementary summary about winter considered astronomically and meteorologically." This book of 240 pages was published at Dijon in 1821; 800 copies of which 50 were large paper and 3 strong paper of Holland. Anatole France dismisses the writings of the blameless Peignot as books that are not books, but he did the antiquary of Dijon injustice.

A Search for Honor

The Boston Daily Advertiser of Dec. 10, 1816, published the following advertisement:

"Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. Williams, No. 8 State street, 'The Adventures of Uncle Sam, in search after his Lost Honor.' By Frederick Augustus Eldfaddy, Esq. Member of the Legion of Honor, scratch-etcry to Uncle Sam, and privy councillor to himself. Taurum per caudam grabbo. (Merino Latin). Dec. 7."

Who was the author of this book or pamphlet? What occasioned it?

"Comic Philosophy"

A California newspaper published the following literary note:

"Prof. Josiah Royce, author of 'The Spirit of Modern Philosophy,' etc., has written an introduction to the new edition of the late John Fiske's 'Comic Philosophy,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co have just published."

Amos, the Copperhead

As the World Wags:

What is patriotism, that a dog biting a man in the calf of his leg, followed by the rejoicing of a woman and the recurrence of canine assault, plus forcible ejection by process of hand holds of coat collar and breeches bottom, plus violent head contact with a door, should have "put more patriotism" into G. A. R. than all other things combined that have happened in his life?

"G. A. R." mentions that he "had never seen his father angry before and that his mother was a perfect gentlewoman"; that Amos Griswold came to their house to get a hot air stove. G. A. R.'s father had sold him, and that Griswold had "stooped over to pick up the stove" when the canine and paternal assault and ejection, and maternal

rejoicing, began. And so the name of the book, "G. A. R.," Amos having got his stove, should not those who read "As the World Wags" be informed as to whether this "patriotism" of G. A. R. is a peculiar condition of popular prejudice and private profit by which a vendor can sell his stove; assault object and denounce, the vendor when such vendee is in act of taking possession of his property; and retain possession of the stove he has sold?

Without approving the sentiment that "G. A. R." alleges that Amos "expressing while attempting to seize and take in possession his stove, and at the moment when it is alleged that Amos became persona non grata with the dog and the family of 'G. A. R.', one would like, for the sake of patriotism and that there may be a definition of 'G. A. R.'s' idea of patriotism, to know if there was subsequent delivery to Griswold of the herein-referred-to "hot air stove."

If Griswold took the stove with him, while in transit as noted, or there was later delivery of the said stove to him as vendee and lawful possessor, and not as object for the violent delivery of missiles of solid bodies, patriotism, excepting for dog bites, head and door collisions, fatherly coat collar and trousers seat assault, and motherly pleasure in the violence, as interpreted by "G. A. R.", seems as awfully idealistic as the New England conception of a lynching bee. At least it is not tainted with fraudulent cupidity—that patriotism that realized itself so mightily in "G. A. R.'s" consciousness of "national aspirations" in the moment that the dog bit Amos, father laid hands upon the seat of Amos's trousers, and mother said she was glad that the dog bit Amos. But if there was no delivery of the "hot air stove" to Amos, there may be controversy as to whether the patriotism of "G. A. R.", at the innocent and tender age of the 10 years he mentions, was not akin to the satisfaction boys of

that age have been known to experience in proximity to the interests and profits of historical places and occasions and circuses.

Should we not know all that may be known about Amos, the dog, and the stove?

Provincetown.

HEAR TARASOVA IN RUSSIAN SONGS

Symphony Hall Audience Shows High Appreciation

Nina Tarasova gave her second song recital of Russian music in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Nicola Thomas, violinist, and Lazar S. Weiner, accompanist.

The program was:

The Melody, Tschalkowsky, Perpetuum Mobile, Novacek, Poem, Feibich, Nicola Thomas; Russasche (The Russian Maid), The Candle, The Lullaby, Kumushka, Nina Tarasova; Nocturne E. Flat, Chopin, Rondino, Beethoven, Variation, Corelli, Rantini, Nicola Thomas; four Russian war songs arranged by Arnold Volpe, The Pilgrimage of the Virgin (Old Monastery Song), The Tiny House (18th Century), My Field (17th Century), The Wedding Cake (18th Century), also, Shine My Star, Vasilchki, The Files Like Black Thoughts, Kalinka, Nina Tarasova.

It not only is wise "when in Rome to do as the Romans do," but there are occasions in our own country when it is well to see and to hear, as others do. At yesterday's concert the audience and the atmosphere was largely Slavic. The keen interest displayed and the hearty enthusiasm shown for the Russian singer seemed to have its effect on others in the audience who were not from the "native land."

The remarkable facial expression of Mlle. Tarasova characterized each of her songs, and much was added to the effect of her interpretations by the picturesque and varied costumes which she wore during the program.

March 2 1920

The New York Evening Post, considering Gen. George Washington as treated by novelists—Gertrude Atherton, Paul Leicester Ford, Weir Mitchell—thinks that certain pages in Thackeray's "Virginians" are "the most memorable Washington pages in fiction."

When this novel appeared, was not Thackeray roundly abused in this country for his audacity in attempting to portray the hero? Did not the North American Review attack Thackeray savagely?

"The Virginians" has of late years been underrated. There are some who also pool pooh "The Adventures of Philip," and find it only tedious moralizing and repetitions. We are sorry for them. On the other hand, one of Thackeray's greatest novels, "Barry Lyndon," is neglected. Writing it, did he not remember vividly the memoirs of Casa-

entertaining
and

Dentists and Noses

It is always prudent to inquire into the origin of proverbs. One often runs across a snag if there is a necessity for establishing the derivation. The French have a saying, "To lie like a dentist." This is surely a base reflection on men of an honorable profession; men that are constantly contributing to the welfare of the afflicted. A French surgeon, Lannelongue, told at dinner how the saying was born. Two men were fighting in the street. One bit off the nose of the other, who picked it up from the gutter and rushed to the office of a physician-dentist nearby named Carnajou, who sewed the nose on with thread. The nose remained fast. The dentist naturally talked about it, but no one believed him. Carnajou had such a reputation as a liar that a surgeon who afterwards applied flesh did not dare to speak of his operations. It even happened that Despres, an assistant of Dupuytren, treated a man's finger. A week went by. The patient visited Despres to show the finger, when Dupuytren, standing by, pulled off the piece that had been attached, saying: "It won't stick."

This operation was scouted in Dupuytren's time. (He died in 1835.) It was seen said that rhinoplasty was not in repute until 1835, yet a writer in the Encyclopaedia Americana in 1832 said that the art of restoring the nose when lost by disease or external injury was early practised. There is the taliacottian operation, named after Tagliacozzi, a surgeon of Bologna (1546-99), who restored noses by means of tissue taken from another part. Does his statue representing him with a nose in his hand still stand in the anatomy theatre of the city? But Benedetti, who died about 1511, described the operation before him; so did Vesalius. Ambrose Pare mentions a surgeon that practised the art successfully. There are merry lines in "Hudibras," beginning "So armed Taliacottus," familiar no doubt to many.

Dr. Fludd, the Rosicrucian, told of an Italian nobleman who lost a great part of his nose in a duel. A piece of flesh cut from the arm of a slave was applied, and the Italian had again a seemingly natural nose. The slave, freed, went to Naples where he died, and at that instant gangrene appeared on the Italian's nose. The part that belonged to the dead man's arm was cut off by the advice of physicians. Flesh was taken from his own arm and applied. He rejoiced in his new nose until he, too, died. See Edmond About's ingeniously amusing romance "The Nose of a Notary"; also Sir Kenelon Digby's "Discourse Concerning Powder of Sympathy" (1660).

"To lie like a tooth-puller" is in Le Roux de Lincy's "Book of French Proverbs" (Paris 1830), quoted from the "Dictionary of the French Academy" (1835). The tooth-puller in those days was often a wandering mountebank who drew a crowd by telling Rabelasian stories and indulging in horse-play. He sold quack medicines, and of course lied prodigiously. Lannelongue's explanation of the origin is more amusing, though it is so circumstantial that it breeds suspicion. Furthermore—and this is conclusive—"to lie like a tooth-drawer" is in Philibert Joseph Le Roux's "Dictionnaire Comique" (Amsterdam 1713) with this comment, "No one lies more outrageously than a tooth-drawer, who promises not to hurt, which is not possible." And Le Roux quotes Poisson's one-act play, "The Basque Poet" (1668). "But all of you lie like tooth-pullers."

As She Is Spoke

As the World Wags:

Thomas Burke, in his "Limehouse Nights," quotes the Monico Kid as follows: "Yess, had a tumble today. I was having the match with Fred Flash, and we took a big nig off the water for the wass. I stood for the finish on him, and it seems like good music to me, cos I don't tip me. Fred spotted him and offed me to pull the rough stuff. Rough? my middle name. I wrote the book about it. But the nig was fresh and scouted for the blue boys. See my eye. Well, we handed out some punk stuff, and then I levanted, and now I'm a little over a bit, see? Gaw, there ain't nothing to this rough-neck stuff. I feger on quittin' 'fore long. Dick the Dike was pinched t'other day. I went t'war. A stretch? Lorlummy, they tumbled the book at 'im and told 'im to add up the sentences. Yess. . . . It's all a wangle."

One perceives that somebody spilled

the water. But just what I spilled how I don't know. What is a wangle, and whence and whereto was it taken? W. L. P. Boston

Escaped Punishment

As the World Wags:

While memories of Lincoln's taking-off are sought for, I send one, told me by a relative himself. He, as a very small boy, was a guest of his grandmother in Salem. With the perverse naughtiness of a genuine boy, he flung a stone at a strutting cock. To his infinite surprise, the bird fell dead. The boy ran madly, in abject fear; but the owner had seen him. The cock was a valuable one. She was poor and she knew the boy to be a pampered and prosperous child. The woman angrily reported the deed. Soon afterwards the boy was summoned to his grandmother.

She sat alone in state, with a huge Bible open before her. He was placed opposite, in a high chair. The punishment began. His grandmother, very religious, with all the old-time narrowness, read to him for hours, as it seemed to the boy, every denunciatory text about endless punishment, hell-fire, murderers, the unconverted, etc. More and more frightened grew the child, as the old lady expostulated, with her sense of duty; if she could save a soul.

Suddenly came a knock at the door, and the butcher spoke to madame. She dropped the book and shrieked: "My God, Lincoln's murdered." Bible and boy were alike forgotten. For the time being that child looked on the death of Abraham Lincoln as his salvation for this world and the hereafter, as he jumped down from his perch. MEMORY.

CHICAGO OPERA

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Opening night of the Chicago Opera Association. Ponchielli's "Gioconda." Mr. Marinuzzi, conductor.

La Gioconda. Rosa Raisa
La Cieca. Maria Cassens
Alvise Badoero. Virgilio Lazzari
Laira. Cyrena van Gordon
Enzo Grimaldo. Alessandro Dolci
Barnaba. Giacomo Rimini
Zuccone. Constantine Nicolai
Isopo. Louis Derran
Canforo. Desiro Defreco
A pilot. Harry Cantor

The selection of Ponchielli's opera, based on Hugo's wildly romantic tragedy "Angelo," brought to many in the large and interested audience the memory of the opening night of the Boston Opera House, Nov. 8, 1909, when the leading singers in this opera were Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Meitschick; Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff, Nivette, Pulcini, Stroesco. Mme. Nordica and Constantino are dead. So is Conti, who conducted. Baklanoff is a member of the Chicago company. Stroesco is applauded in London as a singer of songs. Nivette, we believe, is in Paris. As for Mr. Henry Russell, the impresario, he is now personally conducting Mr. Maeterlinck and initiating him into the lucrative mysteries of the film world on the golden Pacific coast.

Lack of space, on account of the scarcity of paper, prevents a full review of the performance last night. Something may be said about the opera itself and about the singers next Sunday.

When Miss Raisa first sang here, her admirers feared that if she persisted in singing by main strength and forcing tone, her voice would suffer. The voice has suffered. It has in great measure lost the rich quality that made a marked impression. The upper tones are hard. And still she forces her tones, nor does she moderate her dramatic intensity. It is a pity, a great pity.

Mr. Dolci has a manly voice, resonant, dramatic; he also can please in purely lyrical measures. He belongs to a school of Italian singers, who still address the audience rather than those on the stage; who, rejoicing in applause, return after an exit to bow in grateful acknowledgment.

Mr. Rimini, who has naturally a good organ, sings no better than when he first visited us. This, too, is a pity. Dramatically, he was a desperate villain, always up to dark tricks with sinister speeches, while Mr. Dolci, as an actor, was an example of dolce far niente.

Mme. Van Gordon, a stately handsome woman, succumbed easily to her murderous husband, Mr. Lazzari, whom she could easily have felled or strangled, as she towered above him.

Mr. Nicolai made much of a small part.

After all, the chief features of the performance were the fascinating evolutions of the ballet, which were beautifully lighted, and the fine conducting of Mr. Marinuzzi, which was forcible, sympathetic, artistic in every way. The orchestra and chorus were more than satisfactory.

The opera tonight will be "La Traviata," with Mme. Galli-Curci and Messrs. Schipa and Galeffi.

MRS. SHAW GIVES PIANO RECITAL

Mrs. Jessie P. Shaw gave a most successful last evening in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Miss Marion Anderson, contralto, and Prof. Fred P. White, organist. William L. King was accompanist at the piano for Miss Anderson.

The program was as follows: Mrs. Shaw, Movements II and III of the Sonata Pathétique, Beethoven; Miss Anderson, "I Hear a Thrush," Cadman, "Waters of Minnetonka," Llangance; "This Passion Is but an Ember," Lohr; Mrs. Shaw, (a) Solveig's Song, (b) Day-break, Greig; Etude, op. 25-7, Mazurka, op. 33-2, Chopin; Miss Anderson, "Adieu Forests," Tchaikowsky; Mrs. Shaw, "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler," S. Coleridge-Taylor; Improvisation, Clarence Cameron White; "Juba" dance, R. Nathaniel Dett; Miss Anderson, (a) "You Lay So Still," (b) "Thou Hast Bewitched Me," (c) "Thou Art Risen," S. Coleridge-Taylor; Mrs. Shaw (Prof. White at the organ), Finale to Concerto in E flat, Liszt.

Mrs. Shaw's playing won much applause. She played Grieg's Solveig's Song with a pretty simplicity and her interpretation of the Chopin etude was original and interesting. The piece that attracted most attention on her program was the highly entertaining "Juba" dance by Mr. Dett—an excellent little composition in an original and peculiar shuffling rhythm which was very contagious, bringing forth more applause than any other number.

Miss Anderson's voice is rich, and in the higher notes of a delicious liquid quality. It needs more training, however, to found it out and rid it of a certain unpleasant coarseness which showed from time to time. Miss Anderson gave a pretty performance of Tchaikowsky's "Adieu Forests."

THEDA BARA HAS

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "The Blue Flame," a melodrama in four acts and six scenes, featuring Theda Bara. The cast:

John Varnum. Allan Dinehart
Al Foe. Jack Gibson
Larry Winston. Donald Gallaher
Cleely Varnum. Helen Chry
Ned Maddox. Kenneth Hill
Charles Archibald. Thais Lawton
Ruth Gordon. Theda Bara
The Stranger. Earle House
Marie, a maid. Isabel Adams
Nora Marce. Tessie Lawrence
Tom Dorgan. Harry Matura
Miller and Patterson, policemen.
Renold MacMahon, Frank Hughes
Inspector Ryan. DeWitt C. Jennings
Quong Toy. Henry Herbert
Barnes. Joseph Buckler
Sagan. Martin Malloy
Wang Ming. Harold Sullivan
Ling Foo. Royal Stout

Of course the whole show is Theda Bara, not that the other members of the cast were not good—they were, decidedly good—but the audience which packed the house wanted to see Theda Bara. They did.

The two acts and four scenes Theda Bara vamped as strongly as any one in the world could wish. During that time she caused the death of two persons, both her "dear friends." What more could any one ask of a vampire?

The play gives her full scope. She dies, and is brought back to life by an electrical machine, but she is reborn without a soul. And not being hampered with a soul at all, you can imagine the fun she had and the havoc she created. From her luxurious home to innermost Chinatown she merrily vamped her way, quite coolly breaking hearts, ruining lives and everything else a vampire could do.

In the first act, as a pure, innocent girl, she was a bit amateurish, but from then until the last act she brought to bear all the traits which made her what she is. She has a vehicle which offers her full play, and, being gifted with a good voice, she surpasses her screen work.

It is hard to imagine a more weird plot. The transition from a vampire to a religious girl, whose sincerity wins her fiance to faith in a deity, is wide enough to cause even the most blasé to gasp.

Naturally, with a soulless woman for a heroine, or villainess, the play is frankly a sex play. Some of the lines would be unpardonable in another setting—they were a bit crude, even with Theda Bara to say them.

As a portrayal of a soulless woman, she is strong enough to satisfy even the most jaded. Her laughter can truly be called hellish. Her heartless indifference to the agony she caused was convincing, and her general cleverness was fiendish.

To call the performance sensational and melodramatic is to be a bit conservative. It is the most weird and hectic thing Boston has seen since the old Grand Opera House became a home for wrestlers and boxers. It smacks of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and "Billy the Boy Detective." Had there been a life for a life, a buzz saw scene, and an automobile jumping a gap it could hardly have caused more breathlessness.

The audience was purely a Theda Bara audience. Whatever she did was right. Her opening was a disappointment, so was her closing, but in between as a 32d degree vamp she left nothing to be desired.

The supporting cast was worthy of

her. No one than it could be to receive. Allen Dinehart was a good help, but how much lurid light could he expect when Theda Bara was playing opposite him? Donald Gallaher had a hard part to portray. As a normal boy, engaged to wed, he had to descend to a man, "stripped to his naked hide," and finally to a "dope fiend." Helen Chry is another who deserved much credit. She had to go crazy, and after wandering around the Bowery, be killed in a room of a wealthy Chinaman. Which will tell you even more about the weirdness of the play.

ELSIE JANIS AND

TREMONT THEATRE—Elsie Janis And Her Gang in a bomb-proof revue in two acts. Songs by William B. Kernell, Richard Feckheimer, B. C. Hilliam and Elsie Janis. First time in Boston.

Elsie Janis, who for 15 months entertained the boys of the A. E. F. in camps along the firing line, made her first appearance in Boston, since her return from the war zone, at the Tremont Theatre.

In her audience last night were many who had seen her in the camps and they were not niggardly in their applause, for incidentally Elsie has the distinction of being the first American woman to fire a gun at the boche. This occurred during a visit to the position of the 103d field artillery. Her shot landed in a Hun machine gun nest, being another kind of hit for Elsie.

Miss Janis is a show in herself, but "Her Gang," comprised largely of doughboys who never "trod the boards" before, being induced to do so by her, show the resourcefulness of the American in peace, war or even behind the footlights.

It is a show that has snap, life and vigor, pulsing with the humor of the American in action and on leave. From the opening number, "Let's Go," to the finale, a patriotic jazz, the performance steps at a lively pace. Miss Janis has a moment all her own when in her inimitable manner she sang the moonlight song as many types of men would have sung it, including the American Negro with his desire for chicken.

"Her Gang" appeared to be having as good a time as any in the audience and it was the general get together atmosphere that put this revue over and into the column marked success.

Of the "Gang" Charlie Lawrence, as a stammering souse, stood out boldly, as did the "M. P." Jack Brant and Dick Ryan, whose "It's All Wrong" is likely to be oft repeated. Jerry Hoekstra has a pleasing voice and his numbers, "Somewhere in America" and "Just a Little After Taps," were most enjoyable. Eddie Hay's garcon was a neat bit.

Gen. Edwards and party occupied the stage box. Miss Janis was called upon for a speech, which was characteristic. So the return to the local stage of this popular star was most satisfying.

"Greenwich Village Follies"

Brilliant Spectacle—

Lively Comedy

SHUBERT THEATRE—The Bohemians, Inc., present "The Greenwich Village Follies," a "revusical" comedy of New York's Latin quarter, by Philip Bartholomae and John Murray Anderson; music by A. Baldwin Sloane; staged by John Murray Anderson. Hilding Anderson conducted.

It is obviously unnecessary to print the various casts, for many of the principals appeared in several of the 11 scenes. The principal performers were Frances White, Al Herman, Suzanne Morgan, Paul Burns, Janies Watts, Arthur Ball, Gordon Drexel, Warner Gault, Irene Olsen, Ada Forman and Rex Story.

The piece is a remarkable entertainment. But where were the creatures of Samuel Merwin-Jacob Zanin, the producer; Peter, the playwright; Sue Wyde, the sophisticated, who wanted to have her way; Henry, the bachelor; the Walrus, and the host of others that we would have been interested in seeing, even if only in burlesque? For all these characters have sat at the tables in Greenwich Village, all have had their particular ideas on the uplift of art.

So the piece last evening, while a huge burlesque entertainment, failed to show us the denizens of the village. There was too much lavishness, too much opulence, where the underlying poverty of the inhabitants of the art colony should have been revealed. The performance, aside from the burlesque, is chiefly interesting in a spectacular sense, in the riot of color, in the high spirits of the performers, in a most wonderful collection of pretty and shapely girls and as a great dancing entertainment. The music often rises above the commonplace, "The Stolen Melody" is musically significant, and the lines and dialogue are often uproariously funny.

The piece is episodic. In the first scene, "In the New York Subways," there was an interesting exposition that promised a continued story, but

at present itself as an...
a second scene. The...
Theatre. This...
tests the attention for its elegance...
beauty of tone, and harmony. These...
and many of the succeeding scenes...
ke their place among the best that...
ever been offered in this style of...
entertainment in this city.
The leading member of the cast...
Frances White, did not dance enough to...
sull many of her admirers; but what...
little dancing she did equalled her work...
of the past. James Watts, female...
impersonator, was amusing.
Al Herman was good in a black face...
act.
Paul Burns, who is the counterpart of...
Parker Shannon in physical appearance...
and agility, had a nice style and a pleas-
ing voice. In one of his songs, "The...
Critics' Blues," he named off the...
dramatic critics of the Boston news-
papers in song, and the audience, pro-
vided with wooden mallets used them...
on the backs of the chair. Gov. Coolidge...
hammered away in the spirit of the oc-
casion.

Marguerita Sylva Appearing
in Repertoire

There was a bit of grand opera at...
Keith's last night. Madame Marguerita...
Sylva, an opera star of the Paris and...
American stage, appeared in a reper-
toire and gave an aria from "Carmen"
as one of her selections. Madame Sylva...
has a charming personality, a fine voice...
and a high note, and her songs, the...
feature of the bill, were enthusiastically...
applauded.
The program opened with the Wheeler...
Trio, a team of acrobats much above...
the ordinary. Amella Stone and Armand...
Kaliz gave a song romance, the words...
lyrics and music and scenic and light-
ing effects conceived and copyrighted by...
Mr. Kaliz, but there was a disproportion...
between the bread and sack.
Dorothy Brenner, "The Lady Dainty...
of Songland," charmed with her imper-
sonations. Jack Princeton appeared in...
"Once Upon a Time," with the assist-
ance of three pretty girls, and inter-
preted one of James Whitcomb Riley's...
poems. Tony, the violinist, was given a...
hearty greeting, and Kramer and...
Boyle, a "happy-go-lucky-pair," pre-
sented a humorous stunt of their own...
concoction.
Ford and Cunningham in "Even as...
you and I" were mildly funny, and the...
program closed with the Aerial Lloyds...
baders in their specialty.

LA TRAVIATA

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La...
Traviata," performed by the Chicago...
Association, Mr. De Angelis, con-
ductor.
A Valery... Amelita Galli-Curci...
Philippa Falo...
Tito Sclafani...
Carlo Galli...
Lodovico Olivie...
Desire Defre...
Vittorio Trevisan...
Constantin Nicolay...
Anna Coroti...
Louis Dornan...
Harry Cantor...
The Chicago company gave a de-
finitive performance of Verdi's opera...
that in vocal and histrionic worth...
is far superior to the performance of...
"Gloconda" the night before. Un-
fortunately the costumes were sup-
posedly those of the period when the...
Dumas's heroine flourished and...
red: not of the 18th century, as...
the fashion. It is true that...
was a joy in old operatic days to...
the elder Germont enter solemnly...
elaborate pantalets; yet there is...
a recompense: for he comes on...
in irreproachable plug hat, as any...
red Frenchman does when he...
a lady in her drawing room...
when he is on familiar terms with...
"oblesse oblige! Thus does he dis-
picion.
Of chapa sang here for the first time...
ide at once a most favorable im-
t. His voice is pure and sym-
y: rilo enough, so that he is...
ged to force it in dramatic mo-
tender in amorous measures...
TS the suspicion of effeminacy. He...
voice skillfully and phrases in a...
wn-like manner. More than this...
s naturally and convincingly...
the conventional and seme-
t gestures that suggest bodily...
and "Y." He is a young and...
lover, a man of true sentiment...
evotion, who in the third act can...
jealousy and wrath without being...
ly melodramatic. We have never...
the role of Alfredo so well acted...
e seldom heard Alfredo's music...
so well.
as a pleasure to hear Mr. Galli...
in the opera house that he graced...
younger years. He has gained in...
since we last heard him...
as an actor and a singer. Like...
hica, he is concerned with the...
on the stage, not with the au-
The elder Germont is easily a

of "Russian songs," one of which...
here a good many years ago by Mr...
Ralph Osborne, shows more imagina-
tion and deeper emotion than any page...
of the long and musically dreamy...
"Aphrodite."
For this music is indescribably...
dreamy, futile, undramatic; without...
the requisite sensuousness; impotently...
noisy; with monotonous repetitions of...
insignificant phrases; without a touch...
of genuine sentiment or "emotion; un-
grateful music for the singers, colorless...
restless, seemingly experimental, as far...
as the orchestration is concerned. We...
do not remember any other opera so...
irritatingly dull.
Probably "Aphrodite" was added to...
the repertoire of the company for the...
purpose of allowing Miss Garden an...
other opportunity of appearing in var-
ious stages of undress and displaying...
her well-known Gardenian postures. Possibly...
it was thought that the orgy at...
the house of Bacchus would draw...
crowds. The orgy, after all, was not so...
suggestive of Sodom and Gomorrah...
Corinth, Babylon and Lesbos as reports...
from New York would have us believe...
There was really nothing to bring a...
blush to the cheek of a maiden aunt...
nor was Uncle Amos, if he sat in the...
front row, unduly excited. There was...
applause after this scene, and lo, Miss...
Garden took the curtain call. She had...
had little to do; and as the applause...
was for the dancers, Messrs. Pavley...
and Oukrainsky should have come be-
fore the curtain with Milles, Ludmila...
Ledowa and others.
It was unfortunate for Mr. Johnson...
that at his first appearance in Boston...
in grand opera he was obliged to take...
so thankless a role. Long ago he was...
applauded here in oratorio and cantata...
His voice is agreeable and virile, but...
poor Erlanger gave him little to do that...
was worth doing.
There were many curtain calls, espe-
cially when Miss Garden was clad only...
in gauze.
The opera tonight will be "Aida," with...
Mmes. Raisa, Van Gordon and Noe;...
Messrs. Dolci, Rimini, Cotreuil, Laz-
zari and Oliviero.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago...
Opera Association: First performance...
in Boston of "Aphrodite," an opera in...
six scenes; libretto based on the...
romance of Pierre Louys, by Louis de...
Gramont; music by Camille Erlanger...
Mr. Hasselmanns, conductor.
Chrysis... Mary Garden...
Demetrios... Edward Johnson...
Bacchis... Cyrena van Gordon...
Myrto... Evelyn Herbert...
Rhodis... Irene Pavloska...
Chimairis... Maria Claessens...
Timon... Edmond Warnery...
Philodeme... Jose Mojica...
Callides... Constantin Nicolay...
Le Geolier... Edouard Cotreuil...
Seso... Edna Darch...
Mousarion... Philine Falco...
It is said that philosophers dwell and...
taught in Alexandria; that the libraries...
of the city were famous, but if Messrs...
Anatole France and Pierre Louys, and...
the librettists of "Thais" and "Aphro-
dite" do not grievously err, Alexandria...
was the pre-eminently "hot town" of...
antiquity. The inhabitants and the...
visitors may have talked on philosophical...
subjects—they chatter in Anatole...
France's "Thais"—but in their worldly...
behavior they were as loose as ashes...
According to Athenalus they shrieked...
and stormed when they were at table;...
they swore at the singer, the serving-
man and the cook; their fists beat the...
weeping slaves. Even when a sacrifice...
was offered, the offended deity veiled...
her head, left the house and sometimes...
the town. What with the philosophers...
the courtesans and the riotous rounders...
Alexandria was not a restful city, nor...
could a beautiful woman like Bacchis...
who thought that the crucifixion of a...
female slave might heighten the enjoy-
ment of her guests, be said to have truly...
ingratiating manners.
The "Thais" of Anatole France is...
brilliantly ironical; the "Aphrodite" of...
Louys is voluptuous, grossly sensual...
cruel, archaeologically pornographic...
While "Thais" suffered more than "Aph-
rodite" in the libretto, the music of...
Massenet is far superior to that of...
Erlanger, nor is "Thais" to be counted...
among Massenet's best operas.
The chief motive of "Aphrodite" is not...
unlike that of "The Jewels of the Ma-
donna." The hero, if, in either case, he...
may be called heroic, commits a sacril-
gious theft to gain possession of a...
loved but worthless woman. It is true...
that Demetrios, in his mad desire, com-
mits two other thefts, incidentally mur-
dering the wife of the high priest, while...
Gennaro, naturally an industrious...
sober, pious soul, robs only once. In...
each instance a holy statue is stripped...
of ornament. It is not necessary to de-
scribe the plot of "Aphrodite" at length...
The story was told in the Herald last...
Sunday. It is enough to say that...
Demetrios is enslaved by Chrysis; that...
for her he robs and kills; that he gains...
possession of her and is then remorseful...
that Chrysis, at his command, walks...
in the streets, showing the comb, mir-
ror and necklace he had obtained for...
her; that she is dosed with hemlock in...
the jail; that Demetrios goes to her...
when it is too late; that two little...
female flute players, who loved her, saw...
to her burl and wept over her.
In "Aphrodite," the opera, the slave...
accused of a theft, is crucified off stage;...
in "Aphrodite," the play, as shown in...
Paris, she is practically naked on the...
cross in full view of the audience.
Camille Erlanger, who died last year...
—he was born in 1863 and was a prix...
de Rome (1888)—is not to be confound-
ed with the Baron Frederic d'Erlanger...
who is also a composer. Camille wrote...
seven or eight operas, of which "The...
Polish Jew" (the play is known here as...
"The Bells") is said to be the best, or...
the least uninteresting. He wrote or-
chestra music, piano pieces, and a set

At the Ball

Ganderax, going to a ball in Paris...
where the guests wore costumes of pa-
per, pranced about in a house and...
fool's cap. Looking about him, he was...
moved to make this sage remark, which...
should be noted by Mr. Herkimer John-
son, the eminent sociologist, if it is not...
now in his vast store of material for...
his colossal work (as yet unpublished).
"There is a singular difference between...
northerners and southerners. I am of...
the north, and when I go to a masked...
ball I am at once seized with sadness...
while my wife, an Italian, alone in her...
room, begins to dance if she has a cos-
tume on her back."
And so De Quincey, in a gorgeous...
page, described a ball as capable of ex-
citing and sustaining "the very grandest...
emotions of philosophical melancholy to...
which the human spirit is open." He...
gave this as the reason: "Such a scene...
presents a sort of mesh of human life...
with its whole equipage of pomps and...
glories, its luxury of sight and sound...
its hours of golden youth, and the in-
terminable revolutions of ages hurrying...
after ages, and one generation treading...
upon the flying footsteps of another;...
whilst all the while the overruling music...
attempts the mind to the spectacle, the...
subject to the object, the beholder to the...
vision."

Anticipated

The New York World of Feb. 23, speak-
ing of the monument in memory of John...
G. Saxe, satirist, poet and journalist...
said: "To say he is remembered only...
by fragments, the best known of which...
perhaps is:
I do not like you, Dr. Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell,
And yet I know, and know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.
This is a good paraphrase of Mar-
tial's epigram beginning "Non amo te...
Sabidi," but, strange to say, one Tom...
Brown, who died in 1704, wrote:
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
Who was this Sabidius thus pilloried?...
Dr. John Fell, bishop of Oxford and...
dean of Christ Church, "kept up the ex-
ercise of his house severely. He would...
constantly take his rounds in his col-
lege, go to the chambers of noblemen...
and gentlemen commoners and examine

Mead, Rum and Spelling

As the World Wags:
Not long ago you discoursed on mead...
its virtues and the proper ways of...
brewing it. The following is from "The...
American Herbal," by Samuel Stearns...
printed in 1801.
"To four gallons of water, add as...
much honey as will make it bear an...
egg; add to this the rind of three lemons...
boil and scum it as it rises, when it is...
taken off the fire, and three lemons...
cut in pieces, pour it into a tub, let it...
work three days, scum it well, pour the...
clear part into a cask, stop it close, and...
in three months it will be fit for use: It...
is an agreeable liquor. To give it a...
finer flavor add of cloves, mace and nu-
meg of each four drachms, in powder...
put it into a bag, and into the cask."
At what time was the letter "n" dropped from such words as "liquor" and "flavor"?
For a feeble thrill of joy in these...
trouble-fraught days, let us read what...
Dr. Stearns has to say of rum:
"Jamaica spirits is generally called...
the best rum, but that distilled in New...
England becomes good by age, and by...
being carried to sea; and this I know by...
my own observation; for some years...
ago I bought two hogshheads of New...
England rum that was distilled in...
Salem, had been carried to the West...
Indies, and kept upon the water about...
18 months; it appeared colorless, was...
free from any disagreeable smell, and...
had a very pleasant taste; whereas...
when it is first distilled the odor and...
taste is so disagreeable that it is not...
fit to be drank by the human species."
"Strong grog, poured down a sailor's...
throat, when he was apparently dead...
with the yellow fever in the year 1798...
restored him to life and health."
"But rum drank to excess produces...
drunkenness, tremors, palsies, apoplex-
ies and a train of other disorders which...
often prove fatal. Add to this the...
poverty and distress of families."
Malden. P. N. S.

In the Oxford English Dictionary's...
earliest quotation under "liquor," the...
spelling is "licur." "Liquor" appeared...
as early as 1604. Dryden wrote "flavor"...
as early as 1667. There were many...
variants of these words. "Honor" and...
"honour" were equally frequent down...
to the 17th century. "In the Shakespeare...
folio of 1623 'honor' is about twice as...
frequent as 'honour.' The two forms...
appear indiscriminately in the early 17th...
century dictionaries, but 'honour' was...
favored by Phillips, Hersey, Bailey...
Johnson. Ash, 1775, adopted 'honor' (a...
modern but correct spelling) and this...
is said to have been fashionable at the...
time. Nevertheless 'honour' carried the...
majority of English suffrages eventual-
ly, while 'honor' was (under the lead of...
Noah Webster) generally accepted in...
United States.—Ed.

In New Orleans

As the World Wags:
In response to your request for remin-
iscences in connection with the assassi-
nation of President Lincoln perhaps it...
may be of interest to refer to what I...
observed at New Orleans on the morn-
ing of April 15, 1865, when the first news...
came of the shooting of the President...
by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Thea-
tre, Washington, and the death of the...
President on the night of April 14. My...
vessel was lying at anchor nearly down...
to Fort St. Phillip, and three other of-
ficers, beside myself, had gone up to...
the city on two days' leave and put up...
at the St. Charles Hotel. It was about 9...
o'clock in the morning that the news of...
the crime and its result came over the...
wire, by relay, and no better evidence of...
sorrow was ever manifested than by the...
southern people, of New Orleans any-
way, when less than an hour fully one-
third of the buildings, public and private...
the St. Charles included, were draped in...
mourning. It was a complete transfor-
mation of the city from gaiety to sad-
ness.
H. E. RHODES.
Newton Centre.

The New York Chamber Music So-
ciety (Carolyn Beebe, director and pian-
ist) gave a concert last night at Jordan...
Hall. The program was as follows: Moz-
art, Quartet in F (for oboe, violin...
viola and cello); Lefebvre, Quintet in A...
(for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and...
French horn); Deems Taylor, Suite...
"Through the Looking Glass," op. 12...
(for piano, two violins, viola, cello...
double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bas-
oon and French horn); Brahms, Quar-

G. H. R. ... The program was a really exceptional ... The program was a really exceptional ... The program was a really exceptional ...

Two brave, and the slithy toves ... And has thou slain the Jabbawock?

Well, the slithy toves gyred and ... And has thou slain the Jabbawock?

Well, the slithy toves gyred and ... And has thou slain the Jabbawock?

The Gnat, the Bee Elephant, the Rocking ... The Gnat, the Bee Elephant, the Rocking ...

All of which were present, including the ... All of which were present, including the ...

The Lefebvre piece is interesting in its ... The Lefebvre piece is interesting in its ...

'AIDA' BY CHICAGO

The Chicago Opera Association performed ... The Chicago Opera Association performed ...

The King, ... The King, ...

There have been many "Aidas" in ... There have been many "Aidas" in ...

the Chicago Opera Company has not ... the Chicago Opera Company has not ...

Mr. Romin's Amore was ... Mr. Romin's Amore was ...

FRADKIN INCIDENT MARS PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Sym ... The 17th concert of the Boston Sym ...

Mr. Montoux came on the plat ... Mr. Montoux came on the plat ...

... by the one ... by the one ...

As soon as Mr. Montoux reappeared ... As soon as Mr. Montoux reappeared ...

It was a deplorable scene. Nothing ... It was a deplorable scene. Nothing ...

This symphony is an amazing work; ... This symphony is an amazing work; ...

After the scene that has been de ... After the scene that has been de ...

Debussy's Opera Excellently Presented by Chicago Company

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Debussy's ... BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Debussy's ...

Melissa ... Melissa ...

Macterlinck's drama; Debussy's en ... Macterlinck's drama; Debussy's en ...

This reminds us that we characteriz ... This reminds us that we characteriz ...

Miss Garden remains the ideal ... Miss Garden remains the ideal ...

... the one ... the one ...

The performance of the opera was ... The performance of the opera was ...

This afternoon, beginning at 1:45 ... This afternoon, beginning at 1:45 ...

Dorch; Messrs. Bonel, Rimini and ... Dorch; Messrs. Bonel, Rimini and ...

Tonight at 8 o'clock, Ravel's one-act ... Tonight at 8 o'clock, Ravel's one-act ...

Miss Alfrida K. Richards of New Bed ... Miss Alfrida K. Richards of New Bed ...

"tabby" comes from Atab, the name of ... "tabby" comes from Atab, the name of ...

Yes, lexicographers give this deriva ... Yes, lexicographers give this deriva ...

We, Too, Miss Him

As the World Wags: ... As the World Wags: ...

Returning to civil life after a session ... Returning to civil life after a session ...

One of Our Poets

Little gobs of powder, ... Little gobs of powder, ...

Doctors and Snow

Last Sunday's Herald was very inter ... Last Sunday's Herald was very inter ...

to drive was to take a short-legged city ... to drive was to take a short-legged city ...

But what he is puzzled most about is, ... But what he is puzzled most about is, ...

Floppy Overshoes

As the World Wags: ... As the World Wags: ...

When Sol in spring dissolves the lingering ... When Sol in spring dissolves the lingering ...

But Oh! how mean when to our optic eager ... But Oh! how mean when to our optic eager ...

This certainly would tend to show that ... This certainly would tend to show that ...

"Flayed"

As the World Wags: ... As the World Wags: ...

Until I read your paragraph inviting ... Until I read your paragraph inviting ...

Why Digger?

Seeing so many references to the ... Seeing so many references to the ...

Is there really anything more in it ... Is there really anything more in it ...

—London Daily Chronicle.

mech 7 1920

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon: ... BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon: ...

Adina, ... Adina, ...

Mr. Dolm and other dancers who ex ... Mr. Dolm and other dancers who ex ...

"L'Elisir d'amore" and "Don Pas ... "L'Elisir d'amore" and "Don Pas ...

But this music must be well sung and ... But this music must be well sung and ...

Fortunately Miss Macbeth and Mr. ... Fortunately Miss Macbeth and Mr. ...

There have been better singers than Mr. Ruffo, as Belasco said, but what a pity that this man with a naturally good voice does not know how to use it—he sings badly. But Mr. Ruffo was an imposing sergeant, as far as figure and carriage were concerned, and he entered heartily into the spirit of the action.

Miss Macbeth was born at Mankato, Minnesota, in 1891; studied at St. Paul, Pittsburgh and later in Europe, having sung in German opera houses and in England. She joined the Chicago company in 1914. She has a pure soprano voice of fine quality, which is eminently agreeable sympathetic. Phrasing artistically in lyric passages, she sings accurately and without effort florid measures. It was a pleasure to hear her. Graceful and roguish as Adina, she was without affectation or mannerisms.

Mr. Bondi is still the master of "bel canto." In this art he is still unapproached. In all that he does, he is pre-eminently the artist, not merely a tenor.

The chorus responded to the slight demands made upon it. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted with the care that he would bestow on a tragic opera of five acts.

In the evening there was a double bill. First Ravel's opera in one act, "L'Heure Espagnole," which was performed here for the first time. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

Torquemada.....Desire Defrere
Concepcion.....Yvonne Galli
Ramiro.....Alfred Macneft
Don Inigo Gomez.....Edmond Cotterill
Gonzalez.....Edmond Warnery

M. Franc-Nohain's comedy was produced at the Odéon, Paris, as far back as 1904. As an opera with Ravel's music it was first performed at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1911. The story was described in the Herald last Sunday. It is a story of an unsuspicious watch and clock maker, a faithless wife, two lovers, two clocks that serve as hiding places and a muleteer, a muscular person whom the wife favors at the expense of the poet and the banker, and, incidentally, her husband, while he is absent—for 'tis his hour to wind the city clocks. It is a variant of tales told by Boccaccio and other merry Italians; but M. Franc-Nohain is amusingly ironical, not to say cynical, in the telling. Some may cry out against the "immorality" of the libretto; but these characterless characters are neither moral nor immoral, they are unmoral. Their world is as far removed from reality as that in Congreve's dramas, for which Lamb and Hunt made plausible excuses. Why take Concepcion and Ramiro seriously? Yes, the libretto is Gallic, very Gallic; it is salted with both hands; but it is witty and amusing, two saving graces.

Ravel has said of his music for this libretto, that he intended the opera should be "blague," a burlesque of life in the manner of Moliere; "it should be taken nonchalantly as one eats a bon-bon." Well, Ravel can be an ironist in music, as he has shown in his settings of Jules Renard's "Natural History," but he is also a composer of rare fancy, boundless and surprising invention, amazing finesse; a subtle emphasize of Franc-Nohain's lines, a commentator who now chuckles, now is sardonic with his orchestra, now deliciously malicious.

The performance was excellent in every way. Mme. Galli acted in the spirit of the librettist and equalled him in alternate delicate suggestiveness and frankness of statement. Her bidding the muleteer to go to her chamber, this time without a clock, will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Macneft's Ramiro was a remarkable characterization, consistent throughout. We hear him now as he came down the stairs lost in admiration of that "charming woman." We see his smile as he descended for the last time. The others were more than adequate. Mr. Hasselmans gave a brilliant ending of the difficult score.

"Pagliacci" followed. Canio, Mr. Lamont; Tonio, Mr. Ruffo; Nedda, Miss Fitzl; Beppo, Mr. Oliviero; Silvio, Mr. Defrere. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted.

Mr. Ruffo has been announced as the greatest living baritone. He is certainly the loudest we have ever heard. His upper notes have the terrific impact that distinguished Tamagno, the tenor, and he will not let them go; he clings to them like a linnet to a rock. Thus he excites thunderous applause; for there are thousands who delight in unctuous tones and the proof of uncommon physical endurance. It is needless to say that Mr. Ruffo's manner of singing the prologue was tumultuously applauded. He was the feature of the show and was evidently conscious of the fact.

The opera Monday night will be "Louise," with Mesdames. Garden and Jessens, and Messrs. O'Sullivan and Franke.

Three operas, each for the first time, will be heard here for the first time next Tuesday evening at the Boston Opera House. They were performed for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House on Dec. 14, 1914.

"Il Tabarro" (The Cloak) is based on Didier Gold's shocker "La Houyelande," a little play at the Grand Guignol, Paris. The libretto of the opera is by Giuseppe Adami. The scene is the Seine; the action is on a moored barge. Luigi, the lover of Giorgetta, bewails the hard lot of the workman. The gloomy and suspicious husband, Michele, sets a trap. The lover comes and is strangled by Michele. Giorgetta mistakes her husband for Luigi, owing to the cloak. He throws her across her lover's corpse. If there is symbolism, it is expressed by Giorgetta: "Every man must needs carry some great cloak, where he hides sometimes a vondrous joy, sometimes a profound sorrow." At the Metropolitan, Giorgetta was played by Claudia Muzio; Luigi by Giulio Crimi; Michele, Luigi Montosanto.

The libretto of "Suor Angelica" is by Gioacchino Forzano. It is not unlike Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." The story may be summed up in a sentence: A nun that had had an "affair" before she turned her back on the world does not commit suicide after she has been in the convent for some years because she learns of the death of her lover-child. Geraldine Farrar took the part of Angelica.

The story of "Gianni Schicchi" is alluded to in notes on Dante's "Inferno" (canto 30):

As I beheld two shadows pale and naked,
Who, biting in the manner ran along
That a bear does when from the sty
turned loose.

One to Capocchio came, and by the nape
Seized with its teeth his neck, so that
in dragging
It made his belly grate the solid bottom.
And the Aretine, who trembling had remained,
Said to me: "That mad sprite is Gianni Schicchi,
And raving goes thus harrying other people."

Gianni is put by Dante in the 10th and last "cloister of Malebolge" with other falsifiers. And this is what he had done on earth, as the story is told by Benvenuto:

"Buoso Donati of Florence, although a nobleman and of an illustrious house, was nevertheless like other noblemen of his time, and by means of thefts had greatly increased his patrimony. When the hour of death drew near, the sting of conscience caused him to make a will in which he gave vast legacies to many people. Whereupon his son Simon (some say his nephew), thinking himself enormously aggrieved, suborned Vanni Schicchi dei Cavalcanti, who got into Buoso's bed, and made a will in opposition to the other. Gianni much resembled Buoso." In this will Gianni remembered himself while he was making Simon heir, for he put in this clause: "To Gianni Schicchi I bequeath my mare." This mare was the "lady of the herd." Benvenuto adds: "None more beautiful was to be found in Tuscany and it was valued at a thousand florins." In the opera—the action is in a bed chamber, not in the Inferno—Gianni bequeaths nearly all the possessions of Buoso to himself. The greedy relatives lament over the dead man, but when they learn about the will they abuse the corpse and extinguish the candles out of spite. There is a love story of only slight interest, to account for Gianni's reguery. His daughter gets the young man of her choice. At the Metropolitan, De Luca took the part of Gianni; Florence Easton, that of Lauretta; Crimi, that of Rinuccio, the lover. The comedy and the music were warmly praised.

"Boudour" The one-act ballet, "Boudour," will be seen here for the first time on Friday evening, when "Don Pasquale" will be sung.

The scene is in the palace court of the Caliph Abbass. The scenario has been thus described:

"Boudour, favorite wife of the Caliph, reclines languorously amid her attendants while slaves dance for her. She commands Sahadie to dance. He executes a dagger dance in which the tragic consequence of his love for Boudour is foretold. One of the daggers falls, a symbol of disappointment and of death. Boudour dismisses her attendants, and the hall having been cleared, signals to her lover, Astyage. Sahadie secretes himself and watches as Astyage enters. Boudour and her lover invoke the Master Demon to aid them in removing her husband. The

Master Demon appearing, introduces the Dance of the Infernal Spirits, who leave a vial of greenly luminous poison. Sahadie comes forth from his hiding place and beseeches Boudour for her love. She repulses him, summoning her attendants. Reluctant, Boudour signals to Sahadie to say nothing and explains her summons by declaring a fearful dream had terrified her. Trumpets announce the approach of the caliph; the advance guard enters, followed by the caliph with nobles, slaves, attendants, soldiers. He orders Mandane to dance before him. She, a rival of Boudour,

and in so doing, reveals the plot of the Caliph. Boudour, who is the wife to Abbass. As the latter is about to drink, the cup is knocked from his hand by Sahadie, who, seized by the guard, narrates the plot against the Caliph and the love of Boudour for the Caliph's brother, Astyage. Boudour drinks from the goblet and gives the cup to Astyage. The Caliph believes that the slave has fled, and as Sahadie attempts to flee, he is killed by Abbass, who orders the revelry to be resumed. All drink and dance. One by one the dancers fall, in the throes of death. Abbass attempts vengeance on Boudour. Astyage totters to the door and falls lifeless upon it and Boudour drags herself dying to his body."

The action has been arranged by Andreas Pavley and Serro Oukrainsky. The music is by Felix Borowick, composer, teacher, music critic, of Chicago. He was born in England in 1872 and studied music in London and Cologne. Having taught in Aberdeen and London, he went to Chicago, where he has directed the department of composition at the Chicago Musical College since 1917. He is now president of that institution. As editor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Program books for 11 years, he has shown wide learning, thorough musicianship, good taste. His program books are also interesting to the layman. As a critic, he is held in high esteem. Some of his orchestral compositions have been played by the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

"Gioconda" and "Angelo"

It is stated that Holto derived his libretto "La Gioconda" from Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua." He took the leading idea, but the details of the plot are different.

"La Gioconda" is not the only opera based on Hugo's play. There is Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" (Milan, 1837). The scene passes at Syracuse. Tisbe is not an actress, but merely a strange woman. Instead of the rosary, there is a medallion. Then there is the "Angelo" of Cesar Cui (Petrograd, 1876), which bears a close resemblance to Hugo's play.

It is not unlikely that there are some now living here who remember Mme. Rachel as Tisbe at the Boston Theatre. She played there in October, 1855. It is said by Hector Fleischmann ("Rachel intime") that "Angelo" then brought in 17,334 francs. She first played the part at the Comedie Francaise on May 13, 1850; the memory of Mme. Mar's success haunted her, for that great actress was the first to play Tisbe (1835); it is also said that she never liked the part, although those who saw her in it never forgot her; she played with such fire, passion and subtlety.

"Angelo" was revived by Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre in February, 1906. She, too, was praised, although the other players were considered poor with the exception of de Max (Homodel), and the tragedy itself was described by the critics as too artificial, too "theatrical," laughably bombastic, nevertheless there were 63 performances that year.

In "Angelo" Hugo maintained that certain wives are no better and are often worse than women of the oldest profession in the world; that virtue does not depend on social position or rank. The idea was not new, but Hugo in his preface wrote as if he had invented this theory. Here, as in other plays of the wildly romantic period, he showed himself a lover of antithesis. The dialogue, the long-winded explanations, confessions, directions, tirades; the "crucifix of my mother," the key, the secret passages, poison, the narcotic, the dagger, the whole theatrical business in "Angelo"; all this seems strange, laughably melodramatic in 1920 as it did in 1906, yet it was taken seriously in 1835.

As Adolphe Brisson wrote, apropos of Mme. Bernhardt's revival, these noble dames and lords are farther away from us than Homer's Greeks. "They do not belong to history (in spite of costumes and stage settings), but to a conventional and purely literary 'humanity,' which flourished in the first half of

the 19th century." When these figures open their mouths, surprise follows amusement. For example, Tisbe says to her lover Rodolfo, "When a woman is jealous, Monseigneur, she does not see Venice, she does not see the Council of Ten, she does not see the Spies, the Spies, the Canal of Orfano; there is only one thing before her eyes; her jealousy. You are the only man that I have ever loved. You are my light. Your love is a sun that has risen on me. Other men have frozen me. Why did I not know you ten years ago! It seems to me that all the portions of my heart that have died of cold would now be alive!" And this is one of the least exalted bursts.

Boito made Venice, not Padua, the scene. In "Angelo" Homodel—where did Hugo find that name? But where did he find Barkilphedro in "The Man who Laughs?"—this Homodel was in love with Angelo's wife and had been scorned.

(The wife Catarina, by the way, although she loves Rodolfo, is pure, and there is no definite proof that Tisbe has given herself bodily to Angelo.) Homo-

delivered to her a letter in which he was striving to explain to her the plot. There is no novel with a sweet romance on the deck Rodolfo, the Enzo of the opera, kills Homodel, also Tisbe, who contrives the escape of Rodolfo and Catarina, for Rodolfo believes that out of jealousy Tisbe had poisoned Catarina.

"Gioconda" was produced at Milan in 1876. Bafnaga the spy, rejected by Gioconda, offers Enzo his aid in carrying off Laura if he will only let Gioconda alone. Even at the starting point we are far from Hugo's plot. The mother of Gioconda, who in the play died before the opening scene, is introduced. Gioconda promises to give herself to Barnaba if he will save Enzo. She stabs herself and the spy shrieks in her ear that he has drowned her mother, then rushes away raging. Boito in the accumulation of horrors out-Hugoed Hugo.

Ponchielli's opera is interesting today by virtue of certain passages, and by other passages that show how he influenced Mascagni and other members of the Verismo school. Certain distinguishing mannerisms, short, but fiery, orchestral passages, melodic turns, were invented by Ponchielli and adopted by the younger men. Verdi's "Aida" was produced in 1871, yet it did not influence Ponchielli, either melodically, harmonically, or in the matter of orchestration. In "La Gioconda" there are pages of merely conventional, routine music, as in the

diet of Enzo and Laura, the scene in the same act between Gioconda and Laura, nearly everything in the third act before the fascinating ballet music. Yet even in these pages there are orchestral passages that illuminate a situation, or emphasize an emotion that is in the text though not in the singer's part.

It was something to be able to write much of the first act, the romance of Enzo, the ballet music, and the "suicide" aria. We have seldom heard a satisfactory, even an adequate performance of this opera. Last Monday night Ponchielli must have turned in his grave, consoled only by the ballet and the conducting of Mr. Marinuzzi.

ORCHESTRA AND UNION

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

For 20 years prior to 1911 the writer, as the most active trustee of the Chicago (Theodore Thomas) orchestra, was confronted with the problem of art vs. trades-unionism that now presents itself in acute form to the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Carl E. Gardner—one of the recently unionized musicians of the latter—in a letter printed in last Sunday's Herald—so frankly voices the perfectly selfish motive underlying what is euphemistically called "collective bargaining," as to deserve more than passing notice. May I review the situation in the light of past experience, in your valued columns?

The Boston Orchestra, as every one knows, is a great art institution supported at heavy cost for many years by Maj. Illingston and his successors, not for profit but for the sake of better music than is consistent with profit. They have privately and unostentatiously made up from year to year the heavy deficits created by paying salaries high enough and for a season long enough to secure the best musicians in the world, using most of their time in rehearsals that bring perfection but no money. The very limited Boston public, say 10,000 persons, that appreciate such music—a number exceeded nowhere in the world, save perhaps in New York—has slowly been educated upwards, at the expense of the generous gentlemen referred to, to a scale of box-office prices still moderate in comparison with those of so-called high-grade "amusements" conducted for profit—that is, whose personnel give most of their time to pay performance, and little to preparation. Neither Boston nor any other city anywhere, to my knowledge, has yet developed an audience of connoisseurs that value symphonic concerts, large enough, rich enough and devoted enough to pay, rather than lose them, such box-office prices as to make them self-supporting.

Without knowing details, I conjecture that, after the strain of war conditions and antagonism to Dr. Muck, and consequent reorganization, the trustees hesitate to raise box-office prices to well-to-do patrons; and are still more reluctant to raise them to those poorer but not less ardent music lovers, who wait patiently in line on Huntington avenue for a low-priced gallery seat. I cannot doubt that the trustees have well understood that the high cost of living would force the musicians to ask higher salaries; and have looked forward with a sigh, but with unshaken determination to "carry on," to an increasing deficit—to be borne by themselves and their associates, or in part distributed over box-office prices, to such extent as the public would bear. Essentially the same situation exists in all other cities that support Symphony Orchestras.

Turning now to the musicians, those of the great American orchestras, especially of Boston and Chicago, are the aristocrats of their profession; drawing the highest pay, for the most congenial

are adding for the Boston players. The famous orchestras were always gateways for young musicians to preferment in the minor ones—merely stepping stones in their careers, and so it should be. It is distinctly against their true interest that the unions should warn all union men away from the Boston job. Every good musician should be free to go after every good job, in his own good time. As a matter of fact, good musicians have nothing to gain, while good art and orchestras have everything to lose, by establishing the "closed shop." Nothing is so deadly to art and idealism as the frank and brutal selfishness of trades unionism. Nothing so quickly kills that individual vitality, that elastic and instantly responsive ensemble, that are of the essence of perfection in orchestral work, as the union gospel that a man's job depends on his readiness to strike—not work; upon obedience

to the whistle of the walking delegate—not the baton of the conductor.

I speak by the card; for during all my time with the Chicago Orchestra, it was constantly pulling against the drag of the local union; also Mr. Fradkin bears public witness today to the discord that has entered the Boston Orchestra, with the union, after years of harmony without it. Theodore Thomas originally unionized his orchestra—which we took over bodily—for the sole reason that it was a point of honor with him always to play music exactly as it was scored; never substituting one instrument in default of another. Travelling as he so often did in the South and West, far from where good musicians then grew, it was vital to him to be able in case of sickness or accident to pick up the best local musician to be found—union or not—who could take an empty chair on short notice. Thomas himself joined the union, and made his men do so; but he had a distinct understanding with its leaders that he would quit, and take his men with him en-masse, and never again employ a union man, the moment that the union should meddle with wages, discipline or personnel of his organization, or should attempt to prevent his sending abroad for a competent man, if unable to find one here at home. On one occasion he actually enjoined the union in the New York courts from ordering his men to break their contracts; after which they wisely let him alone.

Thomas had been a working musician. No man better loved and understood musicians than he did, or did more for his men; and when he died they knelt and prayed by his coffin with tears streaming down their faces. But he often said to me of them: "Musicians are not reasoning men; they are rather emotional children. Personal consideration, absolute justice, no favoritism, firm discipline, are vital for maintaining their morale; indulgence spoils them." How often has experience proved his words!

It does not appear from the newspapers whether the Symphony men propose to strike at once, or to finish the season according to their contracts. If the latter, they are entirely within their right in quitting individually or collectively, if in their judgment it will further their several interests. Collective action, however, either immediate or at the end of the season, will be nothing more or less than the stereotyped "hold-up game" played by every trades-union, intended to force the trustees to add a flat \$1000 to every man's annual salary, or else begin all over again to build a great orchestra. If undertaken, it will be a particularly stupid and condemnable attempt at such a hold-up; first, because undescribed, and second, because unnecessary. Not only have the men always enjoyed large pay and high consideration at the expense of a few devoted workers for that art which every good musician really loves; but they have always been protected, and still are, in their fortunate positions by that same law of supply and demand which alone created them. Trades unions found no orchestras! If the musicians were "reasoning men" instead of "emotional children," they would recognize that fact, respond to the generosity of the Bostonians who have through long years and at great cost made life pleasant for them, and stand by the famous institution which Mr. Carl Gardner says their selfish union is sure so gaily to destroy.

Well—destructive coercion must be squarely met, in art as in industry, by constructive resistance. The writer, as a subscriber to the Symphony concerts, would respectfully urge the trustees to offer the musicians only such salary and conditions, free from all compulsion, as they see their way to provide. Should the men strike, he would likewise urge all season subscribers to back up the trustees, by accepting immediate termination of the present season, waiving reimbursement for concerts not given, and after that by supporting the orchestra during two or three years of reconstruction of its personnel, should it take that long. As Gov. Coolidge might say: "Have faith in Boston—and the law of supply and demand."

Other cities would be likely to follow Boston in thus freeing, as in originally establishing, their Symphony Orchestras. They must recognize also that art and trades unionism have nothing in common, as the unions are now constituted. CHARLES NORMAN FAY, Cambridge, March 2.

The strike that has been threatening for several days among the recently unionized members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began last night, when 35 of the 91 members of the orchestra refused to take part in the scheduled performance in Symphony Hall. Their action was based on the refusal of the trustees to reinstate Frederic Fradkin, concert master and one of the leaders in the movement among the union players, who was dismissed because of alleged breach of contract.

In spite of the strike, the performance was given before an enthusiastic audience that filled the hall, though the program was changed from Berlioz's symphony, which had been scheduled. The substitute program was played by 53 members of the regular orchestra.

Nine other players joined the strikers later.

Fradkin Is Barred

Fradkin went to Symphony Hall last night before the opening of the performance, but was refused admittance to the players' quarters. The musicians assembled in the tuning room at 7:30 P. M., and when they were informed that the trustees would not reinstate Fradkin, much less permit him into the rooms reserved for the players, the 88 musicians present began to discuss the situation.

After considering the action of the 35 of the 74 union members who had held a meeting at 61 Court street in the afternoon, when it was unanimously voted that those then present would not go upon the stage last evening unless Fradkin was reinstated, the question of what action should be taken was put to a vote.

At the first count 47 of the players favored going on strike at once. Of the contrary-minded several union members expressed themselves as desiring to participate in last night's performance. These argued that the trustees should have been given more notice of a strike than was given by the men at the meeting yesterday afternoon. Judge Cabot, chairman of the trustees, and Conductor Montoux made two visits to the tuning room while the question of strike was being discussed. They appealed to the players, saying that as men of honor they should live up to their contracts.

Strikers Embrace Fradkin

Judge Cabot was interrupted by cries of "Give us Fradkin," uttered by members of the union. To this Mr. Cabot replied that Fradkin was no longer a member of the orchestra; he had been discharged for misconduct. He also expressed the sentiment of the trustees regarding the short notice given by the men who had met yesterday afternoon.

"How much notice did the trustees give Fradkin?" was the reply made to the chairman's statement.

Finally, just before the last call for the curtain was being made, the 35 players packed up their instruments and left the building. They went to the St. Botolph street headquarters of the Boston Mutual Protective Union, an A. F. of L. organization which is a part of the American Federation of Musicians, the union to which leaders of the strikers assert that 74 of the Symphony players belong.

There they were joined by Concert Master Fradkin, who after being notified that he would not be reinstated

had gone to the house of a friend near Symphony Hall. While at the friend's residence he was notified of the beginning of the strike. The strikers received Fradkin with cheers; several of them embraced him and reiterated their sentiments of affection. He seemed much moved by the demonstration.

Says Strike Will Grow

Fradkin made a short speech, telling of his pleasure at the evidence of regard for him, but adding that most of his satisfaction was because the strikers had acted in support of a great and worthy movement. He pleaded with the strikers not to pass hasty judgment on the more than 30 other union members who had remained at the hall. Most of them would join the strikers before Monday, he thought. He declared that his dismissal was aimed at the union, rather than attributable to any misconduct by him.

After Fradkin had addressed them, the strikers went into conference with William G. Dodge, chairman of the board of directors of the Boston Musicians' Protective Union.

According to the union members, the list of strikers includes the following: Violins—O. Roth, A. Ribarsch, A. Bak, W. Traupe, H. Sauvieth, H. Goldstein, J. Di Natale, R. Ringwall, A. Fiedler, R. Henida, S. Diamond, C. Dean, A. Langloy, N. Kurkjdle and A. Blackman. Violas—F. Whittmann, V. Berlin.

Van Wymbergen, H. Van Veenh, W. Kay, W. Blumenau and H. Gwover. Violoncellos—R. Magee, J. Warnke and C. Stockbridge.

A. Jaeger, bass; A. Sand, clarinet; M. Fuhrmann, contrabassoon; M. Hess, horn; G. Helm, trumpet; F. Sordillo, trombone; P. Mattersteig, tuba; T. Cela, harp, and S. Neumann and C. Gardner, timpanes.

After the performance was over at Symphony Hall nine more of the union players joined the strikers at the St. Botolph street meeting. They explained that they would have quit with their comrades were it not that they had scruples about leaving after the audience had assembled. These nine increased the total number of strikers to 44.

The nine were J. Hoffmann, B. Fielder and P. Leveen, violins; M. Kunze and I. Frankel, basses; B. Piller, bassoon; L. Speyer, English horn; W. Gebhardt, horn, and F. Zahn, percussion. They participated in the conference, which lasted until midnight. The meeting voted not to return to work until Fradkin is reinstated and the trustees give notice to the union. The strikers will hold no meeting today, but will meet Monday at 2 P. M., the place to be decided upon.

At the conference last night point was made that Judge Cabot has said the trustees will take back the strikers, thereby disregarding what might be termed an open breach of contract, but will not reinstate Fradkin, who was discharged for alleged misconduct.

ATTITUDE OF THE UNION

Its Counsel Notifies Trustees That Fradkin's Dismissal Was "Illegal"

Arthur Berenson, counsel for the union members of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday sent a letter to Mr. Cabot, chairman of the trustees, notifying the trustees that their dismissal of Fradkin was "illegal" and that he would be on hand for the evening performance.

"The demonstration in favor of Mr. Montoux," said Atty. Berenson, "was construed by Mr. Fradkin as being an expression of the audience's approval of Montoux's conduct. Fradkin felt at the time, and from what had been said to him before he went upon the stage, that a demonstration had been arranged in favor of Montoux. He has done nothing to disrupt the orchestra, but has done everything to keep it intact; and I hope that the apology he made through the press to those who attended the concert will be accepted in the spirit in which it was offered."

"I am willing to extend myself in every way that I can to see that the orchestra is not disrupted. While I have a strong feeling that if the trustees wanted a disruption they could not have adopted any better method than they did adopt. I hope it was not done in what they believed was anticipation of what was likely to come if they did not concede to the reasonable demands the orchestra was making upon them."

"It is regrettable that the trustees hastily and thoughtlessly took the action which they did. It showed that

Several days ago the union members of the orchestra presented a demand for a yearly salary increase of \$1000 each, maintaining that their salaries are far less than those given players in Symphony orchestras in other cities of the United States and where these players are union men.

The trustees of the Boston orchestra refused to negotiate with the union, and subsequent developments pointed toward a strike. Recently the union members voted that if any of the union men were discharged all should quit. Fradkin was discharged.

APPLAUD THE FAITHFUL

Audience Demonstrative During the Playing of Revised Program

A large sized audience awaited the beginning of the evening concert at Symphony Hall. As the players filed in a few at a time and took their seats there was much uncertainty in front as to what was in progress. When no more came forth it was noted that there were empty seats in almost a half of the orchestra circle. About the time the concert was scheduled to begin Frederick P. Cabot, president of the corporation, walked on the stage in front of the orchestra, accompanied by Pierre Montoux, the conductor. There were 53 members of the orchestra assembled and in their places. They began to applaud simultaneously with the audience. The applause grew in volume and the members of the orchestra rose to their feet, followed by the audience.

Judge Cabot and Conductor Montoux bowed acknowledgment of the applause and as soon as it became quiet again, Judge Cabot made his announcement that a strike of some members of the orchestra had taken place because the trustees had refused to reinstate Concertmaster Fradkin, and that the re-

...members would...
...with a changed program. Judge Cabot referred to the loyal members of the orchestra who refused to join the strikers the audience interrupted with their applause, which continued for a full minute.

In his announcement he said, "Ladies and gentlemen. This orchestra was founded for a great ideal. This was to increase America's ideals of honor, beauty and nobleness. The members of the orchestra are held with contracts that provide that each member shall do his full duty during the concert and observe the rules. Tonight certain of the gentlemen have declined to come on the stage. They declined because of the action of the trustees in dismissing one of the members who broke the rules at yesterday's concert."

"Certain of these gentlemen, those you see here on the stage, have loyally, courageously—here he was interrupted and, resuming, continued—"come forward to live up their obligations and duty. They realize their obligations and duty and that what has taken place has nothing to do with their fulfilling their duties. We have just gone through a great war in which great principles were at stake, and as a result of this war we thought that truth and honor and nobleness walked in our ways again. Those who remained away will realize their mistake later. In the meanwhile it is necessary to change the program to conform with the orchestra."

More applause was given, and Judge Cabot and Conductor Montoux left the stage. When the conductor returned to take the baton he summoned a white-haired flute player to the conductor's stand, who announced the program, including "Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn; Haydn's Symphony and "On the Steppes of Central Asia," an orchestral sketch by Borodin, the latter being one of the numbers on the regular program. J. Bedetti, violoncello soloist, was the only member of the orchestra to be featured during the program. He played a Saint-Saens concerto.

During an intermission Judge Cabot and other members of the board of trustees were in the corridors of the hall and were frequently called on to receive expressions of regret for the "strike" and congratulations that so large a proportion of the orchestra had remained loyal. So far as the complaints of the orchestra members touched on the rate of their compensation, several among the audience were heard to declare that the difference between what they had been receiving and what they would be satisfied with could be secured by subscription, and that measures to accomplish this had already been instituted.

Orchestra to Be Continued

Judge Cabot was asked what attitude the trustees assumed with regard to the strike. "We have not conferred as yet," he said, "and I am not prepared to speak for them. I first received word that members would not play before I left my home at 7:15. I do not know which members played and who did not. Those who refused to play violated their contract. We have no other business relations with them than as contained in the contracts. No third party, union or otherwise, enters into our relationship with the individual orchestra member."

"What our course may be is perfectly obvious and yet I can only speak for myself. The Symphony Orchestra will go on and the concerts will continue. Of that I can give assurance."

Three times Conductor Montoux walked off the stage, to be recalled by the insistent applause. On the last appearance he motioned for the musicians to stand and receive the tribute which the applause was obviously intended to convey for their loyalty.

At the end of the concert the audience stood and applauded. While many started to leave, the great majority remained and continued to applaud, with the result that an encore was given. This, it was said, was unique in the orchestra's concerts.

BACK TO REHEARSAL

AGAIN THE SYMPHONY PLAYERS VEER

The Whole Orchestra at Work This Morning—More Letters Sent and More Conferences Impending—Events of Saturday as They Were Construed on Sunday—Signs for the Future on Both Sides

THE events of today have belied the events of Saturday at Symphony Hall. On Saturday evening when the orchestra had assembled in the tuning-room for the appointed concert, half the players declined to proceed with the wood-wind choir—flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoons—remained at their posts. The horns, with one exception, were likewise. Among the brass, drums and cymbals, some went to the stage and some left. The string-choir—first and second violins, viola, violoncellos and basses—suffered most. An ill-balanced band remained, thinly provided with strings, toot on Orchestra than to try to get their way in with it. The last thing for which they are the other divisions. For it Mr. Montoux prepared a long contest in which they

...Mendelssohn's...
...Hector Berlioz's...
...Anton Steffe for one of the pieces originally proposed. Mozart's overture to his opera, "The Magic Flute," and Saint-Saens a concerto for violoncello, with Mr. Bedetti in the solo part. Before this concert began, Judge Cabot spoke for the Trustees to the audience, declaring their intention to maintain the orchestra and to uphold its independence and standards. The response from a company that filled somewhat more than half the hall showed clear approval and warm sympathy.

This morning, as usual, the orchestra was called for rehearsal of the music to be played on Friday and Saturday of next week. It assembled in full numbers, less one or two necessary absences from illness or like cause. In the tuning-room the men took counsel among themselves, especially over a letter from Mr. Fradkin in which he was again apologetic for his action at the concert of Friday. Then the whole orchestra went upon the stage and the rehearsal proceeded as usual. At the end, the players dispersed and this afternoon those of them who have joined the union are to meet to consider future action.

Early today, however, the players who declined to take part in the concert of Saturday evening received the following letter from Judge Cabot on behalf of the trustees:

According to report, you are one of those who refused to play at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert last Saturday. Such refusal clearly constituted a breach of contract. There was a good deal of excitement at the time, and doubtless some men were influenced by views or feelings which others did not have. I shall be at Symphony Hall between two and five in the afternoon, Monday, March 8, and request you to see me there at that time if there is anything you wish to say prior to action by the Trustees. Meanwhile, if the report is correct as to you, you are excused from attendance at the rehearsal, Monday, March 8.

Nonetheless, the players on receipt of this letter came to the tuning room and took part in the rehearsal. They, however, and the whole orchestra, were told that they did so of their own motion and decision, pending the conferences with Judge Cabot this afternoon.

Meanwhile there is nearly endless speculation about the course that the Trustees and the players who quit work on Saturday will follow. By every evidence that an audience could give, no less on Saturday evening than on Friday afternoon, the public of Symphony Hall is at one with the Trustees in desire to sustain the concerts and maintain the orchestra in the independence and at the standards now threatened. It is not probable that the Trustees will restore Mr. Fradkin to his place; for no longer time than is considerate and conciliatory are they likely to leave the door ajar for the return of the deserting men; if necessary they will proceed forthwith to reconstitute and restore the orchestra by every means at their command, at whatever expenditure may be necessary. They have reason to believe that the events of the past fortnight will bring them financial support that they might not easily have gained when the Symphony Concerts were running in tranquil and prosperous course. There is even a possibility that taking advantage of the present temper of the public, they will greedily ask for an endowment sufficient to secure the future of the orchestra and enable it to pursue liberal policies alike toward the players and the public. Judge Cabot's speech to the audience at the concert of Saturday evening spoke in general terms the mind of the Trustees. The response of the audience there and elsewhere has indicated yet more clearly the temper of the public. Far from letting the orchestra fail, it is likely to support it more vigorously than ever before.

What course the rebellious players will follow is more difficult to say. The number of defections on Saturday, when the moment for decision came, manifestly disappointed them. By this time, it seems clear that the French players in the orchestra will remain at work; that many of the Germans who have been with it for years are like-minded; that most of the rebellious among the older and the younger players, have already been counted. Even to keep the ranks of the restless intact may not prove easy. The revolt lacks able and astute leadership; while it is now plain that it has stirred little sympathy among the public most interested. In the conditions of the hour, locally solemn pronouncements from the Central Labor Union go for little beside the rally of the audiences of the Symphony Concerts to the support of the trustees. If the concerts go forward, as there is every reason to expect, it will be hard to keep the excitement of changeable, child-like and unreasoning men at the necessary boiling-point.

Still more are present fervors likely to subside when the quest for new jobs begins. Much has been said about the desire of other orchestras to absorb the malcontents; actual contracts are another thing; while as a matter of fact, most of the rebellious are less minded to leave the Boston Orchestra than to try to get their way in with it. The last thing for which they are the other divisions. For it Mr. Montoux prepared a long contest in which they

...are...
...how to...
...that...
...is at stake. When, moreover, they are speaking for their president, "p... they do not concern their... at the present vigor of the Trustees and at the support that...

March 8, 1920

On March 6, 1874, the names of 68 women, each one provided with a large dot, each eligible in every way for marriage, were posted on the bulletin board of a club in the Rue Royale, Paris. Younger members of the Porphyry Club, take notice!

In Society

"At a social gathering I never talk about music for I don't know anything about it, and I never talk about painting, for I do know about it."

Concerning the Arts

"It is seldom that the formers of opinions about art and literature do not submit themselves to the tyranny of imbeciles: the guides of the public's taste are usually domestic servants."

Hard Liquor

Our companion, the amiable G—W—, was just then telling us of a brand of synthetic whiskey now being distilled by a famous tavern of the underworld. The superlative charm of this beverage seems to be the extreme rigidity it imparts to the persevering communicant. "What does it taste like?" we asked. "Rather like gnawing furniture," said G—W—. "It's like a long, healthy draught of shellac. It seems to me that it would be less trouble if you offered the barkeep 50 cents to hit you over the head with a hammer. The general effect would be about the same, and you wouldn't feel nearly so bad in the morning."—Christopher Morley in the N. Y. Evening Post.

Cambridge in 1717

As the World Wags:
I was interested in your account of the old records of winter snows, especially John Winthrop's reference to the snowfall of 1717.

In Paige's "History of Cambridge" is a very interesting account of the great snow storm in February, 1717, in Cambridge. It began on Feb. 20, the day of the burial of the Rev. William Brattle, for whose family Brattle street was named.

The Boston News Letter dated Feb. 25 says: "Besides several snow storms, we had a great one on Monday the 18th current, and on Wednesday the 20th it began to snow about noon and continued snowing till Friday the 22d, so that the snow lies in some parts of the streets about six foot high."

The Rev. John Cotton of Newton was present at the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Brattle, and wrote a letter to his father, the Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich, dated Wednesday, Feb. 27, of which a few extracts may be interesting: "Hon'd Father, I left 3 letters at Sands yesterday and last week, besides I I put into Ezra Browns hand last Wednesday night at Cambridge. So I went to Boston & by reason of ye late great & very deep snow I was detained there till yesterday."

"I got with difficulty to ye ferry on Friday, but couldn't get over; so went back to Mr. Belchers where I lodged. Tried again ye next day. Many of us went over ye ferry and held a council at Charlestown and having heard of ye difficulty of a hatcher going toward neck of land, who was floundered, dug out, etc., yet we were discouraged; went back and lodged with abundance of heartiness at Mr. Belchers."

"On Monday I assayed again for Newton; but 'twas now also in vain. I ordered my horse over ye ferry to Boston yesterday, designing to try Roxbury way, but was so discouraged by gentlemen in town, especially by ye Governor, with whom I dined, that I was going to put up my horse and tarry till Thursday and as I was going to, I met Cap. Prentice E. C. come down on purpose to break me out and conduct me home; which they kindly did. They were afraid of a sudden thaw because of the mighty flood. Before Butler's door, so great was ye bank that they made a hand-some arch in it and sat in chairs with four bottles of wine, etc." The "Mr. Belcher" here spoken of was probably Andrew Belcher, the keeper of the "Blue Anchor" Tavern at the corner of Mt. Auburn and Boylston streets, Cambridge.

In Colloquial Use

As the World Wags:
I never heard "hocus poeas" or "stickum" for mullage used except in Boston

...A...
...our...
...Frank...
...trump...
...too common...
...epithet...
...barker...
...ham...
...actor...
...reneges...
...or dars...
...is called...
...in a...
...Language...
...Did Phryne...
...use the vulgar...
...surely did...
...persons reveal...
...social statue...
...over-worked...
...is damnable...
...uses "forsooth"...
...in-ellined...
...Brookline...
...AMI WRIGHT, JR.

"Slang and Its Analogues" derives a "dude" from Scots "dud," meaning clothes, and gives this delightfully comical quotation from Putnam's Magazine (1870): "I think he is dressed like a dud." "Dude" came into vogue in the United States about 1883. The North Adams Transcript, June 21, 1883, says: "The new edged word 'dude' has traveled over the country with a great deal of rapidity since but two months ago it grew into general use in New York." It appears to have come in with the "aesthetic" craze. In 1886 Andrew Lang wrote: "Our novels establish a false idea in the American imagination, and the result is that mysterious being, 'The Dude.' The origin of the word is not known. A 'dudine' is a female dude, but we have not heard the term used for many years. Some of the other words quoted by Mr. Wright are in good and regular standing with lexicographers and are of a respectable age.—Ed.

ROSA RAISA

Rosa Raisa, with the Chicago Opera orchestra and chorus gave a brilliant concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was:

Overture, "Mignon," Thomas. Marcel Charlier, conductor; Bolero, from "Syllian Vespers," Verdi, Rosa Raisa; Meditation, "Thal," Massenet, Eugene Dubois, violinist; Hungarian March, from "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz, Marcel Charlier, conductor; "Syllian Impressions," Gino Marinuzzi, conducted by the composer, Love Death, from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner, Gino Marinuzzi, conductor; "Asia Diva," from "Nanna," Bellini, Rosa Raisa; Overture, from "Dinorah," Meyerbeer, Gino Marinuzzi, conductor.

Mrs. Raisa has rather more opportunity in a concert program than in opera for the display of her remarkable voice. The power and warmth of tone with dramatic intensity were shown in her selections, assisted by the orchestra, while in two added numbers with piano accompaniment, these gave place to a tenderness and a sustained sweetness of tone in the upper register not often heard.

Eugene Dubois gave an excellent performance of the violin solo in "Meditation." The work of the orchestra in the "Hungarian March" was not so satisfactory. Conductor Charlier produced the impression of too fine a polish, at the expense of the savage intensity which should characterize this number from "Faust."

"Syllian Impressions" by Gino Marinuzzi, and conducted by himself, well merited the ovation which both the music and the composer received. The orchestra was reinforced for this number by varied instruments and it played with vigor and expression, while the chorus aided most effectively in producing an impression of solemnity, more particularly in the Allelullas of the Christmas story and the procession of the Madonna in the closing Fete. Conductor Marinuzzi was repeatedly recalled.

The overture from "Dinorah" was treated in a superbly spirited manner, the chorus doing effective work in this number also.

March 8, 1920

And so we come to the...
The World is the best of possible worlds...
but it could be so if we were not here.

Cromwell's "Great Ship"

On the 9th of March, 1675, Mr. Evelyn entered in his diary, "I went to see the great ship which was built for the Usurper, Oliver, by the great six brass guns, and 1000 men built in the prow was Oliver's figure, carrying six nations of men, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Spanish and English, and was carried out by their several flags. Fame held a label over the ship, and head the word, 'God with us.'"

For Food Preservers

On March 3, 1871, in an old and famous honey of H...
only when it was sold...
cut it with a...
of April he...
been mixed...
of...

this laborious attempt at mediaevalism in music; this affected simplicity with the ultra-modern French school in mind; these alternations between old modes, plain-song spirit, and Italian outbursts in the Puccinian manner, do not convince one of the composer's high artistic purpose. Again, and doubly so, we find simply a man of the theatre, striving at any cost to be sensational, writing with one eye on the public. A large part of the opera is tiresome, nor is one interested in the chatter of the nuns. La Principessa is to be added to the long list of candidates for prominent places in the Hall of Operatic Bores. With her tall stick she should stand between Wotan with his spear, and the Harper in "Mignon" with his harp.

time this said I ran down a copy of the pamphlet about which you asked me March 1. I was asked who had written it. The pamphlet was written by the pseudonym of Fred. A. just a friendly, I was quite unable to discover. But the pamphlet was a piece of political satire, occasioned by the war of 1812. Like James K. Paulding's "Diverting History" of John Bull and Brother Jonathan" (published in 1820) and all similar sketches, it is modeled on Dr. John Arbuthnot's "Law Is a Bottomless Pit" usually called the "History of John Bull" published in 1721. But in this also resembling similar productions, it is very easy reading. Yet it is of interest as being the first printed book, so far as I have been able to ascertain, to contain the nickname Uncle Sam, though that brief had been current colloquially and in new papers for three years before the appearance of the pamphlet.

So only A. M. would not call Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull" dull reading."

18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, necessarily changed from the one announced last week, was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Grieg, Concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); Beethoven, Symphony No. 4.

The great audience welcomed Mr. Monteux and the faithful men of the orchestra warmly. The enthusiasm showed conclusively appreciation of the stand taken by the trustees and of the loyalty shown by so many valuable, distinguished players. It also showed a confidence in the future and the glory of the orchestra, a confidence not to be shaken.

The performance deserved the hearty applause that punctuated the concert throughout. It is hardly necessary to write at length concerning the music itself. Mendelssohn's overture and Scherzo are still delightful. Would that he had always written in this vein, for he was, first of all, a romanticist, never so happy as when excited by a fantastical subject, as by Shakespeare's comedy, or "The First Walpurgis Night," or by a scene in Nature, as in the overture to "The Hebrides." In the Nocturne we note the peculiarly suave sentiment that too often degenerated into rank sentimentalism, as in many of the "Songs Without Words." Mr. Wendler, horn, and Mr. Laurent, flute, contributed so greatly to the success of the performance that they were obliged to come forward in acknowledgment of the applause; this applause was also for the whole orchestra. The Scherzo was played with the utmost delicacy and crispness, and the wood-wind choir covered itself with glory.

Admirable, too, was Mr. Monteux's reading of the symphony, which, with the exception of the Adagio, is not among the greater works of "the deaf man of Bonn," as he was recently characterized by a flippant critic. Here, as in the performance of Mendelssohn's music, there was ever-present clarity and a fine sense of proportion.

Is Grieg's concerto becoming shopworn? Mr. Gebhard's playing of it was brilliant, rather than poetic or romantic. The better portions of the concerto are surely romantic. In the first movement he appeared to be in a restless mood; the lyric passages were not sufficiently elastic; more than once a phrase sung enchantingly by the violoncellos was repeated by the pianist rigidly. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Gebhard played at comparatively short notice.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away on its last southern trip next week. The program for the concerts of March 26, 27 will be as follows. Dvorak, Symphony No. 5, "From the New World"; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; Debussy, Little Suite (orchestrated by Henri Busser); Berlioz, Rakoczy March.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Association. Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Mr. Marinuzzi conducted.

Don Pasquale.....Vittorio Trevi
Mr. Malatesta.....Giacomo Rumi
Ernesto.....Tito Schipa
Norina.....Amelia Galli-Curci
& Norina.....Lodovico Olivieri
"Don Pasquale" is a charming opera, when it is well acted. Donizetti's few weeks shortly

before his mind began to fail, there is no trace of mental disability, lack of invention, or jaded spirits in this gay musical flow; witness the entrance of Norina, the duet between her and Malatesta at the end of the first act, the finale of the second act with its remarkable quartet, the serenade behind the scenes. In 1843 Donizetti had for his singers in this opera, Mme. Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and the great Lablache.

Last night Mr. Rimini took the part of Dr. Malatesta, and Donizetti's music suffered. Why Mr. Rimini is entrusted with important parts by the management of the Chicago Opera Association is the secret of Punchinello. In concerted music his lack of vocal skill prevents any satisfactory ensemble. He acted in a spirited manner. Mr. Trevi was amusing as Don Pasquale, who should have a heavier, more impressive voice. Mr. Schipa began singing with an intensity becoming a tragic opera, forcing tone and causing one to forget his fine Alfredo in "La Traviata," but after the first act he gave great pleasure. The final duet for him and Mme. Galli-Curci was sung with exquisite tonal quality. We have heard Mme. Galli-Curci when she was more brilliant as a coloratura singer, but her recitative and her purely lyric work last night were most pleasing to the ear, except in the few instances when her tones were below the true pitch. An audience that completely filled the theatre was tumultuously applauding.

THE BALLET "BOUDOUR"

Performed at Boston Opera House for the First Time

"Boudour," with music by Felix Borowski, was performed at the Boston Opera House for the first time. Mr. Smallens conducted.

The Caliph Abbass.....Serge Oukrainsky
Boudour.....Pearl Lloyd
Sahadie.....Andreas Pavley
Maudane.....Miss Ludmilla
Astayage.....Mr. Lumbee
Master Denion.....Serge Oukrainsky
Women of the Court.....Miss Y. Arnold, Miss Ledova, Miss Nemeroff, Miss Shermont

The action of "Boudour" is by Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky. Mr. Borowski, whose home has been for some years in Chicago, is justly esteemed there as composer, critic and teacher. The story of the ballet was told at length in the Herald of last Sunday, but it might be condensed as follows: The favorite wife of a Caliph has an affair with Astayage. She in turn is loved by Sahadie, a slave. In honor of the Caliph's return from a journey, there is feasting, carousing, delirious dancing. The wife thoughtfully hands her lawful lord a cup of poisoned wine. The jealous slave dashes it from her hand and tells the Caliph what has been going on in his absence; surely a most ungentlemanly trick on the slave's part. The wife promptly swallows the poison and, not wishing to live on a higher plane without Astayage, she doses him with the same medicine. There is more killing. The dancers, too, fall squirming, one by one. Before they die, their writhing in agony is accompanied by the realistic rhythmic inventions of Mr. Borowski. At the end the stage is thick with dead bodies.

And so, as far as the story goes, we are again in the East, as portrayed in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." As Henley puts it in his description of the immortal tales: "The night is musical with happy laughter and the sound of lutes and voices; it is seductive with the clink of goblets and the odor of perfumes; not a shadow but has its secret, or jovial, or amorous, or terrible; here falls a head, and there you may note the contrapuntal effect of the bastinado. But the blood is quickly hidden with flowers, the bruises are tired over with cloth-of-gold, and the jolly pageant sweeps on." In this ballet dancing leads to death. The "jolly pageant sweeps on" off stage, or in the reign of the Caliph's successor.

The opera this afternoon will be "Carmen," tonight "Un Ballo in Maschera."

PUPPETS GIVE 'ROSE AND RING'

Tony Sarg's famous marionettes made their first appearance in Boston yesterday at Steiwer Hall in "The Rose and the Ring," for the benefit of the Simmons College fund.

Thackeray's fairy tale is admirably suited to a puppet performance. Indeed, as Mr. Sarg pointed out in his interesting and humorous talk before the performance, it is much easier to produce the play with puppets than with real people; a puppet fairy, for instance, floats through space much more gracefully than a flesh and blood lady of more generous proportions.

Perfect Stage Production

Mr. Sarg's marionettes, originally created simply for his own diversion, and shown to his friends at his interesting studio in New York, speedily became

popular. They derive their success, for the entertainment is wholly delightful. "The Rose and the Ring" is a perfect stage production in miniature. The illusion that the dolls are real people, with real voices and human emotions is remarkable. The characters are modeled exactly after Thackeray's own drawings. There is the rude Gruffanuff, who was transformed into a door knocker by the Fairy Blackstock. There is the lost princess, Betinda; the haughty Princess Angelica, the silly Prince Ruiho. A fierce lion—and whoever heard such a large roar from such a small lion before—and a snorting white charger thrill and delight. The stage settings, in color and design, are delightful, particularly the room in the palace, with its silken orange hangings, its little gold and blue sofa, and its tiny grand piano. And there is a lovely forest, all soft purple, apple green and turquoise blue. The quaint music tinkles out from a small celestophone and the puppets seem to sing lustily.

Illusion Striking

The puppets are about two feet in height, but so perfectly is everything scaled—proscenium arch, backdrop, stage furniture, etc.—that they seem very much larger. They make nearly all the movements of a living person, and from 16 to 22 strings are required to manipulate each of the dolls. Seven puppeteers behind the scenes guide their destinies on the stage.

A large audience of children in the afternoon were audibly delighted. An equally large audience of grown-up children were equally delighted at the evening performance. The play will be repeated this afternoon at 2:30, and this evening at 8:15.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Association. "Carmen." Mr. Marinuzzi, conductor.

Zuniga.....Edmond Coteau
Jose.....Edward Defrere
Morales.....Mary Garden
Carmen.....Edna Darch
Prasquita.....Irene Pavloska
Mercedes.....Georges Baklanoff
Escamillo.....Myrna Sharlow
Micaela.....Constantin Nicolay
Dancalro.....Edmond Warney
Remendado.....Eugenio Corenti
Lillas Pastia.....

It has been said that Miss Garden is neither the Carmen of the librettists nor the Carmen of Merimee. It might also be said that the Carmen of the librettists in certain respects differs from the Carmen of the novelist. The gypsy woman has been portrayed on the operatic stage in various ways, from the sinister demon of Mme. Tremelli to Emma Juch's misguided young woman, who in spite of one or two indiscretions, had a pure nature and a kind heart. After all, the chief question is, "Does the impersonator strongly characterize the gypsy? Is the portrayal plausible or engrossing?"

Miss Garden in the first two acts yesterday afternoon gave a singularly interesting performance. While the conception of the character was her own, it was not too deliberately different in the general outline from that of others; there was no striving to be original at any cost, nor did little but significant details of stage "business" seem forced and extraneous. Some have complained of the "sensuality" of the conception, but Carmen was sensual, capricious in her sensuality. Miss Garden did not unduly emphasize this phase of the gypsy's nature.

In the third and fourth act she was less effective. In the card scene we missed the tragic note. The reading of her fate was almost light-hearted, not to say flippant. Facial expression failed to picture the emotion. The voice that was so sensuous, so seductive when she echoed the treader's word "amour," was matter-of-fact when she uttered the words "la mort." Nor in the last act was there a showing of superb bravado, a gradual recognition of her impending doom, and then the climax of horror and despair. The final scene with Don Jose came dangerously near being an ordinary street squabble. The actual slaying was badly managed, the misdirection of the fatal stab was so evident, that the scene was well-nigh farcical.

Mr. Johnson was miscast. From what we have seen of him he is not the man for Don Jose. The shapes arise! Campanini, de Lucia, Lubert, Alvarez, Clement—yes Clement, also by nature a lyric singer, but one that rose to a tragic height in the smugglers' camp and before the arena. Mr. Johnson sang the air in the second act expressively; it was beautiful singing in every way; but he failed to portray Don Jose. His conception seemed to be that of a good and amiable young man, rather weak, whose head was easily turned by the wanton, provoking gypsy. In the last act his pleading was not dramatically convincing, nor was he irresistibly convincing in the third. The true Don Jose was a bit of a savage himself.

Mr. Baklanoff, once the pride of the Boston Opera Company, gave a remarkable impersonation of Escamillo, the most important one in fineness of characterization, in expressive singing, action, facial play and gesture that we have known. He redeemed the vulgar entrance song by the indifferent man-

ner in which he sang the first act of the crowd; then, seeing Carmen and at once longing to possess her, the song was for her and for her alone. Admirable, too, were his scenes with Don Jose and Carmen in the camp.

Miss Sharlow was a disappointing Micaela, as far as singing was concerned. The parts of Zuniga, Morales and the Dancalro were uncommonly well taken by Messrs. Coteuill, Defrere and Nicolay. The chorus was now good, now poor. The ballet was a conspicuous feature of the performance, as it is of the visiting company. Mr. Marinuzzi conducted brilliantly. There was a very large audience.

The season of a fortnight ended last night with a performance of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Mr. De Angelis conducted. There was again a very large audience whose applause fell on the just and the unjust in the cast. The features of this performance were the singing of Mr. Bonci, as the "Governor of Boston," and Miss Macbeth as the Page. The former's voice is naturally not what it was, but the glory of his art is not dimmed. His delivery of the laughing song in Ulrica's den was incomparable. Miss Macbeth sang delightfully the charming music of the Page. Miss Raisa took the part of the wife. Miss Van Gordon that of Ulrica; Mr. Galeffi that of Renato; while Messrs. Lazzari and Nicolay were as gloomy and mysterious conspirators as ever walked the streets of operatic Boston. Miss Raisa was heard at her best in the plaintive air of the third act. At other times the unevenness of the voice which has been unnecessarily strained was painfully apparent. It would seem that Mr. Galeffi is endeavoring to sing as loudly as Mr. Ruffo. Last night he was bolsterous and gave few evidences of ability in sustained song. The mocking chorus at the end of the second act, one of Verdi's greatest dramatic achievements, was well performed.

It will interest many to know that "The Young Visitors," dramatized by Mrs. George Norman and Margaret Mackenzie, was produced at the Palace, Ramsgate (Eng.), on Feb. 16. It is said that not a word in the dialogue has been omitted and not an extra word has been added, except that here and there "a few words of explanation, which in the book appear as description, have been put into the mouths of one of the characters to say." The play is in three "ideas" (not acts), and there are 17 scenes. "The scenery is painted in a way in which a child of 9 might be expected to draw and color in her exercise book. The accessories and properties are the same as one would cut out and color in cardboard profile. The general stage directions in the book, if one may call them so, have been faithfully followed, both in the 'truly sumptuous dresses and the general working of the piece. The railway journey is notable for the passing of the scenery at the back of the train in panorama fashion, the effect being very quaint. The stage is fronted by a reproduction of a proscenium front of a toy theatre.

"The dialogue as delivered by the excellent company supporting Miss Edyth Goodall, who appears as Ethel Monticue, is at once burlesque in effect and ridiculous, for to think that human beings would talk, move and dress as the childish mind, susceptible to its surroundings, has depicted them is to accept an extravagant basis." Ben Field took the part of Mr. Saltcra. "The Prince, as represented by Clarence Blakiston, is a most affable gentleman, and when he takes off his crown, which is tied with elastic under his chin, so that he can lap his ices, which appears to be the 'correct idea,' the effect is very funny." All the characters in the book are introduced. "J. M. Barrie's prologue, with his satirical remarks on the young author at work at her desk with tongue out, is not the least effective item. The audience accepted the performance as one huge farce." The music by John Ansell included some melodies of the period when the book was written. Miss Ashford and the dramatists responded to curtain calls.

Personal

Ernesto Berumen, pianist, who will play here for the first time next Wednesday, is a Mexican who studied in Europe. When he gave a recital in New York on Feb. 20, the New York Times described him as "a calm, reflective, out of the ordinary man, neither oversophisticated after residence abroad, nor, on the other hand, warped by the Spanish-American bent for all things Parisian."

Undolph Polk, a young violinist of New York, will play here next Friday night. He was called from his studies abroad to do military duty in the war. On Oct. 11, 1919, he made his first public appearance in New York, when his playing made a favorable impression.

The London newspapers of Feb. 14 announced the sudden death of Emile Sauret, the celebrated violinist, teacher, composer. He was born at Dun-le-Roi, Cher, France, on May 22, 1852, and studied in the conservatories of Paris and Brussels, being de Berlioz's last pupil. From the age of 8 he traveled

His first appearance in London was in 1866. He gave concerts in the United States in 1872, 1873-76, 1877, 1885 and in the nineties, when he was connected with the Chicago Musical College, 1903-06. He had taught at Killak's school in Berlin, 1883-81, and he lived in that city 10 years, until in 1890 he was appointed

professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music, London. After he left Chicago, he taught privately in Geneva, Berlin, and, beginning in 1908, London.

Sauret played in Boston as early as Sept. 28, 1872, when he was a member of Strakosch's concert company. The other members were Carlotta Patti, Annie Louise Cary, Teresa Carreno (whom he married), Mario, Ronconi and Barilli. He played here at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Feb. 22, 1896 (Moszkowski's concerto in C major) and on April 9, 1904 (Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3). His playing was celebrated for its taste, brilliance and elegance. The musical editor of the London Daily Telegraph wrote: "Only a few days ago I saw him in Bond street when he seemed to bear his 68 years lightly and now he is gone. May the earth rest lightly on him!"

The vicar who objects to the "jarring sounds of an individual here and there, singing for self and not for comradeship," might have adduced a rather telling example from the sad case of no less a person than Archbishop Temple, who had a voice by no means melodious. When he was bishop of London he was passing a mission church and was drawn in by the sound of beautiful congregational singing and joined in. But presently a musical working man next to him found the bishop's untunefulness too much for him and stopped. Others followed suit, till at last the first nudged Temple with an impatient, "Dry up, mister, you're spoiling the whole show."—London Daily Chronicle.

Far be it from me to suggest cause and effect, but it is interesting to note that Mr. Hamilton Harty's new suite, "Fantasy Scenes from an Eastern Romance," was originally "produced" on Columbia records in December last; that is, before its "original production," as it were, by the Leeds Symphony orchestra on Jan. 17. So often have I urged the desirability of these greater things in music being recorded that it is worth while to give examples, when they occur, of record first and performance afterward, because such examples show a certain liveliness among the recording angels. The suite consists of four distinct pieces, "The Laughing Juggler," "A Dancer's Reverie," "Lonely in Moonlight," and "In the Slave Market." I wonder, with the Columbia company, whether a system of premieres on the gramophone will become fashionable. I don't see why not. At any rate, such a system would help to knock the bottom out of the everlasting grumble that native composers hear their own works but once, and never again! With Columbia records such composers may hear nothing else, if so disposed!—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 14.

It is good to notice that composers are awakening to the advantage of composing music expressly to accompany cinema plays. Mr. Louis Gottschalk has written the music for "Broken Blossoms," and I don't see any reason why operas should not be done on the same lines. Cinemas have come to stay, and if the standard of music played in them is to be raised let the composers see to it themselves.—London Daily Telegraph.

Percy French, an Irish entertainer, who visited the United States, and gave a performance in Boston with Dr. Houston Collisson, the clergyman-musician, died late in January. He would sing and sketch in a single "act," and he had a great talent for drawing upside-down pictures." He would work rapidly with colored chalks, in full view of an interested audience, on a landscape which seemed quite natural. Then suddenly Mr. French would turn the sketch upside down, and quite another picture

would be seen. He was aristocratic in birth and appearance; witty and musical; and all who knew him will be sorry to hear of his death in Liverpool.

Charles Mere's "Captive"

"La Captive" at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, was written at the front by Charles Mere; it deals with the great war, although Germany and France are called by imaginary names. A correspondent of the London Times wrote: "The author has been criticized for

basing his piece on a situation characterized as 'too special.' A woman has been twice married, to men of different nationalities; war breaks out between those two nations, and inevitably the sons of the two marriages must be either renegades or enemies. In the end, one, a cripple, and the other, blind, they meet on neutral ground, and, in a scene of masterly handling and irresistible beauty, discover that, in spite of all, they are friends, brothers, comrades, for this reason, that when each was wounded he called upon his mother, and she was the same woman." Translated into terms of French and German, there are plenty of objections to be made. Interpreted, as I believe the author meant it to be, into terms of Hertha and her children, who can deny the conclusion? My belief may be influenced by Suzanne Despres, who does not know how to strike a single note

outside Nature's own racial, and in every word she says as the tortured mother strikes directly upon the quivering hearts of her audience. At the very end of the play she fades out, is silent, effaced, does not even strike an attitude. This has deluded certain critics into imagining that the two reconciled brothers are more important figures. Unlike the author, Suzanne Despres, and less sophisticated persons, these critics have forgotten that this is the natural role of mothers, who are always on the spot when there is any suffering to be taken on, but never volunteer for happiness in case their children might want first shot at it. Charles Mere has a piece running at the Grand Guignol at this moment, an affair of revolvers and low lins and exotic princes. It is very dramatic and thrilling, but how can the whole length of it compare for drama with the moment in the "Captive" when the mother says to her crippled son, who has not wished to meet his enemy step-brother—and the step-brother has just felt his way through the room—"You said you wouldn't see him! It's he who can't see you!" And how is it that application of the title has been called in question, when from the first moment to the last it is the mother who is the captive—prisoner of her motherhood?"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice.
TUESDAY—Stelner Hall, 8:15 P. M., Gertrude Thompson, soprano, and Guy Miller, pianist. Songs by Sibella, Chausson, Kramer, Georges, Thane, Brahms, Schreder, Campbell-Tipton, Gretchen-inoff, Nevin, Leroy, Burleigh, Grier, Stephens. Piano pieces by Sgambati, Brahms, Debussy, Poldini, Chopin, Paganini-Liszt.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Edith Thompson, pianist. Music by Mozart-Silotti, Daquin, MacDowell, Chopin, Debussy, Liszt.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Ernesto Berumen, pianist. Music by Bach-Liszt, Gluck, Friedmann, a group of pieces by Chopin, including the sonata in B flat minor; Gluck-Sgambati, Albeniz.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., Dorothy Langer's song recital. Songs by Wolf-Ferrari, Chabrier, Jacques-Dalcroze, Paurdralin, Rhene-Baton, Schubert, Bizet, Godard; songs in Norwegian by Warmuth, Nordraak, Grondahl, Grieg; songs by Crist, Glen, Curran, Bartlett.
THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., William D. Strong pianist. Music by Hoffmann, Brahms, Gluck-Joseffy, MacDowell, Poldini, Barwood, Sternberg, Chopin, Grondahl, Liszt.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Gulomar Novaes, pianist. Music by Handel-Brahms, Chopin, Gluck-Sgambati, Moszkowski, Albeniz.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., Master S. Kramer, violinist.
Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Rudolph Polk, violinist. Tartini's sonata in G minor; Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3; pieces by Dvorak-Kreisler, Burleigh, Aulin, Gardner, Schubert-Wilhelm; Chaminade-Kreisler, Smetana.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Helen Stanley, soprano. Songs by Sarti, Pergolesi, Mozart (old Scotch), Goldmark, Debussy, Paladiah, Widor, Bruneau, Duparc, Sganibati, Bihoni, Dvorak, Tschalkowsky, Poldowski, Protheroe, Bauer, Glen, Ferrari.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Yvette Guilbert. Legende Miraculeuse songs of the 15th century; songs of 1830 and modern songs of Ferrari. Emily Gresser, violinist. Music by Bach, Rimsky-Korsakov, Kreisler, Gresser, Scalero, Brahms-Joachim.

March 15 1920

The gauge of a man's refinement in matters of art is shown, not in his choice of a bronze, a picture, or even a drawing, but in his choice of a product in which labor is set to a thing of art that is most pleasing to the eye of a connoisseur and at the same time least intelligible to the eye of the profane. I speak of lacquer work.

A Substitute

We have found a new and very satisfactory cocktail, which is on sale (12 fluid ounces for 89 cents) in uptown drug stores. Until Mr. Anderson takes it off the market it will satisfy our modest needs very well; we have laid in an enormous supply on the pretext of allaying imaginary disorders of our offspring.

This admirable cordial is called Wine Codliver Compound Extract; it is guaranteed to contain no codliver oil; its multifarious ingredients include lime, soda, potassium, iron, manganese, strychnine, quinine, malt, caramel and (hold your breath) 17 per cent. alcohol.

Where, in these postdiluvian days, can one do better than that for 89 cents?—Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post.

How Jarge Died

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Liverpool Jarge, as somebody was, I think the cuss is dead. Because I was in Brest some three months back, mate of the Acushwam, and was standing on the Curse Dajot, which is a kind of Riverside Drive looking out over the harbor. There was a bunch of German prisoners in green overcoats rolling barrels around lazy like, and I was just wondering what effect a be-laying pin would have on 'em, when up shambles a shocking dirty chap and asks my pardon, but am I from the States? I am. From Boston, maybe? I am. And is it the Gawthrith that the town is dry? It is.

"And the Bell in Hand is shut?" he ask

Noble! I can't see any sense in the cuss, dowsy! I can't see him.

He sort of groaned at that and said: "I did I know what had happened to me. I'd named Witherspoon that cuss to hang out there. I didn't, but I nipped that my neevy had made mention of a chap by that name starting a street prohibition tea-house and ginger pop stand somewhere down on the Newburyport turnpike."

"The lovely drinks I used to have on that feller," says the dirty chap, mournful like. "I'd lie to old John Shagglellon and then he'd lie to Witherspoon, and then John and I'd divvy, after I'd reached for my brass knucks. Times n't what they used to be."

"They never are," I admitted.

"Damine if Liverpool Jarge ever goes back," he says, desperate. "He knows a trick worth two of that."

And with that he tucks away groggy like, and I watches him climb with one of the German prisoners, the guard's back being turned. Next thing I knew he'd swapped hats and coats with the Dutchman and the Dutchman was gone.

This was along toward 5 in the afternoon, when the grog shops shut down for a spell. And it was mighty close onto 5 when I see this Jarge bust away from the rest of the Dutchmen and head for the caddy on the corner. I figure he'd forgot about swapping clothes, because when the guard yips at him pretty sharp he takes no notice. Then the guard yells again but Jarge only goes faster, heing as the clocks was beginning to strike. Then the guard ups gun and dots the "i" of the PIG on the back of Jarge's new overcoat. Jarge shrugs his shoulders and goes on. All in all the guard plugs him dead centre six times, but without producing any effect as far as a body could see.

But just as Jarge gets pretty nigh this caddy the clocks stop striking and the door slams shut. Jarge stared for a minute and then dropped into the gutter, kicking his heels. And just then a big blue truck comes skyhooting around the corner and Jarge gets tangled up in the wheels. He spinned around three or seven times, like a pinwheel, and then shot off like a skyrocket, clean over the edge of the walk and down about seven fathom to the track below. He was still wiggling a little, when one of them tin whistle French trains comes down through the cut by the chato and tangles him up some more, finally winding up by bunting him over the dock edge and smack into the harbor. I kind of lost sight of him there, because a big destroyer with her propellers thrashing came out from under the big swinging bridge and went right over where he'd gone in. But he came up again in her wake, considerable cut up but conscious. He must have been, because he kind of works his tongue around in his mouth and then lets out one yell.

"Dang it," he yelps, "it's water!"

And with that he throws up his hands and goes down.

So I figure the cuss must be dead and that drink killed him at last—in one way or another.

JOHN COFFIN.

Holystone Farm.

Boston Culture

As the World Wags:

In a Huntington avenue car I sat behind a young lady who was reading a serial story in a local newspaper. Below a striking illustration were the words: "He pressed her close with his two arms." The flapper turned to her girl friend and said: "My Gawd, Mame, an octopus he was!"

Boston. DELLA VALERIE.

GALLI-CURCI SINGS IN SYMPHONY HALL

Great Audience Receives Her with Tremendous Enthusiasm

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci received a tremendous ovation at her last concert of the year in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Every seat in the auditorium was taken, and the sale of rush seats stopped more than an hour before the concert began. The enthusiasm of those fortunate enough to get inside mounted to a high pitch, as the great soprano, playing her own accompaniment, concluded the afternoon with "Home, Sweet Home." She was assisted by Manuel Benquer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist.

Her program follows:

| | | |
|---------------------------------|-------|------------------|
| Mary of Alondale | | Hook |
| Daffodils a-Blowing | | Edward German |
| Cavatina, from "Don Pasquale" | | Dontzetti |
| Vivante | | Del Aquia |
| | | Beecher |
| | | Valteroe |
| Clavellitos | | Paulin |
| One Destructive les Roses | | Bellini |
| Sovra il sen, from "Sonnambula" | | Bellini |
| | | Mme. Galli-Curci |
| Concerto | | Duvernoy |
| | | Manuel Benquer |
| The Little Damozel | | Novello |
| Oh, Have You Blessed | | Murdoch |
| The Little Bells of Sevilla | | Samuels |
| Qui la Voce, from "Puritani" | | Bellini |
| | | Mme. Galli-Curci |

March 16 1920

Plain Poesy

(It is suggested that it requires a poet to find names for the many beautiful new dress materials.)

No more I hymn the charms of Kate
Or Caroline or Clive
In old and sunset quite sedate
Or byle (much more "gay")
My soul no more do I outpour
In epics long as serials
I bid my Muse to help me choose
The names of dress materials.

Italian Courtesy

As the World Wags:

I was sitting near the front door of an Alston car, when the car stopped. The motorman opened the door to let a young woman enter, who actually closed the door behind her. I was so astonished at this act of consideration for other passengers, that, acting on the impulse of the moment, I leaned forward and said to her: "I am so glad to see you. In spite of the fact that you are an Italian, you are a very good person. Thank you." In reply she said: "I am Italian, my men called me 'N.N.' to be Italian, for American." N. N. Boston.

"Limie"

As the World Wags:

My attention has been called to the use of the word "limie" as an expression of approbrium to the Englishman.

As an old sailor, I would like to explain that the word "limie" comes from the word "lime-julcer," which means any ship that sails under the British flag. Years ago, in the days of sailing, when ships made long voyages of many months' duration from port to port, there were no canned provisions and a constant use of salt beef and salt pork caused scurvy among the crew. Scientists discovered that lime juice would prevent scurvy on shipboard. Accordingly, ships flying the British flag issued daily lime juice to the crew for this purpose. This accomplished much good.

If a sailor on an American ship saw a ship flying the British flag he would cry out: "There is a lime-julcer." This expression was used in this way up to the beginning of the recent war, when some one seemingly distorted the word "lime-julcer," which meant everything under the British flag, to the word "limie" as an approbrium to the English sailor. This is a mistake.

STANTON H. KING,
Superintendent, Sailors' Haven.

Boston.
"Limejulcer" is American nautical slang for a British ship or sailor. The term came into use in periodicals about 1880. In 1886 E. Wakefield wrote in the Nineteenth Century: "In these colonies (Australia), where pretty nearly everyone has made several sea voyages, the subject is strictly tabooed in all rational society. To dilate upon it is to betray a 'new ehum'—what they call in Australia a 'Lime Julce.'" This Australian term goes back to 1859, if not before that.—Ed.

Back Again

As the World Wags:

Ouija has solved the mystery. She has located Liverpool Jarge.

A quiet little game was just starting on the houseboat on the Styx. Long John Silver, Capt. Ahab Coffin of the Pequod and Moby Dick fame; Nils Nelson, the sea wolf, and Liverpool Jarge. "Charon was look-out," state your stakes, gentlemen," says Charon. "There's mine," said Long John, laying down a piece of gold. "That's not minted money. It's a medal," says Charon. "A Lucania medal given by the All Ilkbest, who is not of our company yet. Capt. Daidrichs, where did this come from?"

"I got it," said Silver, "from the Portuguese Crow. He held Herod up for it."

"Daidrichs is not very popular here and no one will play with him but Herod and Abdul the Damned. It lays, for it is unique and we have nothing like it in our museum," says Charon. "What is yours, Capt. Ahab?"

"Here it is," says the Nantucket man, laying down the "Quinto dunloon" which he had thoughtfully pried out of the main-mast of the Pequod just before his last bout with Moby Dick.

"There's mine," said the Sea Wolf, showing a stack of "Silver Mex." "I never did care for the 'yaller boys,' the Mex passed current on all the coasts I sailed up and down."

"Come, Jarge"—"I'm broke," says Jarge.

"You're a liar," says the Wolf. "Where's the yellow backs you rolled the drunken oil driller for, down on the Barbary Coast the last time you were in Prison? You didn't blow them all in on the Ya-bi-wi-girls in Saki, for I know you had two sewed inside your shirt when you sailed out from Saki bound for the Straits on the Vernon Castle, that went down in the China sea, all hands!" "Yes, that's all right, but I haven't a 'boh,'" says Jarge. "There, Jones," the blinking blight-

proprietor, allowed to us, the knowledge of the Parisian Ballet, instead of the matter of that unassuming person, 'the man in the street,' and so there is "a sustained elevation of mood, a sense of exaltation and of beauty."

If there is a "sustained elevation of mood" there is also an elevation of speech—on allits. Does any one think for a moment that Joseph Baring wooed Rachel Worthington thus addressed her? He had said that he had learned "strange modes of speech" in an older school than the Pennsylvania Legislature. She asks what that school is. "The heart's yearning amid these evenings drenched with the scent of grape, hyacinths and the song of the wood thrushes on their return."

Not this attempt at contemporaneous "color." The second act takes place in Berks county, Pa., on July 11, 1861. Priscilla Baring is seen, seated at the piano playing "an interlude." Caleb says to her: "What is this playing?" Priscilla—A little thing by Tschalkowsky.

Caleb—(Thoughtfully) Never heard of him. A new man?

Priscilla—Yes, a young Russian, just twenty-one.

Caleb afterward alludes to this piece as "heavenly harmony."

So piano music by Tschalkowsky had found its way to Berks county, Pa., in 1861. This is indeed surprising, for in 1861 Tschalkowsky was studying harmony at the Petrograd Conservatory. His first piano pieces were written after that year: one while he was still at the Conservatory; two in 1867 at Hapsal. His music was not known in this country before the 70's. It was the Andante of his first string quartet that made America acquainted with his name, and this quartet was not composed until 1871.

Caleb, by the way, was a bit of a romanticist: "When thee is a dear old lady, and haply thy niece plays to thee, there will be the same stars, the same beauty of music, the same fragrance of heliotrope and musonette, and the same whip-poor-wills. In that view there is no death, for all these beautiful and vital processes go on."

The subject of the simple plot is the effect of the civil war on different members of the Society of Friends: how some, although they believed in the principles for which the North fought, could not approve war itself, and kept the Quaker faith, although the heart was wrung; how one went "the way of the Gentile hosts arrayed in battle."

Reading this play, but not with the keen interest that Mr. Eaton felt, we are reminded of a passage in the complete works of Artemus Ward. Mr. Ward was visiting in 1861 his birthplace in Maine. "A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dan-If he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel and was indeed a Loathsum object."

"God's Outcast," "All Clear" and "God of My Faith," three little plays by J. Hartley Manners, are published in a volume of ninety-two pages by George H. Doran Company of New York. Mr. Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor, are, indeed, a happy couple. She believes that he is the greatest dramatist now living; he knows that she is the greatest actress. Together they worked gallantly through the war. Together they raised by his play "Out There" nearly a million dollars for the Red Cross. To Mr. Manners the war is not over; or rather the atrocities committed by the Germans are not forgotten by him as they have passed from the minds of too many Americans. In his little preface Mr. Manners speaks in no uncertain tones. He has no patience

with the attitude of Americans who, having taken no active part in the war, nevertheless urge people to forget the outrages and to resume business and social relations with the Germans. He sees German propaganda spreading through the United States today; directed now especially against Great Britain. "Individuals and newspapers of pro-German sympathies daily attack at street corners, in meetings and in print the country through whose intervention civilization was saved; the waterways of the world held open, the German fleet rendered powerless, so that troops came from every corner of the world in order that barbarity could be crushed. When men attack Great Britain from the platform or in print they become self-accused German-sympathizers, and as such are a danger in civilized communities."

"All Clear" a Protest" is a pathetic little piece written in August, 1918, with its subject the bombing of women and children in a poverty-stricken district of London. "God of My Faith: a Play for Pantomime" was written in July, 1917. Dermot Gilruth, an Irish-American, is roused from his indifference, also his dislike of England, by the murder of his betrothed, who went down with the Lusitania.

In "God's Outcast" (February, 1919) a man and a woman, strangers, meet in the waiting room of a lonely railway station. The man's son, a dear companion as well as a son, has been killed

in action. The woman's husband has been killed in the Holy Land. They had thought of suicide. What is there left in life for them? The midnight express does not stop. "It will be a leap in the dark—then peace." The woman kneels and calls down God's curse on the Germans. The man happens to speak of 'fools who say the suicide is damned, put apart, God's outcast.' If this is true, the woman says, she will never see her beloved again. The express thunders by. It is the woman who says: "It takes courage to live. We were afraid to live." They wait for the next train that stops.

"Heliogabalus: a Buffoonery in three acts," by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Messrs. Mencken and Nathan can easily imagine the wildness, the recklessness of this farce. The dramatists should send a copy of it to M. Georges Daviquet, who, compiling and translating the lives of the Emperor by Lampadius, Dion Cassius, Niphilini and others, added notes of the nature characterized by Sir Richard F. Burton as "anthropological." We are far from the Heliogabalus described by Roman and Grecian historians; far from the "Heliogabalus" of Gibbon, and even Gibbon was solemnly shocked by the excesses attributed to this Emperor; far, too, from "the poor fellow" who, according to Thomas De Quincey, "has been sadly abused in history; but, after all, he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare."

Messrs. Mencken and Nathan introduce us to the Emperor, his senior and junior wives; Lucius, a Christian maiden; Simon, a Christian clergyman; physicians whose consultations and prescriptions are, indeed, amusing; Cornelia, a public woman; Lucius, a pickpocket, and other more or less entertaining characters. Heliogabalus is pictured as tall, fallow, and apparently somewhat ill-natured and in bad humor when he first enters, carrying a small baton with a gigantic ruby at one end. There is

something the matter with his tummy. The scene in which he passes judgment on Cornelia, calling the attention of the assemblage to "the sad fate of this poor working girl . . . the night must be very dark or the stranger very soused," and then appointing her a vestal virgin, so that she will have a comfortable home, is broadly funny, but we doubt if it will be put on the stage. The temporary conversion of the Emperor to Christianity through the beauty of Dacia, the Galatian, who, however, as a mate proves somewhat disappointing until she is sedulously educated, is also funny. The second act is a bedroom scene that will turn Mr. Hopwood and other inventors of popular bedroom farces green with envy. (The bed of the Emperor's wives is at least 20 feet wide.) We should like to quote from this act, but, after all, "Heliogabalus" is a farce to be read, not to be talked about. As the book is well printed, it is easy reading. There are stage directions galore. Will they ever be carried out?

The Herald has received from the Boston Music Company "Musical Accompaniment of Moving Pictures, a Practical Manual for Pianists and Organists and an Exposition of the Principles Underlying the Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures," by Edith Lang and George West. This book of 62 pages may be of assistance to church organists as well as to organists in theatres devoted to film plays. The general reader will be interested in the repertoire for the moving pictures. Villanous (sic) characters may thus be accompanied musically: Robbers in drama, Smugglers' Chorus from "Carmen"; Sinister Villain, music of Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust"; Rouse or Vampire, Scarpa's music in "Tosca"; Revengeful Villain, introduction and finale from "Pagliacci"; "In the presence of actual death observe silence."

"The Rose of the World" is taken as an example of how a photoplay may be musically clothed. "The Viceroy has left Rose's bondoir. She gets out a box of letters and tries to read some of them; her emotion overcomes her and she faints (Nevin's 'The Rosary'; endeavor to make the climax of the song synchronize with the moment at which Rose faints). Over half the book deals with the art of accompanying pictures; in the remaining pages there is useful advice to any organist. There is a curious section, the identification of tone-colors for descriptive purposes. We learn that for a scene of temptation one should use the clarinet or oboe stop with string quality in the accompaniment; for 'suspicion' pull the clarinet stop. There is a sufficient index.

Personal

It was stated not long ago that Alexander Siloti, the charming Russian pianist and gentleman whose playing here is well remembered, had died. Now it is stated positively that he is living safe and sound in Helsingfors. They have a habit in Russia of killing men and then bringing them to life: Chaliapin, the bass, and Maxim Gorki, the novelist, for example.

Jean Gerardy, the brilliant violoncelist, may give concerts in England in the spring. He enlisted in the Belgian army in 1914, and now, demobilized and decorated, he is taking up concert work again.

Delius's "Song of the High Hills," produced at a Philharmonic concert, Lon-

don, Feb. 26, has a chorus, which, seated, sings only vowel sounds. The composer has said of this work "I have tried to express the joyous exhilarations one feels in the mountains, and also the loneliness and melancholy of the high solitudes and the grandeur of the wide, far distances. The human voices represent Man in Nature, an episode which becomes fainter and then disappears." Delius's new concerto for violin, violon-

cello and orchestra was played by May and Beatrice Harrison and Wood's orchestra on Feb. 21, in London. The Times said of it: "The general mood bears a resemblance to the recently heard Violin Concerto of Delius. The melodic ideas are intimately dovetailed into one another and particular stress is laid on the palpitating sentiment of the central slow movement. Delius is most attractive in the world of dreams. When he rouses himself and attempts action he falls short, and a rather bald marcatto theme, with some ineffectual ornaments for the solo instruments, produce a patchiness in both the allegro movements. The beauty of the instrumental color with which the ideas are clothed, and the opportunities it gives for an intimate ensemble between the soloists and the orchestra, are things which should give the concerto a definite place among the very few of its class which exist."

Cyril Scott has written incidental music for "Othello" the new theatre (London) production of Feb. 21 said: He who would write music incidental to a stage-play is usually victimizing by one of two things—the play or the audience. Generally speaking, incidental music means an overture, a song or two, a dance or two, and entr'actes; and since in "Othello," there are no dances and but one song—the famous "Willow" willow, sung (very wisely) unaccompanied—the music specially composed by Mr. Scott for the New Theatre production is heard chiefly amid a hubbub of conversation and a clatter of teacups. From what one could make of it in such difficult circumstances one does not feel that Mr. Scott has quite risen to the tremendous issues of the play. This is a drama of elemental passions, violently alive and heart-searching, and any music less than this is—if one may use the expression—"mopped up" by it. There is no violence in Mr. Scott's music—a persistent drum-beat in one or two places was ominous, perhaps, in intention—and there are no fierce outlines, such as Rimsky-Korsakoff, would have given us. If the composer has

written music that we may hereafter enjoy and praise in the concert-room then Mr. Matheson Lang has done us a service. At present it is at a disadvantage."

The London Times of the same date published a long article discussing the question of whether there should be music in the theatre.

It has been said that the recent performance of Purcell's "Fairy Queen" at Cambridge (Eng.) was the first on any stage since 1693. Dr. Gratton Flood says that the first performance was in 1692 and that there was a performance in 1703 at Drury Lane.

Bantock's Hebridean tone poem "The Sea Ravens" was performed in London Feb. 21: "A vigorous piece of music," says the Times, "having one of the Hebridean folksongs collected and published by Mr. Kennedy Fraser as its principal theme, it keeps that theme well in the foreground and surrounds it picturesquely with the suggestions of the gale beating on the rock-bound coast and the adventurous romance of the sea-rivers' life. It is all seen rather in the green moonlight of the theatre, that moon which continues to shine on the darkest night in order that we may be able to see the faces of the actors. As the music reaches its climax we expect the curtain to rise, showing us the lightning flashing on the back cloth and the chorus carefully huddled close to the footlights singing Hook-o'-rinyo! When winds do blow. It would be an effective opening and in the middle section of the tone-poem the composer seems already to have found some of the music for the necessary love interest of such a romantic opera. Perhaps he will develop the idea."

Here is shrewd criticism in a few words: "Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang Saint-Saens's 'La Fiances du Timballer' not quite as formerly, but rather as though she were recalling what it used to mean."

For the first time—and this development is remarkable—an important musical composition has appeared as a gramophone record before its public performance. This work is an orchestral suite, "Fantasy Scenes from an Eastern Romance," by Mr. Hamilton Harty, published by the Columbia company on two double-sided discs. It has been recorded by the composer himself conducting the Court Symphony Orchestra.

The suite is in four movements, and appears not to be profound but thoroughly picturesque and engaging music—an addition to the long series of works in modern music inspired by the color and strangeness of the Orient, rather than by actual oriental music.—A London exchange.

A Wordless Ragtime Farce as a Parisian Spectacle

The first of a series of curious entertainments organized by M. Jean Cocteau and a group of young musicians whose "modernism" consists mainly in a reaction against the excessive "impressionism" introduced by Debussy, and who seek their inspiration in the "realism" of music hall accessories, clowns, and American ragtime melodies, was given on Saturday at the Comedie des Champs Elysees, Paris.

In *Le Boeuf sur le Toit*, or the Nothing-Happens Bar, M. Cocteau has imagined and executed a wordless "farce," on the old Italian model, in which masked actors represent the familiar far-frequenting types, such as the Jockey, the Negro Boxer, the Gentleman in Evening Dress, the Red-haired Lady, the Barman, and the Policeman.

All the actors wear not only masks, but enormous cardboard head-and-shoulder pieces which, by dwarfing the rest of their bodies, give them the appearance of the familiar swollen-headed personages dear to the pen of the political caricaturist. After the inhabitants of the bar have gone through various "naturalistic" evolutions, the effect of which is heightened by the dreadful immobility of the masks, the Policeman enters, is decapitated by the ventilating fan, and finally restored to life by having gin poured into his headless trunk. This action takes place to the accom-

paniment of music by M. Darius Milhaud, which is most ingeniously contrived to evoke the whole atmosphere of American bars and ragtime rhythms.

The spectacle also included three charming short orchestral pieces by Satie (first performance); "Adieu, New York!" an acrobatic dance, music by George Auric; an orchestral overture by Francis Poulen, and the latter's clever setting of M. Cocteau's "Cocardes," sung by M. Koubitzky to the accompaniment of one violin, cornet-a-piston, trombone, side-drum, and triangle—an ingenious reminiscence of Parisian street music, such as is to be heard, for example, on July 14 accompanying the "Bals Populaires."—London Times, Feb. 25.

German Songs from Foreigners in English Concert Halls

Mme. Donalds and M. Mischa-Leon gave a joint recital at the Aeolian Hall. Their voices both blend and contrast, and a scene from Massenet's "Manon," was, apart from a lack of agreement on a high B, a good example of concerted singing. As to the discrepancy, one could not complain of not being forewarned, since the notes of climax had been taken throughout the afternoon by Mme. Donalds flat and by M. Leon sharp. In moderation these are, no doubt, legitimate effects, but the two combined have been known before now to drive people from the room.

We were grateful to Mme. Donalds for showing us one most musical song "Les Cigales," of Chabrier; and for the dry way in which she managed the French patter in Momus's song from "Phoebus and Pan." M. Leon was chiefly concerned in getting his German songs received back again into favor. But to scream "meine eigene Gestalt" and to wax sentimental over "so schoen, so rein und hold" was not the way to do it; and to garble the lament from "Dido and Aeneas" in the first place, and rely on loud and soft effects, with nothing between, in the second, was to alienate the sympathy on which the foreign singer lives.

We are busy just now recovering the hundreds of our own songs we have forgotten, and there is no room for the foreigner who mars German and cannot make English songs. He had better have stuck to his Scandinavian, where, with his knowledge and our ignorance, he was on comparatively safer ground; especially as the audience, or that large part of it that is in statu pupillari or not even that, took them for the German for which they had voted. The words were inaudible, and it was too much for those demonstrative hearers, who applaud without taste or knowledge, to know from the mere sound of the music the difference between Merikanto and Schumann.

What we want of German songs from foreigners is that they should be sung better than we can sing them ourselves, or else that the program should look beyond the three or four dozen that long use has made trite, and that their reintroduction should not interfere with the movement to exploit our own resources. But the two hundred or so different audiences of London will, no doubt, sit complacently through anything down to the Lacedaemonian gestures of Hippokleides.—London Times.

A Note on Thackeray, Novelist, and the Cinematograph

Nothing is sacred to the sapper or the cinematograph. They say that a man from the "movies" has been photographing an histrionic Col. Newcome in the sacred shades of the Charterhouse. Though we do not much desire to see Col. Newcome die upon the screen, we must allow the right of the cinema, as of other forms of art, to take its good where it finds it. Whether the manner

and matter of Thackeray will make a happy marriage with the breathless vehemence of the "movies" we may doubt, but the adventure was worth making. It is, perhaps, not likely to take lovers of Thackeray to the picture palace, but it may persuade the lovers of the picture palace to spend an hour or two with Thackeray. Insurgent youth is fond of boasting that it knows not the man. For a brief season he had his sceptre and his throne, but he is no longer among the sovereigns of literature. But it is the eternal duty of youth to decry the loyalties of its fathers, and Thackeray, "if aught of things that here befall touch a spirit among things divine," is the last of men to misunderstand the situation. We do not prophesy for him vast audiences in the future, even in the height of his fame he was not a hero of the masses, but his work will survive the fashions which are now adored by youth. The cinematograph visiting Charterhouse found a different scene from that which Thackeray knew and loved. The boys of the old foundation are gone to a Surrey hill, and another school and other buildings hold the ground, but the Guesten Hall still stands, and there the cinema's Col. Newcome met Master Olive. Still the old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital gather in their black gowns as in the days when Thackeray heard them "coughing feebly in the twilight" and fancied Thomas Newcome among them uttering the responses to the Psalm: "Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholds him with His hand." We cannot tell what the "movies" will make of that, nor of that last scene of all when to the chapel bell the old man's hands beat time and, smiling, he said, "Adsum," and died. The work of the cinematograph is in two classes. It has a field all its own in telling such stories as are made up of action and in which what can be seen is all that matters. It can provide a series of illustrations to other work, making vivid to those who need the pictorial appeal what is addressed to the mind. Some of us, though Thackeray was not among them, do not much care for illustrations, but it is a minority's creed. If the thing be done wisely it is likely enough that the film of Col. Newcome may send many more readers to the book. But however that may be, his story is not among the things which pass away. The old scenes are changed, the old memories have sought another home, but the life and death of the greatest of old Carls are a possession forever.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Kreisler, violinist. See special notice. Boston Opera House, 7:30 P. M. Julia Claussen, mezzo-soprano. See special notice. Arlington Theatre, 2:30 P. M. Mannig Berberian, Armenian mezzo-contralto. Colonial Theatre, 8 P. M. Orchestral concert. See special notice. Copley-Plaza, 9 P. M. Eva Gauthier, mezzo-soprano. Folk songs, arranged by Ravel. La bres, Vers l'eglise, Adieu mon bon homme; Merlin dans son berceau, arranged by Ladmirault; Sinigaglia, Vinetto; Debussy, La Chevreule; Hue, J'ai pleure en reve; G. Faure, Clair de lune; Laparra, Lettre a une Espagnole; Java and Malay folk songs in costume, arranged by Paul Selig; Turina, Rima; de Falla, Seguidilla; Rimsky-Korsakoff, air from "Coeq d'Or".

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Marcia Van Dresser, mezzo-soprano. Bossi, Odoles otte, Canto d'Aprile, Shalilindine, Sul Prato; Saint-Saens, Almons nous, Pourquoy restor souleite; Duparc, La Vie Anterieure; Gounod, Le Rossignol; Debussy, La Mer est plus belle; H. Wolf, When a Garden, All Things in the World; H. Smetana, Dams Nightingale; Golden Cradles Swinging, Eternal; Spohr, Rose Softly Blooming; Wade, Meet Me by Moonlight; Dobson, At the Edge of the Sea; Silhouette, Non ho parole.

TUESDAY—Stelbert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mrs. Stanley Ross, Fisher, mezzo-soprano, Sachini, Tout mon Eouheur; G. Faure, Le Secret; Paladilhe, Lamento d'Israel; Chabrier, Villanelle des petits canaris; Duparc, Phidyle; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me and In His Wide and Ample Lined Vesture; Couverture, Silent Noon; Carpenter, Until Ye Come in Early Spring; H. Smetana, Would God We Were Tender Apple Blossoms; Sinding, Light; George Royton, tenor; Palloni, Domani; A. Blimboni, Je me ne voglio Andar; Watts, Addio; Capri, Naples; Paladilhe, Psyche; Gounod, Serenade; Massenet, Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux; Lalo, Ambade; Massenet, Vain Greediness; Grac, The Sea; The Sea; Whelpley, I Know a Hill; Loud, In Mytime. Mrs. Dudley Ellis, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Lillian Prudden, soprano. Handel, Let Me Wander No. 1, Ugeon; Paradies, Lual rescollato; Paganini, Si tu m'aimi; Weckerlin, Chantons les amours de Jean; Old English, When Love Is Kind; Bishop, The Dashing White Sergeant; Paladilhe, Psyche; Bourgaet-Ducoudray, The Angels; Saint-Saens, Guitares et Mandolines; Bizet, Adieu de l'hotese arabe; Tcherane, Remember Me When I Am Gone Away and Corals; Homer, Sheep and Lambs; Ganz, Love in a Cottage; Massenet, The Big Brown Bear; Rachmaninoff, Spring Floods; Hlyman Blitkman, accompanist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Jesse Morse-Berenson, soprano, Gluck, "On Solitude" from "Alceste"; Schubert, "To Music"; Schumann, Roses; Fraur, Love and Sea; Blimboni, The Dew Is Sparkling; Vo Ferrar, Rispetto; Massenet, air from "La clarmoude"; Duparc, Chanson Triste; Ravel, Greek song; Curviller, Au bord de l'eau; Debussy, La Chevreule; Groviev, Guitares et Mandolines; Rachmaninoff, Night; Carpenter, The Player Queen; Horsman, Thus Wisdom Sings; Puccini, "O mio babbino caro" from "Gianni Schicchi." Arthur Fledier, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Jordan Hall, 8:10 P. M. New York Trio (Soprano, violin; Cornelia Van Vliet, Violoncelle; Clarence Adler, Piano). P. M. Trio, H. major, Op. 8, (troubled, a major); Haydn, Trio No. 1, G major; Smetana, Trio, Op. 15, G minor.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Mabel Garrison, soprano. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Montoux conductor.

MME. STANLEY

Mme. Helen Stanley appeared at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon in a varied and brilliant recital of the following program:

Singanna, el crado (from the opera, Medora).....G. Sarti
Stizzoso, m. stizzoso.....Pergolesi
Hush-a-ba Birdle, Croon (old Scotch border nurse song) arr.....A. Moffat
Maiden at the Spring.....G. Goldmark
Beau Soir.....C. Debussy
La Ronet.....E. Paladilhe
Contemplation.....Ch. M. Widor
La Pavane.....Alfred Bruneau
Lamento.....Philippe Denaut
Flor di Stipe.....G. Scambati
L'annamoro di dua Giovinetti

The Last Song.....Anton Dvorak
The Brook.....Anton Dvorak
The Cuckoo.....P. Tschakowsky
Nocturne des Cantilena.....Poldowski
Ah! Love but a Day.....Daniel Protheroe
The Epitaph of a Butterfly, Marion Bauer
Twilight.....Katherine Glenn
I Know.....Gustav Ferrar

The songs by Marion Bauer and Gustav Ferrar were dedicated to Mme. Stanley. The singer graciously responded to the call for encores after the Lamento, the song by Blimboni, the Nocturne, and the final number of the program.

Covering as it did a wide range of interest—folk song, tragic lament, love, entreaty, humor and contemplation—the program was well calculated to find response somewhere in every hearer.

Mme. Stanley sang under the disadvantage of weather that made her voice less responsive in tone than in handling. She sang with a fine control but with huskiness that was evident in the middle register especially. It might easily have seemed to some of her hearers unfortunate that she did not allow the songs more often to speak for themselves and deliver their own message. She wove so thick a web of nods and becks and wreathed smiles about them, with a tendency to make a triumphant passage always like the defiance of Iphigenia to the deities and a falling cadence like the last breath of spent effort, that sometimes the song was only dimly going in the midst of the rendering. This was especially evident in the singing of the Scottish border song, which might have stepped from an opera.

But the singing of the "Maiden of the Spring," of the "Beau Soir," of the first part of the "Lamento," and of the "Nocturne" was most pleasing, though the high notes were too often sharp and hard. The unexpected humor at the close of the Cuckoo song by Tschakowsky caught the audience with delight.

Everyone in the audience must have been delighted at the exceptionally clear enunciation, which revealed that there was a meaning in words as well as music. And gratitude may well be felt

that Mme. Stanley sang even some of the foreign songs in English.

Mr. Zoller's playing was throughout pleasing, unobstructive but artistic.

YVETTE GUILBERT

Last night Yvette Guilbert gave a recital at Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist. Edmund Rickett was the accompanist at the piano. Mme. Guilbert sang the following pieces: Le Miracle de St. Berthe, La Manchotte, au les Trois Journees de la Vierge Marie (15th century); C'est le Mai (16th century); La Mort de Jean Renaud (15th century); Two Pastourelles; Si je suis Trouvee; Lourdan (15th century); Chansons Crinolines (Epoch 1820); Entours dance petit Bois; Ten sourens-tu; La Pauvre Innocente; Modernites Poetiques; Ecoutes dans le Jardin; La Complainte du pauvre corps humain; La Femme; G. Ferrar. Miss Gresser played Bach's second concerto in E major; Hymn to the Sun, from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or" and other numbers.

Mme. Guilbert appeared in costume for each group of songs. She sang "Le Miracle de St. Berthe" for the first time it has ever been performed in public. An old legend, it tells of how the Lord gave arms to an armless servant on Christmas night, so that she might aid the Virgin in giving birth to the Saviour. Mme. Guilbert's interpretations were excellent. Before each number she spoke in a vastly entertaining way about the music at hand, telling the story of each piece in an inimitable manner, and doing out her talks with graceful, perfect gestures, every imaginable kind of exclamation, and many asides to the audience, in the way of droll deprecating, clucking noises—great, windy sighs—sh-h-h!—and knowing, suggestive nods of the head from time to time.

very interesting. The audience received her with the greatest enthusiasm, and she was justly accorded much applause throughout her program.

Miss Gresser gave a pretty performance of the Bach violin concerto and was entertaining in the other pieces that she played.

We asked recently about the word "damnick."

"B. P." of Boston writes: "Damnick" is a boy's word and a word not likely to be met with in print. Almost every boy throughout the middle West knows that it is a stone, usually about the size of the fist, suitable for throwing. That delightful game of "duck on the rock" is always played with dernicks. In our little village, although we played duck, etc., we never heard the word "dernick," nor did we know there was such a word until the cartoonist put it in Elmer Tuggles's mouth.

Apropos de Bottes

(From the German of Johann Martin Mueller.)

Once there was a Gardener.
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers:
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder showers:
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is deemed a verdor
Of the human system!

Coffin's Corrector

As the World Wags:

May I not venture a mild protest against Capt. Coffin's apparent lack of decent consideration for impartial accuracy? This merely out of respect for the memory of Liverpool Jarge, who was cabin boy with me on the old Walrus, and as I many times remarked before I matriculated at Prof. Copeland's board school at Cambridge, a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never foregathered with. Eheu fugaces!

It is true enough, indeed, that he was at Brest, as I myself saw him there when I was chaplain of the Reliable, though I must confess that I rather avoided him, as our altered social status had by that time stamped him as one whom one does not know. But mon Dieu! We must honor the dead if not the living—hinc illae lacrymae. Though himself never a stickler for strict and undeviating truth, yet how blasphemously would he deride the distorted and garbled obituary which Capt. Coffin quilts together in a lamentable patchwork of fancy. Rest, perturbed spirit, until you rise again! Rest under a coverlet more warmly woven, more tenderly tucked in for your long sleep.

I have always been lenient toward orthographic error. Orthography nascent, non-fit; men of profound culture and attainment are not necessarily its confidants. So much for Capt. Coffin's presentation of the Course d'AJout. But no German prisoners, surely, could have been employed upon it; I never saw them there. Invariably they were in the freight yards at the bottom of the steep rocky slope leading down from the Course d'AJout. And officially, at least, the word "PIG" was never stencilled upon their backs. "P. G." possibly. Well, Jarge "busted away" from them and "headed for the caddy on the corner." What caddy on what corner? In that vicinity the only caddy on any corner (I know them all) is the "Bar d'Ocean" on the waterfront a mile away. And to reach this from the Course d'AJout, Jarge must descend two long rocky slopes, across two streets and the railroad yards, and finally turn down another small street; being during the latter stages of his progress entirely incalculable to his biographer. Yet Capt. Coffin distinctly sees him run down by a cannon and knocked back on his tracks fully a half-mile to the railroad track again. A train then rounds by the curve by the "chateau" (location accurate, but distance from the human target about two miles) and propels Jarge (it must have) back across two streets and into the harbor. As nearly as I may judge, this should be at about the location of the

Cafe St. Nicholas. Again, a steamer from the swinging bridge (probably from the naval base near the Rue de Slam, at least 3000 metres away) then mangles him in her propellers; though the water into which he must have fallen has no sufficient depth for a steamer, and to reach him in the time suggested she must have passed the Port de Commerce and skirted the outer end of a long quay or breakwater—a tour de force of navigation possible only in the cinema. Most important of all, the cafes of Brest are not closed at 5 P. M. I know this. And Capt. Coffin should know it. They are closed between 2:30 and 4:30 P. M.; open from 4:30 to 9:30 P. M.

Could Capt. Coffin really have written this farrago? Extraordinary! From my remembrance of the worthy man, his log was uniformly quite all right, though his seamanship may have been open to criticism—he persistently carried stuns'l in a head breeze, if I recollect. Be that as it may, fact and fancy are but poor shipmates, and I have always felt that

any report of him, as it is, is a hand-roller, should at least follow edge their official duty.

L. JOHN HAMER.
Execution Dece.

any report of him, as it is, is a hand-roller, should at least follow edge their official duty.

L. JOHN HAMER.
Execution Dece.

On the Side

As the World Wags:

I cannot think for the life of me whether I sent you the transcendently important information that our distinguished fellow-citizen, the venerable Mr. Lindall Winthrop, has for many years excited the admiration and envy of the public by creasing his trousers on the side. The photographs of King George in the Sunday papers show that he, too, has come to it.

Then did I tell you of the late William Hunt's remark about lacquer? "Good Japanese lacquer has less of man's weakness and more of God's strength than any other human product." This in connection with your opening paragraph a day or two ago.

Boston. GEORGE BUNTON

Limejuicer

As the World Wags:

The term "limejuicer" was a common term used to express contempt for English sailors as far back as 1848 or 1850. The U. S. A. merchant service issued rations of grog to sailors on long voyages for the prevention of scurvy. Grog was the term used for rum, and was considered a man's drink. That England furnished lime juice only was thought to be cheap. "Limejuicer" was a term of derision. While I was a sailor I never heard the term "lime" used.

Boston. DR. W. E. BROCKETT.

"Under Over"

As the World Wags:

When, many years ago, I came over, a poor boy, with just a box of books, and as I was forced to believe, too much of a thickness of accent and vocabulary, an ancient Vermonter, tart of speech and tart of countenance, curtly admonished me to "talk United States."

Well, in Monday's Herald—thanks be—I was enjoying a wiso editorial from the Maiden Evening News, on Vacations and Sick Leaves; and I read that the commonwealth is "giving its employees vacations and sick leave days under over a dozen conditions."

That I take to be "United States." But it is easy to conceive the complete bewilderment of any other alien than a sanguinary Saxonian son of a sea cook. We'll say, over the under over a dozen.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

MME. GAUTHIER

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Eva Gauthier, mezzo-soprano, gave a concert last night at the Copley-Plaza. Her program was as follows: La bres, vers l'eglise (Greek); Adieu, mon bon homme (Spanish), arranged by Ravel; Merlin dans son berceau (Britany) arranged by Ladmirault; Ninette (seventeenth century), arranged by Sinigaglia, Debussy, La Chevreule; Hue J'ai pleure en reve; G. Faure, Clair de Lune; Laparra, Lettre a une Espagnole. Folk songs of Java and Malay States, arranged by Paul Selig and Constant van der Wal; Turina, Rima; De Falla, Seguidilla; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Salut a toi Soleil from "Coeq d'Or".

For three years Mme. Gauthier has been applauded in New York as a singer of unfamiliar and fascinating songs, songs of an exotic quality. It would have been pleasant last night to hear one or two of Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles"; Stravinsky's comical Russian songs with the mocking accompaniment of various instruments; songs by the ultra-modern Italian composers, as Mallipero and Cassella; songs by Delage, Milhaud, Decodat de Severac, John Ireland, Cyril Scott, Josef Holbrooke and the extraordinary Erik Satie. Her repertoire is rich; her interpretation would no doubt have been delightful.

As it was, some of the songs sung last night were requested. Otherwise it

would not be easy to account for the appearance of Hue's "J'ai pleure en reve," which is indeed hackneyed. And it came between the beautiful songs of Debussy and Gabriel Faure! Strange to say, it was this commonplace song that excited the most spontaneous applause, and Mme. Gauthier was obliged to repeat it.

When she comes again she will probably sing for herself—as Carmen remarked to Don Jose when she was humming her intoxicating ditty—and thus sinking will add to the knowledge of her hearers and give them joy.

A word about the program as it stood. Ravel arranged five Greek folk songs in 1907; three years later, a French folk song, an Italian, a Spanish, and a Hebraic. Paul Emile Ladmirault, born at Nantes in 1877, is little known here, yet he has written two operas—"Gilles de Retz" was performed at Nantes in 1893—orchestral pieces, choruses, music for the church, piano pieces, many songs. "Merlin in His Cradle" was arranged in 1906. Turina is known here chiefly by his piano pieces. De Falla is not so well known here as he should be. It

...that Miss Gauthier should be ... in Japanese and Malayan ... see lived on the island of Java ... five years.

The folk songs of the first group were ... themselves and by reason of ... the interpretation. Ravel contented ... of wisely with a slight accompaniment. Leduc's arrangement was ... ornate, the beautiful Breton melody ... deserved simpler treatment. The Japanese songs and the music of the country were pleasantly explained in apt words by the singer in costume. The songs were interesting, though, from necessity, with a piano it was impossible to give wholly the native effect.

Miss Gauthier has an agreeable voice of good compass, flexible, sympathetic. It is well schooled. The singer has an uncommon control of breath; she knows exactly what is to be done and she knows how to do it. Not every woman who has a pleasing voice well trained as a divine right to sing in public. Miss Gauthier is a true interpreter. She has the art of establishing a mood, skill in characterization.

She can be naive, simple, fiery, sensuous. If she can enter into the spirit of various folk songs she can also ex-

press the haunting and amorous recollection of the woman in Debussy's song. Spain, Italy, Java are not the same country to her.

Marcel Hansotte accompanied her admirably. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

STRIKERS GIVE FIRST CONCERT

An audience responsive to the program in all its phases greeted the striking players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in their concert at the Colonial Theatre last night. The greatest demonstration centred about Fredric Fradkin, deposed concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra.

There was also vigorous response for Harry D. Brenton of the American Federation of Musicians and the sentiments he expressed in a speech as representative of President Joseph N. Webber of the association, who was unable to be present.

Recalled Four Times
Mr. Fradkin was recalled four times after he had rendered the Meditation from "Thais" as a violin solo and was compelled to give two encores, Kreisler's "Tambourine Chinois" and "The Beautiful Little Rosemarin." Gustav Helm drew hearty applause with a trumpet solo, "The Lord Chord."

Emil Mollenhauer conducted the concert, which opened with "The Star Spangled Banner." Then followed "Lenore" No. 3 and Bizet's "Les Toreadors."

Both balconies were filled solidly when the concert opened and the orchestra floor was crowded almost to capacity. The ranks of the strikers were re-enforced for the concert by other union musicians of the city.

Mr. Brenton made his address during intermission, first reading a telegram from President Webber noting that he was unable to appear because of a nervous breakdown. He called the Boston Symphony Orchestra "a foreign institution on American soil" and proceeded:

"I am not of my element here tonight, as I easily sense that I am facing a friendly audience. I am more at home when there is trouble to face, although I don't usually look for it, but generally get it."

Praises Federation

After stressing the fact that all symphonic orchestras all over the United States and Canada belong to the American Federation of Musicians, except the Boston Symphony, he declared that there was very little chance for the American boy or musician until the federation was established.

"This institution (referring to the Boston Symphony Orchestra) was founded by a remarkable man, against whom none of us have anything to say. These men asked the federation for assistance last February and they are here tonight as members of that organization. They have their own reasons for joining us. I asked one of their number for a reason and he replied that he wanted to be a man and own his own soul for once." They appealed to the ... and extended the hand of fellowship to them and we proffer it also to the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, if they will let us.

"There is only one thing the federation asks of any management—and that is that it first give America an opportunity to furnish its artists before scouring the whole of Europe. These gentlemen are full-fledged members of the union, 24 additional men still playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra have com-

... their unionization and is others of that orchestra have applied for membership in the federation. We believe they will come in when they complete their present contracts

Automatically Barred

"Some of the present members of that orchestra are not Americans and will not become citizens so they are automatically barred, as that is one of the first requirements for membership. Those men have been members of the orchestra, which for years has been 'a foreign institution on American soil.' I hope these men will live up to the tradition of the federation and I extend the hand of fellowship to men of our profession whether they be union or non-union members."

William G. Dodge, who was in charge of the arrangements for the concert, announced that he had received word from Charles Purcell of the "Magic Melody" company and Louis Beninson of the "Dere Mable" company that they would be unable to appear. Mr. Woolsey of the latter company appeared and pledged the support of the Actors' Equity Association to the striking players.

MME. JULIA CLAUSSEN GIVES A RECITAL

Several Vocal Organizations Assist in the Program

Mme. Julia Claussen gave a recital at the Boston Opera House Sunday afternoon. The Swedish Glee Club of Boston, the Harmony Male Chorus of Boston and the Thule Male Chorus of Worcester assisted in the program. Miss Valborg Teeling was the accompanist at the piano for Mme. Claussen. Mme. Claussen's program was as follows: Caro Mio Ben, Gloriant; The Mermaid's Song, Haydn; Des Roses, Pesse; Chant Hindou, Bemberg; A Legend, Tschalkowsky; But Lately In Dance I Embraced Her, Arensky; Cradle Song, McFayden; My Love Is a Muletter, di Rogero; Mon Coeur (from "Samson and Delilah"), Saint-Saens; I Seraljeus Lustgard, Sjogren; Visa, Nordquist; Til Majdag, Peterson-Berger, and Norrlannings Hemlangtan, Varvinder Friska, Aspaekery Polska (Swedish Folksongs).

Mme. Claussen has sung with the Metropolitan Opera of New York, the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the Covent Garden Royal Opera, the Royal Opera Company at Stockholm and others. She pleased yesterday afternoon in her varied program. Her last group of songs was made up of six Swedish songs, three of them folksongs. These pieces were given a very enthusiastic reception by the audience, and Mme. Claussen was compelled to sing more Swedish songs. She sang numerous encores and won much applause.

FRITZ KREISLER GIVES HIS CLOSING CONCERT

Symphony Hall Filled by Enthusiastic Audience

Fritz Kreisler gave his last concert in Boston of this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall before an audience which filled the hall to its capacity. It was an audience which showed enthusiastic appreciation of the artist.

Nothing new can be said of Mr. Kreisler's playing, both the violinist and his instrument having exhausted the encomiums of critics and of the public.

Mr. Kreisler's program was: Concerto, A minor, Bach; Scotch Fantasy, Brahms; Variations on a theme by Corelli, Tartini; Rondo, Boccherini; La Chasse, Cartier; Hindoo Chant, Rimsky-Korsakoff; Two Slavonic Dances and Slavonic Fantasy, Dvorak-Kreisler.

Several additional pieces were played at the close of the program before the reluctant audience dispersed.

rich 23 1920

As old Mr. Auger was reading the New York Evening Post at the Porphyry Club he surprised those nearest him by snorting in rage. "I had always thought," he said in a rasping voice, "that the Evening Post had a regard for sound English. It did when William Cullen Bryant was alive. But see what I find: 'That swashbuckling hero of a recent dramatic episode, (Gabriele d'Annunzio) 'Swashbuckling! Pooh! As if there were a verb to swashbuckle.'"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, having heard this outburst and having heartily agreed with Mr. Auger, left the club and went to the Public Library, for his room in Blossom court is not large enough to accommodate his books. He sends us this note:

"Old Auger was right when he said there was no verb 'to swashbuckle,' except in newspapers; but 'swashbuckling' is not a modern 'newspaper word'; I find it in Sir Thomas Urquhart's superb translation of Rabelais's 'Pantagruel.' Judge Bridlegoose is telling a story about a certain Gascon named Gratianaud: 'He passed from thence to that part of the leaguer where the huff-snuff, ponder-sponder, swashbuckling high Germans were.' Henry Kingsley and George Augustus Sala did not hesitate to use it. By the way, 'swash-

... a ... not have died with the 15th century

The Ruling Passion

The death of William L. Andrews, a noted collector of books, followed soon after the death of Mr. Smith, the famous buyer and seller of books. Do they now recall bitterly the words of Charles Lamb meditating on the life beyond?:

"And you, my midnight darlings, my Fellows; must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embrace? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?"

Perhaps the two have now found a lost comedy of Menander, or a missing book of Tacitus. Perhaps they are snickering over the illustrated volume of Elephantis and the toilet recipes collected and invented by Helen of Troy. Or they may have clean forgotten this earth and the world-mess, reading those tales in the volumes of the Magi known only here to Edgar Allan Poe—"the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

In 1651

"We (the English), conscious of our peaceful intentions, would disarm, but we distrust the aggressive intentions of the Germans; while the Germans, conscious of their peaceable intentions, would disarm, but they are distrustful of the aggressive intentions of the English."—Thomas Hobbes.

Passing Whims

As the World Wags:

Concerning men's criticism of us girls wearing arctics unbuckled, and other caprices, let me say that wearing the hair a certain way, or carrying the handbag a certain way, like many passing whims, is not permanent; it is only periodical; whereas when men get into a habit, it is apt to be of the enduring kind. Let me mention one that originally was sensible. I refer to the manner of wearing the scarf-pin. When I was a very young girl, my brother explained that when the scarf-ring went out of fashion, the scarf-pin, with a long gold shank, came into general use among men. It was practical and decorative. After the four-in-hand had been tied, to keep it in place and to prevent its slipping, the pin was inserted about one-eighth of an inch at the bottom and in the middle of the cross-section. The point of the pin or shank emerged about an inch or so below where it had pierced the knot, continued for about another inch, according to the fancy of the wearer, and then the tie was held securely. The fact that the ornament was a pin and not a stud, was obvious. Now, however—and this senseless whim has been vogue for many years and adopted by the wealthy clubman down to the errand-boy, indiscriminately—the pin is stuck in the middle of the cravat, below the knot, and in most cases the entire shank is concealed. The ornament has thus the appearance of being only a stud and not a pin. If the shank is allowed to show, then the article is a pin, no mistake. In either case, however, the knot cannot be secure, particularly if a standing collar be worn. My brother in Chicago still wears his scarf-pin in the old way, which he told me recently, has been adopted by many of his friends. MABEL.

In Chicago

As the World Wags:

Melville E. Stone, son of an itinerant Methodist minister and now known to fame as the general manager of the Associated Press, began lately in Collier's Weekly a series of articles which promise to make an interesting autobiography. In the issue of Feb. 21 he tells how he learned of the assassination of Lincoln. He says:

"I shall never forget one morning in April, 1865. We lived on West Madison street in Chicago, and it was my habit to rise early and get the morning paper. I did so and came bounding through the house (Mr. Stone was then 17 years old) announcing the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. I dressed at once and started for the Tribune office. When I reached there the street was crowded, and the windows were filled with bulletins, announcing the death of Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Seward, Gen. Grant and Andrew Johnson. The wild burst of rage was beyond description. Unable to enter the Tribune building because of the crowd, I made my way around the corner to the Matteson House, which was located at the corner of Dearborn and Randolph streets, a block away. In it was the ancient lounging rotunda. It was packed. Very soon I heard the crack of a revolver, and a man fell in the centre of the room. His assailant stood perfectly composed with a smoking revolver in his hand, and justified his action by saying: 'He said it served Lincoln right.' There was no arrest. No one would have dared arrest the man. He walked out a hero. I never knew who he was."

Boston. F. L. BULLARD.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Private Secretary," a farcical comedy in three acts, by Charles Hawtrey.

Douglas Cattermole.....Noel Leslie
Mrs. Stead.....Violet Roach
Mr. Sydney Gibson.....Leonard Craske
Harry Marshall.....Nicholas Joy
Rev. Robert Spaulding.....E. R. Clive
Mr. Cattermole.....H. Conway Winfield
Miss Ashford.....Cameron Matthews
Mr. Marshall.....Percy Came Wrayan
Edith Marshall.....Ada Wingard
Eva Webster.....May Ediss
John.....Lyonel Waits
Gardener.....Sharland Bradbury

This old farce, long played by William Gillette, and produced by the Jewett Players a little more than a year ago, was given again last night. It is, of course, a funny play; the large audience last night was much amused, and yet it seems to us the farce is somewhat feeble in its wit in spots.

Much of the humor depends upon too obvious puns; the action is a little forced at times. Then, too, Miss Wingard and Mr. Leslie pranced around on the stage too much last night; the former also seems to think that in order to be vivacious one must giggle a great deal, and it is a little wearing on her audience.

It is interesting to realize that many of the present day comedies can still compare favorably with one of the "good old days."

Mr. Clive was once more the private secretary around whom the fun swings fast and furious. It is the sort of part in which all his unusual ability as a comedian has ample opportunity to shine. His makeup was ludicrous to the last degree without being exaggerated.

Miss Roach, as Mrs. Stead, was only on the stage during the first act, but her playing of the kind hearted, timid, gone-to-seed landlady is one of the best things she has ever done. Mr. Craske did an extraordinarily good bit as the tipsy tailor who aspired to soar; Miss Newcombe—although it is difficult for Miss Newcombe to look old—made an engaging Miss Ashford, and Mr. Winfield, although a trifle strenuous, was amusing as old Mr. Cattermole.

EVA TANGUAY AT B. F. KEITH'S AGAIN

Eva Tanguay, agile and vivacious as ever, "never the same as before," headed the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre Monday night, the performance marking the 26th anniversary of the theatre. Some of the Tanguay costumes, looked like the parade in a flower show and some were daring enough to excite comment. Her songs were modern and not very remarkable, but her personality put them over. For a final encore she gave the Marseillaise with great spirit.

Bert Erroll, with the Tetrastini voice, received the applause which is always his due. William Gaxton and a company composed of Dorothy La Rue, Marjorie Young, James Hester and Jack McMahon, put on a decidedly clever sketch, "The Junior Partner," by Rupert Hughes.

The Babetta Patrick Company opened the bill with an equilibristic act that displayed marvelous feminine strength, and Ted Dooley with his rope and dancing act caught the favor of the house.

Lee Rose and Kathryn Moore in song and dance, and Olive Briseoe and Al Rauh in song and patter, proved favorites.

Balfour Lloyd and Gilbert Wells appeared in a black face sketch, and the bill closed with "The Act Beautiful," a series of animal statuary that was seen a few weeks ago with Harry Lauder.

MARCIA VAN DRESSER SINGS IN JORDAN HALL

Mezzo-Soprano Voice of Artist Reveals Her Fuller Tones

In a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, Marcia van Dresser presented the following program:

"O Dolce Notte," "Conte d'Aprile," "Similitudine," "Sul Prato," Enrico Bossi
"Within a Garden," "All Things in World Have Speech," "Dame Nightingale," "Golden Cradle's Swinging," "Eternal,"
"Aimons-Nous," "Pourquoi Rester Seul,"
"Le Rossignol," "Saint-Saens,"
"La Vie Interieure," "C. Gounod,"
"La Mer Est Plus Belle," "Claude Debussy,"
"Rose Softly Blooming," "Spohr,"
"Meet Me By Moonlight Alone," J. A. Wade
"At the Edge of the Sea," Tom Dobson
"Non Ho Parole," "Gabriele Sibelle"

Songs by such composers as Bossi and Erich Wolff are so limited in style that they are bound to show a certain sameness when sung in numbers. The dramatic song of Duparc and the delicately expressive one of Debussy were easily the best. Known to Boston in operetta, to Chicago and Europe in grand opera, Miss van Dresser nevertheless chose the lyric song and manner, revealing the splendor of her fuller tones only now and then. Her voice, even and bright in quality, has deepened with maturity from soprano to mezzo-soprano, and indeed her lower range is now her fortune.

MR. AND MRS. BLOCH
GIVE SONATA RECITAL

Program for Piano and Violin in
Jordan Hall

Last night at Jordan Hall a recital of sonata for piano and violin was given by Mrs. Alexander Bloch (at the piano), and Mr. Bloch, violinist. The program comprised a Mozart sonata in B flat, the Franck sonata in A, and the sonata in D minor of Brahms. The Mozart sonata—the first on the program—was given a rather perfect performance. The sonata by Cesar Franck received much better treatment. Mrs. Bloch's playing of the allegro was fresh and interesting. In her interpretation of the piano part of the Brahms, too, Mrs. Bloch showed skill and an intelligent appreciation of the requirements of the music. Mr. Bloch was at his best, too, in this piece, and showed a control of tone that he lacked in his playing of the Mozart sonata.

MRS. FISHER AND
BOYNTON SING

By PHILIP HALE
Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher, soprano, and George Boynton, tenor, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Fisher's songs were these: Sacchini, Tont Mon Bonheur, from "Oedipe a Colone"; G. Faure, Le Secret; Paladilhe, Lamento Provençal; Chabrier, Villancle des Petits Canards; Duparc, Phidyle; Dvorak, Songs my mother taught me and In his Wide and Ample Vesture Converse, Silent Moon; Carpenter, Wull ye come in early Spring; Fisher, Would God I were the tender apple-blossoms; Sinding, Light. Mr. Boynton's were these: "Palloni Domani; Bimboni, E me ne voglio andar; Watts, Addio, Capri, Naples; Paladilhe, Payche; Gounod, Serenade; Massenet, Oh! si des pieurs a vaient des yeux; Lalo, Aubade; Massenet, Voir Griseldis, Grant-Schaefer, the Sea; Whelpley, I know a hill; Loud, In Maytime. Mrs. Dudley Pitts was the accompanist. There were several unfamiliar songs on the program, and there were some that are too familiar. Sacchini's air was unfortunately misconceived by Mr. Fisher. It is not dramatic according to the modern meaning of the word. Oedipus, alone with his daughter Antigone, fears that he is a burden to her. She reassures and comforts him. The melody is simple and should be sung simply and quietly. Gretzy described Sacchini's operatic airs more than once as "Vague and Angelic." This air from "Oedipus at Colonus" is lightly accompanied by strings, with discreet passages for flutes and horns. Poor Sacchini died before he saw the opera on the stage, died broken-hearted, thinking that Marie Antoinette was weary of his music. The two singers frequently forgot the excellent acoustical properties of the hall and used undue force. The songs by Palloni and Bimboni are of the Italian school represented by Tosti and Denza, but of little musical worth, while in the "Addio" and "Capri" of Watts the voice is carried up and down like the lines on a typhoid fever chart but without as great significance. Mr. Boynton has a pleasing voice; he sang for the most part intelligently and effectively. For many years singers, great and little, have sung Gounod's "Serenade" in English and were, nevertheless, applauded. Mr. Boynton preferred to sing it in French and with a long-held note at the end. Mrs. Fisher's voice was the most agreeable when she made the least effort. Her lower and middle tones in piano passages had a firm and sympathetic quality. In the upper register (so-called) the tones were shrill. An interpreter she showed little individuality. Mrs. Pitts played helpful accompaniments. There was a very friendly audience.

LILLIAN PRUDDEN GIVES
SUCCESSFUL RECITAL

Boston Soprano at Jordan Hall Shows
Remarkable Promise

Mrs. Lillian Prudden, soprano, of this city, gave a song recital last night at Jordan Hall. Mr. Hayman Huitekan was the accompanist. The program was as follows:
Let Me Wander Not Unseen, Handel; Quel Ruchto, Paradies; Se Tu M'ami, Pergolesi; Canon des Amours de Jean, Weckerlin; When Love Is Kind (old English); The Dashing White Sergeant, Bishop; Psyche, Paladilhe; G. Faure, Les Mandolines; Salm-Saens; L'Amour, Bourgeois-Ducoudray; Adieu de L'Amour, Bizet; Remember Me When I Am Away, Corais; Trehame; Sheep and Lambs, Homer; Love in a Cottage, Rudolph Ganz; The Big Brown Bear, Anna-Zucca; The Woods of Spring, Rachmaninoff.
Miss Prudden showed last night a voice of promising qualities, well trained and flexible. It came to best advantage in the older pieces; she sus-

stained the long notes with a soft and supple position toward a tremolo in the parts. Her singing of "L'Amour" was well received that it had to be repeated.
Miss Prudden has a modest and pleasing stage presence, an unaffected and simple manner of interpretation; her voice is fresh and firm and her diction is clear. The piano accompaniments by Mr. Huitekan were admirable.

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Vaughn Williams's Work
Feature of Musical Association's Program

By PHILIP HALE
The fourth concert of the Boston Musical Association, Mr. Longy, conductor, took place last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Jan Brande-Buys, Romantic Serenade (The Durrell String Quartet); John Beach, Naive Landscapes, Suite for flute (Mr. Laurent), oboe (Mr. Longy), clarinet (Mr. Mimart) and piano (Mr. Beach); Vaughn Williams, "On Wenlock Edge," Six songs for tenor (Kulon T. Robinson), piano (Miss Longy-Miquelle), and string quartet; Griffes, Poeme for flute (Miss Marion Jordan) and small orchestra. The Serenade, consisting of three movements, is music that comes under the definition of Athenaeus: "The purpose of music is to promote affability and a gentleman-like joy." It is music that pleases the ear at the time and makes no lasting impression. All that one remembers half an hour after the concert is a fluttering of muted strings and agreeable phrases played on the viola with a rich, full tone by Miss Anna Golden. There was assurance at the time that the performance by the quartet was a creditable one, but there was not the conviction that the music itself necessitated a performance. Mr. Beach's suite is in three movements suggested by poems of Paul Mowrer. The first is in a contemplative mood, as the composer informed Mr. Olin Downes, the author of the interesting program-book. "The second is a picture of a gnome at play in a wheat field. Discovered, he runs away, not without a parting grimace. The third follows without pause." There should have been a pause: Without it, we failed to hear the grimace. Perhaps it would be impertinent to ask Mr. Mowrer, who is now in Paris, why the gnome abandoned his watch over treasures deep down in the earth, or what he was doing in a wheat field? Mr. Beach calls his suite "Naive Landscapes." Many years ago Arthur Macy wrote some verses wondering whether a certain young woman was "naive or fly." This question might be asked of Mr. Beach's "Landscapes." They are desultory little pieces, intended, no doubt, to suggest moods or bring a picture before one, but at first hearing they seemed rambling and not particularly interesting or even suggestive. Opportunity, however, was given Mr. Laurent to display his beautiful tone and his facility in a cadenza. Mr. Beach was poetically inclined when he wrote this suite, after the ultra-modern French manner, but he did not have a firm grip on his material, nor was the material in itself of marked musical interest. The feature of the evening was the first performance in Boston of Vaughn Williams cycle, with the poems taken from Housman's "Shropshire Lad." The poems chosen are "On Wenlock Edge," "From Far, from Eve and Morning," "Is My Team Ploughing," "Oh, When I Was in Love with You," "Bredon Hill" and "Clun." All these songs show a pronounced individuality of thought and expression. They are far removed in sentiment and in idiom from the English songs that are usually sung here. Although Mr. Williams, after study in England and Germany, was with Ravel for a time, he has not been unduly influenced by him. The songs have English frankness even in their close translation into tones of the bitter-sweet text. The most remarkable are "Is My Team Ploughing," in which a dead man questions a living neighbor—Thomas Hardy wrote even a grimmer poem on this subject—and "Bredon Hill," with its pathetic irony. Perhaps the first song of the cycle should be put by their side. These songs, sung intelligently by Mr. Robinson, and well accompanied, made a profound impression. It would be easy to write a separate article on the cycle. Did Mr. Griffes write for an orchestra as large as the one of last night? Or was Miss Jordan's tone too light? Whatever the cause, the result was that the flute was frequently inaudible. When it was heard, it gave pleasure. The music itself, while it shows delicate fancy, is not so engrossing as the composer's "Kubla Khan" heard here this season at a Symphony concert. Mr. Longy has brought out in this series compositions that would not otherwise have been heard; he has given young singers and players the opportunity of being heard. It is to be regretted that there is not more general interest in these concerts. The program of the last, an orchestral one, April 23, is a peculiarly interesting one: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "A Page from Homer" (trio, chorus and orchestra); G. Faure, Elegie;

Chausson, Chant d'Amour (trio, chorus and orchestra), and Chanson perpetuelle (soprano solo); Arthur Whiting, Fantasia for piano and orchestra; Panelli, Symphonie Pictures (after Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy").

Fifty-even years ago this month Taino and Renan were talking with others at dinner. Taino expressed the opinion, the extraordinary opinion, that musical natures were inclined towards Protestantism; that painters and sculptors preferred Catholicism. The roll call would not substantiate the statement concerning musicians. (Yet Vincent d'Indy's opinion that Beethoven's later and greatest works were due to his devotion as a Catholic will not hold water, for Beethoven, although a deist, was by no means a man of any church). And at this dinner Sainte-Beuve expressed his disgust at being a Frenchman: "I know very well that one says, to be a Parisian is to be a Parisian, not a Frenchman; but one is always French; that is, a man of no account, for in France there are policemen everywhere. I wish I were English; an Englishman is at least somebody. And I have a little of the blood, for I came from Boulogne and my grandmother was English."

[This wild talk is easily accounted for: The narrator spoke of the conversation as born of "the fermentation of good and warm digestion in great brains."

Concerning Adam
As the World Wags:
In Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel, "The Better Man," Brady makes one of his characters, an Episcopal rector, say: "Adam's question to God, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' has been answered by the world without waiting for the divine reply." Who was Adam's brother? J. D. K. Boston.
There is much interesting information about Adam in the Talmud, in the rabbinical writings. We know that he was very tall; some say 100 cubits; so tall that the angels feared him and persuaded the Lord to reduce his height. He was a handsome man—that is acknowledged by all. The books that he wrote, one on the creation of the world the other about the Divine Being, have disappeared—an irreparable loss. His authorship of the 92d Psalm has been disputed. As is well known, his first wife was Lilith, according to those who saw her a singularly charming woman, not so beautiful perhaps as Eve, with whom Samael, the prince of all the angels, fell in love, who was supposedly the father of Cain. Mr. Randolph Miller, the accomplished editor of the Chattanooga Weekly Blade, wrote early in 1903 that Adam had a dark-skinned wife, named Delinnah, before Eve was called into being. There was a family disturbance because Cain paid attentions to Delinnah's daughter, so the two women went from the Garden of Eden to Africa, where they were joined by Cain in less than a week. Consulting the wisdom of the ancients, we find no allusion to any brother of Adam.—Ed.

As the World Wags:
Not having Murray handy, I write to you as my court of final appeal regarding the meaning—the every-day colloquial and journalistic meaning—of the word "hectic."
A young lady assures her hearers that she had a "hectic" journey; another speaks of the "hectic" weather. A dramatic critic in a Boston paper tells us that a certain play is "hectic." A week ago the financial editor told us that it had been a "hectic" day in Wall Street and then followed this boldface headline with the trite remark that the market had been dull all day! Even in the pages of the staid Atlantic we find the intruder masquerading in every sense but the dictionary ones. For instance, in the current issue, is an excellent article on Americanization, the author asks rhetorically: "First of all, why this 'hectic' outcry just now?" Why, indeed. Turning to the Sunday Herald this morning, the editorial writer waxes eloquent on the "hectic history of America's bronze goddess."
Let us see what the dictionary says. Webster defines the adjective "hectic" as follows:
1.—Habitual, constitutional; pertaining especially to slow waste of animal tissue, as in consumption.
2.—In a hectic condition; having hectic fever; consumptive.
Clearly none of these definitions will fit the popular usage or misusage. A teacher of English to whom I put the question assured me that in every one of the above examples "hectic" is used as slang, with the general connotation of "feverish." Slang it undoubtedly is, still there is the lurking suspicion that

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the users of the word think they are using it in a dictionary dictionary sense. It is considerably out of account of its employment in such phrases as "hectic fever" and "hectic flush" some people have run away with the idea that "hectic" itself means "feverish."
When did "hectic" first come into popular slang usage? Is it local? But why let this poor, ill-used word do single duty when substitutes are so readily available? Might we not with equal appropriateness allude to the "malarial" time we had at the shore, the "dysenteric" day on 'chango, the "miasmatic" performance at the theatre and the "typhoidal" history of Sabrila.
INDICUS.
Cambridge, March 14.
Your point is well taken. There are other words absurdly used, as "pretentious," when the writer means "sumptuous" or "elaborate." "Weird," was originally connected with fate, now stands colloquially for "queer" or even "rotten bad." Not long ago we saw this heading of a table of advertisements in a newspaper: "Lineage for the Month." Even some respectable persons now write and say "proven" for "proved." Why do they not say "moven" for "moved"; "lovein" for "loved"?—Ed.

MRS. BERENSON GIVES
A SONG RECITAL

Good-Sized Audience Appreciative
Well-Chosen Program

Jessie Morse Berenson, soprano, gave a song recital last night at Jordan Hall. Arthur Fiedler was the accompanist. The program was as follows: "Ousuls-le" (from "Alceste"), Gluck; To Music, Schubert; Roses, Schumann; Love and Spring, Franz; The Dew is Sparkling, Rubinstein; Rispetto, Wolf-Ferrari; Air from "Esclarmonde," Massenet; Chanson Triste, Duparc; Greek Song, Ravel; Au Bord de l'Eau, Cuvillier; La Chevelure, Guitard at Mandolines, Grolez; Night, Rachmaninoff; The Player Queen, Carpenter; Thus Wisdom Sings (from "The Chinese Horseman").
"O mio Babilno caro (from "Glaudi Schlich").
Mrs. Berenson pleased in the pieces of Wolf-Ferrari, in the air from Massenet's "Esclarmonde," and in some of the group of modern songs. She was most happy in her choice of the program. Her selections from the songs of Schubert, Franz and Schumann were well chosen; and for a group of songs by modern composers she chose several of the prettiest and most popular pieces of Ravel, Debussy and others. Her voice shows evidence of careful training, and her singing was applauded by a good-sized audience.

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, "From the New World symphony; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin;" and "Forest Numbers" from "Siegfried;" Debussy, Little Suite (first time at these concerts if not in Boston); Berlioz, Rakoczy March.
This was a remarkably brilliant concert, one that excited the enthusiasm of an audience that completely filled the hall. Mr. Monteux was greeted warmly when he came on the platform. There was the assurance of belief in him; appreciation of the players faithful to their engagement and mindful of their obligation to the audience that has for many years been faithful to them; confidence in the splendor of the orchestra in the future as in the past. The applause that followed the performance of each composition was not merely sympathetic and encouraging; it was the enthusiastic approval of the performance itself; and the performance in each instance justly deserved this recognition.
Sitting one night with Horatio Parker when Dvorak's "New World" symphony was played, we were surprised to hear him characterize the work as "meretricious." Did he mean by this that it was immediately pleasing; that it was showily attractive; that it was too melodious? Our friend, whose departure is mourned by many, had a habit of making surprising statements; perhaps to provoke discussion; perhaps to express a passing whim. He certainly did not mean that the music was showy, for the sake of show. There never was a simpler, more sincere composer than Dvorak. He was by nature a child or a savage—which is often the same thing—delighting in strongly marked rhythms and gorgeous colors. He saw red, yellow, scarlet, purple when he sat down to compose. How he would rejoice today in a jazz band! There was a time when

week, was born at Zurich, Switzerland, on Feb. 24, 1877. When he was 10 years old he appeared in public as a violin-cellist. Two years later he played the piano in public. But he began to study seriously with his uncle, Carl Eschmann-Dumur, when he was about 16. He studied also at Lausanne and Strasbourg, and later with Busoni in Berlin, where he appeared as pianist and composer late in 1899. From 1901 to 1905 he taught in Chicago. Since 1905 he has devoted himself to concert playing, composition and private teaching. He was heard for the first time in Boston at a Kneisel concert early in 1904; then at a Symphony concert March 24 of that year (Liszt's concerto in E-flat major). He gave a recital on March 26, 1906, when he introduced pieces by Ravel. Since then he has played in Boston, recitals, chamber concerts, etc. On Oct. 19, 1907, he played at a Symphony concert Liszt's concerto in A major, and on Oct. 21, 1911, Liszt's concerto in E-flat major. Among his compositions are a symphony, concert piece for piano and orchestra, pieces for piano, also for violin; male choruses and over 150 songs. He played here at a Kneisel Quartet concert on March 14, 1915.

As soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concert which terminated the last southern trip, March 22, in Newark, N. J., orchestra and pianist were applauded by thousands.

Personal

"The Merchant of Venice," as brought out by James B. Fagan in London had run on March 4 for more than 200 times without a break. His next Shakespearean revival will be "King Lear."

The good old idea that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat seems to be very much in the offing again. I refer to the amazing idea so prominent just now that if we are to have German songs sung in German we must have Germans to sing them. Was anything ever so preposterous? I maintain that Gerhardt was a great exception as a German interpreter of German song. Put her on one side and put these others on the other: Culp (Dutch), Sistermanns (Dutch), Stockhausen (Alsatian), Mushlen (Russian), Warlich (Russian), Mrs. Edward Speyer (a Kufferath from Brussels), Henschel (Pole), to mention but a few whose names leap to the mind, and where lies the profit? And this without regarding the claims of Plunket Greene (Irish), Gervase Elwes (English), David Blapham (American), Denis O'Sullivan (American), than whom no singers ever got more into the heart of the German lied, nor sang German with a greater purity of accent or distinction of style. No, no. The theory of the fat driver of fat oxen is as fatuous now as in Dr. Johnson's day, and I see no good whatsoever in it.—London Daily Telegraph.

Apropos of Knobloch's "Mumsee," Mr. Walkley remarked: "We are afraid we also know beforehand the tall, clean, English soldier man who is sure to show the noblest feeling on every occasion and to be persistently a very gallant gentleman. That the gallant gentleman should be rewarded in the end by union with the middle-aged heroine (for there are always bombs for tiresome husbands in *Alma* about the war) was a foregone conclusion."

Miss Muriel Hughes seems to be in a fair way to miss her vocation. "Prisoner at the bar," we should be inclined to address her, "God gave you youth and a voice, instead of which you go about trying to interpret." Singing is a carefree and happy thing, and interpreting a hairless and cappy. And why should you not sing? You love it, you know you do; because you sang "Gloria" as if you liked it (though you don't expect us to agree with "chochet=100" for Scarlatti) and Lidgley's "The Wind on the World," a tornado of beautiful tones, after creating an appetite for them by two songs of Parry's which are entirely for older people. Then Herbert Howells provided you with a good and a better song in (1) "Among the Tums" (though the pianissimo of the last two lines sounded on a repetition too much like a pose; it is a good thing to have some alternative manner ready for an encore, if there must be one), and (2) the "Gavotte." In which Mr. Lidgley must share the honors. Then there was Bruneau's "Sabot de Frêne": Well done! It was just right; and so was he. But away with these rhythmless "Angelus" songs, and these "ceteris Clitandres," which Verlaine never made us feel and Debussy has made us tired of, and these "Martin-pecheurs," at least until you have been to France. And get hold of the Dowland, and Arnes, and Horns, and other underrated people, and let us hear some more of that voice.—London Times.

In the first seven songs of Miss Iselt Morice's program, which contained only the titles of the songs, we distinctly heard words twice. They were "aux plaisirs" and "sofeil." And though both of these are cheerful things to think about, it would have been more satisfactory to have had the details. In the English songs one could sometimes make out a whole line.—London Times.

Daly's Theatre in London has been sold for £200,000 to James White of the Boreham Trust.

The London Daily Telegraph, considering "Samson and Delilah," observes

that Saint-Saëns thought of it as having anything. "After all, Samson is none the less wonderful for being just a little cold. The music suits the action to perfection. The story is a biblical story. An example and a lesson, it is remote from every-day passions of men and women. Who ever wept over the fate of Samson?"

Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor" has been transformed into a musical comedy, "The Love Flower."

One of Galsworthy's two new plays is entitled "The Skin Game." The London Times characterizes the title as "quaint." It is certainly intelligible to Americans.

Miss Anne Thurstfield's recital was a little disappointing; with a voice so pleasant, and often so satisfying, to listen to, one thinks a little more might have been done. One is tired of these petty little songs—settings of Tagore with no depth or translucency in them, epigrammatic clevernesses repeated till they become like pictures in old Punches, the pose of "Negro spirituals" and so on. Let us have English song for its own sake, and sung so well that it shall go straight to the heart of every one in the room, sung from a conviction that it is the most beautiful language in the world for an English woman to sing. One is sure Miss Thurstfield is the very person to do this if she saw the point of it and would try.—London Times.

Parisian Theatres Crowded

Even for Old Plays and Operas

A correspondent of the London Times (Mohr) writing from Paris dwelt on the congestion at all classes of theatre and for all kinds of play, whether new, old, or very old. "Hernani" and "Prince d'Aurec" draw crowds. Is it catholicity of taste or "catholicity of indifference" that is observed throughout Paris? "There are the hoariest old favorites on the boards. At the two opera houses, of course, one expects that. Gounod himself might get tired of 'Faust' if he heard it as often as it is played, but it always fetches a big public. 'Werther' is not too bread-and-butter for the many who like to know what the music's about. But it is a surprise to find the Odeon filling up, distant as it is from the heart of Paris, for 'The Cricket on the Hearth'.

"Revolutions, indeed, have a full share of the limelight at the present time. A humorist has just renewed the success of Les Nouveaux Riehes, which was first produced in 1917, and seemed to us all a mordant satire on the ways to the profiteer. What an education we have had in profiteering since then! The principal character would be black-balled from a profiteers' club on the score of indigence nowadays, even if

his good-heartedness did not make him ineligible from the start.

"There is a reason for this burst of revivals. Everybody is theatre-going, and it would be madness for the owner or lessee of a theatre to let it stand empty when he could fill it over and over again merely from the ranks of those who cannot get into other places of amusement. So, while he looks about for a new play, he puts up the equivalent of 'Charlie's Aunt' or 'The Mikado.' He knows that color is wanted, and bright light, a reasonable excuse for laughter, and pepper and salt according to his own taste, even if that err on the side of liberality. If he only gives these things, the public will contentedly crowd the building every night. It is even doubtful to the observer whether the apparently intelligent and critical audiences who go to 'La Captive' and 'L'Animateur' are not after all largely composed of people who enjoy the sensational nature of some of the utterances rather because they are sensational than because of their meaning.

"After some study of the French theatre-audience one comes to wonder whether it is really much more intelligent than the London one. It is certainly more critical, because it has inherited a far higher standard of acting; but outside the limits of that standard it does not think very much. It is indeed very docile, and will swallow any dose almost on condition that it gets good acting and plenty of laughter. Contrary to opinion in Britain, the Parisian does not laugh much in everyday life—in the streets he and she both look positively glum, not from reserve, but by nature. But in a theatre emotion is required—a thrill of horror, an excuse for weeping, or, best of all, something to make them laugh aloud. They can enjoy thoroughly the rather facile satire of the new piece at the Athénée, 'L'Alcove de Marianne,' because they are accustomed to making fun of politicians themselves, and, although the play is loosely built, and rather ingenuously planned, there is sufficient truth in this intrigue of a wife, a mistress, and two politicians to make laughter come easily. Besides, Rozenberg plays the principal part, and, although it is possible to find people who declare they cannot tolerate him, it is impossible to find anybody who does not laugh when he chooses that they shall."

The London Times

The British Symphony Orchestra owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Raymond Roze, and it was natural that

he should melt..... 70%

they should pay it by producing his "Poem of Victory" for violin and orchestra, but why pile on the agony by following it with Holbrooke's symphonic poem, "The Viking"? While we were listening to the "Poem of Victory" we thought that nothing else could be quite so dull, but Mr. Holbrooke came on to conduct his own work, and soon showed us how wrong we were to think that.—London Times, Feb. 19.

"Mr. Frank Lambert has come back from the war and wishes us to listen to his songs, but he has not as yet anything new to say. Those who know and like—and they are many—"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," know them all. There are the same yearning sixths, the same wheedling aemulons in their all—except "Sweet Afton," which has an engagingly infantile simplicity; and that is only a pose of another kind. "The Flighting Chance" is no better; it intends to place us in the thick of things, but we know very well that people who do things don't talk like that, but only the man who reads in the papers about the things they have done."

"Some little known oddments, including Dale's 'Theme and Variations.' Such things are rather like a walk over the downs in a storm—we may not exactly like it, but it is very good for us."

Miss Jovee Ausell. "Her defect is one not infrequent with pianists, that of thinking the expression in bars instead of sections and pages—a burst of sound and then a hush, a scurry and then a drag, instead of establishing and maintaining a level from which each small change of tone or pace can be felt as a tremendous departure. It is the difference between underlining the important words in a letter and constructing its sentences in such a way that the important words stand out of themselves."

"Miss Calista Rogers sings perfectly in tune with none of that abominable tremolo imported from the worst traditions of the stage, and hugged to the heart by all the people who are innocent of the first rudiments of singing or music or anything else, which spoils four-fifths of the women's voices nowadays, so that to be immune from this disease puts a singer at once into a small class. Miss Rogers sang, no doubt, the songs she liked, but one wondered whether she liked them very much; for there is a way of conveying that by an added glow, a contrasted phrase, an imperceptible change of some kind. Perhaps this will come later. It is not much use singing a song unless you think, and are determined to make

others think, that it is one of the best songs ever written."

Gertrude Peppercorn: "We do not agree with the school of crash and fury, to which she gives more than a half-hearted allegiance, and in that are content to be in a minority in the presence of artists who perpetrate them and audiences who applaud—are even so eager to applaud that they cannot wait for the end of the composition. Neither do we altogether indorse her conception of rhythm, which is that of the conscientious organist, who believes a minim is a minim, and will not concede a little to the human necessity of breathing between the lines of a hymn."

"Church singers of Handel have one difficulty to contend with, the familiarity of his fugal idiom. It is apt to lead to stolidity of rhythm, just as the familiarity of the Bible language so often leads to monotony of reading in church."

"One found one's self asking questions when Mr. Alban Grand sang—whether the possession of a voice is a reason for singing, and what is the real object of singing songs at all? For the truth is he puts too much of himself between the song and the audience, and that impels one onward from the 'what?' to the 'why?' If he sang for his own enjoyment, he would have gloried in his high notes instead of being frightened of them, and if for ours, he would have sung in tune, and have left unimpressed tremor and misplaced preciousness to others."

Film Notes

Mr. Thomas Burke, in whose company I saw "Broken Blossoms," entered the little private theatre a sceptic. He did not believe in the cinema as an interpreter of ideas. At the end of five minutes he had entirely changed his views on this point. He had come to seoff, and he remained to bless. He has since called his appreciation and thanks to Mr. Griffith. Any slight modifications and additions which had been made to render the story coherent on the screen he entirely approved of. It is true that the street shown as in Limehouse is not precisely the street he knew, nor are the policemen garbed quite as real London policemen should be, but these are but unimportant accessories in a poignant human tragedy that might have been enacted in any one of a score of the big cities of the world. Mr. Griffith, who has also purchased the dramatic rights of "Broken Blossoms" on terms highly satisfactory to Mr. Burke, intends to make a stage play of it. It will be a most interesting lesson to see how this compares with the

screen version.—London Daily Telegraph.

How almost inevitable it is that liberties must be taken even with acknowledged masterpieces of art made for another medium if they are to be translated into successful film plays has just been explained by Miss Jeannie Macpherson, who made the screen adapta-

tion of Sir James Barrie's famous play, "The Admirable Crichton." (It is significant, by the way, how many of the principal scenario writers for the American screen are women.) Miss Macpherson mentions one point particularly which, in her view, would have ruined a very costly production had she not modified it. "When 'The Admirable Crichton' was written," she says, "class distinction was spoken of in England in tones of worshipped admiration. A world war had not then tumbled social divisions about with a rude hand, and labour had not then gone on strike to such an extent that noble lords and younger sons of famous old families were to be seen acting as engine-drivers on English railways. If we had stuck to this theme of class distinction in the way Barrie did, we would have exhausted it for present-day screen purposes before the end of the second reel." No doubt the argument is perfectly sound, but the fact remains that the version of "The Admirable Crichton" shown on the screen is not the play Sir James Barrie wrote. It is something else. If the original play was constructed by a master hand, so that all its parts combined to make one harmonious whole, it is difficult to believe that a rearrangement of some of the parts does not lead to more or less discord in the revised version. The result may still be a good play. "Maie and Fecale," as "The Admirable Crichton" has been rechristened, is admittedly 'one of the most perfect screen plays ever made by America, but the probability is that it would have been still better had somebody with equal talent to that of Sir James Barrie composed it expressly for the screen in the first place. When the author of a play or book is allowed full power to supervise the film version of his work, the result is frequently even more deplorable than when a heavy-handed, unimaginative producer rides roughshod over it. We have had instances during the last few months in both these directions.—London Daily Telegraph.

Stravinsky's Latest Work: an Opera Turned Into a Ballet

"Le Chant du Rossignol"—music by Igor Stravinsky, choreography by Leonide Massine, curtain, scenery and costumes by Henri Matisse—was produced on Monday, Feb. 2, at the Paris Opera in the presence of a crowded audience. The subject of the ballet, the Andersen story of the Emperor of China and his nightingales, is the same as that of the opera "Le Rossignol," first introduced to London at Drury Lane in 1914, but the music is entirely new, and represents the composer's latest phase. The familiar Stravinsky orchestral texture is noticeable, but the music is perhaps less "dynamic" and more harmonic (though not "harmonious") than was the case in "Le Rossignol" and other later works. Stravinsky is a master of condensation and economy, and can express as much in a few bars of intermingled flutes and violins, discordant but suggestive, with a leaven of harp-tones and percussion, as many other composers would be able to say in a symphony.

Mme. Karsavina, all in white, with a little feathered doublet and long veils, attached, wing-like, to her shoulders and fastened to her ankles, was the real Nightingale who chases triumphantly from the Emperor's sickbed the sinister red figure of Death (Sokolova). Of the wonderful mechanical Nightingale (Idzikowski), with its great crest, green body and white beak, one can only say it must be seen to be believed. The Emperor (Grigoroff) was splendidly immobile until the dramatic moment when he rises from his high, lonely, black-covered bed to his full height, unfurling in the action a gorgeous gold and

scarlet robe, which clothes him from head to foot and falls in a cataract of color in a long train spread out in front. As he stands majestic in this scarlet robe, miraculously restored to life, the disconcerted mandarins pile themselves into contorted but decorative groups, and the curtain falls. The choreography reveals a fresh effort to discover new possibilities in the treatment of human motion, and the mandarins and ladies of the court go through some altogether surprising evolutions. M. Matisse's curtain and "decor" (pale blue ground, marked here and there with white to suggest a door, etc., and a white fantastic dragon overhead) represent the extreme of simplification. MM. Stravinsky, Massine, Matisse and Ansermet (the Genevese conductor who had directed the orchestra) all appeared before the curtain to acknowledge the applause.—London Times, Feb. 6.

Notes on Plays New and Old Produced in London

The Daily Telegraph found that the acting of "Peter Ibbetson" (Savoy Theatre, Feb. 6) was "almost too sincere and too thoughtful." "Miss Collier as Mary and Mr. Basil Rathbone as Peter are too much on one exalted plane throughout for us to be able to accompany them unwearied."

Dryden's "Marriage-a-la-Mode" was revived in London Feb. 8 by the Stage Society. The comedy was first per-

and in 1879 the Times and Melan-
ton's "Star of the County" and
later for "The Dying Swan."
The Times described Matheson Lang's
performance as "highly conceived and coura-
geously acted." His playing was
a mighty effort; but behind the effort
was the guiding control of intelli-
gence, and the passion fitted into its
place as a scheme of flaming-colored and
terrible beauty." Arthur Bourchier
roughly enjoyed Jago's villainous.
"They were a hearty meal to him."
He was so happy in his craft and its
success that there was scarcely any-
thing sinister about him—even when he
dared his victims. Nor was there
much hint of his intellectual superiority
to his victims. . . . The whole per-
formance of this dreadful, beautiful play
was so dramatic, in the true sense, that
while we wondered whether it was bear-
able we wondered anew at the people
who can clap an exit in the middle of a
scene of such a tragedy as this and
insist, when each curtain falls, that the
men and women who have been suffer-
ing these tortures shall stand in a row
before them and bow and grin.
. . . Apropos of a revival of "Pygmalion"
(Feb. 10), Mr. Walkley said: "Of course
the ordinary sentimental ending would
never have done for Mr. Shaw. But
more Shavian ratiocination is not a sat-
isfactory substitute. Mr. Shaw is like
Shakespeare, at any rate, in that his
denouements were never his strong
point." Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Eliza
was highly praised. Mr. Aubrey-Smith
played Higgins.

"The Maid of the Mountains" is now
in its fourth year at Daly's.
"Tea for Three," produced at the Hay-
market, pleased the Times and dis-
pleased other newspapers. The Referee
said that the three chief characters
"chatter, chatter, chatter like the teeth
of the Bad Little Boy in Wordsworth's
poem." The Sunday Times was highly
moral: "Smart Wildean lines, however
abundant, cannot be relied upon to re-
deem essential vulgarity, staleness of
theme and unpleasantness." The Sun-
day Express called the lover "a com-
temptible boulder, who in real life
would be kicked out of decent society."
"Just Like Judy," a light comedy by
Ernest Denny (St. Martin's, Feb. 11).
"Many a hero of the late war is finding
that a wound in the head, apparently
slight, may lead him afterward into
trouble—especially if he should chance
to become concerned in a light comedy.
For he may bump his head against the
mantelpiece, and be persuaded, when
he has recovered consciousness, that he
has been for weeks married to the
artist's model with whom he was talk-

ing last night when he bumped his head.
That is what happened to Peter. Only
Judy was not really a model any more
than she was really Mrs. Peter."

ETHEL FRANK

The program prepared for Ethel
Frank's concert in Jordan Hall on
Tuesday evening is:
Appetizer Les Chateaux de France, Op. 10, No. 1
(in Harmonica) ("Heures d'été"), Rhen-
land, Op. 10, No. 2, Duple
in 3/4 time, Des Lilas, Op. 10, No. 3, Chaus-
son, Op. 10, No. 4, Montez
Infante, Op. 10, No. 5, Maza-
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In the "Midnight Whirl," as in other cases of this nature, there is much to be gained from the pleasure, and there is much that is boring. Yet in this case one can escape the boring minutes by looking at Mr. Urban's scenery or admiring the costumes and the dwellers therein.

Fables of the strange things which may well happen, even in broad daylight to men shut up alone in ships far off from the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them the story of the stealing of Dionysus downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions.

Capt. John on Deck

As the World Wags:

I see that times ain't changed at all. A while back every time I took my pen in hand to write your valued column some poor, crazy, pink-whiskered old coot of a broken-down whaler like Capt. Martin Gale bobbed up and yipped "Tain't so! It's a danged lie!" until a body was fit to be tied. I downed old Gale finally and I guess he's underground inspiring the cabbages by now, being as nobody seems to have heard of him of late. But his soul goes marching on, as the feller says.

First off I wrote you about seeing this Liverpool Jarge in Brest. And then somebody wrote in a lot of skulch about ouija boards and Jarge and you up and printed it. I ain't saying a word about that except that it's my opinion that this here new census is going to show a sudden and alarming increase in the number of fools around Boston.

But now I see where somebody has dug up all the three fathom words in the dictionary and added a sprinkling from the furrin language part in the back and hove the whole mess into print, most of it being directed against me. I'm half minded to up mudhook and come down on him like a typhoon on a toncat but since my time is of value and the poor feller was all wrong anyway I won't.

Because he starts off with "May I not—" which is a sure sign that he ain't more than half rigged. I suppose everybody else sort of groaned and quit right there but I went on on account of seeing myself named in the next line as "Captain Coffin" which I ain't and never claimed to be. I own shares in three square riggers and sometimes go a crew as mate, but master's papers I never had and never wanted. So there's two mistakes in the first two lines and the rest of his bilge is in keeping as far as I read which wasn't very far.

Now, if this feller, Silver, wants to know about Brest, let him come down to the Acushawm some morning, and we'll argue it out. And if so be that I ain't there, he can chin with the cook. The cook'll be there because he don't dast go ashore. The cook used to be a M. P. in Brest, but after he got shot of the army fellers kept recognizing him, and when he got out of the hospital for the third time he shipped for a quiet life. The cook he knows all the bar-rooms and other places in Brest, that being what a M. P. is for, and he says there's not only one but three caffys nigh the corner of the Place du Chateau and the Cours Dajot—which is spelled right, by the way.

It stands to reason there must be a gin mill there, because there's one on every corner in Brest as anybody knows that's been there. And this one I made mention of is a high-class caffy with a bar like a lunch counter all covered with zinc and Quinquina and Byrrh and Dubonnet signs in the window and a woman runs it with a hoarse voice and a mustache and a mole on the port side of her nose named Veuve Pinsard.

I ain't much surprised at your printing those ouija board lies, that being what a newspaper is for, but a little truth now and then would help out some.

And the truth about Jarge is that he ain't dead at all, as I found out only yesterday, no more than this feller Witherspoon has turned prohibition. And, speaking of prohibition, if these custom officers are still bedeviling the skipper of the Cretic he might do well to set them on to Diego Lividopulcino, the coal passer he shipped drunk at Palermo.

JOHN COFFIN.

The Acushawm, Regan's Wharf.

Water Everywhere

As the World Wags:

The much advertised U. S. government "new departure" establishment of a direct line of first-class steamers between New York, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres is already on the rocks as far as passage transportation is concerned. The palatial liner Callao left New York harbor March 20 with only 45 passengers because she was a "dry ship." Had she been a wet ship or even a moist ship her passenger list would doubtless have been 250.

This shows the folly of trying to enforce our prohibition laws on the high seas, and forcing our highly intelligent and cultured Latin-American neighbors, to whom wine is as common as tea with us, to accept the laws prescribed by our country sewing circle. A British steamer shortly following the Callao is booked full up, and is refusing applicants for passage. So you see the establishment of a U. S. Mercantile Marine has its handicaps. No wonder our officials, seeing and fearing the reefs, are strongly advocating the return of ships to private ownership.

D. W. H.

New York.

Lime Juicer

As the World Wags:

In the letters hitherto, no mention has been made of the true inwardness of the matter, and as to why "lime-juicer" is properly a term of derision. For over a century, every British man who follows the sea has been pinning his faith to the efficacy of limes to keep away scurvy, but recent investigations show that they and their juice are almost inert to that end. The initial experiments happened to be with the juice of lemons, not limes, but mislabeled the latter. So, we all being slaves to names (the British perhaps exceptionally), "lime-juicer" became the proper thing, but all the time Britons were barking up the wrong tree. Even beer was more efficacious—but why bring up sad memories? CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

With a Punch

As the World Wags:

A writer, speaking in high praise of Carpenter's general appearance, says: "But it is hard to understand from whence he gains his great hitting powers." Now the question comes up: What is there apparent in a man that would indicate he is a great hitter?

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Enter Mr. Webster

As the World Wags:

May I not suggest that Long John Silver is unduly meticulous in his criticisms of Capt. Coffin's account of the death of Liverpool Jarge, which I believe to be strictly correct, along with all the other accounts of that interesting event which have appeared in your columns. I think I can explain the PIG said to be stencilled upon the backs of the German prisoners. Was it not P d G, for prisonnier de guerre, which Liverpool Jarge's or Cap'n Coffin's well-known near-sightedness took for an I? I am not familiar with Brest, but I should like to show you (I did show it at the Porphyry, but Mr. Herklimer Johnson was not there) my lantern-slide made last summer at Le Havre of a "caffy" with the sign "Legue off Nations." I dare say they have changed it now. I do not think that the fact that the water is not deep enough for a steamer where Jarge fell should be allowed to interfere with the vividness of the description. Where is Mr. Halliday Witherspoon these days? The fact that I once spoke of him a swashbuckler, and criticised his Italian would not interfere with my enjoyment of his elucidation of the truth about Liverpool Jarge. Will you not tell Mr. Michael FitzGerald of Orleans by Quohaughurst on the Cape why I did not answer his query about Sir Oliver Lodge? You know I did, and it appeared in the Worcester Evening Gazette. I am going to send him a copy.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester.

MISS SURATT IS KEITH'S LEADER

Valeska Suratt, assisted by Eugene Strong, Walter C. Percival and a company of players in "Scarlet," a melodramatic farce by Jack Lait, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

The piece is something more than the ordinary sketch of vaudeville. The lines are good, there is plenty of action and the development of the story induces the keenest interest. Besides all this there is the additional interest of a new note in the underlying motive.

The piece is admirably suited to the style of Miss Suratt. Nor is she content to walk through her part and rely solely on her undisputed physical charm, on a wardrobe that astounds in its opulence and again charms in the clinging simplicity of the ordinary house dress. In her simulation of the girl of the underworld she never left the picture, and she was equally interesting in repose.

One of the best features of the bill was the act of Olsen and Johnson, two irrepressible "nut" comedians. Besides offering an act that was unmistakably individualistic, they gave added pleasure as musicians.

Other acts on the bill were the Nikko Trio, in a Japanese novelty act; Eddie Foyer, in an interesting program of recitations; Elinore and Williams, back again in an amplification of their old act, better than ever; Maud Earl and company, in a musical fantasy; McCormack and Mellon, nifty dancers, and the Marco Twins, grotesque comedians.

MISS R. M. HARRIS

Rachel Morton Harris, soprano, gave a song recital last night at Jordan Hall. Isidore Luckstone was the accompanist. The program was as follows: M. Lagnera Tacendo, Handel; My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; Dido's Lament, Purcell; A Pastorale, Veracini; Snowbells, Rosebud Mine, Schumann; A Plaint, Slonoff; The Secret, Schubert; Was I Not a Blade of Grass, Tschakowsky; The Maiden

Speaks, Grieg; Cuckoo Song, J. J. Cleves; Sur l'Eau, Hae; Dorniczvous Wexlerin; Morte, d'Erlanger; Dans la Plaine, Widor; A Birthday, Luckstone, The Faltering Dusk, Kramer; Tally-Ho, Leoni; Duna, McGill.

Miss Harris sang pleasantly last night throughout a rather conventional program of well-known and pretty songs. Possessing a voice of pretty, although by no means exceptional, quality, she sang her songs prettily and showed nice control in her management of effects in the French songs, which group she sang best.

On her program was a song by Mr. Luckstone, her accompanist, which received a pleasant hearing and was repeated. One of Miss Harris's happiest interpretations was Kramer's little song, "The Faltering Dusk." She sang her pieces simply and with good diction. Miss Harris has an engaging and pretty personality and made a very favorable impression upon her audience, winning much applause. For one of her encores she sang the familiar Negro spiritual, "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen."

MISS ETHEL FRANK

At a recital in Jordan Hall last evening, Miss Ethel Frank, soprano, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the following program:

Apporte les Chateaux Dorez, Frelé Comme Un Harmonica, Rhene-Baton; Soupir, Duparc; Un Sapin Isolé, Delage; Le Temps des Lilas, Chausson; La Badine, Montclair; Infelice Sconsolate (Magic Flute), Mozart; Romance Sans Paroles, Debussy; La Nuit Dans L'Azba, Erlanger; La Mort des Amants, Rhene-Baton; Carnaval, Erlanger; Papillons Roses, Woollett; La Mere, LaCroix; Rima, Turina; Chanson de Zuleika, Rimsky-Korsakoff; My Native Land, Gretchaninoff; Adieu to Delight, Graeff; Over Hill, Over Dale, Cooke.

To sing modern French songs is fashionable. Some of our singers accept them indiscriminately, like gowns, on the merits of the label "Paris." Miss Frank accepts no dross. She assembled songs of some nine French composers, everyone of which yielded interest, beauty, or skill in the making. The songs of Duparc and Chausson are masterpieces in miniature. Rhene-Baton can write smoothly and gratefully for the voice, and to a degree invoke a mood. Delage not only created a very distinct mood—he should captivate our singers by the effective possibilities of an oriental and undulating close. The songs of Woollett and LaCroix were likewise admirably contrived.

Of the numbers with Mr. Longy's small and well-subdued ensemble, Erlanger's song of Izba shimmered exotically by virtue of the instruments used rather than by any special skill of the composer. His "Carnaval," although encore by the large audience, is surely commonplace. The "Romance" of Debussy is scored with far more delicacy. Momentary excursions into Mozart, the Russians, and the Spaniard Turina were refreshing and kept any sense of cult from creeping in. In a recital, Miss Frank's slight voice has many special charms. She is keenly and intelligently aware of the poetic import of her songs as well as their musical beauty—consequently she is a fine interpreter.

And therefore they are not without all reason, who have disputed the fact of Cain; that is, although he purposed to do mischief, whether he intended to kill his brother; or designed that, whereof he had not beheld an example in his own kind. There might be somewhat in it that he would not have done, or desired undone, when he broke forth as desperately, as before he had done uncivilly, my iniquity is greater than can be forgiven me.

An Old Quarrel

A few days ago "J. D. K." called attention in this column to the break made by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his novel, "The Better Man." One of the characters, an Episcopal rector, is represented as quoting "Adam's question to God, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" Was the break Brady's, or did the novelist slyly hint at the rector's ignorance of holy writ? Brady himself had been rector, archdeacon, military chaplain. Or was the break due to linotype and dozing proofreader? It matters not; we commented, as we thought, pleasantly and instructively, on Adam's family history.

What happened? We have received several letters informing us that Cain asked this question after the Lord had put a question to him. We thank our correspondents for their interest and congratulate them on their acquaintance with Genesis. We were told the story of Cain and Abel years ago in our little village, when we were taken to church twice on Sunday, also to Sunday school; there were family prayers in those good old days, with much Bible reading, nor was there any halting or blushing when one of the readers came across a passage of "biblical frankness." We also learned at that time that

Nerves the Great did die
And so must you and I.

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

Zealous he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see.

The Cause

There are interesting questions concerning the murder of Abel, which led De Quincey to remark that "as the inventor of murder, and the father of the art, Cain must have been a man of first-rate genius." Why did he kill Abel? Some deep thinkers and fearless investigators have not been satisfied with the simple narrative in Genesis. Thus the Targum of Jerusalem states that the brothers quarreled in the course of a theological discussion; for Cain maintained that there was no recompense for the just, no penalty for the wicked man, no life eternal. Butychius, patriarch of Alexandria from 533 to 549, gave out that the quarrel was over a woman. It seems that Eve had by Cain a daughter named Azrun; by Abel a daughter named Owain. When the time came for the young men to marry, Adam purposed that Cain should wed Owain and Abel should take Azrun as his wife. Adam maltreated Cain because he preferred Azrun, who was the fairer one. Therefore, when the brothers were sacrificing, Satan inspired Cain to make way with Abel. After the murder Cain married Azrun and took her away with him. But Fr. Mersenne in his commentary on Genesis quotes Rabbins, who maintained that Abel had twin sisters and Cain wished to marry them both. Hence the dispute.

The Weapon

How did Cain slay Abel? Here, alas, is a wide difference of opinion. Some say with a stone, as in Milton's poem; but Milton also speaks of "gushing blood effused." Let us quote De Quincey again: "A judicious addition; for the rudeness of the weapon, unless raised and enriched by a warm, sanguinary coloring, has too much of the naked air of the savage school; as if the dead were perpetuated by a Polypheme, without science, premeditation, or anything but a muton bone." Some say that Cain used his teeth; others mention a pitchfork, a sword, a scythe, a sickle, the jawbone of an ass. Lovers of precise information are saddened by St. Chrysostom, Irenaeus, Prudentius, Pererlus thus disagreeing.

The Branding

What was the mark set upon Cain, "lest any finding him should kill him"? Here again is grievous disagreement. Was a letter taken from Abel's name, or from the ineffable name, the Tetragrammaton, of the Hebrew God? Was it taken from the word "repentance," or were there three letters for the Sabbath, or arranged as a sign of the cross? One writer thinks that the shepherd dog of Abel accompanied Cain in his wanderings; another, that Cain was a leper after the murder, another insists that Cain had a savage look and rolling, blood-shot eyes terrible to behold; another believes that he trembled so that he could hardly raise food and drink to his mouth; still another speaks of a horn growing out of his forehead.

His Ending

Was Cain accidentally slain in 688 B. C. by an arrow, when, moving in bushes, he was taken for a wild animal by Lamech? Was he killed in 931 by a falling house? Paul of Burgos said he perished in the Deluge; in this case he would have been about 1655 years old. It is not likely that he killed himself, as one writer reports. Many say that at his death he was blind and decrepid. Josephus, the learned Jew, attributes the invention of weights, measures and boundaries to Cain; he reports that he enriched himself at the expense of others; that he was the first profiteer. This seems reasonable, for it is said that in his sacrificing he kept the best fruits for himself and offered to the Lord only the withered, the juiceless and the worm-eaten. Bissellus gives a vivid picture of the frightful immorality of the dwellers in Enoch, the city founded by Cain.

Great are the myths—I, too, delight in them.
Great are Adam and Eve—I, too, look back
and accept them.

Great the risen and fallen nations, and their
poets, women, sages, inventors, rulers,
warriors, and priests.

EDWIN HUGHES

By PHILIP HALE

Edwin Hughes, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. His program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Grieg, Ballade; Chopin, Fantasia, op. 49, Mazurka, op. 17, No. 4, Scherzo, op. 20; Fannie Dillon, the Desert and Birds at Dawn; Strauss-Hughes, Paraphrase on the Wiener Blut Waltz.

The hall was cold and neither the program nor the pianist warmed it. The program was not an enticing one. The only modern composers represented were Fannie Dillon, who portrayed in tones, "dawn the full day, and sunset"—in a desert—no slight undertaking; also Cain

of a beautiful woman, and gave it to me. Father said: "Jane, my son, be always careful how you use your pin, because if you don't have a guard to hold it in, it can easily be stolen by a crowd, or a thief, or a hunkiechief may pull it out while you are wiping your face. So either wash or wipe with your pin."

on, Jake, and another thing don't always put it in a different place, but always use the same hole, if possible, as it wears out the tie. And don't show your long gold shank, Jake, for neighbors will think you are trying to show your wealth, and as you are a modest boy you would be misjudged. And if anyone thinks it a stud and not a pin, don't you care Jake, for they will only think it, and you won't know they think it. Many a stud has been misjudged and no harm done!"

JACOB FAITHFUL.

An Etymologist

As the World Wags:

It is about three years since I first thought of this matter, which may interest your readers. I was crossing the bridge over the river at Portsmouth and naturally the name of the river was brought to mind and sub-consciously I analyzed it. I had always been of the impression that the name was of Indian origin, as is much of the nomenclature of New England. But if Piscataqua isn't from the Latin and if it doesn't mean fish water or fisher's water, I am a poor guesser. It looks to me as if one of the early colonial geographers put one over on us, for it is almost inconceivable to me that the name is Indian, and it is too truly Latin to be a coincidence. It is more than likely that others have made the same discovery as myself, but so far as I and my friends know, I happened to think of it first. I would really like what information is available and perhaps discussion may bring further "coincidences" to light.

Boston.

THE BETTER PART

(Useful wedding presents are growing in favor)

The gifts we had were fair and fine,
Though mainly orthodox.
The sugar basins numbered nine,
And ten the bedroom clocks.
Aunt Mary, with her fondest wish,
Presented us with carvers (fish).

But one outshone the rest by far
and gained our special praise,
For these, I need not mention, are
Utilitarian days;
Aunt gave the knives, but Uncle John
The bloaters that we used them on.
—T. H. in the London Daily Chronicle.

20TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, D major, No. 5 (edited by G. F. Kogel); Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, Concerto, F Major, No. 5, for piano; Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride"; Rudolph Ganz was the pianist. The solo violins in Handel's Concerto were played by Messrs. Theodorowicz and Hoffman; the solo viola, by Mr. Denayer; the solo violoncello by Mr. Bedetti.

There was a triumph of strings in Handel's concerto and in Smetana's overture. Mr. Monteux had confidence in the new members; his confidence was fully justified. It may be said without exaggeration that the present section of second violins is the most capable in the history of the orchestra. Admirable, too, was the work of the other players on stringed instruments. All were severely tested; all acquitted themselves gloriously. The young blood in the orchestra of today is more than a fair exchange for the phlegm of past seasons. The new members and the old were on their mettle.

Now is the time for the trustees to make an energetic, unrelaxing "drive" for the desired endowment. The orchestra, today, is a superb body of players; it will be even a more magnificent institution at the beginning of next season. The great ability of Mr. Monteux as disciplinarian and interpreter is fully recognized. Interest in the "new" orchestra, which contains nearly all the famous players of the past, is at its height. The great public, not only the audiences, should take pride in this orchestra as a civic institution. It should also forbid insidious German propaganda to work its mole-like way in matters of art.

Mr. Monteux has proved that as a program-maker he is far from being a chauvinist; he welcomes music of all nations, provided the music is good. When one hears a work of Handel played as it was yesterday by soloists and choir, one no longer wonders why Beethoven shortly before his death said of Handel: "He is the master of us all." What freshness, spirit, vitality there is in this old music! The solemn

beauty of the Largo, beautifully performed, is Miltonic. There is a grandeur, nobility in the Handelian simplicity that no other composer has attained, not even Bach; not even Palestrina or Vittoria.

The prelude to "Parsifal" was fully chosen for a concert on Good Friday. What has been said about the character of the drama—and much has been written in bitter comment by warm admirers of the music itself—has not shaken the belief of those regarding "Parsifal" as a profoundly religious work in its symbolism and its realism. Who would rashly disturb this faith? Who would point out much that is obnoxious, abhorrent in the doctrines that are inculcated? The performance, an impressive one, conducted with rare skill and understanding, was heard as if it were part of a religious service.

We became acquainted with Saint-Saens's concerto 16 years ago, when Mr. Ferruccio—we are tempted to write "Ferocious"—Busoni introduced it, and it made little impression at the time. Yesterday, as it was played by Mr. Ganz and the orchestra, the concerto was engrossing. The thematic material of the first movement no longer seemed almost childish; it reminded one of Mozart's adorable simplicity. Nor is it necessary to say that this material is finely employed. The rhapsodical orientalism, with the use of a Nubian boat song, is fascinating; it does not for a moment degenerate into anything merely bizarre. Saint-Saens here catches the spirit of the East, but he is not mastered by it; he does not lose his shrewdly observing, coolly reflecting western head. Then comes the rushing finale, which, however, does not throw aside in the excitement the traditional French elegance that characterizes the work of Saint-Saens. Mr. Ganz played as Saint-Saens played when he was in his high estate; but with more warmth in the lyric passages. In the bravura and more furious passages he, too, kept his head, ever mindful of clarity and elegance. All in all, a most excellent performance by pianist and orchestra. A stirring reading of Smetana's overwelcome overture, a performance that

In its brilliance and speed did not lose in clearness and precision, brought to an end one of the most memorable concerts of the season.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Mozart, Concertante Symphonies for Violin and Viola (Messrs. Theodorowicz and Denayer); Dukas, Overture to "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," five children's pieces; Borodin, Polovtskian Dances from "Prince Igor," act II (first time at these concerts).

We magnify the apothegms or reputed replies of wisdom, whereof many are to be seen in Laertius, more in Lycosthenes, not a few in the second book of Macrobius, in the Salte of Cleo-ro, Augustus, and the comical wits of those times: in most whereof there is not much to admire, and are, methinks, exceeded, not only in the replies of wise men, but the passages of society, and urbanities of our times. And thus we extol their adages or proverbs; and Erasmus hath taken great pains to make collections of them, whereof, notwithstanding, the greater part will, I believe, unto indifferent judges, be esteemed no extraordinary; and may be paralleled, if not exceeded, by those of more unlearned nations, and many of our own.

A Note on Scarf Pins

As the World Wags:

I am sorry to note that "Mabel," who comes forth as the champion of the unbuckled overshoe in a recent letter to this column is unable to see the aesthetic difference between an overshoe, ugly at its trimmest and neatest best, and a scarf pin that, oscillating undoubtedly between beauty and ugliness in a wide arc, still averages a pretty thing. I ignore the obvious fact that she makes the controversy rather one of sex than of mere propriety in the immediate matter under discussion, and take off my hat to her as the intrepid champion of a hopeless cause, for masculine enormities in the more or less irrelevant matter of scarf pins cannot possibly be set off against the sheer ugliness of the unbuckled article. I will entrust to her in the strictest confidence a bit of information that will enrich her armory in some future contest. A scarf pin, whether employed in the manner favored by her immediate family or used after the customary manner of the rest of the world is of no earthly use whatever so far as keeping a cravat tied or in shape is concerned. It is an ornament pure and simple and if it has any practical bearing at all upon the cravat it is that it tends through the daily puncturing of its fabric to hasten its sometimes lamented end. A scarf pin is an entirely unique piece of jewelry. No man was ever seen to buy one for his own use. It is usually wished on him by some friend or relative by way of celebrating a birthday or some other sentimental epoch, and if he personally purchases one it is always as the last desperate solution of the difficult problem of Christmas shopping. No man really wants this wholly useless and burdensome thing, and if he wears one he merely manifests in doing so his polite appreciation of a courtesy or kindness from someone whose love or

friendship he values. Acting upon such motives he cannot fairly be criticised for the precise manner in which he employs the gaud; and with these considerations in view Mabel is earnestly desired to provide, if not an apology, at least a burning blush of shame, if she is capable of this youthful feat of countenance, over her unappreciative treatment of my sex.

Boston.

GAYLORD QUEx.

Orders and Medals.

As the World Wags:

A news item in the Herald informs us that John Meir, a shipyard worker of Belfast, Ireland, has received the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his feat in driving 11,209 rivets in nine hours.

This is surely the golden age of equestrian decoration. Only very few of us escape possession of a medal, cross, button or badge. See what the rivalry for these coveted emblems has done for the American navy! The deluded people of the United States would never have been aroused by the appalling fact that our navy is the rottenest in the world if Secretary Daniels had not substituted the Navy Cross for the Distinguished Service Medal recommended for certain gallant officers by Admiral Sims!

The Order of the British Empire looks very imposing in print, and doubtless many Americans envy the fame of Mr. Meir. But Britons, who are far ahead of us in knowledge of these matters, do not seem to think any better of the "O. B. E." than Admiral Sims thinks of the Navy Cross. They even make fun of it. In the esteemed Glasgow Herald of Feb. 21 I find the following derisive allusion to it:

"In a recent London burglary part of the swag was the 'O. B. E.' decoration. I won't give the name, but it was somebody very high up who remarked: 'What on earth did he steal it for? Surely he knows it's much easier to get the thing honestly.'"

And we are told that the English lack a sense of humor! I once had an experience of their fine discrimination in decorations. Crossing from England to France some thirty years ago, one of my fellow-passengers was an English schoolboy whose father was a general in the British army. The young fellow was an entertaining companion, and he was very frank in his criticism of the War Office. He had a strong grievance against the government for the "shabby" manner in which his father had been treated on retirement after many years of valiant service in India. "Why, my dear fellow," said he, "the only decoration they gave him was the bally old Star of India!"

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans, Cape Cod.

Songful Porto Rico

As the World Wags:

I went to a community sing here the other night, admirably directed by Prof. Aliena Luce (a Boston lady), head of the music department of the University of Porto Rico. When they came to sing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" I expected to hear the song of my boyhood. But it was something entirely different: long a popular song, also, but it was new to me. Of course you knew the original "Carry Me Back." It must date back at least to the early fifties, and I suppose was one of the early Negro minstrel songs. It seems strange that a song so identified with the civil war and which had been universally sung for years before, should have been supplanted by another song of the same name and should be wholly forgotten by the present generation. Miss Luce told me that this song now sung is the only song of the title she ever knew or heard of.

I have particular reason to cherish the memory of the original "Carry Me Back." I chanced to be on Washington street near State street when, in the late forenoon of April 3, 1865, the news came that Richmond had been taken by the army of the Potomac. Gilmore's band was rehearsing at that moment in the upper part of the building at the corner of State street. Immediately the band was in the street, and standing in front of the Old State House, almost on the very spot where the "Boston massacre" occurred, it started up "O, Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," with the street filled with a wildly cheering multitude such as was not seen in Boston again until armistice day. The tune was played over and over again for a long time. The rapid liveliness of it seemed particularly in keeping with the moment, when for the first time everybody could see that the end of the war was at last in sight. The rather plaintive sentiment of the later "Carry Me Back" would hardly have suited the occasion. A remarkable number of the popular songs of the civil war have survived to this day. But one of the best of them, "Neddemus the Slave," seems to have gone the way of the original "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

There is a Porto Rican boy, Jesus San Roma, at the New England Conservatory, of phenomenal talent. He has a scholarship from the insular government.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

"Narikin"

As the World Wags:

Fifty years hence there may arise in this column a discussion of the term "Narikin," which is increasingly in use to describe that peculiar product of the war clumsily denoted by the phrase "no wear riche," and so I venture in a present spirit to set down a few lines of elucidation that may be conveniently referred back to when that discussion occurs.

The word is of Japanese origin and, on the testimony of a native of that interesting country, is compounded of the two words "nari," meaning made or make, and "kin," meaning money or gold. This more or less illegitimate association has a certain respectability due to a long standing, Narikin being the designation of the particular "man" in a Japanese equivalent of the game of chess corresponding to the Pawn of the English game. It appears that under certain very unusual circumstances in the game the Narikin acquires, not through any cleverness on his part, but because of some stupidity of the players, vast privilege and power and can even penetrate the King row. The application of the word to the gentlemen who by some fluke of circumstances have acquired unaccustomed wealth and are grotesquely striving to compass and acquire unaccustomed wealth and propriety is obvious.

Boston.

LOUIS MAYME.

The Social Register

We are indebted to L. R. R. for the Charlestown (P. E. I.) Guardian of March 20, containing this paragraph of more than local interest:

"Capt. Squarebriggs and Mrs. Squarebriggs are back home to 116 Weymouth street after spending the winter with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Sterns, Bridgetown."

Dornick—A Brick

As the World Wags:

Mr. Christopher Morley can tell you the author of the following lines describing the duel between David and Goliath:

"Taking a brick from out his grip
He put it in his sling
And hurling it round his head and hip
He let it drive full swing.
Straight to the mark the dornick flew
As straight as a to a hod
It smote the wretch between the eyes
An' stretched him on the sod.
Thin David 'or to prove him dead
In sight of all beholders
Chopped off his unbending head
From his blasphemous shoulders."

It's a Philadelphia ditty describing the agility with which the ancients could throw bricks.

GASPER FINN.

Boston.

This brings to mind the old song beginning,

"King David, he, with one small stone
The great Goliath slew."

This can be sung to the tune Mear, Bangor, in fact, any tune in common metre.—Ed.

Father Was Right

As the World Wags:

The interesting article about etick pins—"Passing Whims"—in your column was of special interest to me as it recalled what my father used to tell me about his pin when I was a boy. He

"Monsieur Beaucaire" is an opera in a prologue and three acts, based on Booth Tarkington's story, by Frederick Lonsdale; lyrics by Adrian Ross, music by Andre Messager, will be produced at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night.

Mr. Tarkington's romantic story is, of course, known to many. So is the play "Beaucaire" based on it by Mr. Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. The play was produced at the opening of the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia, on Oct. 7, 1901, by Richard Mansfield, who had laid the corner-stone of this theatre. The chief players were:

The Duke of Winterset..... Joseph Weaver
The Marquis de Mirepoix..... Charles James
Lord Towbrake..... Arthur Berthelot
Sir Hugh Gullford..... C. H. Geldart
Don Nash..... Alexander Frank
Monsieur Beaucaire..... Richard Mansfield
Francisco..... Henry Lantoni
Lady Mary Carlisle..... Sydney Cowell
Countess of Greensbury..... Ethel Mollison
Mrs. Mables..... Dorothy Chester
Lady Mollerton..... Myra Brooks
Mrs. Jewell..... Irene Prahar
Lady Betsey Carmichael..... Kathleen Chambers
Mrs. Markham..... Chas. Winter
Hon. Ida Fairleigh.....

Others in the company were A. G. Andrews (Mr. Molyneux); M. A. Kennedy (Mr. Bantison); Ernest Ward (Mr. Rakell); James L. Carhart (Mr. Bieksett); Joseph Whiting (Capt. Badger).

The first performance in Boston was at the Colonial Theatre, Oct. 21, 1907.

It was said that Mansfield preferred the title "Beaucaire" to "Monsieur Beaucaire" because the pronunciation of "Monsieur," difficult to Americans, had caused him difficulty in another play. It was also said that Mr. Tarkington first thought of his story as a play, and so the tale was practically a scenario for the comedy. There was this important difference: in the story Beaucaire, returning to France, left Lady Mary to pine; in the play and in the opera, he wedded her. This led Henry Austin Clapp, then the dramatic critic of the Daily Advertiser, to write: "Alas, for the twist at the close! The readers who did not see are not to be informed what a trick has been played with the most distinguished, the exquisite, feature of the whole romance. What Mr. Tarkington himself, what Mrs. Sutherland, really suffered in descending and condescending to such a mean maltreatment of the novel can be surmised. They have acted in what they suppose to be knowledge and have assumed that the general public is a great big baby whose great big mouth must be filled at the close of a sentimental drama with lumps of sugar candy. Now let a modern somebody—in the enforced absence of the author, M. Bernardin de St. Pierre dramatize 'Paul and Virginia' and, dispensing with shipwreck, conclude the tale with orange flowers and wedding cake."

The "Encyclopaedia of Beaucaire" was sent about by press agents containing this information: There are 26 characters in the play; the original of Beaucaire was a fine amateur actor; there are two French actors to speak broken English; the first act of the play is founded on one line of the story; the endings of the third and fifth acts are not in "Beaucaire"; "Beaucaire" is a fictitious name, but the man who is given the name was the Duke of Orleans; the only historical characters are the alleged barber, Beau Nash and the Marquis de Mirepoix. Whether this Duke of Orleans and Beau Nash could have met, in view of their respective ages, excited discussion.

The play was produced at Liverpool, England, Oct. 6, 1902; at the Comedy Theatre, London, Oct. 25, 1902. Lewis Waller took the part of Beaucaire and played it many times, for the play was uncommonly successful in England, 900 times at least, although Mr. Wiltach, in his life of Mansfield, says that the amusement of a French prince on discovering that English society could not easily distinguish between a prince and a barber when the titles were mixed was not understood in that country as a satirical note.

The play did not meet with the universal approval of the critics in this country when it was first performed. (Mansfield played Beaucaire for the last time on July 4, 1902, according to a biographer.)

Lewis Waller made his first appearance in the United States as an actor-manager at Daly's Theatre, New York, on March 11, 1912, with a revival of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Graeae Lane, the original Lady Mary in England, the Lady Mary, whom Beaucaire had ardently pursued nearly 1000 times, was brought over. It was then said by many that the play had outlived its usefulness. Alan Dale said that the performance almost suggested "a cozy, waxy evening at the Eden Musee; the lay figures all have names, they are all exquisitely upholstered in silks that shine and satins that shimmer; no drawing room chairs or sofas ever looked nicer; they are there for no other reason than to give Monsieur Beaucaire a chance to do stunts for 'Mossoo' Beaucaire is "it" and one of those dashing, beautiful 'its' who have all the fat, and none of the lean." This Beaucaire is "a terribly witty gentleman, a frightfully brave gentleman, a horribly fascinating gentleman, an astoundingly audacious gentleman, a fire-proof, wound-proof, word-proof, cast-proof, four-act-proof gentleman." And so on.

So much for the play on which the operetta that has been eminently successful in England and in New York is founded.

Beaucaire in Opera

The operetta or "romantic opera" was produced by Gilbert Miller at the Prince of Wales, Birmingham (Eng.) on April 7, 1919. The cast was as follows:

Beaucaire..... Marion Green
Philip Molyneux..... John Clarke
Frederick Bantison..... Lennox Pawle
Rakell..... Spencer Trevor
Francis..... Yvan Servais
Duke of Winterset..... Robert Parker
Don Nash..... Robert Cunningham
Townbrake..... Dennis King
Capt. Badger..... Percy Carr
Jolliffe..... Harry Franklin
Bieksett..... Leigh Ellis
Marquis de Mirepoix..... Yvan Servais
Lady Mary Carlisle..... Alice Moffat
Countess of Greensbury..... Violet Jerome
A Girl..... Rene Morrell
Lady Mary Carlisle..... Maggie Teyle

This was the cast when the operetta was produced at the Princes Theatre on April 19, 1919, when the composer conducted.

At the production in New York at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Dec. 11, 1919, the cast was the same, with these exceptions: Townbrake, Andre Brouard; Bieksett, Eric Snowden; Lucy, Marjorie Burgess; Countess of Greensbury, Barbara Esme; A Girl, Ellen Grubb; Lady Mary, Blanche Tomlin. Ivan Caryll conducted. The score was dedicated to him by Messager.

Marion Green, an American baritone, born in Iowa, a pupil of Campanari, was warmly praised in New York as in England. Robert Parker was once with Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company. He has taken important parts in grand opera for several years in England. Lennox Pawle, an accomplished comedian, is well remembered here by his performance in "Pomander Walk." Blanche Tomlin, well known and esteemed in England as a singer in theatres and concert halls, made a concert tour in the United States eight or nine years ago.

Andre Messager, the accomplished French composer and conductor, is known in Boston chiefly by his delightful operetta, "Veronique" (Hollis Street Theatre, Jan. 22, 1906), and as the conductor of the Paris Conservatory orchestra, which gave a concert in Symphony Hall on Oct. 30, 1918; but an adaptation of his "Fauvette du Temple" by B. E. Wolf and R. M. Field was performed at the Boston Museum, July

14, 1890, and in May, 1903, orchestral music by him was played.

Edwin Evans, a leading music critic of England, wrote of "Monsieur Beaucaire" that Messager represents the best tradition in an art in which France was always pre-eminent. "Therein lies, from a musical point of view, the special interest of the production of 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' especially as Messager's score has escaped the fate of most musical productions, and is presented as written, without additions or alterations. It is Messager unadulterated, and that means charm and grace which is based upon consummate musicianship. He was not likely to err in one direction or the other. He is too wise to let the 'grand manner' intrude itself into light opera and too fastidious to admit anything tawdry. These are the two dangers of light opera, and he has avoided both."

"Although the music of 'Monsieur Beaucaire' restores the standard of light opera, the composer has not gone out of his way to avoid the conventions of the day. Thus a waltz refrain supplies the recurring theme in the music, as it has done many times before. It is, however, an innovation to introduce it at the very beginning of the work. Beaucaire's 'Red Rose' song is actually the first solo in the opera. Nor is it by any means the only waltz tune. There is another in the chorus of 'The Beaux and Belles of Bath,' and yet another in the refrain to Lady Mary's song, 'That's a Woman's Way.' In the second act.

"Next to the waltz, which is a leading theme, one naturally turns in a Messager score to the concerted numbers, for it is here that the art of the musician finds its best opportunities. There are two rather elaborate finales, the first embodying 'The Red Minuet' danced in 'The Pump Room,' a graceful old world measure well suited to the scene and the period. The choruses are simple, but dexterously handled, and both acts have a 'curtain' which is as effective musically as it is dramatically."

"As is well known, Messager has close ties with England, where he is as much at home as in his own country. He is not likely to set an English play to music of a pronouncedly French character. In fact, there are several numbers which have more of the characteristic lilt than is to be met with in the productions of some English composers. All that remains of the Frenchman in the polished charm and deft finish which he gives to each number. Yet in some pages his musical ancestry asserts itself, and he appears as what he is, the successor of the composers who made the fame of French light opera."

The production, scenery and costumes are said to be unusually sumptuous and beautiful.

Fred Stone

Fred Stone will be seen in "Jack o' Lantern" tomorrow at the Colonial, and he will surely be seen there many

nights and days to the joy of thousands. "Jack o' Lantern" was first played at this theatre on Dec. 21, 1918. The first performance in New York was on Oct. 16, 1917, after an engagement of two or three weeks in Philadelphia.

The old-fashioned pantomime with the clown of the hot poker, greased sidewalk, wearisome struggle to arrive at the postoffice while the scenery moves, is no longer in fashion. The younger generation has no memories of George L. Fox, James S. Maffitt, Tony Denier. The modern "symbolic" pantomime with Pierrot never gained a sure footing here; the rage for it in Paris died out before the war. But the old, historic, glorious art of clowning is still seen in the person, the smile, the facial play, the surprising antics of Mr. Stone.

Some months ago Mr. Walkley wrote an article about clowns for the London Times. He began by saying that there must be a philosophy of clowns. "I would rather find it than look up any history, which is older than any history

that is written in any book' though the respectable compilers of encyclopaedias (I feel sure without looking) must often have written it in their books." Having read Croce's history of Pulcinella, who was probably invented by Silvio Fiorello, a Neapolitan and a contemporary of Shakespeare, Mr. Walkley learned that Pulcinella was invented by an actor all out of his own head. Mr. Walkley asks who invented the Clown Grock, and then answered the question by saying that as Grock happened to be an artist, and the artist is always an individual, Grock as an individual artist must have invented himself. Sternly logical, close reasoning Mr. Walkley!

And so Mr. Stone invented himself when he appeared in "The Wizard of Oz." We all remember his other inventions and laugh at the sight of them. We see him now, leaping out of the hay cart, cutting perilous capers, executing athletic tricks that would have excited the admiration of the Hanlons in their high estate, dancing as jocosely as he skates.

This noble clowning and the superb extravagance in action cannot be described. To quote Mr. Walkley: "I am in despair, because I see that these tricks, which in action send one into convulsions of laughter, are not ludicrous, are not to be realized at all in narrative. It is the old difficulty of transposing the comic from three dimensions into two—and when the comic becomes the grotesque, and that extreme form of the grotesque which constitutes the clownesque, then the difficulty becomes sheer impossibility." And so clowns may enjoy "a secret, malign pleasure; they proudly confront a universe which delights in them, but cannot describe them."

Back of Mr. Stone's clowning one recognizes the kindly, sympathetic man, the man of intelligence, who enjoys his delightfully absurd behavior even more keenly than those who are roaring in the audience. Alan Dale described him long ago as "a star, who is a star"—modest, unassuming, rarely and never voluntarily in the centre of the stage, needing no petting and fawning, monopolizing nothing, giving each a chance, and withal permeating, dominating, pervading and coruscating through the whole thing."

Marie Dressler

Marie Dressler will be seen here for the first time in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Boston Opera House tomorrow night. This play in three acts by Edgar Smith, with music by A. Baldwin Sloan, is by no means new; it was produced at Albany, N. Y., on Dec. 24, 1909, and was seen at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, on May 5, 1910. Miss Dressler has taken the part of Tillie Bobs many, many times, but, strange to say, never in Boston.

Would that Miss Dressler could be persuaded to write her memoirs, for she is a breezy woman and has had many adventures. In 1914 there was a dispute about her name. Was it Dressler? She set some reviewers right by saying that she was born in the Canadian town of Cobourg, and that her father, who was then living, was Capt. Alexander Koerber. "I was just 18 when I joined the Baker Opera Company in Toronto and with it went to Detroit and Cleveland. My name then was Lila Koerber, but when they wanted to put my name on the program I decided my folks at home would not like to have their loving daughter disgrace the family name, so I hit upon 'Marie Dressler.' It is difficult to say just how I evolved that particular moniker, but the name 'Marie' was given me by a girl friend, and the name Dressler happened to be the name of a candy store where we stopped to have ice cream soda one day. It was just a freak of fortune that that candy shop wasn't named something else, and that's how the name 'Marie Dressler' came to the front."

"I used the name first in Detroit and then in Cleveland, and it is quite true that I was with the Baker Opera Company at the wonderful salary of \$3 a week in addition to my board and lodging. The other members of the company had an allowance of 25 cents a day from the manager for what was known as 'beer money,' but, as I never drank a

drop I did not feel justified in asking for this extra 25 cents."

The London Who's Who in the Theatre, gives her name as "Lila Koerber," says that she was born on Nov. 9, 1871, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1886 as "Gigarette" in "Under Two Flags." In 1906 she said that her first name was Lila.

The sights that she has seen, the comedians, male and female, that she has known! She was applauded in a London music hall in 1907. Her failure at the Aldwych Theatre, London, early in 1909, led her to talk amusingly about her experiences in that city when a reporter of the New York World called on her in September of that year. She gaily admitted that she was broke. "Not a sou markee, and believe me or not, as you will, all the clothes I've got wouldn't bring \$100 at a second-hand sale. I dropped \$40,000 beyond the sea, but I can't live like the ordinary woman. I can't travel in street cars, and all that. My throat costs me thousands to keep well. I haven't got a sparkler left and couldn't get to a Tammany ball if I wanted to. And still they're after me. Shylock must have been an Englishman, I think. They'll stick like barnacles to a catboat if you owe them a cent."

Then she talked of her new play. "They're going to call it 'Tillie's Nightmare' and I'll take in all the characters of the Sunday funny sheets. The kids'll be wild over it. The staging will be wonderful, and I'm Tillie, the poor little

maid-of-all work in a boarding house, who don't know much, but she reads the Sunday papers. And then she has a dream."

About this time she told the reporter of a Philadelphia newspaper that she jumped into the chorus when she was 15 and the city was Philadelphia; the show was given by the Deshon Opera company. "I started backward, and at 16, when I was cast for my first part in 'The Mikado,' I sang the role of Katsusha, an old hag with several teeth out of her head. I was the only Meg Merrilies for years, and played old woman parts for years. I've seen a bit of the world, too; you can't lose me in London or Paris or St. Petersburg or Monte Carlo. There I did straight parts of all kinds in all sorts of companies, and with our barnstormers, if the King was drunk, I played the King. After I got too old to play young woman parts, I hanged if I didn't stop doing the old hag roles and play young ones. That was in 1895, when I did 'The Lady Slavey' with Dan Daly."

In January, 1915, Colgate Baker talked with her for the New York Review. It was a lively conversation. Let us record some of the sayings:

"I do love art, A-R-T. It is just luck that I did not become a barefoot dancer or a Wagnerian prima donna, good luck also."

"The reason why women do not succeed as comedians is because they would rather be pretty and nice than ugly and funny."

"I have always been in mortal dread that David Belasco would some day discover that I was a tragedienne."

"People do not come to the theatre in a willing spirit, they come defying you—this keeps one working all the time like a dredger in the Panama canal."

"I should like to found a home for destitute American grand opera prima donnas who cannot get a hearing at the Metropolitan—a bureau to discourage young women from going on the stage, and another one to secure engagements for talented young actresses who are unable to find employment."

"I admire and love the genus clubwoman. I am somewhat of a clubberess myself, and I believe in clubs. Now the clubwomen are all little inconsistent. They have been waiting for good, clean plays, wholesome, sterilized comedy, disinfected farces and that kind of thing; yet dimly, they will break down the doors of a theatre to get in to see an obstetrical play every time."

Yes, Miss Dressler should write her memoirs. Nor should modesty prevent her from describing her valiant work during the great war.

For Denison House

Charles Rann Kennedy's play "The Fool from the Hills," will be performed for the first time on any stage Tuesday afternoon, April 13, at the Park Square Theatre for the benefit of Denison House. The play has this subtitle: "A Fantasy of Nowhere in Five Acts, Scene Indivisible Setting Fourth the Doings of a Day that Never Was for Children Young and Old That Wish to Be Amused." There is also this motto for the play: "The Bread of God is that which cometh down out of heaven, and giveth life to the world"—John vi. 33.

The play will be performed by Edith Wynne Matthison (Ferdia, of the Wall), Margaret Gago (Geyher, of the Garden) and the special drama class of the Bennett school, Millbrook, New York; Eleanor Nichol (Habib, of the World), Anita White (Shams, of the Flesh), Frances Dohle (Amr, of the devil), Ruth Schielkopf (Jalal, of the Hills), and Margaret Underhill (Sultan, of the palace). The place is the Garden of Dreams; the time, during the famine.

"It is the garden of Eden. The old-looking building on the right is a lighthouse. The high yellow walls of the garden are to keep out the jungle, and the little, slender door set in the glowing shadows of the archway at the back is the door that must not be opened. That is why it is chained and bolted. One can see the jungle peeping over the copings, and beyond it the Hill of Light, where dwells immortally the master baker no man ever saw. To find him one would have to journey through the jungle. Only one would never dare. For there is a dragon in it."

"The low, square stone-work on the left, with the fruit tree over it, is a fountain. The stone bench opposite speaks for itself. So also do the roses and the other blossoms about."

"The steps leading down from the garden to the place where the people are mean something important. They mean that the people—sometimes called the audience—are part of the story. They are exactly one-quarter of it. It is like this. Reckoning from the top downward, first there's the Hill of Light, then the jungle, then the garden, and, last of all, the Valley of Darkness. The valley is where the people are."

The costumes are by the Bennett school dramatic workshop. The decorations for the performance are by F. Lyman Clark of the Amateurs.

Mr. Kennedy has written: "You might say that the play is an experiment with a stylistically produced comedy of purpose, with all the characters played by women, a convention following the precedent of the Greek drama and the Shakespearean drama—only with women in all the parts instead of men. This play peculiarly lends itself to such a convention, as will be seen when produced. The production is directed by the author. The play, following the Boston production and the productions at the Bennett school, will be given at several of the universities and schools besides under the auspices of the labor education committee of New York, and

the regular theatrical production with the same cast of all girls is under consideration."

Mr. Kilby's Tribute to Boston's "Most Popular Actor"

No other on the Boston boards
Can boast such friends as he.
Was daily presence still affords
Pronounced delight and glee.
Enshrined within our faithful hearts,
Secure against removal,
We've seen him act a thousand parts,
And emphasized approval.

As day has followed after day,
And year succeeded year,
He's taken roles "from grave to gay,
From lively to severe."
Now owner of a country store;
Now beaver of a bod;
Commander of an army corps,
Or half an awkward squad.

Police-men, clerks, newshoys, tramps,
Expressmen by the score,
Stern sentinels at army camps,
And serving-men galore,
Tonight we see him add perchance
In feats of skill and grace;
Next week we're apt to see him dance,
With cork-embellished face.

We've watched his locks becoming gray;
We've seen his waist expand,
Yet every night and every day
He's certain of his "band."
What's the turn, from Maggie Cline's
To Mark Twain and his
His inspired talent shines—
Come, Williamson, at Keith's,
Be alone.

QUINCY KILBY.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Handel and Haydn's performance of "Elijah." See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Tetrazzini. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. John O'Sullivan, tenor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Copley Plaza, 3 P. M. Gladys Lott, pupil of Yvette Guilbert, in "Songs and Sketches of Child Life."

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Lawrence Haines, tenor. Ravel, Chanson de la Malice; La-bas, Quel galant! Tout gai! Milhaud, L'insolent; Debussy, Chevaux de bois; G. Fauré, Automne; Banck, Serenade; Loefer, To Helen; Bachmanhoff, Spring Floods; Duparc, La Vie en teneur, La Manoir de Rosamond; Chanson Triste; Ravel, Repetition of the four Greek folk songs. Malcolm Lang, accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Messrs. Godowsky, Lortzky, Groutin and Copeland, pianists. See the Ampico. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Theo Karle, tenor. Cimara, Stornello; Sibella, Nerbo parle; Tirindelli, Quando tu canti; Mero beer, O Paradiso, from "L'Africaine"; Coleridge-Taylor, Awake, Beloved; Belmonte, Grilles, The Land of the Dead; Hardy, My Love, My Love, I'll Follow You; The Trials and Go Down Moses, art. by R. Leigh; Watts, Blue are Her Eyes; Malinconi, Daybreak; Rhy-Herbert, Admonition; Dunsford, My Heart Said Be Thy Garden; Sickles, Cavalry. William Sickles, pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

works over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them. I am informed that both of them tell coarse stories. I don't heed them. It was the custom of their time, as it is of Highlanders and Hot-tots, to dispense with a part of dress which we all wear in cities. But people can't afford to be shocked either at Cape Town or at Inverness every time they meet an individual who wears his national airy raiment. I never knew the 'Arabian Nights' was an improper book until I happened once to read it in a 'family edition.'"

Hero is the story that may serve as a lesson for the day and for all days:

"I was invited yesternight to a solemn Supper, by P. J. where you were deeply remembered; there was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and jovial welcome; one thing interven'd, which almost spoil'd the Relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the Discourse to Vapour extremely of himself, and by villifying others to magnify his own Muse. 'T. C. buz'd me in the Ear, that though B. had barrell'd up a great deal of Knowledge, yet, it seems, he had not read the Ethiques, which among other Precepts of Morality forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favour'd Solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the Lady (not very young) who having a good while given her Guests near Entertainment; a Capon being brought upon the Table, instead of a Spoon, she took a mouthful of Claret, and spout'd it into the Poop of the hollow bird; such an accident happen'd in this Entertainment, you know—Propria laus sordet in ore; Be a Mans Breath never so sweet, yet it makes ones Praises stink if he makes his own Mouth the Conduit-Pipe of it: But for my part, I am content to dispense with the Roman Infirmary of B. now that time hath snowed upon his Pericranium. * * * There is another reason that excuseth B. which is, That if one be allowed to love the Natural Issue of his Body, why not that of the Brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble Extraction?"

This B. J. was Ben Jonson, who died in the summer of the next year; a tireless and ponderous talker, according to all that knew him. In the Elysian Fields this morning he is probably endeavoring to talk down Dr. Samuel Johnson. Will Mr. Herkimor Johnson, the eminent sociologist, when he first sights Asphodel and quaffs his first goblet of nectar—the mead of Valhalla—would be more to his taste—instinctively make his way to the two thunderous, reverberating disputants? It is much more likely that he will look about for Sir Thomas Browne or Artemus Ward.

The True Definition

The lady in Mr. Howel's story had given her guests "near entertainment"; that is to say, she had provided meagrely or stingily. We all know "near" men. Hence the true meaning of "near beer"; not a beverage that is almost beer.

Has any New Englander heard undone meat described as "near"?

Unveil!

[The memorial to Edith Cavell will be unveiled today.]

Unveil, great Sovereign of the skies,
More than our marble effigies,
Let loose the soul within;
Below the chisel's cunning lies
A universe of mysteries—
Our eyes are fain to win.

Unveil the sacrificial will,
The life no savage foe might kill,
Desire that could not fail;
Grant us but one transcendent thrill,
One moment's gaze, to last until
We stand "within the veil."

A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle, March 17.

Was this the best that the daily poet of the Chronicle could do?

It is said that the first monument erected in England to a woman other than a Queen was in memory of a nurse, Sister Dora (Mrs. D. A. Patterson), who nursed for many years in and about Walsall, where the monument stands. The last one to be unveiled was also in honor of a nurse, Florence Nightingale (Waterloo place, London). It is also said that these, with that of Mrs. Siddons on Paddington Green, are the only effigies of women in England, with the exception of royalties and a statue at Breamhill in Wiltshire to commemorate a peasant, Maud Heath, who left her savings to build a causeway.

Shortly before the unveiling of the Cavell statue it was announced that the Oxford University Press was about to issue a fac-simile of the copy of Thomas Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" that belonged to Edith. "This wonderful little book, which was in Nurse Cavell's hands during her last mortal hours, has been copied exactly. Her markings are indicated and the notes of the last events of her life, made in the prison of St. Giles, as well as a few other notes throughout the book, are reproduced in fac-simile."

Film "Howlers"

The London Times is solemnly amused by certain American films representing life in England and sent to England for the education of the natives. The Times admits that these films, which in America are regarded as realistic, were made in good faith. "The cause of the trouble is the fact that the American cinematograph industry is the most advanced in the world, and it is to be feared that in this particular case we

have the advantage of our own nation which depicts itself and falls on the other." There are probably not many nations which would have the confidence to produce a film about a foreign country, and then show it in that very country without a moment's hesitation."

Some of the inaccuracies are pointed out by the Times.

"In the case mentioned the guests at an English country house were drinking ice water for breakfast. The British aristocracy is as unknown a sphere to some of these American film producers as it was to Charles Dickens. In a recent film the audience was introduced to a lady of high estate who was called Lady So-and-So. Her eldest son was named Sir Philip, and her younger son the Honorable James. It was really all very difficult. In the same film the family was rent in twain because the younger son wished to marry an actress. Do such things happen nowadays? In another American film that is to be shown soon there is a scene representing the Thames Embankment. It was carefully built at the studio—at great expense undoubtedly—and is perfect in nearly every detail. It is unfortunate, however, that a seat is shown, and that this faces the road."

"Many of those who took part in the fighting in Flanders would like to have the wet-resisting powers of a character in another film. After swimming a long distance in the sea, his first act on reaching dry land was to light a cigarette. To do so he took a match from his pocket and struck it on his trousers."

Mistakes in films dealing with foreign countries may be forgiven, because they are not noticed by the mass. "One might just as well upbraid those English novelists who write about Paris for inducing their English readers to believe that all Parisians utter such sentences as 'I kiss my hand, yourself, my cabbage.'"

MME. TETRAZZINI

An audience that filled the Boston Opera House greeted Mme. Tetrazzini yesterday afternoon at her first concert here after a long absence. She was assisted by James Goodard, bass, and Pietro Cimara, pianist. The program was:

April Song, The Swing, and Marche, Spem-batti, Mr. Cimara. I Came with a Song, La Forge, The Bitterness of Love, Duni, The Pilgrim's Song, Tschalkowsky, Mr. Goodard; Mad Scene from "Hamlet," Thomas, Pastorella, Veracini, L'Eco, Eckert, Canto di Primavera, Cimara, Mme. Tetrazzini, Aria, Il Lacerato Spicciolo, Verdi (from "Simon Boccanegra"), Mr. Goodard. Variations on the Carnival of Venice, Jules Benedict, Mme. Tetrazzini.

Mme. Tetrazzini was always extremely popular here. The knowledge that the war had kept her from Boston and that she had done valiant service for Italy and the allies during the conflict heightened the enthusiasm with which she was welcomed and led to a demonstration rarely equalled in warmth in this city. She was noticeably affected by it. All her numbers were stormily applauded and she added generously to the regular program.

Mr. Cimara, a young pianist who might be classified as an impressionist in manner and musical expression, was heartily received and was insistently recalled after Mme. Tetrazzini had sung

EXCELLENT SINGING OF ORATORIO "ELIJAH"

The Handel and Haydn Society gave Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Emil Mollenhauer conducted and H. G. Tucker was organist. There were four soloists: Florence Henkle, soprano; Nevada Vander Veer, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.

The soloists all gave splendid performances and the work of the choirs was especially noteworthy. Their singing throughout the whole oratorio showed thorough training and a good comprehension of the spirit of the music. Very interesting was the singing of the choirs throughout the parts of the "Priests of Baal"; the soloists gave a fine rendering of the quartet, and altogether it was a most excellent performance. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Given to Aid Fund for Diocesan Centre

The concert given in Symphony Hall last night under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women proved to be what Cardinal O'Connell predicted for it—a great financial as well as artistic success. The proceeds will be used to augment the receipts of the bigazaar to be held at the end of this month to raise funds for the establishment of a diocesan centre for Catholic women.

The hall was filled to its capacity. Every seat had been sold early in the week.

The audience was made up of men and women prominent in Catholic circles, as well as in the civic life of the

city. The officers and members of the league had seats in the orchestra. Mr. M. J. Spillane, spiritual director of the league, his brother, the Rev. Dr. Richard H. Spillane of Mt. Auburn; Mrs. Frances E. Slattery, the president; Miss Mary Barr and Mrs. Daniel V. McIsaac, vice-presidents; Mrs. William A. Troy and Mrs. Augustus Tillson of the executive board, as well as many leading clergymen were in the audience. John O'Sullivan headed the program and was assisted by Prof. John A. O'Shea, organist; Miss Stickney, violinist, and Miss Olive Russell, soprano.

NEW ORCHESTRA MAY LEAVE CITY

Because of the lack of interest shown in last night's concert of former members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who have been giving Sunday evening performances at the Colonial Theatre under the name of the American Federation Symphony Orchestra, a meeting will be held today or tomorrow to decide upon the advisability of continuing the series.

The players were unable to determine whether the small attendance of last night was due to the weather and counter entertainments throughout the city or whether their friends and supporters had abandoned them, but whatever the cause, they expressed themselves as being discouraged.

May Go Elsewhere

The feeling is general among the players that they are not receiving the patronage of the music lovers of the city and they feel that they could do better by establishing themselves in some nearby city.

While last night's audience was small it was none the less appreciative, being generous with applause for both solo and orchestra pieces. The soloists, Gustav Heim, trumpeter; Fredric Fradkin, violinist, and Theodore Cella, harpist, were obliged to respond to the outbursts of enthusiasm.

The program was: Overture, "Mignon," Thomas; trumpet solo from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens, Mr. Heim; Andante Cantabile for string quartet, op. 11, Tschalkowsky; Minuet, Bolzoni; violin solo, Gypsy Airs, Sarasate, Mr. Fradkin; Poeme Symphonique, "Le Rouet d'Omphale, Saint-Saens; harp solo, "Mazurka," Schuecker, Mr. Cella; overture, "Rienzi," Wagner.

Emil Mollenhauer was conductor and James Ecker accompanist.

April 6 1920

'M. BEAUCAIRE'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Monsieur Beaucaire," a romantic opera in prologue and three acts; based on Booth Tarkington's story. libretto by Frederick Lonsdale; lyrics by Adrian Ross; music by Andre Messager. Produced by A. L. Erlanger. Charles Previn, musical director.

Monsieur Beaucaire.....Marion Green
Philip Molyneux.....John Clarke
Frederick Bantison.....Leinox Pawle
Bakell.....Spencer Trevor
Francis.....Nyan Servais
Duke of Winterset.....Robert Parker
Beau Nash.....Robert Cunningham
Townbrake.....Andre Brouard
Captain Badger.....Percy Carr
Jillife.....Harry Frankiss
Bickitt.....Eric Snowden
Marquis De Mirepoix.....Guy Faylere
Lucy.....Marjorie Burgess
Countess of Greenbury.....Freda Williams
A Girl in Act I.....Ellen Grubb
Lady Mary Carlisle.....Blanche Tomlin

After all "Monsieur Beaucaire" is a play with music, rather than an operetta or, to speak by the card, "a romantic opera." There are times when the introduction of the music seems unnecessary, the play is so well acted for the most part. Seldom, indeed, are good acting and good singing so happily combined.

Mr. Tarkington's story and the play written by him and Mrs. Sutherland are familiar. In the operetta, as in the play, Beaucaire weds Lady Mary; he does not, disgusted by her doubt concerning his identity, farewell her coldly and go back to France. Thus in the operetta, as in the play, the finest scene in the story is dropped, for the sake of the dear public that insists on a happy ending.

Messager's music is now French in its daintiness and grace; now English in its sturdiness. He knows England well; he married an Englishwoman. More than once he drops into Sullivan's vein. He is more fortunate in his ensembles than in the solo pages. In the latter his invention often droops; in spite of charming instrumentation and discreet harmonic schemes, the melodies sometimes approach dangerously the commonplace. In every operetta there should be one song—for tenor, soprano or baritone; as you please—that is al-

On the fifth of April, 1635, a letter was written to Sir Tho. Hawk, Knight, which is well being pondered today. The writer was our old friend James Howel. "Monsieur Beaucaire and 'Howel's Letters' are my inside books," said Thackeray. "They talk about themselves forever, and don't say a word about me. I like to hear them tell their

...with the title when the rest of the piece is vaguely recalled or wholly forgotten. Messenger endeavored to write a memorable song, "Red Rose," but he was not wholly successful. In 184 or 65 years old when he sat to write "Monsieur Beaucaire," accomplished composer, he is not so to write a "Falstaff" at the end of a long career. Yet the music of "Monsieur Beaucaire," as a whole, is graceful, refined, and there are numbers that stand out in bold

as the trio at the end of the first act, the first of Lucy and Moly-Lady Mary's entrance song; the minuet with its Vaucelle-like Nor is there in the operetta any attempt at immediate and popularity. Messenger is too musical nature to set applause

performance is one of much more ordinary worth. The stage set and the costumes are beautiful; the management is deftly handled; the orchestra contains fresh and effective who are fair to the eye. The orchestra did full justice to Messer's score. It was led by Mr. Previna. The regard to the niceties of ornamentation, always in full symphony and with a physical exuberance, and tossing and stroking and caressing of hands, shaking of head with the hair, and a kind of that led one of a kindly to fear for Mr. Previna's welfare.

majority of the comedians "ere their respective parts in English. Miss Tomlin takes the place of Teyte. She acts the part aptly in high comedy vein, and discreetly and pleasingly, with a distinct enunciation and a clear pronunciation of the text. Miss was not too coquettish, not simple as Lucy, and she, too, and the car.

Green, an American, who had been in opera or operetta until he appeared in England as Beaucaire, and excellent performance. His was delightful by reason of its mass, its tonal purity, its vocal expressiveness. He acted also in only fashion. Mr. Pawle, well known here by the part he took in "Under Walk," was amusing, and as Mr. Trevor, to whom the "fat" lines in the comedy are given. Mr. was an experienced singer in grand with a resonant voice. The other were adequately taken: the Beau of Mr. Cunningham, the Swash-buster, Capt. Badger, by Mr. Carr, to on.

performance was prolonged unreasonably, the readiness with which songs and ensembles were repeated and by the wits. And there were times when the comedians took too slow a pace.

JACK O' LANTERN

ONIAL THEATRE—Return engagement of "Jack o' Lantern," a musical extravaganza in two acts and eight scenes, by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Wade. Music by Ivan Caryll. The

Lantern..... Fred Stone
Fripp..... Roy Hoyer
Pipp..... Charles Mast
Harold West
Oscar Ragland
Mabelle Cellars
Elsa May
Mabelle Cellars
Teresa Valerio
Kathryn Walsh
Ursula O'Hare
Violet Zell
in the lobby of the theatre stood waiting to get his coat from the cloakroom. Some one asked him he liked the show.

"Oh, sir," he answered, "that Fred Stone would be a right entertainin' feller to have on the farm the year round. He can skate and fall around a hay wagon smart. It don't seem a peck of nonsense what you give him to fool with, he makes yer laugh some."

That little girl he had to dance with wouldn't make much of a bit in a minuet, but she didn't seem to mind what way he tossed her around. Might as well like it. Appeared to, anyway.

Wished the kids could have seen him telling them fairy stories and making them come true. Funny when the time he was going to eat and drink began playing tricks. 'Member when the turkey gobbler he was going to make reared up and bit him? Well, sir, I had the mate to that one last Thanksgiving. I'd cut its head off, mind you, but the darned thing didn't seem to notice. Stood up on its feet and flapped its wings and then ran around in the wine. Just as this Stone fellow was going to drink it, the stuff disappeared. Yes, sir; went right out of the glass. Just like it remembered the prohibition law. Stone looked a bit mournful as it left him, didn't yer think?

Then there was the Brown brothers. Don't see how they was all brothers. One feller, the leader was black, the other's all white. The black man was the funny one, though. He could toddle the horn of his quite some, now, couldn't he? That last tune they played, we got it off the graphophone, it's about a black rag, right smart piece.

"Funny when they quit. Every one kept clapping. I wanted to see 'em again, and I thought the rest did. I suppose they thought the audience was clapping the snow scene. Don't blame a body for clapping that scene, but I've seen enough snow this winter to last me a spell.

"That singer, now, Roy Hoyer, it says his name is, he had a nice voice and was limber enough to suit anyone. He danced like they do in the shifting pictures when they show how the villain makes up to the heroine.

"The scenery was odd-like. I never seen anything just like the dream scene. And I've had some funny dreams. The little dolls was cute. The little baby in the carriage, yer mind, who borrowed the nutch and lit a big black cigar—

she was funny. Kinder strange to see a little baby do it, but she was a girl and what these city girls will be doing next is hard telling.

"The girls that just walk around and look pretty did that fine, I thought. I came down to Boston last spring and took in a show that the hotel feller told me would do me good. Can't say but it was all right, but the girls in that show didn't have much clothes on. These girls, though, why, I wouldn't mind having the missus along to see that. And the kids, too. Wasn't nothin' in it you couldn't explain to my daughter, and she's only 15 and lived on the farm all her life. Well, I've got my coat. Good night!"

MARIE DRESSLER

Miss Marie Dressler appeared last night at the Boston Opera House in "Tillie's Nightmare," it being the first performance here of this production. The book is by Edgar Smith, the music by A. Baldwin Sloane.

This musical melange was presented before a fair-sized audience, and may be said to have been put over by the force of Marie Dressler's remarkable talent. The nightmare is true to its title, for rarely, if ever, has there been so involved a scheme with so little, save the personality of the star, to put it across. Like all dramas, it is not real, this unreality never for a moment being absent, although the supporting company, when it had anything to do, worked hard and tirelessly in the effort to please.

To those who recall Marie in "The Lady Slave" and in later efforts, this latest offering falls far short of being a vehicle for so talented an entertainer. The production is 11 years old and one wonders why it should have been saved until this late day for a Boston production.

"Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" is as familiar as if it had been sung here, only it never was until last night, that is, as it should be sung and only can be sung by Miss Dressler. There is an attempt to bring the story up to date through the introduction of the peace treaty parley in the last spasm of the nightmare. Still one has wandered so rapidly through the weird plot, one almost believes Tillie has eaten of the Welsh rarebit she ordered just before falling asleep in the prologue.

To those whose acquaintance with Miss Dressler rests with her vaudeville engagements and her movie activities, "Tillie's Nightmare" should prove attractive, for there is only one Marie Dressler, and she is before them after a long absence. Not to have seen her is to have missed considerable in point of knowledge of stage celebrities.

Tillie's dream gives Miss Dressler ample scope. Her boarding house drudge is a rare bit of comedy. Her impersonation of the saleslady in the department store an artistic bit. Her seasick scene on the yacht another evidence of her versatility and withal there is the old gentleman's jazz to display her agility.

"Tillie's Nightmare" with Miss Dressler has its excuses, for as she sings in the opening scene, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

'PYGMALION' IS

Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Pygmalion," was revived at the Copley Theatre last night to the delight of an audience that filled the house.

The story of the London flower girl who is taken up by Prof. Henry Higgins presents many opportunities and the author has taken advantage of them all. The company, with the parts distributed among the members almost the same as when the Jewett Players presented the play, gave a fine interpretation.

The important interest centres about Eliza Doolittle, the flower girl. Mrs. Pat Campbell, who played the part in Boston, is now impersonating Eliza at His Majesty's Theatre in London, where "Pygmalion" has been revived. Viola Roach takes the part at the Copley and does it full justice—coarse and uncouth as the flower girl, amusing in the early stages of her instruction, dignified and full of deep emotion when her "education" has been completed.

E. E. Clive played opposite as Henry Higgins, her instructor, giving a stik-

ing interpretation of the conceited and ill-mannered teacher of phonetics.

H. Conway Wingfield as the father, the dustman who has been forced into middle class morality through an unexpected bequest, was not at his best, but that was the fault of the part, not of the actor.

Jessamine Newcomb as the mother of the professor, and Nicholas Joy as his associate gave a finished performance.

MOSCONI FAMILY KEITH'S FEATURE

The Mosconi brothers, Louis and Charles, assisted by their father, sister and brothers, in a dancing act, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

It is not too much to say that this is one of the greatest dancing acts of contemporary vaudeville. The outstanding features are the speed and indefatigable work of the performers. Besides this the company gets away from the conventional style of these acts, and this was clearly demonstrated in the unique manipulation of the minuet, employing the sextet, where there was an abrupt and intermittent shift to jazz rhythm.

The ensembles were none the less enjoyable than the solo numbers. There was a fleetness of foot that was enchanting, and a unity of movement that compelled attention. Nor should one neglect to mention the astounding work of Miss Mosconi, who mopped up the entire expanse of the stage in a unique dance that never once brought her to her feet till the conclusion of her act. William Edison conducted.

Other acts on the bill were the Ark Sisters, in dancing creations; Donovan and Lee, in dancing, blarney and singing, an act that was characteristic of other vaudeville days, and is too seldom seen at the present time; Tom Lewis, in a monologue; Katherine Murray, in songs; George Kelly, in a satirical sketch, excellently acted; Keegan and Edwards, musicians and vocalists; Grey and Byron, in a sketch, and Selbini and Grovini, comedy jugglers and acrobats.

On April 6, 1885, our old friend Edmond de Goncourt made this note in his Journal:

"Yes, I dare to say it, I admire only the moderns. Throwing overboard my literary education, I find Balzac a greater genius than Shakespeare, and I declare that his Baron Hulot works on my imagination more intensely than the Scandinavian Hamlet. Many, perhaps, share this impression, but no one has the courage to avow it—even to himself." And so the intrepid Goncourt whispered this to his Journal—knowing full well that it would be made public. By the way, what has become of the volumes that were to be published a certain number of years after his death, 20, 25, or was it 30? He died in 1896. The publication during his life embittered Renan against him. In spite of, or perhaps on account of, the extraordinary display of egoism, these nine volumes are uncommonly good reading; abounding in anecdotes concerning famous men and women of the period—whether the reports of conversations are always trustworthy is immaterial—throwing light on manners and customs, virtues and vices.

James, Howells and Moore

It appears from the letters of Henry James that he thought little of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith and admired Mr. Howells. It was George Moore who said that "Henry James went to France and read Tourgueneff; W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James," yet on the next page Mr. Moore describes Mr. Howells as "The happy father of a numerous family; the sun is shining, the girls and boys are playing on the lawn, they come trooping in to a high tea, and there is dancing in the evening." That is not a bad description. Does any one read Howells's "Modern Instance" today? we think it one of his best; possibly because the shabby hero is a familiar figure even now; possibly because the good, old country custom of "sitting up with" is so well pictured? Is the pleasing practice maintained in New England villages on Saturday nights?

Mr. Moore liked James's earlier novels. He spoke of "A Portrait of a Lady" with its "marvellous crowd of well dressed people . . . an accurate memory of a fashionable soiree—the staircase with its ascending figures, the hostess smiling, the host at a little distance with his back turned; some one calls him. He turns; I can see his white kid gloves; the air is as sugar with the odor of the gardenias; there is brilliant light here; there is shadow in the further rooms; the women's feet pass to and fro beneath the stiff skirts; I call for my hat and coat; I light a cigar; I stroll up Piccadilly—a very pleasant evening; I have seen a good many people I knew; I have observed an attitude, and an earnestness of manner that proved that a heart was beating."

Talking about certain books is even

more pleasant than reading them. There are books that have entered so deeply into a man's life that he is silent about them, and not only from fear lest some Philistine should turn him by an absurd criticism. The prudent man does not willingly recommend a book, theatrical show, garden or tailor. Mr. Christopher Morley is right; never press a book you like on a visitor. Even if he should return it, he might make disagreeable comments on your taste. There are disputes over the worth of this or that dictionary.

A Notorious Flogger

Dr. Richard Busby, master of Westminster school, died on April 6, 1895. He was justly celebrated: for the pupils that were under him; also for his skill and endurance in flogging. He would not allow his boys to use notes; nothing but the plain text of Greek and Latin authors. What would he have said to Anthon's editions or to Cooper's "Virgil"? (Anthon's notes with the frequent and pompous translations of texts were not looked on with favoring eyes by the teachers in the High School of our little village, at Exeter, N. H., or at Yale; yet we envied a graduate of Bowdoin when in his library we saw a stately row of Anthon's volumes on a shelf.) Dryden, speaking of the collection of some of his own verses, said: "I am now in fear that I purged them out of their spirit; as our Master Busby used to whip a boy so long till he made him a confirmed blockhead." Nevertheless Dryden put two of his sons under him. Another of Busby's pupils was Mr. Robert Hooke, A. M. John Aubrey wrote that Hooke going to Busby "lodged his hundred pounds"; he learned "to play 20 lessons on the organ," and "in one week's time made himself master of the first VI books of Euclid, to the admiration of Mr. Busby." Of still greater interest is Aubrey's statement that Hooke at school "invented thirty several ways of flogging." He invented "the Pendulum-Watches, so much more useful than the other watches"; also "an engine for the speedie working of division, or for the speedie and immediate finding out the divisor. An instrument for ye Emperor of Germany, 1692-3."

These old biographers were shrewd observers. Note Aubrey's description of Hooke's appearance: "He is but of middling stature, something crooked, pale faced, and his face but little below, but his head is large; his eye full and popping, and not quick; a grey eye. He has a delicate head of hair, brown, and of an excellent moist curl. He is and ever was very temperate, and moderate in diet."

Busby belonged to the noble army of floggers, with Bowyer of Christ's Hospital, who "knouted his way through life, from bloody youth up to truculent old age," with Orbellius, to whom his pupil Horace applied the epithet "plagiosus." (Joseph Currie's note will appeal to teachers, now in schools. "Orbellius was probably above 60 when the poet became his pupil—an age before which all teachers ought to be able to retire on a competency. . . . He left a son, who continued the profession—a practice, which the inadequate remuneration of teachers renders rather uncommon in our own day." Are not the teachers in Thackeray's novels and essays Dr. Birch and Dr. Swishtail? Blame not the magnificent Solomon for recommending flogging. "The author of Proverbs can hardly be Solomon, for we find the view that kingship ruins the people by taxation, and also warnings against sensuality and praise of monogamy, all of which would be inconsistent with Solomon's authorship. Probably the book has not a single author, but several."

FINE PERFORMANCE BY AMPICO PIANO

By PHILIP HALE

Messrs. Copeland, Ornstein, Levitski, Arthur Rubinstein and the Ampico reproducing piano gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall which was wholly filled by an interested, enthusiastic audience.

The Ampico reproducing piano is, indeed, a wonderful machine. After Mr. Ornstein had given a singularly flabby, ultra-sentimental performance of Liszt's "Liebestraum," the Ampico played the piece as Mr. Ornstein had played it on a former occasion and in a more inspired moment. Last night he was not wholly in the vein. His next selection was Liszt's 13th Hungarian Rhapsody, by no means one of the best, nor did his playing lend passing and fictitious worth to it. But in his own amusing and brilliant "Impressions of Chinatown" he redeemed himself. The audience insisted on a repetition.

Mr. Copeland again gave pleasure by his performance of a Capriccio by Scarlatti, a waltz of Chopin and Debussy's "Treflets dans l'air." Again he displayed, after an absence of some months, his exquisite art.

Mr. Levitsky's selections were Valse, Danse Humoresque by Stojowsky, Liszt's 6th Rhapsody and Rubinstein's Staccato Etude. He played delightful, his command of dynamic gradations, his beautiful quality of tone, his

must stand on...
...a pianist at a Sym-
...three seasons ago.
...he failed to fulfill
...Gorn in Russian
...a five-year-old
...with Garth in Bos-
...then Lesche-
...a great reputation
...in England having
...the continent again, but
...he lived in
...South America,
...the United States.
...his admirers said that
...between the
...A. M. These hours
...to many. Last night
...between 9 and 10 P. M.
...were "Triana" of Al-
...and Tausig's arrangement of
...March. Truly, a
...player whose performance,
...more than speed and
...a pianist with a fascinating
...personality, with a fine head, suggest-
...intelligence, inspiring respect.
...too, has admirable qualities: touch,
...rhythm, strength, fancy.
...The Ampico Piano made remarkable
...reproductions of the characteristic in-
...of these pianists. At
...the pianist would stop playing,
...the machine would go on as if he were
...after then the pianist would take
...the wondrous tale. In some in-
...the reproduction of the whole
...was identical with the
...of the original. In other instances the Ampico
...had just gone before,
...the pianist when
...his own standard.
...notably was the repro-
...of many charming nuances.
...for a moment was there the sug-
...of rigid inflexible, purely me-
...mechanical mimicry. The reproductions
...were as free, elastic, spontaneous as
...a gifted mortal were the per-
...formers.
...Mr. Levitzki introduced the inventor
...to the audience. The hearty reception
...how highly his invention was
...appreciated.

LAWRENCE HAYNES

Lawrence Haynes, tenor, gave his first public recital in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. Malcolm Lang was the pianist. The program was as follows: Ravel, Greek folk songs; Ravel de la Marche; La-bas vers l'eglise, Quel est-il? Tout gai! Duparc, La vie anterieure, Le Manoir de Rosamonde, Chanson triste, Bantock, Serenade, Heffer, To Helen; Rachmaninoff, Spring Woods, Milhaud, Dissolution; Chrusse, Chevaux de bois; G. Faure, A l'ombre, repetition of Ravel's Great folk songs.
The program itself was short and interesting. It contained a few un- familiar songs. Of Ravel's arrange- ments made in 1907, one "La-bas" was sung here recently by Mme. Gauthier. There are five in all. Why did not Mr. Haynes include "Chansons des villages de l'entree"? Is it not worth while, Milhaud, now nearly 30 years old, introduced here by chamber music, his written orchestral works: "La Porte ouverte," "Le Retour de l'ant prodigue," music for "Thol- mori," etc. A romantic tale is told of him that he was passionately in love, finding that his idol had feet of clay and was wholly worthless, he yet wished to marry her, and on her refusal he thought of suicide, but was rescued by Vincent d'Indy, who bore him away to the Cevennes where the young composer went through a cooking process, which was completed at the austere-School Cantorum at Paris. Du- parc's "Vie anterieure" is not so familiar to many as his earlier songs. The poem is by Baudelaire remembering his life under "vast pillared porticoes," near the sea, where he saw an azure sky, heard the sumptuous music of the billows lighted by the setting sun, fanned by nude and perfumed waves whose soft care was to fathom the Dolores secret that made him pine away in grief; verses rich in suggestion for a composer; and what beautiful music Duparc wrote! As the years go by, his place is more and more assured as the first of French inventors of art songs. There is only Gabriel Faure to dispute the supremacy, and in the songs of Duparc there is a depth and a passion that are foreign to the other.
Mr. Lang played musical, sympathetic accompaniments. There was a very friendly audience of fair size.

consider, dearly beloved brethren, the trials and tribulations of our Pilgrim fathers who frequently were obliged to drive their cattle six miles to water, fording two large rivers on the way.
Piscataqua
April 2, "F. B. C." asked, and not aker elve maner, if the word "Piscataqua" was not derived from the We have received two letters. Then, we fear, is a contemptuous

As the World Wags:
"F. B. C." query about the name of the river that flows past Portsmouth, N. H., is natural enough, and many more than he have thought they have found latinity in the name "Piscataqua." It certainly is good latin in so far as derivative appearances go, but the facts are that it isn't Latin and that no "one of the early colonial geographers put one over on us." It was not named by any of them.
The first name for the river known to white men was "Piscataquack"—pure Indian. The name appears in all of the early maps, records and title deeds. There is no chance for argument about it. How it gradually became softened down to its present name no one knows exactly. The late Dr. Quint, an expert antiquarian of New Hampshire, says in one of his Dover Enquirer articles: "Many old people are now alive (1878) who remember when the so-called Piscataqua river was known as the Pscataquack, which name was of proved Indian origin."
It is a very pretty theory of F. B. C.'s, but untenable in the light of history.
Boston. W. D.

"Is" and "Way"

As the World Wags:
To Piscataqua, fish water or fisher's water, as pointed out by F. B. C. in this column for April 2 add Piscataquis (Maine), fisher on, or by virtue of, the waters, or, perhaps, fishes in the waters and somewhat more conjecturally Piscataway (Maryland), fisher's bird. With many of our Indian names, Latin, if called upon, will do a great deal for us, even as would English in the hands of a punster or a charade expert. The perception of coincidences stimulates and is well worth passing along, but this very soon ceases to impress. Cutlass (the word) has nothing to do with cutting; train oil has nothing to do with the railroads; and disciples of Waldseemüller can hardly be held to have perpetrated, in Piscataqua, a subtle and delicious parody on the veritable speech of the noble savage.
Some will think it singular that two substantial rivers no farther apart than the Piscataqua and the Piscataquis should have such similar names. Of course in minor, narrowly local, and obvious names, such as Pine Hill and Bear Hill, of each of which there are no fewer than six instances within a few miles of Boston, we are prepared for duplication. But in the case of larger features, and of the longer names left us by the Indians, this remains a source of some surprise. The tourist is baffled and occasionally alights to find himself on the bank of the wrong stream; but the precisian exults over analogy perceived and discrimination duly made.
Now that, by a decision reversible once every 25 years, the Kearsarge of song and story and of innumerable lovers of the White Hills, who sought them lingering by the pleasant gateway of North Conway, has temporarily relinquished its sounding name to more dim-inutive southern Kearsarge, remarks on the coincidence of this name will not appeal to those who have complacently schooled themselves to write Pequaket. Nevertheless, instances of resemblances or identities will be readily multiplied.
By the way, to revert to English names and to ways more local, has anybody attempted to count the New Bostons, including townships and especially cross-road villages within a few miles' radius in northern central Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire?
SILCOX FASSETT.

Jeff and Rowland

In Mr. Fisher's pictorial record of Jeff's and Mutt's adventures Jeff is shown dating a letter a week ahead so that the recipient, an English Sir, will wonder at the promptness of the mail service in New York.
In 1810 Rowland Hill prophesied in verse:
Invention is progressing so, and soon it will be seen
That conveyance will be quicker done than ever it has been.
A plan's in agitation, as nought can genius fetter,
To let us have the answer back before they get the letter.

"Movies" at Jerusalem

Jerusalem now has, according to report, only one English picture palace, while during the war there were two nightly shows "taking advantage of good halls to stage some elaborate effects." At the Theatre Royal outside the Jaffa gate at Christmas, 1917, "Cinderella" was produced. Do the natives delight in film plays? Do they applaud Chaplin's throwing unerringly a custard pie? Do they wonder at Mary Pickford and Theda Bara? There was no trace of a theatre in Jewish history until Herod building one wounded severely the Hebrew conscience. The Semitic mind, Renan maintained, had no taste for elaborate fictions. He attributed this dislike of theatrical representations to the absence of a complex mythology, which is the rich source of epopee and drama, as is observed in the history of the Greeks and the Hindus. If "the song of songs" was intended for a drama, it was performed privately in the course of wedding festivities.

Without Klein
So "Wang" is to be revived. The Wolf Hopper is alive. There will be an elephant, no doubt, the Cambodian am-bassadors will enter to wild music; but Alfred Klein has passed on. What will "Wang" be without Klein's answer, "Beer"? Words and phrases of famous actors and actresses still haunt the memory. Fechter's "The world is mine"; Genevieve Ward's "The World Owes Me a Living"; golden words of Sarah Bernhardt when she first visited this country; the stately yet natural diction of E. L. Davenport's Brutus—with these and many other memories is the "Re-"
Alfred Klein.

THEO KARLE GIVES PLEASING RECITAL

Theo Karle gave a song recital last evening in Jordan Hall. William Stickles was piano accompanist. The program was as follows: Stornello, Cimara; Non ho parole, Sibella; Quando tu canti, Tirindelli; Paradiso—l'Africano, Meyerbeer; Onaway, Awake, Beloved (Hawatha's Wedding Feast), Colridge-Taylor; The Lament of Ian the Iron, Griffes; three Indian songs from "The Garden of Kama," Lohr; songs by Harty, Maley, H. T. Burleigh, Watts and Mallinson; Admonition (first time), Rhys-Herbert; Cavalry (first time), Stickles.
The program was of a rather conventional and popular nature. Mr. Karle's interpretations were well-conceived and he handled crescendo effects well. His voice is full and well-trained. In the first few pieces a slight harshness was noticeable, but this cleared away as the program progressed, and the general impression was pleasant.
Mr. Karle's tenor voice is not notably mellow, nor is it one of great richness; but it is of a satisfying fullness and was always well controlled. Mr. Karle sang some Negro spirituals very well, thus adding an interesting touch to a program otherwise of no great interest.
The large audience applauded enthusiastically. Mr. Karle was generous with his encores.

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Concertante Symphonio, for violin and viola (Mr. Theodorowicz, violin; Mr. Denayer, viola); Dukas, Overture to "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" (first time at these concerts).

Little is known about the origin of Mozart's composition. It is not known when or for whom it was written—when it was first performed. The original manuscript is probably not in existence. There was a performance of the first movement at a Symphony concert in 1892, when Mr. Loeffler played the violin and Mr. Knelsel the viola. The whole work was performed about five years ago, with Messrs. Witke and Ferrer violin and viola. The form is conventional, but the movements are of a broader nature, more developed than was customary at the time. The work can hardly be classed among the more important compositions of Mozart, yet it is clearly Mozartian, especially by the peculiar melancholy that characterizes the greater part of the andante. We say peculiar, for several composers were melancholy, each in his individual way; each one differed from the others, as the stars, we are told, differ in glory. The melancholy of Mozart is unlike that of Schubert, but the two never whined, while Brahms and Tschalkowsky in doleful dumps were peculiarly hopeless. Brahms was inclined to whine and his melancholy was pessimistic. Tschalkowsky would now sigh like a furnace, now shriek in his despair. The melancholy of Mozart is more like the melancholy of the painter Watteau. The thought that life is fleeting, that beauty fades, inspired them to deeds of beauty. Mozart was of the 18th century and in that century passion in art, as we understand passion, was not admitted.
As the music was played yesterday by Messrs. Theodorowicz and Denayer, it gave the audience pleasure; yet we should not like to hear this work once

a year. The form and the expression are foreign to this generation.

Dukas's overture was played at a concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, 10 years ago. It is for Cornelle's tragedy, on which operas have been based: Among them Donizetti's "Polluto" and Gounod's "Polyeucte." The latter failed; the former had more success; a duet of religious fervor in the last act often served in the fifties and sixties as a gulch for profane dancers. The overture is hardly as austere as Cornelle's tragedy, but it is by no means theatrical, as sometimes happens when a Frenchman writes music for a play by Racine or Cornelle; witness Massenet's overture to "Phodre." Dukas's spirit is distinctly modern; there is no suggestion of Gluck; but this music is not feverish, and it is not without dignity. There are impressive pages: Among them the introduction, the music that might justly be associated with Pauline, and the quiet, serene apotheosis. The allegro sections, possibly referring to the conflict of two faiths, and the struggle between love and duty, are not so effective.

It was a pleasure to hear Ravel's "Mother Goose" again; to note the exquisite results derived from economy of means, also from the judicious and unerring employment of the modern full orchestra. There are touches of the humor that runs at full speed in the opera, "The Spanish Hour"; as in the fourth movement, "The Conversations of Beauty and the Beast." Charming, too, is the frequent suggestion of old modes and ancient cadences. In this music, when a wind instrument is at work, it has its own speech; it is not there merely to double another instrument, to fill in, to assist in a din. Ravel is too refined for such misuse; but he is not super-refined, as are some of his young imitators. He is the one composer to write a "unanimous" overture for the orchestra of ivory instruments that Jules Laforgue heard at the court of Herod before Salome bored the ambassadors by her profound essay on metaphysics.

In strong contrast with this delightful music was the splendid savagery of the dances from Borodin's opera. It is said that Rimsky-Korsakoff sandpapered the rough splendor of Moussorgsky's "Boris." The orchestration of Borodin's dances is wholly his; he emphasized the alternate oriental languor and ferocity. Nor does this music lose too much by its transference to the concert stage. In the concert hall, the attention is not distracted; the eye does not insist on the muffling of the ear.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio"—and concert No. 3 for piano (Alfred Cortot, pianist); Debussy, Fantasy for piano (Mr. Cortot)—first time in America; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Introduction and March from "The Golden Cockerel" (first time at these concerts).

Make up is a most insidious vice. When a woman, in private life, first yields to its temptation, she generally does it exceedingly well. It is probably to disguise the first marks of time's hand upon her face, and the first result is a very great improvement in her appearance, but after a few months she loses her sense of judgment; she overdoes the painting, and in a very short time she becomes the laughing stock of the frivolous and the grief of the judicious.

An Aid to Laziness

As the World Wags:
No less than two of the young men who are to benefit by the proposed bonus that is now before Congress have confided to me that when they have received this boon they will not do a day's work until it has been spent. They may be the only two so minded, but supposing their kind to exist in the usual proportion—what then? We are already short of workers; is it wise to create more idlers? Why not make such a bonus conditional in some way upon the industry of the recipient? The Lord is said to help those who help themselves, why not the government?
COL. MARSHALL TREDWELL.

Boston.

Revolution

As the World Wags:
Whenever from a subway stop
You exit through the stile,
Remember those protruding arms
Are overcharged with guilt.
Disrupting human beings' ribs
Afford them decent delight.
Or punish decent people's heads,
To violate their sight.
And when proceeding in or out
Of big department stores,
Consider carefully the wars
Of swift-revolving doors.
The customer proceeding you—
If you are on the jump—
Must either shift her speed to high,
Or get an Awful Bump.
Then do not spin the subway stile
With too excessive vigor,
For fear some neighbor may acquire
An uple like a Negro.
And never through revolving doors
Accelerate your pace,
Lest he who follows close behind
Lose portions of his face.

TWO MEN ARE
 MAKING A REVENUE OF IT
 While he who takes it is a
 Rejoice countess baron of a
 Bookline. QUINCY KILBY

Those Barrymores

As the World Wags:

Alan-a-Dale, the only one of Ros
Hood's outlaws to adopt the related pro
fession of dramatic critic under a slight
modification of his original style, was
so unwise as to drop into prophecy in a
volume published in 1890 and entitled
"Familiar Chats with the Queens of the
Stage." At the end of an amiable and
entertaining article upon the late Geor
gie Drew Barrymore of delightful mem
ory he says:

"I would like to bet, however, that the
three little Barrymores (meaning John,
Lionel and Ethel) will never be seen
upon the stage. I know nothing at all
about it, but I am convinced that Papa
Maurice would have a fit at the idea,
while Mamma Georgie would indulge in
the feminine equivalent of a nice
swoon."

I wish I had taken that bet.
Boston.

GAYLORD QUEX.

All Up for Catalonia

As the World Wags:

Catalonia! The heart blood of every
true American leaps at the very sound!
Catalonia! She is about to attempt the
Great Sacrifice—and she looks to Ameri
ca. Only Providence can set at naught
the saturnalia of blood that must soon
initiate her struggle for Freedom.

You say this is not an American ques
tion? Shame on him who (my Ameri
can friends tell me to "come out bold")
as the paid tory agents of foreign des
pots repeats this lie! Such a man should
reread Washington, Jefferson, Franklin
—and Walt Whitman—especially Walt
Whitman—and to all the accursed in
terrogation to which we, the "Friends
of Catalonia" are subjected, we answer
with Whitman, "Do I contradict my
self? Very well, then, I contradict my
self." Foreign propaganda has elimi
nated the name of Catalonia from our
public school text books, but the undy
ing love for that land lives in the heart
of every true, every REAL AMERICAN!
In that dear land the people are sub
jected to foreign counts, alien robber
despots and crooks from far-distant
Madrid and Sevilla. Are we not perse
cuted? Centuries ago our enemies
forced a foreign tongue upon us, but we
have never accepted their grammar or
their schools—the few that they have
dared inflict upon "us Free Cataloni
ans." Liberty is dead! Our citizens are
rotting in foreign jails—some fully 50
miles beyond our holy boundaries. This
merely for "breaking the law," their
"law," which some of our bribed ances
tors accepted centuries ago, which we
do not recognize!!

America will draw the sword of right
eous justice for Catalonia! Think of
Fizarro, Cortez and Bolivar. I weep for
Catalonia. Oh, weep for Catalonia!
Boston.

DELLA VALERIE.

"Buss," "Bus" and Buss Again

At the World Wags:

I note the interesting news in the
columns of the Herald that Quincy and
other suburbs are establishing buss
lines. Milton, it seems, is to have palace
busses, or busses de-luxe. Can you
throw any light on the nature of a buss
de-luxe? It sounds attractive. Do you
see in this movement any relation to the
present scarcity of stimulants?

There appear to be elements of popu
larity in such enterprises if properly
developed. May I respectfully suggest
that more detailed information regard
ing the sex of the buss operators would
be pertinent and helpful.

Somerville.

OSCULATOR.

Buss, a shortening of omnibus, was
first spelled "buss" in English literature.
The Oxford Dictionary quotes Harrie
Martineau (1832) and Fraser's Magazine
(1837). On the other hand, "buss," a kiss,
has apparently never been spelled "bus."
Great is the English language!—Ed.

